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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1907.

OVERWHELMING LOGIC.

Another jury in San Francisco may convict Glass; may not. Singular confusion of moral laws prevails in San Francisco. Nor in San Francisco alone. There is the State of Colorado, and in the State of Colorado the Western Federation of Miners, both of them entities, amaze us by their confusion of moral ideas. But San Francisco just now.

There was a jury in the Glass case. But it could not find Glass guilty. It disagreed. No one has the slightest doubt that he paid money corruptly to the Supervisors. But the jury cannot find him guilty. Glass was acting for his corporation. The corporation may be the guilty party; nay, it is the guilty party. But the corporation has neither flesh nor blood nor bones nor moral nature nor soul. That is notorious. The soulless corporation is an amorphous, shapeless, formless, musty mass of times, but still a power.

Now Glass didn't do it. He was, indeed, the instrument through which the money of the corporation passed into the hands of the Supervisors. A man behind him gave him the money for the purpose. But the man again was but an agent of the corporation and won't tell. He is not on trial, but was wanted as a witness. He is no informer, no tale-bearer. He is like some of the witnesses for the defense in the Haywood trial, who knew Orchard was going to tell, but they were afraid of their business. They hated informers and wouldn't tell, but were not surprised when they heard Steenberg had been murdered. Indeed, they had expected it.

Everybody knows that a corporation having no soul or moral nature, can't sin. A necessary consequence is that when its agent or factor does any act, lawful or unlawful, by direction of its soulless principal, or in its interest, he is irresponsible and immune, too. This nice distinction led to failure of conviction in the charge against Glass, at San Francisco.

It is seldom safe to compare great things with small. But illustration may be had from the argument put up at the end of the great Civil War for immunity both for the states that had participated in the rebellion and for the individual citizens of the states which had joined the Confederacy. The argument was that the states couldn't be punished, of course, because they had acted in their corporate and sovereign capacity; and their individual citizens couldn't be punished, because they had merely obeyed their states. As to this, however, the broad view prevailed that, in a case where a whole people, of many millions, had entered into an undertaking, there was a difference; and Burke's revolutionary plea, made in behalf of our revolutionary forefathers, that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people, was worked to the utmost, and indeed did most excellent service; for after such a fight as that, it was high time to quit and let bygones be bygones.

To apply this principle, however, to the case of these private criminal corporations and their agents, is ludicrous. Yet it is the method of the disidents of the San Francisco jury. We have a mighty good illustration from a skit flying around in the funny columns of the newspapers. We clip it from the Ladies' Home Journal, viz:

A lawyer was defending a man accused of housebreaking, and said to the Court: "Your honor, submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed by only one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the Judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence

the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses.

The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance answered his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out. "Well," trust Henry will read this well-reasoned argument to the jury of San Francisco, on the next trial of Glass. Should he do so, the agreement of the jury certainly would be complete, on one side or the other.

TILLAMOOK OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

The first locomotive in Tillamook County arrived in Clifton on the Pacific coast Saturday and its appearance created much excitement. A special dispatch to the Oregonian says that it was welcomed by a number of pioneer residents, who had never before viewed the iron horse at a closer range than in the pages of magazines or newspapers. The incident is interesting, but there are reasons in connection with it that are hardly creditable to Oregon or at least to those who have had Oregon's transportation facilities in their hands for the Pacific coast. Such a large proportion of the entire State of Oregon, but even long-neglected Tillamook has possessed transportation advantages over other sections of Oregon where the first locomotive has not yet appeared. It has an outlet by way of the Pacific ocean, and the ship service has been poor and the rates have been outrageous, it has been possible for the resident of Tillamook to reach Portland in from two to four days and even ship out at a slight profit, butter, cheese and other products of small running.

With the dwellers in Central Oregon, nothing of this kind is possible. They have lands of great richness and vast forests of fine timber. Their flocks and herds roam over thousands of square miles of fine pasture. There are rich mines of precious metals, and great deposits of coal, but everything in that great empire is so far from a market that the country is forced to stand still and await the coming of the long-overdue transportation facilities. Some of these dwellers have been waiting only ten or fifteen years for a sight of the first locomotive. Others have spent almost their whole lives in that neglected and isolated land of latent riches.

Tillamook has sighted its first locomotive, and it is long will have railroad communication with the rest of the world. This happy ending of a long wait would not have been possible had it depended on the efforts of the California transportation trust—Stubbs, Schwerin and Kruttschnitt. If it were in their power to keep that country bottled up, as they are keeping the rest of the state, the great forests lying between Portland and the new Coast outlet would be still unbroken. Fortunately, the Tillamook line is being pushed by a man who builds roads with something more than promises. Oregon needs a man like that, a smash, and behold, the ambitious climber flattened out like a starfish on the ground.

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.

The ordinary Presidential candidate with his "boom" is like a man trying to climb to heaven on a ladder. If the ladder is of sound material and well braced he may ascend to a certain altitude, but he will never get so high among the clouds that his eagle admirers think he has reached the goal and entered in. But they are always deceived. Presently there is a thud, a smash, and behold, the ambitious climber flattened out like a starfish on the ground.

It has always been, thus, most likely, it always will be. Presidential glory "cometh not with observation." Neither men nor angels can foretell whose brow it shall irradiate. It is vouchsafed neither to ability nor cunning, nor to both combined. Henry Clay had ability, vast stores of it. Doubtless in sheer physical power he was a man; Webster excelled any Presidential aspirant of his generation. But in their day, the race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong any more than it is in ours. Weaklings carried away the prize from both these giants. Blaine was a man; Grover Cleveland, Cleveland's mind was above Harrison's. Yet Blaine lacked the subtle essential of character which the people will have in their Presidents.

Perhaps this essential is a certain homeliness or rusticity. At any rate, brilliancy is not help to a candidate. It frightens, or, at least, repels the common man, who loves best the qualities which he finds deep in his own nature. Both Cleveland and Harrison had those qualities. Neither of them was profound; both had a ponderosity about them, both, on the other hand, had a plausibility of character. The half bovine, and each was almost porcine in his determination to have his own way. These qualities are wholesome, human and safe. The people love them. Therefore they found it hard to choose between Cleveland and Harrison and exalted them alternately.

It would be scandalous to say that Mr. Hughes is porcine. Still, he likes to have his own way. The harder the grafting politicians urge him in one direction, the harder he pulls in the other. He is not to be driven. He will not be led. Not even Grover Cleveland knew his own mind better than Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Cleveland never had the wit to express his wishes so clearly or obtain them as deftly as the present Governor of New York. The defendant of Mr. Hughes, it strikes one, has three aspects, all attractive to the common mind. He wants the right thing; he wants it for the right reason; and he attains it in the right way. The thing that he wants is justice. He does not, like Mr. Roosevelt, describe it in picturesque terms. He does not, like Mr. Hearst, frame it with flaming halo. He calls it by its own grand name, simply, clearly and relentlessly, and it is easy for any honest man to see that to Mr. Hughes justice is the all potent remedy for social wrong. Nor is he misled by any delusions as to what justice is. The glitter of millions does not dazzle him. The moan of the oppressed does not delude him. He perceives that the salvation of America lies in equal laws, intelligently adapted to modern needs and inflexibly enforced. The curse of

our time is special privilege. Mr. Hughes destroys privilege wherever he finds it.

The privilege of the politicians, of the millionaires, of the corporations, is all the same to Hughes. He annihilates it and substitutes duty in its stead. He is a great moral renovator. Like the evangelist, who decries formal "religion" and exalts "salvation," Mr. Hughes makes justice the ideal end of human effort and tells us that the way to reach it is to forego all greed, our cunning, our devious political and commercial intrigues, and do our simple duty.

Mr. Hughes has eagerly desired many public measures, but never one for an unworthy reason. His motives have been uniformly pure and even exalted. His worst enemies have never accused him of preferring private to the public welfare. And, finally, he has invariably sought the public welfare, by open and strictly constitutional methods. He knows of no device, in practice no art. Absolutely straightforward, he presents the matter on its merits and trusts the people to decide justly and compel obedience from their servants. In seeking for a President to succeed Mr. Roosevelt the Nation might do far worse than investigate the qualifications of Mr. Hughes.

DRAKE'S VOYAGE.

Mr. R. M. Brereton, of Woodstock, gives us a pamphlet on the question, "Did Sir Francis Drake Land on Any Part of the Oregon Coast?" He concludes Drake did not. In his conclusion he is supported by the only suggestion that Drake may have landed at some point on the Oregon Coast comes through an account of Drake's Voyage Round the World, published many years after the navigator's death. The contemporary account, given in "Hakluyt's Voyages," indicates that Drake came no further north than 42 deg., which was established as the Oregon line a long time after; but he did not land and turned back from some point at a distance off the Coast, because of fog and cold. Drake's voyage, by Europe by the Straits of Sunda and the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. Brereton's pamphlet furnishes an outline of all information available on this subject. It contains copies of original maps and diagrams, with analysis of the statements of the authorities. Drake's voyage, a trifling bark of 120 tons, was the second voyage to circumnavigate the globe. He sailed from England in December, 1577; refitted his vessel on the California Coast, at or near San Francisco Bay. In June and July, 1579, and returned to England in 1580. A wonderful plunder taken from the Spaniards, with whom his country was not then at war. Drake simply was a pirate, but Queen Elizabeth got the booty and protected him. He was one of the great sea dogs of England who dominated and destroyed the Spanish Armada, in 1588.

The best account we have ever seen of Drake's exploits, on his wonderful adventure round the globe is in the eleventh volume of Froude's History of England. About twenty-five years ago, Froude was a subject, and in Froude's hands it becomes a distinct and most fascinating story. Froude had obtained access to some important Spanish documents, by which his narrative is much enriched and enlivened.

REMEDY FOR "GETTING MARRIED."

Richard Malcolm Johnston, a Southern writer, wrote once a sketch entitled, "The Early Maturity of Mr. Thomas Watts." It is commended to parents of lads who have a mania for marrying, as suggesting a panacea for this mania, as administered by Mrs. Watts, Tommy's mother; a resource, she believed that the way to put a stop to such nonsense lay along an old-fashioned and time-worn, well-beaten track. Of course, as every one knows, it is useless to reason with a boy bent upon "getting married," especially when a girl, of equal miniature age and discretion, is ready and anxious to marry him. Mrs. Watts, it is said, and the mother of six had no idea of wasting her energies in this vain attempt upon Tommy. "Down with 'em," was her command, referring to the first long trousers of which Tommy was the proud possessor. Protest was useless and "down he came." "Be you a man or be you a man?" panted this resolute woman as she paused for breath, after vigorous exercise in the programme that followed. "A boy, a boy, mamma," gasped Tommy. "Only let me up and I will be a boy as long as I live." It was recorded, so the story was, that Tommy, until long after he had reached man's estate, grew disdainful at the flutter of a petticoat in the distance, treated his practical sister, Susan, who had disclosed his matrimonial intentions to their mother, with great respect, and turned over his earnings to his mother like a dutiful "boy" of the old school.

The plan of practical Mrs. Watts, as before said, is recommended for its simplicity and its efficiency to parents, of whom—judging from local happenings of recent date—there are a number in this locality, desperately trying to prevent their sons from "getting married," from "getting married."

The remedy is within easy reach of the strong right arm of the father determined to do his duty by his own at this critical stage of adolescent mania and it may be vouchsafed as efficacious. The spanking must be thorough, applied, however, or it may precipitate an event that it is intended to prevent.

A CHRISTIANLIKE ARTICLE.

The Pacific Christian Advocate discourses upon Dr. Day discreetly and sagely. The tempestuous eulogist of the late Dr. Day, who has been severely by the paper's denunciation, but no more severely than he deserves. The article, from which The Oregonian quotes today in another column, is one of the most hopeful signs we have seen, that the National moral revival is deep and attractive. When the denomination press becomes free of reformatory zeal it is time for Satan to look about him.

Sometimes religious papers feel bound to defend pestiferous characters and practices, and when they do so, both the papers and the church suffer. It is agreeable to see the Pacific Christian Advocate standing on safe ground. A bad man is not made better by calling himself a Methodist and the church is weakened by his fellowship. Regret is often expressed that the churches do not wield their rightful influence in the world today. The first step toward regaining that influence is to purge themselves from the fellowship of conspicuous sinners like

Dr. Day and the men whose apologist he has made himself.

Valley farmers, who have a grievance of long standing against the Southern Pacific, will be pleased to learn that the Government Engineers of this district are spending \$60,000 for the improvement of the Upper Willamette. This money is provided in the River and Harbor bill as passed by the last Congress, to be used where it was way to reach it. The snag-puller Mathlona is pulling snags in the main channel a few miles below Salem and Dipper dredge No. 2 is dredging to give four feet of water on the shallow bars that are the dread and delay of steamboats at various points. With steamboats and plenty of water to float them when they are loaded, farmers would be in a position to forgive the railroad company for car shortage, irregular service and high freight tariffs, that have aggravated them in most beyond endurance in years past. Sixty thousand dollars is not a large sum. It is not enough to keep open navigation on the Willamette to Eugene, but it will be sufficient to clear and deepen the channel at many points, where such work is needed. To this extent, it will aid the people of the Valley to break the Harriman clutch and accomplish what has been so deplorable.

The "weather complaint" has become a National disorder, the chief symptom of which is exaggeration. Taking the reports that come by word of mouth from various sections of the country at various seasons, one might be led to conclude that the earth is again treading on chaos, as described by Milton as a place wherein, Hot, cold, moist and dry, four champions strive for mastery and to battle bring Their embryon atoms.

Fortunately, there is nothing in intelligent observation which goes to prove that climatic conditions are more greatly, one year with another from those of the past. Having survived those, the human race will most probably survive these, with now and then the loss of an individual from freezing, cloud-burst, lightning bolt or sun stroke. It has not been here, however, for the past two days—undeniably and sizably hot, and the conditions were not a whit more comfortable because there have been other hot days—hotter, perhaps—in other years. Wheel!

Not Acquitted in Public Mind.

Pendleton East Oregonian.

The result expected by perhaps a majority of people who have followed the trial of William D. Haywood for the murder of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho, has happened. It has been conceded throughout the latter part of the trial that the state absolutely failed to corroborate Orchard's testimony with even a filmy bit of evidence upon which an honest juror could shape a verdict.

While thinking people everywhere are glad that Haywood was not convicted on Orchard's testimony, yet Haywood is not entirely acquitted in public mind. There is evidence that he knew of Orchard's criminal career and that he did not make an effort to stop it. There is evidence that he paid Orchard money and knew that Orchard was a cutthroat, and yet did not complain to the authorities.

The fact remains, however, that Frank Steunenberg was murdered in cold blood. Somebody is guilty of that crime. Justice demands an accounting. The miserable, cold-blooded, unprincipled, and unscrupulous Orchard was a cutthroat, and yet did not complain to the authorities.

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Trials Methods Favored Haywood.

Lewiston (Idaho) Tribune.

The verdict of "not guilty" came as a great surprise to most people and a great shock to many. It was generally conceded that the testimony did not make a conclusive case in law or in fact, and hence the extreme verdict for the state was scarcely expected; but much less was there any expectation of a clear acquittal. Reference to the jury proceedings shows plainly that the state was, in its opinion, defective, since eight were immediately for acquittal and but two for conviction. The result was not arrived at through influence or incidents in the jury-room. The court's instructions have been criticized, but these could have mattered but little if the presentation of the case had carried a sense of completeness with it. The deficiency was more probably due to our system of jurisprudence, which, while holding defendant innocent until proven guilty, then proceeds to exclude and forbid from use the very data necessary, in many cases, to establish guilt. The confession of Steve Adams, on which the state relied in its original undertaking, is an instance in point. It is a well-understood fact that the laws of the state contain so many loopholes and excuses for defendants that it is next to impossible to convict a man with money and influence to back him. Every two years the lawyers empty the defense and alter the procedure so that the state has more and more difficulty in making a case if the accused person is able to employ talented advocates to defeat the introduction of testimony and to confuse and save the jury. The celebrated trial just closed detracts nothing from the opinion that the state has sadly impaired its ability to administer justice by granting unwise and imprudent immunities in law to those least entitled to them, and by establishing a standard of innocence that the records will show, comprises practically all offenders except the poor, ignorant, shabby and weak creatures—those who are the real criminals of the state. But the code now court nor jury can absolve the guilt for Idaho's slaughtered sons, nor remove the smell of blood from the hands that brought them low.

The Tribune congratulates Senator Borah and Mr. Hawley for the service they have rendered to the state and to the cause of human liberty, their long, faithful and valiant fight to maintain and vindicate popular institutions. The Tribune especially applauds and commends Governor Gooding for his prompt, decisive, courageous and untiring determination to uphold the sovereignty of the state against its aggressors, and for the disasters that have been averted by his wise course and sturdy conduct. Beyond the misconceptions of the times and the turbid gloom of ignorance, other and better days will write his name with Steunenberg's for their loyal services and sacrifices to the state and to the people, in great and simple public emergencies.

Back to the Old Days in Oregon.

Roseburg Spokesman.

The Misses Lucy, age 7, and Irene, age 6, daughters of the late Charles Apple, gave, late at the old homestead, and their memory of the incidents and dangers of the early days in their home at the "Elk Home," is accurate and their pleasure in sitting at a recounting of these days is pleasant to behold.

When the children are away, we forget the noise they make. We forget the sight for peace that weaped us while they played. And how long we are loosed to be free to leave it all. We have become so used to the noise that it begins to fail.

When the children are away, moved to no more murmuring. We forget the piercing shrieks and the mad and broken things. And the clock so loudly ticks as the night begins to fall. That it seems as if it tried in its grief to call them back.

When the children are away, ghosts of pleasant hours and higher wages. Seem to hover in the rooms and around each little bed. Home is but an empty word, and how distant seems the day. That shall bring them about home—when the children are away!

When the Children Are Away.

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Sluggards in the Plaza Will Go to the Ant-Nest Winter.

Will Mr. Hatfield, rainmaker, please get busy in Portland for fifteen minutes?

The sluggards in the Plaza will go to the ant-nest winter.

HAYWOOD VERDICT.

Comment of Representative Journals on Results of the Trial.

Boise Statesman.

The Statesman, in common with the great mass of the people, regrets that the trial of William D. Haywood for the murder of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg, resulted as it did. The verdict came as a great surprise, as it has not been supposed such a conclusion would be reached, even the defense, according to the best information obtainable, hoping for nothing more than a hung jury.

But the case has been decided by an Idaho jury under the facts as they found them, and the law as laid down by the court, and it is the duty of all, as in all cases, to fully submit to the verdict of the constituted tribunals of justice, to accept the result in that spirit of loyalty to our courts which is a necessary attribute of citizenship on the part of citizens of the Republic if our rights are to be protected and peace and order and good will are to reign.

The heavy state is to be proceeded at the proper time to bring the other accused men to trial to determine whether they are innocent or guilty under the law. That has been already determined upon, and in due time we shall know whether Charles H. Moyer and George A. Pettibone are to be subjected to punishment or returned to their homes and friends free of the charge against them.

The state thus maintains its dignity and discharges the duty laid upon it by the founders of our government. The order that, in so far as it can accomplish such a result, protection of life and property shall be assured to all classes of its citizens.

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When the children are away, moved to no more murmuring. We forget the piercing shrieks and the mad and broken things. And the clock so loudly ticks as the night begins to fall. That it seems as if it tried in its grief to call them back.

When the children are away, ghosts of pleasant hours and higher wages. Seem to hover in the rooms and around each little bed. Home is but an empty word, and how distant seems the day. That shall bring them about home—when the children are away!

Sluggards in the Plaza Will Go to the Ant-Nest Winter.

Will Mr. Hatfield, rainmaker, please get busy in Portland for fifteen minutes?

The sluggards in the Plaza will go to the ant-nest winter.

METHODISTS AND CHANCELLOR DAY

Church Paper Says He Is the Champion of Violators of the Law.

From the Pacific Christian Advocate.

Probably the one man who is most bitterly denouncing the methods of the President is a Methodist preacher, a great preacher, the chancellor of a great university, who himself has come up from the people, and who came to harbor not a score of miles from Portland. This man has seriously challenged the President and has lately spoken of him as "an engine running wild."

Now, an engine running wild is understood to be one on the track without either fireman or conductor and is running without reference to sidetracks, switches, other trains or any regulations of officers or rights of passengers.

Dr. Day would have us believe our President has these qualities that he is under a full head of steam, is on the track, but has no thought of the rights of others, of what interests may be imperiled or what the terms of the schedule may require.

We are not special pleaders for President Roosevelt.

We have not been retained to advocate his cause, but it does seem to us that he is running on the governmental track according to schedule and that the schedule was outlined very thoroughly by the founders of our government. The train which he is commanding should have the right of way and if any other trains are threatened by the running of the President's train, it is because the others are out of place, have mislaid their sidetracks and have undertaken to monopolize rights which belong to others.

It seems to us that Dr. Day has lost his bearings, both as a citizen and as a Methodist. This Government was not founded to produce a favored class or a few superior men; neither have the leaders of Methodism an idea of espousing the cause of a select few. Both the founders of the Methodist Church and of the United States Government believe in the people, the rights of the people, the wisdom of the people, the integrity of the people.

From all the utterances which we have seen from Dr. Day, he seems to have given himself over to the idea of the divine right of the favored few, and of the obligation of the masses to serve the few and to be humbly and submissively to the will of their masters. We have never understood that such position was characteristic of a true, loyal American or a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus under the teachings of Mr. Wesley.

Mr. Roosevelt, seeing how some of these wealthy men are using their power to override the rights of their fellow men, and to ignore the laws, has taken a bold and fearless stand in the interests of the people. Dr. Day has taken an equally bold and fearless stand as a champion of these violators of the law, not as it appears to us because these men are so saintly, but apparently because they are so powerful. If he were to stand upon the broad ground that these men are innocent and that justice should be shown them, there would be no room for criticizing his actions. We believe they should have just treatment and should not be condemned until their cause is thoroughly heard. We also believe that they should not be allowed to forward their own interests at the expense of the rights of others or to the detriment of the citizenship of the country. It seems to us we are coming under Mr. Roosevelt's leading, to a higher appreciation of the proper dignity of the law; and surely there is great need of this.

Cost of the Elks' Convention.

Philadelphia North American.

What did the vacation trip of a week to the big convention cost the Elks? This is a mathematical proposition with which the mathematical minds of the order are wrestling for their own information. A summary of the most obvious expenses, based on the minimum and most conservative estimate obtainable, makes the following showing of the cost to the Elks of their vacation trip to Philadelphia:

Railroad fares, \$250,000
Hotel bills, meals en route and sleeping car fares, 1,000,000
Incidental expenses in Philadelphia and on side trips, 500,000
Sacrifice in salaries and business, 500,000

Total cost of trip, excluding badges, costumes, etc., \$2,250,000

All of this money "Bill Elks" contributed from his private purse and sent into the general circulation.

Strange Adventures of a Nickel.

Trenton Dispatch to Philadelphia Press.

Jeweler William H. Williams, of this city, 16 years ago engraved his name and address on the edge of a new nickel and it went into general circulation. Six years later it was returned to him by a minister at Ulica, N. Y. Once again it was engraved and went into the world. The other day Mr. Williams received the nickel back for the second time. This time it came from Trinidad, Colo. It was returned by J. E. Findlay, auditor of the Trinidad Electric Railway Company. In acknowledging its receipt Mr. Williams sent a handsome autograph to the cashier of the company. A girl, discovered the address on the coin.

Baltimore Justice on Wheels.

Philadelphia Press.

A Baltimore Justice recently disposed of 100 cases in 95 minutes. He must have imagined he was the National Congress passing pension bills.

The Poor Railway Man.

Boston Transcript.

I would not be a railway man in this degenerate day. When the pass has been abolished and the editor of a rum pay. When every ink-pot in the land is working overtime. To prove that railway presidents are steeped in fraud and crime. In this exacting age, when the unions are demanding four hours and higher wages. When every shipper on the line punishes the railway man. That luckless wight, the railway man. Because there are no cars. I would not be a railway man in this disturbing time. When every highway is a highway. Attempts his neck to climb. With laws to cut down savings. And laws to tax them more. With endless complications. And persecutions sore. I would not be a railway man. At this destructive date. A laugh for the state. I'd let them take the railways along. I would not be a railway man. I'd quit my job and strike.

Bumping the Bumps.

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ROANOKE AND SAN FRANCISCO.

Common-Sense Methods and Law to Repress Hoodlum Outrages.

Omaha Bee.

There would have been no Japanese question, no talk of war between two friendly nations and no necessity for apologizing for the conduct of an "unwhipped mob" if the municipal authorities at San Francisco measured up to the Roanoke, Va., standard. When the San Francisco hoodlums destroyed the business places of a number of Japanese merchants, assaulted inoffensive Japanese and started something like a reign of terror in that city the municipal authorities sat supine, ignoring the violations of the law. If not encouraging them, and allowed a street riot to become an international complication.

Contrast this with the way they do things differently in Virginia. When the "Trisco-Japanese excitement" was at its height a mob at Roanoke took advantage of a quarrel between a citizen and the proprietor of a Greek restaurant, over a 3-cent sandwich, and their proprietors then started a general crusade against the Greeks. Three restaurants, three shoe-shining