The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1907.

THE PARTY THAT ABDICATES.

There is no Republican party organization in Oregon, and no person, or group of persons, can have the courage (or temerity) to attempt one. To do so would be to make a "ring," or "machine," either of which is exceedingly odious, and each more odious than the other.

The primary law has abolished parties in Oregon, and especially the majority party. It does not leave it even a party of factions, which might indeed effect something, since some kind of party allegiance would still be acknowledged. It makes politics a personal scramble, a contest of individuals, who stand for nothing at all except the desire of the individual to get the office. What's the use of voting for the man unless you know he stands for principles and purposes which you desire to be carried into force and effect? And how are you to do anything except by acting with a party? Is each man, or small group, to act a separate and disconnected part? That is the necessary consequence of the primary law.

The party with which The Oregonian has acted these fifty years has abdicated. It has quit business. It has no rallying point. The primary law has cut from under it every possibility of organization. It has no platform, and can make none. It has no central point of organization, around which men may rally. A few men vote for an individual for a nomination. He may have fifteen or twenty per cent of the vote. The other eighty per cent have not wanted him, and have voted for others or haven't voted at all. He will not be elected. The primary law has abolished the representative system.

Men fittest for the duties of official place will not enter into this scramble. Self-appointed candidates, whom the people do not want, will obtain the so-called nominations. You know then what will follow. We have all seen it. The candidates are beaten because they represent nobody but themselves and a few personal adherents.

The Oregonian excuses itself from leading a forlorn hope, in the name of party, in this game. Since others do not consider themselves bound to support candidates so nominated, it will not. It has had enough of that kind of thing.

There can be no party without party organization. And there can be no organization that does not rely on the representative system. Under present conditions a so-called Republican nomination, pretending to represent the party that has borne that name, is a palpable fiction. It will be the same also, after a while, in the Democratic party. Neither party will have any means of knowing what it is contending for, and will fall wholly into the hands of cheap pretenders. No man who respects himself will nominate himself and push for office. Or if he should, he will not be elected. The Oregonian begs to excuse itself from any further attempt to establish principles and purposes through the methods created by the primary law. It would advise no man to seek a so-called nomination under this method or system. For the system is not representative, and there are no party principles or party obligations, in such a scramble. When you have destroyed party and abandoned what party stands for, nothing is left but a cheap personal contest among self-nominated men. Mighty few will find inspiration in that. The Oregonian has been slow to admit or to accept the abdication of the Republican party of Oregon, but has been compelled to do so. It struggled a long time, and after repeated discouragements, for it thought the Republican party ought to hold together, even in spite of the primary law. But that became a lost hope; and—the rest is silence.

NO SLOP BARREL.

It is not an attractive headline. It suggests what every one would willingly ignore or forget. And yet garbage is with us. Daily accumulation of garbage is a consequence of living "close in." Every family ought to be required to consume its own garbage. It should be a consequence of living "close in." Every hotel should have its own furnace, or plant, for incineration of its garbage. It is an easy matter. It will cost some money, but it is an easy matter. The city never should be expected to remove garbage or to provide means of burning it. But it should require all persons to burn their own garbage. Every household should be made to do it. And rigid inspection should enforce it. Will it be said that this is impossible? Scatter the population, then. Let the people who can't burn their garbage get to the farms or to the suburbs.

Since you never can have a garbage crematory where people like to have it—since everybody is willing or desirous that it be placed somewhere else—why not deal radically with the problem?

If the city is to remove the garbage and burn it, let it perform the service in the easiest and quickest way, and place its crematories so as to meet that demand. But why shouldn't it force every householder to burn his own garbage? Then, of course, each would have less. Every house can be as well fixed to burn its own garbage as to dispose of its slops and ordure. Rents "close in" then would be higher, perhaps; but that change would tend soon to equalize the conditions in one place and another, throughout the city and suburbs.

It is really absurd that the householder should expect the city to cart off his garbage and burn it. The only duty of the city is to require him to burn it himself. Many householders in this city and other cities have no garbage to be removed. They burn it themselves. It is as regular a part of the duties of the day as any and every other sort of cleaning and tidiness. There never should be a slop barrel. To have a slop barrel should be made an offense against public sanitation and the public health. People of Portland should be tired by this time of the effort to locate a general crematory for garbage away from their own neighborhood, in the vicinity of others. If we will persist in living in congested districts and huddled up, when there is room all about us, let us each and all bear our share of the burden of keeping clean.

OUR DEMOCRATIC BRETHREN.

One of the militant Democratic newspapers of the Eastern States is the Philadelphia Record. But in common with most Eastern Democrats, it opposes Bryan. In a recent issue it has this to say:

> Good taste, if nothing else, requires that the Democratic leaders who have only led the party to defeat should go away back and sit down and give some new men a chance. In the middle of next month Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, is going to tell the people of New York "why Bryan must be nominated." This is magnanimous of Mr. Johnson, but the party would like to succeed once more. Mr. Bryan's record needs only a reference. When Mr. Johnson was running for Governor of Ohio he got the gentleman from Nebraska to stump the state for him, and he was the worst beaten man who ever ran for the office. In the recent Kentucky campaign Mr. Bryan stumped the state for the Democratic candidate and for the first time in ten years the Republican candidate was elected. Three years ago Judge Parker was defeated, and he is not now engaged in telling the party what it must do, and still less is he soliciting another nomination. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Johnson would do well to follow his dignified example.

A free lance now is the Louisville Courier-Journal. It no more likes Bryan and Tom Johnson than the Philadelphia Record likes them; yet it puts in this reply:

> Mr. Bryan and Mr. Johnson will answer this by saying that the defeats to which the Record refers were procured by Democratic dissatisfaction promoted by doughfaces and traitors masquerading as Democratic leaders and organs. They will say "to Hell with you! What did you do to us in 1896?" They will argue that Bryan ran ahead of Parker both in 1896 and in 1900, and that if anybody is to go way back and sit down it is the Wall-street crowd which they declare the Record represents and not the real Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson and Bryan. Mr. Johnson pointing to his own triumphant vindication in Cleveland, a rank Republican city. Mr. Bryan has no idea of going back anywhere, or sitting down either, you bet, and no more has Tom Johnson, and what is the Record going to do about it? The Record has no more manners than the Courier-Journal, which has no manners at all. Has it any hope of carrying Pennsylvania for the Democrats, or Philadelphia? Nay, nay, Pauline, nay!

POWER AT SEA.

Hero Hobson, of the Spanish War, now a Representative in Congress from Alabama, sought and obtained a place on the House naval committee; and now he announces that he will devote every energy towards a larger navy, with a special object of securing naval bases and fortifications on the Pacific—not only on the shores of our Pacific States, but in the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands.

Hobson says the Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands are numerous enough to be a menace, and that Japan soon will have a great naval base in the Island of Formosa, a short distance from Manila. The late Boxer trouble in China, he declares, was at the instigation of Japan, whose people have a fanatical hatred of all white men, and especially of Americans. They talk even of leading a movement for expulsion of the English from India—awaiting, of course, a favorable time.

In Hobson's view of it the sailing of our fleet to the Pacific means that America is to become "the bulwark of the world for stopping the progress of the yellow peril." It is the ambition of Japan to lead China, and to organize the vast forces of the Oriental world against the encroachment of all Western or white races. But the white races have superior resources for building ships, and the white man's hold on the supremacy of the ocean is the only hope of keeping a world peace."

Though it is diplomatically denied that the movement of our fleet to the Pacific has any reference whatever to Japan, it is known by all who have had access to Administration circles at Washington that but for uneasiness at the growing pretensions and increasing hostility of Japan the fleet would not have been sent. The object, of course, was not to threaten Japan, but to let it be known to the world that we are prepared to do something ourselves in the Pacific in case of need. And it is a "practice," or "exercise," voyage. Sea defenses are more important to us now than ever before. Our Navy never can be smaller than now, but must be increased in power, from year to year. Hitherto the Army has required more money than the Navy, but the two branches of the service for defense are to change places in relative cost. We cannot be seriously attacked by land, nor are we likely to have enemies against whom land campaigns can be directed. But we must have power at sea; for our defense is to be made at sea, and our attack, too, in case of need.

IS IT THEIR AFFAIR?

Two or three brewing companies are displaying a touching solicitude for the constitution of Georgia. Their disinterested zeal is aroused by the fact that 50 counties in that state "go dry" with the New Year, and they have asked a Federal judge to declare the local option law contrary to the Georgia constitution.

It looks to an outsider as if this were a question for the State Courts to decide. If Georgia has enacted a law which violates its own constitution, has it not a Supreme Court competent to pass upon it? What concern has the Federal Government with such a question? What could be more strictly a domestic affair? The action of the brewing companies appears extremely like an underhanded attempt to sue a state in the Federal Court. This the Constitution of the United States forbids; but we know how lightly some Federal judges regard such prohibitions when they stand in the way of the great corporate interests.

It is not pleasant to witness the steady annihilation of the authority and prestige of the state judiciaries by the Federal Courts. Is it with a predetermined purpose to destroy the last vestige of state autonomy that they pursue their present course?

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

It is comfortable to believe that the world is becoming every year a better place to live in. It is still more comfortable to believe that the betterment of things applies to all classes of men. We like to think that not only the rich, but also the poor, enjoy more of the blessings of life now than formerly. It is agreeable, too, to hold the opinion that everybody knows more today than he did a year ago, that he is more intelligent, public spirited and moral. This is a pleasant faith to live by. It is wholesome, inspiring and energizing; but is it warranted by the facts? Some excellent people would tell us that the facts make no difference if we can only continue to cherish an optimistic belief; but to imagine that all is well when, in truth things are going to the dogs, seems too much like living over a volcano which may erupt at any moment and hurl us into the air with all our beautiful optimism. What are the facts? Are we growing richer, better, wiser and happier, or not?

That we are growing richer can be proved by figures. There is no need of rehearsing them here, but they show well enough that the world contains today a larger store of desirable things than it did a year ago. The panic has not destroyed anything that was worth saving. A few reputations have gone to dwell with the snows of yesteryear, but they were built on fraud and their collapse is far from being an injury even to the men who have suffered shame. One could easily name certain bankers whose spiritual state will undoubtedly improve as their sinuous finance is unraveled. The loss of unsubstantial prestige will undoubtedly lead them to repentance and out of the guileful banker may emerge the white-souled saint. In the language of holy writ, "Out of the strong, or bitter, came forth sweetness." The trouble with our increasing riches is that they tend too much to gather in lumps or carbuncles, giving to half a dozen fortunate people a great deal more than they need, and depriving others, who are just as wise and good, of the necessities of life. We have solved the problem of creating wealth. We have yet to learn how to distribute it.

It is not so easy to prove that we are wiser than we were a year ago, but at any rate we are no more foolish and probably a little less. We shall certainly be more cautious about going into debt. Credit will be used with more discretion. But upon the great questions of government and life wisdom accumulates slowly, and the advance of any one year is seldom measurable. The fruit of experience ripens gradually. Still, we handle most of our problems with increasing confidence. The country feels assured that the policy of rigorous control over the railroads and trusts is the correct one, and it is ready to take a step or two ahead in that direction. This confidence has been fortified, rather than weakened, by the panic. Most men are willing to help cut off some of the tentacles of a power which can work so much harm when it is displeased with the policy of the Government. In the direction of making the Government of the Nation strong and efficient, the wisdom of the American people has undoubtedly achieved marked progress since last year.

If we are no better ourselves than we were a year ago, most of us are sternly resolved that others shall be better, at any rate. The wickedness of the trusts shocks the public more and more severely. There is less tolerance for the methods of high finance. The determination that business shall be transacted fairly and by the rules of old-fashioned honesty shows no signs of relaxing. Indeed, it grows firmer every day. The public has less and less mercy for fraud in high places, and it applies harsher names to the shortcomings of wealthy miscreants than it did last January. The temperance cause has advanced astonishingly within the year. The territory conquered by the anti-saloon forces is something amazing and there is reason to believe that the wave of hostility to the public sale of strong drink has by no means reached its crest. Nothing testifies to our zeal for our neighbors' salvation more clearly than this war on the saloon.

Are we happier than we were a year ago? Some are and some are not. For most people happiness means contentment, and the active minded, thoughtful person is seldom contented. He is perpetually striving for something better than he has or is. Hence he is never happy except in the rare moments of victory. At all other times he is urged onward by unsatisfied aspirations. Perhaps it is just as well that most of us are not as happy as we should like to be. If we were, the chances are that the world would begin to slip backward toward barbarism.

Oregon and Washington wheat shipments (flour included) for December, reached the enormous total of 7,682,000 bushels, or more than 2,000,000 bushels in excess of any other month in the history of the trade. With the November shipments of more than 5,000,000 bushels, the total for the two months will be about 13,000,000 bushels, valued at approximately $11,000,000. Tonnage now loading at Portland for January shipment has a capacity of 2,600,000 bushels, and at the Puget Sound ports there is January tonnage for 1,200,000 bushels, exclusive of flour shipments, which will easily bring the value of the three months' shipments up to $15,000,000. All this from a single industry in which the men engaged were nearly all in excellent financial condition before they began selling this season's crop. When the returns are all in this season, the Pacific Northwest will have more money for investment than ever in its history.

Lumber has declined $3 per thousand feet in St. Paul territory and offerings are in excess of the demand. This incident would seem to have considerable bearing on the lumber rate case now before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The railroads will undoubtedly claim that the actual decline in the demand, as reflected in the $3 reduction, has been more of a factor in closing the mills than the 10-cent advance in the freight rate. One thing that stands out reasonably clear through this maze of rates, closed mills, declining prices and million dollar profits, is the extreme difficulties which will in the future be encountered by loggers in their attempt to sell logs at $9 per thousand, and keep their stumpage limits down around $1.50 and $2 per thousand. When the next bulge comes, the timber owner may insist on a share of the profits.

All legitimate immigration literature well placed brings good results, but the best results are obtained from facts set forth by the great daily newspapers in attractive form. The distant reader believes that 95 per cent is truth, for no self-respecting journal can afford to misrepresent. Such an immigration document is the New Year edition of The Oregonian, issued yesterday. Apart from the information concerning the Pacific Northwest which it conveys, its practical value rests on its very wide distribution among intelligent and desirable folk in every section of the United States. As an advertisement of this empire, it is pre-eminent.

The Southern Pacific will place another steamer on the Coos Bay run, and expects to increase materially the business between Portland and Coos Bay ports by bringing full cargoes of coal to Portland, returning with general cargo from this city. Coal at the present time is the most important staple produced in Coos Bay, and, as this port has need of the fuel in steadily increasing quantities, establishment of a frequent service will be of mutual benefit to both ports. The Coos Bay coal is said to be equal to any other grade brought to Portland, and the preference to which articles of home production are always entitled should be shown it.

The death of Mrs. Mary Wood of Hillsboro, at the ripe age of 120 years raises the interesting question whether the climate of Oregon may not ultimately restore the antediluvian limit of human existence. Mrs. Wood began life in Missouri, a calamity which naturally shortened her days. Had she been born in Oregon, it is safe to assume that she would not have been cut off at six score years, but might have lived out two complete centuries at least. And this is only a beginning. Very likely when the Oregon climate has produced its full effects on the race, Methusaleans will be as common here as prunes.

A Chicago dispatch announces that medical science has perfected a treatment by which the healthy organs of the lower animals can be substituted for diseased parts of the human body. There are great possibilities here if the discovery goes far enough to enable the brain of an intelligent watch dog to be substituted for the zig-zag affairs which some so-called bank officials have under their hats.

A Federal judge at Denver rendered a decision in favor of a lot of land-fraud defendants and the Government doesn't like it and will appeal. We don't know that this is of particular moment to anybody in Oregon, yet there are a few citizens who are likely to prick up their ears when they read about it.

It is now proposed that the plebiscite be invoked for location of the garbage crematory. In the present state of the public mind we doubt the expediency or propriety of the suggestion. There would be danger of an immense majority for placing it next door to Brother Thorburn Ross.

They say William J. Bryan shot twenty-three ducks the other day and is preparing to go on a bear hunt. This man seems to be ambitious to equal both Cleveland and Roosevelt. But maybe it is the Florida William J. Bryan.

How would it do to think of Bonaparte for President? Wouldn't the great name carry him? Any descendant of Madame Letitia ought to be a name to conjure with.

The burglar who broke into the office of the Portland yellow journal doubtless went on the theory that where there were no brains there must be money.

It appears to be uncertain where the garbage crematory should be, but every one seems to be agreed that it should be about four miles from a given point.

It would have been better for General Stoessel if the Japs had got him and kept him.

Portland inaugurated the New Year with a veritable Bedlam of noise. That helped a lot.

"Show me" is the motto of Missouri. The Missouri boys came to see our boys and were shown.

GOOD WORK BY BISHOP PADDOCK

Fine Record of New Episcopal Missionary for Oregon.

The Outlook.

The Rev. Robert Lewis Paddock was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Eastern Oregon in New York City on Wednesday of last week, after a service in the metropolis notable alike for its courage, its helpfulness, and its tireless industry. During his connection with the pro-Cathedral on the lower East Side Mr. Paddock attracted attention by his endeavor to break up the various forms of vice in the neighborhood. When he became rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles on Ninth avenue and Twenty-ninth street in New York City, the church had a hundred communicants; it now numbers 850. Its rectory has become a Settlement House, with three workers besides the rector; there is another Settlement House in the near neighborhood under the direction of the church, in which four women have made their headquarters; Chelsea House, a home for 35 young workingwomen, started by the church, has become self-supporting; and near the church is a house for boys coming in from the country and waiting to get work, or for those who, having lost one job, are waiting for another.

The Chelsea Improvement Society is made up of men and women working for good government and clean politics; and the Chelsea Park Society has had a distinct influence for good. The lower West Side Ministers' Association, which has grown up largely under Mr. Paddock's leadership, has brought into working cooperation forty ministers of every communion except the Jewish and Roman. The Holy Apostles stands in the heart of the district known as Hell's Kitchen, and is environed by tenement-houses, saloons, and boarding-houses. Mr. Paddock has done a great work of regeneration in it.

A Futile Prayer.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Incidental to the labor troubles in Goldfield, Nevada, has come a suit against the Miners' Union, praying for its dissolution by a Federal court, and alleging that the union was organized for the destruction of property and to create "endless strife, disorder, bloodshed and rioting." This is something new and the outcome will be awaited with interest, especially as part of the prayer is that the union be prohibited from meeting. Of what use, however, would be any such restraint? From the ashes of one union the Phoenix of another will rise immediately, if not sooner. That is one of the advantages enjoyed by such organizations. They do not own plants. They have no large sums invested in physical equipment. Dissolve a corporation with large material possessions, compel it to shut down, and calamity overtakes it. Dissolve a union, with everything to gain and nothing to lose by violence, and little or no embarrassment follows. Nothing is easier than to choose another name and keep on picketing. The prayer may be granted, but that will not restore law and order in Goldfield.

This Whack at Roosevelt.

New York World.

Judge Hannis Taylor, a very eminent student both of constitutional and international law, recently prepared a memorial to Congress setting forth that Pelatiah Webster, of Pennsylvania, was "the original designer or architect of the Constitution of the United States," and praying that he be officially recognized as such.

Pelatiah Webster's title is disputed, however, by Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, who insisted in an address before the New England Society of Philadelphia Monday night that Judge Taylor was mistaken, and that Benjamin Franklin was the father of the Constitution.

Judge Taylor is ready to maintain his thesis and has challenged Senator Knox to a joint debate before the Bar Association of the District of Columbia.

If the challenge is accepted, Theodore Roosevelt should be selected as referee. Mr. Roosevelt knows little about the Constitution and cares less. He would make an impartial and unprejudiced umpire.

Has Profitable Occupation.

New York Sun.

According to a dispatch from Guthrie Mr. William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, not he of Florida, once declined an invitation to move to Oklahoma, lead the fight for statehood and receive as his reward one of the Senatorships. After considering the offer for several days Mr. Bryan declined it because "he had his newspaper and other interests in Lincoln and he did not see how he could afford to take the step." From his point of view Mr. Bryan was quite right; as editor, lecturer and peripatetic candidate for President, with two defeats as his working capital, he has a profitable occupation, and his interests would suffer if he had to go to Washington and sit in the Senate.

The Cotton Crop.

The Crop Reporting Board of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture estimates that our cotton crop in 1907-8 will amount to 5,581,968,000 pounds (not including linters), equivalent to 11,678,000 bales of 500 pounds gross each. The distribution by states:

State.	Bales	State.	Bales.
Texas	2,490,000	Georgia	1,898,000
Mississippi	1,536,000	Alabama	1,216,000
S. Carolina	1,091,000	Oklahoma	919,000
Arkansas	796,000	Louisiana	712,000
N. Carolina	604,000	Tennessee	298,000
Florida	64,000	Missouri	40,000
Virginia	14,000		

It Is a Sigh.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Bryan reminds one somewhat of Henry Clay, who would rather be right than President—and never was. What a really great man Mr. Bryan might become if he would only let the bee light on some other bonnet and go in for things possible and reachable, the Warwick of his party and his time!

Weary Willie on Socialism.

Earl Hooker Eaton, in Success.

A Socialist, a Socialist, that's what I pine to be,
With lodgings at the Waldorf while I set the pee-pul free,
With motor cars that do a mile in 60 seconds flat,
In which to run the errands of the pro-le-ta-ri-at;
With private secretaries and a valet at my side,
To help me as I toil to bring about the Grand Divide.
Sassiety is to the bad and things is getting rank—
I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank!

I want to rise at 10 o'clock and slave away till noon,
For work—I've never done a stroke—"is man's most precious boon,"
And when I've sheared the coupons from a peck o' bonds er so,
I'll put in all the time that's left to give the poor a show.
There's Happy Jack and 'Frisco Pete—They've often said to me
That wealth was not divided up the way it orter be,
And I am for a divvy, though the kickers call me crank—
I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank!

I want a quiet Summer home to rest in when it's hot,
A bungle-oh at Lenox or a humble Newport cot,
And when the blamed reporters come, with shy, reluctant air,
I'll tell 'em how poor father made more dough than was his share;
I'll tell 'em how he left the coin to me one tearful day,
And how—not yet, but soon, you know—I'll give it all away.
So when the job is open, here's my application blank—
I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank!

H. HAMILTON HAS SECURED WORK

Unemployed Man Who Threatened Self-Destruction, Now an Employe.

PORTLAND, Jan. 1.—(To the Editor.)—In answer to a recent inquiry in The Oregonian, will say that H. Hamilton, who suggested suicide because he could not get a job, has got one.

On reading his communication in The Oregonian of December 15, I came to the conclusion that he needed a job badly. So I wrote him through the general delivery department of the Portland Postoffice, making an appointment with him, and found him to be as hard up as he represented himself to be, only a little worse, as he only had two bits of his dollar.

I put him "next" to a job that I had in sight for myself, but having some money left that I saved during the Summer, while work was plentiful. I thought, like one of Dickens' characters, that I could wait "until something else turned up."

Thinking Mr. Hamilton might see the inquiry in The Oregonian about him and answer it himself, I put off answering it until now. But probably he cannot always obtain The Oregonian, or he might have overlooked the matter, or what is more likely, he is where he cannot get the paper.

Therefore, that his friends may not worry about him, I take this opportunity of letting them know that H. Hamilton got his job. F. H. J.

The "Impolite" Mosquito.

"Mosquito Life," by Evelyn G. Mitchell.

Even more aggravating than the bite, although far less serious in its effect (unless influence on nerves, language and feelings be taken into consideration), is the buzz. There is, to the writer, nothing on earth so irritating as the shrill, piping and shrieking right in one's ear, just as one is comfortably drifting off into peaceful slumber. It rouses one up like a fire alarm. The victim snatches wildly at the air, thinking unutterableness, with the general result of a self-inflicted thumped head and the escape of the tiny offender. The buzzing is produced by the vibrations of a thin shred of chitin in the large air tubes just behind the openings in the thorax which admit the air. The pitch varies with the different species, as well as with the sexes. Stegomyia is almost a silent mosquito; being a day flier, it would not be good policy for it to attract too much attention. Anopheles will sing at night, but I have never heard it do so in the daytime. As Dr. Howard has stated, the chant of the female Anopheles is of a decidedly lower pitch than that of the other genera, so that the "villian" is easily distinguishable by its bass voice. Dr. Goeldi says that the amount of distension of the abdomen by food or eggs influences the pitch. Apart from recognizing the use of the hum of the female in guiding the male I feel somewhat as did a small girl who remarked to me: "I don't see why they screech so. If they don't like how I taste, it's awful impolite of them to holler about it so loud."

Roosevelt Remembers the Pacific Coast.

Brooklyn Eagle's Washington Special.

Despite all reassuring reports which Secretary Taft brought to Washington, it is rather remarkable that the activity of our military authorities has been increased rather than diminished. The President knew, of course, that the Army and Navy were to surpass all previous records in their estimates of appropriations for offensive and defensive equipment this year. He received Secretary Taft's report of his conference with the Japanese officials in ample time to have warned the military authorities to pare their estimates down to a basis of expected tranquillity. Nothing of this sort was done. The President approved the excessive demands of the military officers and sent them to Congress with his "O. K.," notwithstanding the fact that a deficit of $100,000,000 is likely next year.

More recently the President has lent his influence to a movement to secure immediate appropriations for guns, mortars and mines on the Pacific Coast. He is personally interested in putting the cities and harbors of the Pacific in a state of thorough defense.

Fight Ruling in Tennessee.

Washington (D. C.) Stories in New York Times.

They were talking about the recent fight in the House. Representative Sims, of Tennessee, was reminded of a case of assault and battery out in Tennessee; Judge Thomas P. Bateman was presiding, and the defendant was found guilty.

"The fine in this case would ordinarily be $10," said the judge in imposing sentence, "but inasmuch as the plaintiff called the defendant a liar I fix the fine at $5."

That encouraged the attorney for the defense to hope that the fine might be made still less.

"May it please your honor," he said, "he called him a liar twice."

"That makes no difference," replied the judge, without looking up. "He ought to have knocked him down the first time."

Fat Men Have the Advantage.

St. Paul Dispatch in New York World.

Investigation of Pullman-car rates, begun by John M. Marble, attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commission, upon complaint of George S. Loftus, of St. Paul, disclosed the advantage which a fat man has when he travels in the rush season. The testimony showed that when upper berths have to be used agents are instructed to allot them to persons of light weight and to assign heavyweight passengers to the lower berths. It was admitted that the Pullman Company pays its porters $25 a month and expects them to collect the remainder of their wages in tips.

Wall Street, Seen From Kentucky.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

A convict released from Sing Sing after 47 years' imprisonment says he is afraid to go about in New York. The fact is, a man who is simple enough to get into Sing Sing hasn't a ghost of a show to make a living among financiers who have spent their lives in successful efforts to keep out of Sing Sing.

A FEW SQUIBS.

"Sometimes I think," said Mr. Timmid, "if I only had some money I might get married." "Couldn't you borrow some?" suggested Miss Passay, eagerly.—Philadelphia Press.

Mistress—Malvina, do you know anything about dill pickles? New Girl—I think I met him at a dance once, ma'am, but I haven't any acquaintance with him.—Chicago Tribune.

"What's become of the old-fashioned lying fisherman?" is asked by a journalist who has not noticed that the new-fashioned lying alienist has crowded him out of the limelight.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I wish I had enough money to invest in some of the mines that are advertised." "You'd be a fool to do it." "I wouldn't do it. I'd buy a Winter overcoat."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Rollis—Mr. Allmoney is all smiles. Molly—Yes, he has captured a gridiron heroine. Rollis—A gridiron heroine? Molly—Yes; a college girl who really knows how to broil beefsteak.—Judge.

Vicar's wife—No, the vicar is not in just now. Is there any message you would like me to give him when he returns? Old woman (cheerfully)—Please, mum, Martha Higgins would like to be buried at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.—Punch.

Mr. Microbe (reading "The Daily Germ") Horrible catastrophe! Ten million lives lost! Mrs. Microbe—Goodness gracious, Mike, what happened? Mr. Microbe—The First National Bank, without a word of warning sterilized a dollar bill.—Puck.

NATIONAL GUARD

ONE of the important questions that came before the National Guard Association at the annual convention last Friday was one of armories for state troops. After the subject had been exhaustively discussed, the association at once adopted a resolution, drafted by Colonel James Jackson, providing for an active campaign for the securing of permanent armories.

The last Legislature set aside $100,000, with which to build suitable homes for the various organizations outside Portland. The State Grange promptly attacked the appropriation, and the matter is to be submitted to the voting public at the June election, under the referendum.

The Guard does not intend going into politics. It was the unanimous sense of the officers present that a campaign of education was the modus operandi to be preferred. When the voters were given to understand the need of the armories and their value from an economic standpoint, it was urged that no further campaign would be required to insure public indorsement of the appropriation.

From a purely economic standpoint the Guardsmen have a strong line of defense. At the present time the state is paying out $8000 a year for rent of armories. In nearly every instance these impromptu headquarters for military organizations are unsuited for their purpose. Arms and equipment become damaged from storage in damp rooms, and the loss counts into money speedily. But, leaving that aside, it is pointed out that in 12 years the armories would have paid for themselves in the saving of rent; and in 25 years the state would be ahead $100,000, not to mention owning its own armories. It is the old old hypothesis of buying the house and escaping the landlord. Under a section of the appropriation bill it is provided that the money now paid by the state for rentals shall revert to the state treasury.

* * *

Those are the figures that the Guard wishes impressed upon taxpayers who are inclined to view things from the standpoint of dollars and cents. There is another line of argument for those endowed with patriotic impulses; the necessity of having well drilled, properly organized and fully equipped troops ready for emergencies that may arise. As Captain John R. M. Taylor, of the Regular Army, pointed out before the Guard Association, hunger is the thing that ultimately drives a people to war, and Asia is propagating faster than acreage is being provided for their sustenance. The Pacific Coast is wonderfully fertile and thinly settled, and it is only to be expected that Asia should cast a hungering eye in this direction. Thus far the invasions have been those of peaceful but hungry emigrants, but the future is an unknown quantity which has to be provided for. Modern warfare is a thing of science, the day having passed, military men aver, when the farmer can leave his plow and go at a minute's notice to fight his country's wars. It is contended by military experts that a force of say 50,000 trained troops could cope with half a million armed men who were not organized and equipped for a campaign. Hence the necessity of training as many able-bodied men as are willing to devote their time to military work is obvious. As to the argument of misinformed persons to the effect that militia is a peace organization which does not serve in time of war, attention is called to the fact that the National Guard fought the war with Spain as well as the campaign in the Philippines. There was no more gallant regiment in the field, nor one which saw harder service than the infantry organization sent out from the Oregon National Guard to the Philippines in 1898.

* * *

The attack of a speaker before the People's Forum on Colonel Jackson's suggestion that drill sergeants should be placed in the public schools to instruct young men in the use of firearms, was the subject of considerable comment among Guardsmen. Colonel Jackson has been following the flag for something like 45 years, during which time he has engaged in three wars and a score of battles. His promotions have been in nearly every instance for distinguished gallantry in action, and he has been twice decorated for bravery. The only subjects that have ever received his full attention have been those relating to the welfare of the country, and it is assumed by military people that he knew what he was talking about, which is a virtue not ascribed to his critic. Besides, the National Government is now engaged in doing just what Colonel Jackson suggested, and the War Department has several men of ability out organizing boy rifle clubs in American schools.

* * *

Guardsmen who did not engage in rifle practice during the Summer will now be required to explain just why. The state requires every man to perfect himself in marksmanship, which is the chief requisite of the modern soldier. Those that failed must face a court of inquiry. The number is limited, to the credit of the Guard.

Major F. S. Baker, state inspector of small arms practice, leaves early this week for a tour of the state troops stationed outside Portland. He will conduct a court of inquiry at each station where there were failures to engage in range work. Those found guilty, without a sufficient defense, will be fined.

IN THE MAGAZINE SECTION OF THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

FROM OBSCURE POVERTY TO PROMINENCE

Twelve new men in the Sixtieth Congress, including the blind Senator Gore, who rose against great odds; a splendid lesson for American boys.

GOING TO MARKET

Full-page illustration of children—the sort of pictures that have added popularity to the Sunday edition.

THE HOTEL CLERK ON PROHIBITION

Humorous but philosophical views of the reform wave now sweeping the country.

TROUBLES OF MOROCCO'S SULTAN

No war history, but a lot of situations showing the comedy in that troublesome land.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TOWN

First impressions of London, by Joseph Schafer, professor of history, University of Oregon.

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