

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1907.

COMPENSATION FOR WHAT? There is a singular impudence about the proposal that the gas company shall be "compensated" for its perpetual franchise.

The gas company has lived upon a rich estate rent free for many years. When he is about to be put off the cause he has no right there, he demands compensation. Demands compensation because he is finally compelled to abandon what does not belong to him.

No reasonable person wishes to put the gas company out of business. All that is desired is to bring it under proper control by the state. There is no way to do it but to get the state to revoke the franchise, which is the first proceeding and the essential proceeding towards abandonment by the state of its purely nominal authority over the company and its assumption by the state of its franchise in the past.

The ownership belongs to the city. To pay anything for resuming control would be preposterous. No reasonable person wishes to put the gas company out of business. All that is desired is to bring it under proper control by the state.

All agree now that the state should revoke the gas company's perpetual franchise. The majority of the delegation concede by their votes for revocation that revocation is proper; but they want the company compensated if they are to be taken away what by their action they declare the company has no right to have. They are ingenious.

INHUMANITY. The Tacoma Ledger discerns indications of nascent inhumanity in The Oregonian.

Moved by that beautiful and touching species of virtue which expends itself in the reformation of other people's sins, our neighbor read us a lecture designed to recall the wanderer from the error of his blighted ways.

It is The Oregonian's opinions about the Graves bill which stir the tender heart of the Ledger to sorrow and awaken its anxiety for our lost continent. The Graves bill, readers will recall, provides that persons who plead insanity as a defense for homicide shall be confined in a separate ward in the Penitentiary until their recovery is assured.

The Oregonian, betrayed by an overzealous regard for the safety of the community, and, as it seems, an exaggerated deference to the plain dictates of common sense, ventured to approve of the principle of this measure. The Ledger thereupon accuses us of inhumanity.

One may readily admit that confinement in the Penitentiary or elsewhere, the place is of no essential consequence, would in many instances be "unfortunate," as the Ledger gently deigns to term them. It might even subject their families to the shame and infamy of being pointed out by their neighbors as having relatives locked up for crime; but we respectfully submit that the comfort of the homicidal maniac is not the proper consideration in this respect; and that the disgrace incident to his conduct and restraint, while regrettable, is unavoidable.

presence. The tenderness of heart which shrinks from placing him under proper restraint savors rather rankly of morbid sentimentality. Looked squarely in the face, such a feeling is not inhumanity at all, but sheer cruelty. If the Ledger prefers an asylum or hospital for the place of restraint, we have no objections. The point is that restraint is necessary to the welfare both of the homicide himself and of society. That granted, the Ledger may confine him in a garden of roses if it likes and establish his nightly couch in a silken boudoir.

A man who is liable to become suddenly insane, commit a homicide and then as suddenly recover his reason is much more dangerous than the ordinary murderer because he is irresponsible and cannot be punished. Unless some special method of restraint is provided for him, society is defenseless against his fury. His murderous deeds are not crimes, as the Ledger truly says; but they are more dangerous than crimes to the public and wreak all the consequences of crimes upon his victims. To permit such persons to go at large is the extremity of folly.

THE PESSIMISTIC RAILROADERS. Mr. James J. Hill is a great railroad man. There are others, but even at that Mr. Hill stands well up in his profession.

And yet, despite the magnitude of his work in finance and industry, there are frequent periods when he reverses the position of the telescope so much which he gazes over his vast possessions, as well as those of his, but on which he has designs. By looking through the large end of the glass instead of the small end there is a shrinkage in the objects at which his gaze is directed, and it gives voice to a wall of pessimism which hovers over the world.

When Mr. Hill begins making a specialty of these financial and industrial "storm warnings," the interested public was inclined to sit up and take notice, but their frequency and a more careful investigation as to cause have resulted in the predictions losing some of their force.

All the world looked dark to Mr. Hill when Mr. Harriman forced him to pay something like \$1000 per share for Northern Pacific stock. There was another eclipse of the industrial sun when the courts decided that his merger was a combination in restraint of trade. Locally as well as nationally, Mr. Hill has shown a disposition to indulge in these fits of despondency. Whenever the Railroad Commissioners of various states have inserted the probe too deeply they have brought forth walls of despondency and predictions of utter ruin unless there was a cessation of attempts to regulate the railroads.

The frequency with which Mr. Hill appears in the limelight makes it easy to recall these moods which have made him famous, and reasoning from analogy, it is hardly probable that his present gloomy prediction will have a serious effect. He tells the New Yorkers that the tide of prosperity is turning and that there are indications of "significant recession in business." In his language "the sale of property are being retarded."

The prominence of Mr. Hill in an industry which all over the country is now under fire for its alleged absorption of too much of the "prosperity" which the people have come to regard as due to their own efforts has, of course, a biased point of view, as it does that of others who are not. President Baer, of the Philadelphia & Reading, has a similar misconception of the situation, which causes him, as it has caused Mr. Hill, to regard the railroads as "the country," when, as a matter of fact, they are merely only one of many industries which are to make up the prosperity of the country.

Mr. Baer exposed his misconception of the true status of the railroad position in the country in a recent protest against rate reduction by the Pennsylvania legislature. In that protest he made the broad statement that the industrial prosperity of the whole country is primarily due to the extraordinary expenditures which the railroads of the United States have been compelled to make in the past six years.

The theory that the country owes its prosperity to the railroads is all wrong and directly in conflict with the facts. It is the prosperity of the country that has made the railroads the power which they are in the land today, and what the big railroad men now pretend to recognize as a turning in the tide of prosperity of the country is the result of the prosperity which the people of their original rights and privileges. The movement of the people for low railroad rates and service in keeping with the emoluments received is not intended to cripple or impair the ability of the roads to give a good service to the country.

Secretary Shaw in an address before the students of the University of Chicago Thursday night made the statement that "one of these fine days we are going to have an excess of manufactured goods" and that when this happens "the world will not come after our manufactures." The Secretary then proceeded to draw a gloomy picture of the future for the thousands of factory hands who would be deprived of work by this overproduction and lack of markets. He does not believe that other callings of the factory work can properly assimilate the surplus of labor that will be created when the demand for our factory products slackens. Of the climax he says:

Then will come the great danger to the country. For these men will be hard to deal with. The last century was the worst in the world's history for wars. I look for this century to bring forth the greatest conflict ever witnessed in this world, a war for the markets. God grant there may be no bloodshed.

It is a fact too well known to require argument that trade wars have not infrequently brought on armed conflicts, and that when this happens "the world will not come after our manufactures." The Secretary then proceeded to draw a gloomy picture of the future for the thousands of factory hands who would be deprived of work by this overproduction and lack of markets.

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lations, Germany, a country which, with its increasing number of dependents, could afford us a market of almost unlimited extent, is at this very moment holding over our heads a revised tariff which, if it goes into effect, will practically shut the United States out of the vast German Empire, except in the case of a few commodities which they cannot secure elsewhere.

When this inevitable trade war which Secretary Shaw predicts does come upon us, there will be a wild flight to cover of that haughty, arrogant band of standpatters who are now flattering themselves that their position is impregnable for all time. It is not expecting too much to hope that before the crisis is reached the eminent Secretary himself will about face and demand that we make occasional application of the golden rule in our tariff relations with foreign countries.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF OREGON. Since the Portland Commercial Club began its campaign of publicity and general correspondence under the auspices of the executive committee, in May, 1904, it has devoted its funds toward the material development of the Pacific Northwest, and especially the State of Oregon.

Since the Portland Commercial Club began its campaign of publicity and general correspondence under the auspices of the executive committee, in May, 1904, it has devoted its funds toward the material development of the Pacific Northwest, and especially the State of Oregon. Another horror of the deep is added to the already narrowing list of disasters that has attended the first two months of 1907. The wreck in the English Channel Thursday morning was even more disastrous to life than that of a week ago on Long Island Sound.

It is seldom that disaster on inland waters should meet such shocking loss of life as in these instances. The boats were apart on the opposite shores of the Atlantic Ocean. The instinct of self-preservation that causes human thought to turn first to health and home when danger lowers finds some consolation on this point in the statement that the 29 Americans were not on board the ill-fated steamer Berlin when she went to pieces in a furious gale on Hook of Holland, in sight of land but beyond reach of human aid.

In a circular address by Mr. Theodore B. Wilcox, chairman of the executive committee, to the members of the Portland Commercial Club, property owners, business men and citizens generally, additional funds are asked for to advertise the transcendent colonist rates, not only to Portland, but to other points in Oregon. Particular emphasis is given to the \$25 rate beginning March 1 and continuing until April 30, from Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Leavenworth, St. Joseph and other points in the West.

The subjects dwelt upon in a brief and effective way in this circular are agriculture, dairying, logged-off lands, fruits, wheat, irrigation, reclamation, lumber, timber, mines, hops, nurseries, livestock and poultry. The most effective and substantial work that has grown out of the Portland Commercial Club has been the organization of the Oregon Development League, which is a composite of sixty-four commercial and industrial bodies located throughout the state. Many of these organizations are doing just as good work in proportion to their resources as are the commercial organizations of the City of Portland.

In making an appeal for additional funds it is hoped that special attention will be attracted to the low colonist rate to various Oregon points. This advertising is necessary at this time for the reason that these same rates are available to all sections of the country, and if Oregon can not be placed before the people in an advantageous way, the results cannot be otherwise than beneficial. There should be a quick response to this appeal for greater funds, for it is desired to reach at once at least twenty millions of readers, or to quote the words of the circulated statement of a ministerial friend of the Rockefeller family that, although they were particularly fond of oysters, the Rockefellers were too poor to buy them.

Mr. Frederick Gates, a business representative of John D. Rockefeller, says that the wealth of the oil king has been grossly overestimated. He says that Mr. Rockefeller's wealth is not in excess of \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000, and that he accordingly is obliged to worry along on an income of only \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 per year. These official figures confirm the story of the widely circulated statement of a ministerial friend of the Rockefeller family that, although they were particularly fond of oysters, the Rockefellers were too poor to buy them.

"FOR THE FUN OF THE THING." Mr. Thomas Edison, having celebrated his 60th birthday recently, will, it is said, honorably devote himself to having "a good time." In this connection the term is to be interpreted by a period of idleness covering the remaining years of his life is absurd. A man who has spent forty-five years in experiments with the subtlest of Nature's forces can hardly be expected to find pleasure in the stagnation of utter idleness. The most interesting feature of the announcement of his retirement is contained in his own words, as follows:

For 45 years I have been making experiments with electricity, but all these years I have been enjoying the fun of the thing. But from tomorrow on, I am going to give up the commercial end of it. In other words, he entered his laboratory on the day succeeding the 60th anniversary of his birth—not as an electrical engineer planning for his own gains and the gains of mankind, but as an original thinker and experimenter, delving into the intricacies of electrical science "for the fun of it."

It is extremely probable, therefore, that the play day of the elderly but not old scientist may be as productive in disclosing the wonders and applying the benefits of electricity as has been his long work day. The most unexpected developments have followed original and even vagrant research. Inquiries with no apparent possibility of coherent answer have sometimes received a response that has startled the world and inaugurated a new era in its progress. It is not improbable, therefore, that the play day of the elderly but not old scientist may be as productive in disclosing the wonders and applying the benefits of electricity as has been his long work day.

MEN NEEDED FOR FARM WORK. According to the bureau of information and statistics of the New York State Department of Agriculture, fully 50,000 laborers will be required on the farms of that state this Spring.

There is no reason to suppose that this supply, or any great portion of it, will come from the voluntary application of men who are out of work, since a large majority of these prefer city life, with its precarious "jobs," to the steady pay and rural environment of the farmhand. The State Department of Agriculture, therefore, through its office in New York City, is maturing a somewhat novel plan which in a small way proved successful in supplying the demand for farm laborers last year.

It has advertised extensively, both in New York and in Europe, for agricultural laborers and as a consequence is in daily receipt of applications from men, both married and single, who are anxious to work on the farms of the state upon being assured of a steady season's work, including such privilege for making a home for themselves as are necessary adjuncts of rural life. Many applications have been received from Holland, the good Dutch burghers being anxious to come over and bring their families if a foothold in agriculture can be secured.

JUST PLAYING WITH ELECTRICITY. Thomas Edison, at 55, Says It's Time to Quit Work for Pleasure. New York Dispatch in North American. Thomas Alva Edison, the inventor, said recently that when a man gets to be 55 years old it is time to knock off work and play awhile. Mr. Edison is 55 and his playtime begins.

"For 45 years I have been making experiments with electricity," said Mr. Edison, "but all those years I have been turning these experiments to commercial value so fast that I have not had a chance to play with electricity for the fun of the thing, just to see how much I can find out about it." "But from today I am going to give up the commercial end of it and work in my laboratory purely as a scientist. That will be the pleasure I have long been promising myself."

When a reporter went out to the home of the wizard of West Orange at Llewellyn Park, a photograph was being taken of the inventor as he sat at his desk, surrounded by the measures of the overcoat from Mr. Edison's library. "Here we have a photograph in the house," Mr. Edison said with a smile. "I am getting almost too deaf to hear it, but the rest of the family are afflicted to such an extent that I am sure I shall hope to do in the near future to perfect my photograph."

"It may not be long before my hearing flashes the pleasure I have been deaf since I was a boy, but it is getting worse as I grow older. I want to tinker with my photograph while I still can hear it. I have a camera for me, and I have a more clear and the machine a far better reproducer of tone qualities than it is now. "There are scores of secrets ready to hand that I want to pry into. During all the years that I have been putting my discoveries into practical commercial value I have run across phenomena that busy collecting data, but we investigators have to turn aside from the work at hand. I have several notebooks filled with these clues to possible new discoveries. Now I am going back to work these notes and work out at my leisure the experiments they suggest."

"The fascination of it all is this," said Mr. Edison, "I have lost 29 years of my life as an enthusiast in the 'to-morrow' some fellow over in Germany may make a discovery and the cable will tell me. I have lost 29 years of my life as an enthusiast in the 'to-morrow' some fellow over in Germany may make a discovery and the cable will tell me. I have lost 29 years of my life as an enthusiast in the 'to-morrow' some fellow over in Germany may make a discovery and the cable will tell me."

"It is possible to foretell what the next great step in the application of electricity to the present day life will be?" Mr. Edison was asked. "I would be a daring man to venture a prediction," he answered. "We are all busy collecting data, but we investigators have to turn aside from the work at hand. I have several notebooks filled with these clues to possible new discoveries. Now I am going back to work these notes and work out at my leisure the experiments they suggest."

New Jersey's Silent Senator. Washington (D. C.) Dispatch. In substituting Major Frank O. Briggs for John F. Dryden, New Jersey will send another silent Senator to Congress. It is understood that Major Briggs has never made a speech or written a public document of any kind. Nor has he had any legislative experience. For a long time New Jersey has been represented in the Senate by men who have not displayed fervent ability. Mr. Keen, who is now serving his second term, has been a conspicuous example of a Senator who has never made a speech or written a public document of any kind.

Where Man Is Really Bored. Kansas City Journal. The town of East Clarion, Ohio, boasts of a unique record. The hotel is run by Mrs. Phoebe Shaw on a strictly temperance basis. The postoffice is in charge of Miss Nellie Cleator, and this record is composed of female voices, led by Mrs. Eva Armstrong. The superintendent of the Sunday school is Mrs. Nellie Hale. The teaching force of the public school is composed of women. The superintendent is Mrs. Anne Mawson. There has not been a male doctor in the town for several years, and nearly all the husbands in town wipe the dishes.

Nordica Gets Her Old Homestead. Baltimore News. Nordica, the prima donna, has received from her sister, Mrs. William Baldwin, of Dorchester, Mass., the deed of the old homestead in Farmington, Maine, where she was born. The great singer has decided to renovate the house and make it a sort of museum for her treasures. Nordica's grandfather was "Camp-Meeting" John Allen. Probably no other operatic star has ever managed to keep an intimate and unbrokenly associated with her own people as Nordica.

Twenty-three Hours With Head Down. London Sketch. M. Thiercelin, of Milly, Seine-et-Oise, recently met with an extraordinary mishap. He was bending down over a deep hole when he stumbled and fell into it, head downward in such a way that it was impossible for him to extricate himself. So he had to remain with his feet in the air for three and twenty hours, until a rescue party of sappers and firemen found him.

The State Legislature again killed the bill for an executive mansion. What's the use of a barn without a horse? Oregon will need an executive mansion when it elects a Governor who will live at Salem. We are to have four normal schools, after all. Legislatures may come and go and Governors' votes may mark an occasional milestone along the road, but the normal schools will remain on forever.

The East Siders have shown fine advertising instinct by naming it "Cordray's Theater." It wouldn't be Portland without a Cordray's Theater; and the East Side is Portland, or part of it. A lot of State Legislatures have made trouble for the railroads this year by requiring 2-cent fares. Still, your true Legislator will never get over his strong preference for a no-cent fare.

Good River will have to struggle along a few more years in the shadow of the historic county of Wasco, mother of Oregon counties. Well, there are worse fates. Is there any one, in the Legislature or out, who is willing to stand up and say that he is a friend and supporter of the Portland Gas Company?

GOING HOME TO BOSTON. Great Event Planned for 300,000 Massachusetts-Born People. BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 14.—The people of Boston are planning for a grand homecoming reunion next summer that is likely to exceed in interest and attendance anything of the kind that has ever taken place in a large American city.

Massachusetts has a legally established "Old Home Week," beginning with the last Sunday in July of each year, and this Boston people will take a long holiday that week. It will be a part of the general plan for booming the city and its attractions and advantages set on foot a few months ago by Mayor Josiah P. Fitzgerald, and in furtherance of which the Mayor has established an official publicity bureau.

Negotiations are now in progress with the various railroads of the country looking to the securing of special excursion rates, through means of which former residents of Massachusetts now living in the West and elsewhere will be enabled to revisit their old homes and enjoy a three or four weeks' vacation. There is a surprisingly large number of natives of the Old Bay State now living in other parts of the land, and if even 10 per cent of them should take part in the projected Boston reunion they would make an exceedingly large temporary addition to the Hub's population.

According to the figures of the last census, there are 20,000 in Rhode Island and daughters of Massachusetts are now living outside their native state. Allowing for those who have married and raised families, the number of those who today can be properly regarded as Massachusetts stock is not less than 1,000,000. Nearly two-thirds of the absentees are living outside of New England. There are 8000 in Virginia, 5000 in North Carolina and 3000 in South Carolina and Georgia together, 20,000 in California, 4000 in Washington, 3000 in Oregon, 15,000 in Illinois, 10,000 in Ohio, 2000 in Minnesota, about 6000 each in Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin, 4500 in Missouri, 3500 each in Kansas and Nebraska, and 5000 in Indiana, Ohio, North and South Dakota, 10,000 in Pennsylvania, 10,000 in New Jersey and 45,000 in New York.

There are 6000 Massachusetts-born people in San Francisco, 2000 in Philadelphia, 3000 in Chicago, 3000 in Minneapolis, 1500 in St. Paul, 25,000 in New York City, 1300 in St. Louis, 5000 in Philadelphia, 2300 in Washington and 1400 in Baltimore. The details of the big homecoming celebration have not yet been arranged, but they will probably include a military parade, a fleet of warships and various special excursions and observances.

Grilling a Witness, a la Jerome. Cleveland Plain Dealer. The District Attorney: "Do you consider yourself an expert or an authority?" The witness, hesitating: "I am from Philadelphia." The District Attorney: "I have no desire to prejudice the court against the witness. I ask that the answer be stricken out." The Judge: "It is so ordered."

The attorney: "Now, sit up and look pleasant. I want you to tell me what relation the pneumo-gastric nerve bears to the epitome." The witness, squirming: "Relatively speaking?" The attorney: "Either relatively or correlative." The witness: "That that page was torn out of the book I studied."

The attorney: "If a man was shot, would you decide that he was the victim of a nervous attack?" The witness, brightening up: "I would." The attorney: "And if he wasn't shot, what would you decide?" The witness, floundering: "I would consider that he was the victim—I should say, the result—of, of the nervousness of the man who missed the shot."

The attorney: "Are you familiar with chronic anachronisms?" The witness, all at sea: "I—I have only observed them professionally." The attorney: "How would you treat a comatose polychrome?" The witness, desperately: "I would first endeavor to reduce the inflammation, and then I would turn the case over to my assistant."

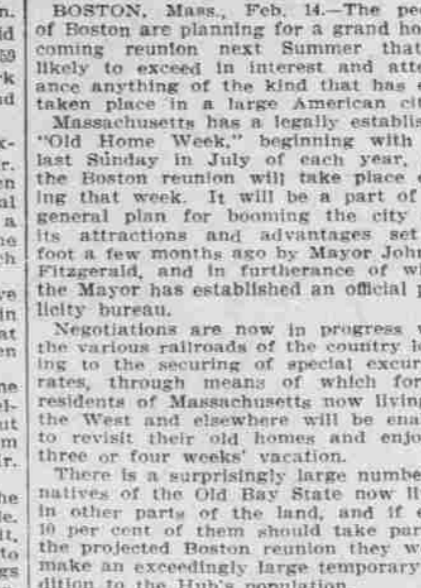
The attorney: "That will do." The witness cheerfully agrees with him. No More Long Gloves to Buy. Dress. There is every indication that the reign of the elbow sleeve is drawing to a close. The sleeves on the new gowns are short but come well below the elbow, and the close-fitting cuff of tucked chiffon and lace lengthens them still more.

The fashion has been exaggerated and caricatured that it has entirely lost its smart effect, except in some elaborate gown with which elbow sleeves are appropriate. For mid-Summer and in the fall, the fashion will revive to a certain extent, but fortunately its popularity has proved its own undoing, and ere long it will be numbered as a past fashion. Thirty Thousand Locomotives. Philadelphia Press. Andrew Jackson was President when the Baldwins turned out their first locomotive, and it was a tiny affair, weighing five tons. A day or two ago a pennant was flying over the great establishment to announce that the 30,000th one had been completed. Thirty times as much iron and steel were needed to build the last monster as were required for the first one.

Cigars as Prosperity's Index. New York Times. The number of cigars smoked is an index of the Nation's prosperity. The cigar manufacturers have doubled their output in eight years, the number for the fiscal year 1906-7 being 8,070,572,545, as compared with 4,063,169,097 for the year ended June 30, 1898.

Snow and New York Taxpayers. Baltimore News. The New York Board of Estimates voted \$785,000 to pay the expenses of removing the recent fall of snow. At this rate the snow of "Beautiful Spring" can hardly be a popular one among New York taxpayers.

IN THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN TOMORROW



Does the gentle reader realize what goes to make up a modern Sunday newspaper such as The Sunday Oregonian?

Take the color pages, for example, a feature that has been appreciated by Oregonian readers. These pages are prepared by The Oregonian's own staff artists, and not a day passes but what they are busy on some bit of work connected with these artistic pieces of color illustration. The Oregonian has adopted the policy of presenting an Oregon subject on the first color-page of the magazine section.

Tomorrow the subject is, "The Falls of the Willamette River," and a striking photograph taken by an Oregonian staff artist is reproduced. The best writers of the present day are represented in The Sunday Oregonian. Pens are busy today in studios, typewriters are clicking, and pencils are flitting over pages of white paper, that The Sunday Oregonian readers may be entertained, instructed or informed. Just take a few special features in tomorrow's Sunday issue, for example, and glance over a few of the representative authors:

Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley), who writes this week on "Expert Testimony." His satire is aimed at the Thaw case. Professor Frederick Starr, of Chicago, who describes atrocities in the Congo. Homer Davenport, the famous New York cartoonist, who tells and illustrates an "Oregon Dog Story."

Frank G. Carpenter, a travel story of Spanish Africa. George Ade, "A Bunch of Moldy Stories Done Over." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the conclusion of "The Strange Case of George Edalji," a bit of detective work in real life. Mary Stewart Cutting, "Little Stories of Happy Life."

Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," first of a series of one-page classics; the story condensed by Irving King. The little folks are never forgotten by The Sunday Oregonian. Binnacle Jim, Dolly Drake and Bobby Blake, and The Roosevelt Bears frolic over three pages in color.

Besides, there are two pages of children's stories, to which Mary E. Wilkins and Harriet Prescott Spofford contribute. These are just a few of the special features. All the regular departments (Society, Music, Drama, two pages of Sports, Real Estate, Markets, Marine, and Books), will be found, as well as a complete and unrivaled news service.

From the Washington Star.

WAIT A YEAR 'TIS TOO YOUNG!



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