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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1908.

THE MEMORY OF EMMET.

Robert Emmet represents the highest possible type of self-sacrificing patriotism—of the sentimental kind. Every successive age, so long as historic records are preserved, will honor the name of this youth and weep over his fate. He was a youthful John Brown, but with a higher ideal. His limitation was that his ideal was not attainable. In him was embodied the longing of Ireland for deliverance and independence. But his fervent patriotism, kindled by his imagination, did not propose or prepare means equal to the result he intended. He perished. Any judgment could have foreseen it. But he is embalmed, through his fate, in the tears of the world.

He might easily have escaped. Every man and every woman in Ireland would have gone to the rack rather than betray him. Nothing would have been easier in his case than concealment and escape. But again he was misled by sentiment and imagination. He had escaped already, but dared everything by returning to Dublin to meet his betrothed, Sarah, daughter of the celebrated orator and advocate, John Philpot Curran. He was discovered, seized and executed.

But he is immortal. He is of the martyrs who have sacrificed themselves to their ideals; by whose sacrifices in all ages mankind is redeemed. Ireland never may obtain independence. It probably would not be best for her if she should. But the sacrifice of Robert Emmet is none the less a force in working out her destiny. His bearing at the trial, his speech to the judges, his conception of his situation, and the nobility of soul with which he met it, will bring pity and sympathy and cause tears to start, and inspire hearts with high resolve, so long as human records shall be preserved upon the earth. That Ireland now, though not independent, is virtually free, is due to the sacrifice of high souls among her children, among whom the name of Robert Emmet is set highest, to stand there forever.

A man engaged in the enterprise he undertook would not be executed now; but England at that time was trembling in every fiber from her fear of Napoleon.

ONE MORE CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

It is not likely that the notes known as greenbacks will be retired,—certainly not at present; but they ought to be. They are no profit either to the Government or to the people, but constitute at all times a burden and a danger. Enormous reserves of gold must be held to assure their convertibility, or maintenance of value. They lie as a dead weight upon the gold reserve, constituting a mass without flexibility, elasticity or mobility. They are a most impracticable and unscientific currency.

These greenbacks are a cash reserve for banks; but nothing could be more anomalous than the use of debt obligation of the Government—for this is just what the greenback is—as the legal basis for debt obligations by the banks to an amount four times as great. As ex-Secretary Gage says, "they merely weaken the foundation of metallic money, on which the fabric of our whole credit system must finally rest." And our bank notes, on the present basis, are but another feature of the same perilous system; which was but a device born of the stress of the Civil War to make a market for United States bonds. It has troubled us ever since; but we never have had the intelligent courage necessary to change it.

The Fowler bill goes but a step in the necessary direction. Perhaps even this bill cannot be passed. Error, becoming inveterate, is exceedingly difficult to remove. But we shall have recurrence of these currency panics till we get on a rational basis.

The currency of the country should be a bank currency based on gold reserves, but related to and standing for the products of our labor, the consumable products of the country, the things we eat, wear and use. Every other civilized nation has such a currency. Are we forever to be too unintelligent to have it? As Chairman Fowler says: "Until we adopt this principle and relate our currency to and base it on the consumable commodities of the country we shall experiment in vain, and be caught now and again in the throes of currency panics."

A campaign of education is almost as necessary on this subject as such campaign was a dozen years ago on the gold standard.

UNWARRANTED SHOOTING.

It is well that Patrolman Suitter has been indicted. If the public has the facts correctly, he ought to be convicted. From the reports there are but two possible conclusions. Either Suitter is a coward who uses his revolver for protection at the first intimation of danger, or he is a man of murderous passion who should never have been put upon the police force. Only in rare and extreme cases should an officer use firearms. It is his business to employ tact, persuasion, his fists, his club if need be. In time of trouble he should use shrewdness or agility, or any device he can. All means must be exhausted before he has the right to shoot.

Policemen are not clothed ordinarily with the power of life and death. Their first and foremost duty is to keep the peace, not to break it. Upon the occasion of the death of Shaffer the facts look very much as if Officer Suitter were the aggressor. One can hardly avoid the thought that he broke in upon the noisy band of merry-makers with an offensive, almost brutal, display of authority and gave his orders in a manner calculated to irritate rather than calm them. Patrolman Leavins' statement that the men crowded around Suitter "with murder in all their eyes" is incredible.

Doubtless they were excited and angry. They had been drinking, we dare say. Moreover, they seem to have been foreigners who understood English with difficulty. An officer who knew his business would have considered all these facts and conducted himself accordingly. It is hard to escape the conclusion that Suitter fired when there was not the slightest excuse for it. Two women testify that they were holding Shaffer's hands at the time, so that he was hardly in a situation to be very dangerous. It seems likely also that if the crowd had really been in a murderous mood the death of Shaffer would have excited them to frenzy instead of quieting them.

It looks upon the whole as if Patrolman Suitter killed Shaffer wantonly, and his very hasty use of his pistol in the Burkhardt incident strengthens this opinion. Of course the evidence may ultimately justify his act, but if it does it must be something very different from what has yet come to light.

SOME WISE RESOLUTIONS.

Among the resolutions adopted by the department of superintendence of the National Educational Association at its session in Washington two or three treat of subjects which are important to the whole country. The resolution in favor of ungraded schools in large cities to instruct immigrants' children in English is particularly wise. The need of such schools is apparent to everybody who has the slightest knowledge of immigrants and their difficulties. No matter how intelligent they may be, nor how eager they are to become self-supporting, their ignorance of English makes it almost impossible for them to find work except among their own people. Thus their opportunities are cut off and they are too frequently victimized by overwork and under-pay. At the same time they live in ignorance of our laws and institutions, and if they take part at all in politics it is only as blind tools of some boss.

Portland is not a very large city as cities go in these days, but even here the desirability of instructing immigrants from Russia and elsewhere in English has become so manifest that charitable people have taken up the work without waiting for action by the school authorities. It is a public duty, however, and should be done at public expense. If we permit foreigners to settle here, we must see to it that they are taught our language. An interesting part of this resolution is its reference to ungraded schools. It raises the question whether we have not been making too much of grades and examinations in all our public schools. Have we not lost sight of the true object of education in our eagerness to see children rise from grade to grade, pass one examination after another, and finally graduate? Those men and women who can remember the old ungraded public school usually have a good deal to say in its favor. The association of young and old scholars in the same room was not found to be harmful to anybody's morals, while it spurred the ambition of the little boys and girls to hear the big ones recite their lessons in advanced grammar, in history and in alegbra.

Much of that atmosphere of intolerable dullness which now overhangs the public school system is due to the narrow outlook of the scholars, from whom every fact not included in the course for their particular grade is sedulously concealed and for whom the only stimulus to ambition is an examination. Much has been gained, no doubt, by rigid grading, but also much has certainly been lost. Perhaps the time may come when those boys and girls who are not thinking of preparing for the university will again be taught the elements of the branches in ungraded schools. The suggestion of the superintendents' department admits of great extension. What they find good for the children of foreigners may turn out to be good for natives as well. The fault of the ungraded school is lack of system; but there is such a thing as having too much system. It is possible to live altogether for the system and forget what it was devised for.

Touching upon agricultural education, the department of superintendence went to the root of the matter. There has been a great deal of talk about teaching agriculture in the common schools lately, and everybody, from the President down, has advocated it with great enthusiasm. It is a most desirable thing, we all admit. But, after all, of what use is it to talk about teaching children agriculture until there is somebody who knows how to do it? There used to be a superstition that anybody, no matter how big a fool he was naturally, could run a farm. That superstition has vanished, and in place of it we now have the belief that everybody can teach farming, even those who never saw a plow. The department of superintendence holds that one must know at least a little about agriculture before he is fit to teach it to children; hence the recommendation for normal school training in this subject supported by the Government. Certainly if it is the duty of the National Government to maintain colleges of agriculture it is no less a duty to train teachers who can spread the results of the college work among the people. Compared with what they might be, the agricultural colleges are sterile, and the principal reason why they are not more fruitful is the gulf between them and the farmer. Normal classes in farming would bridge this gulf.

Thus far the main fault in our public schools has been their tendency to assume that everybody is to be a merchant and must therefore learn commercial arithmetic, commercial geography and commercial everything else. The fact is that most boys will have very little to do with so-called "business" and a great deal to do with farming, mechanics and similar matters, while, as a rule, by far the most practical subject for girls to study is domestic economy, which the schools almost uniformly disdain. Inasmuch as the department of superintendence seems to advocate schools of all-round usefulness, its recommendations deserve more attention from the public than such things usually get.

PORTLAND'S NEW TRADE FIELD.

It is impossible to estimate the extent of the advantages which Portland will gain through the coming to this city of the North Bank Railroad; but its value as one of the city's greatest commercial assets is daily becoming more apparent. The Kennewick Commercial Club, in response to a request from the North Bank management, has recently compiled statistics showing the amount of business handled by the merchants at that point. The figures are of special interest to Portland for the reason that, in the past, it has been a difficult matter for our merchants to get a foothold in the trade of the North Bank territory. Some idea of what our merchants have been missing in the past can be gained by these figures, which show that during the twelve months ending December 31, 1907, Kennewick received from Tacoma 270 carloads, Seattle 190 carloads and Portland 40 carloads of freight.

In addition to these 500 carloads there were received at the thriving North Bank city 3364 tons in less than carload lots, Portland's percentage of this latter being about the same as for the carload business. It is, of course, no reflection on the enterprise of the Portland merchants that this city has in the past cut such a pitifully small figure in the traffic along the north bank of the Columbia. We have failed to make much headway in that field simply because our transportation facilities were inadequate for the exploitation, except in a small way, of any of that trade field lying north of the Columbia. All this has been changed by completion of the new line, and never again will the Puget Sound cities be enabled to make so favorable a showing at Columbia River points.

The physical handicap which Portland suffered in the North Bank territory in the past has not only been removed, but the building of the new line has actually placed a handicap on the Puget Sound cities, which it will be impossible to overcome. The rail haul from Portland to Kennewick by the water-level route, over the easiest grade possessed by any railroad west of the Rocky Mountains, is but 222 miles, compared with 251 miles to Seattle and 247 miles to Tacoma; and by the latter route the handicap of distance is intensified by one of the steepest mountain grades in the West. When the new road settles into permanent shape and high-speed trains are in operation, it will be possible for the people of Kennewick to come to Portland, spend several hours in transaction of their business, and return to Kennewick the same day. And Kennewick and its adjacent territory are only a portion of the immense new territory that has been added to Portland's trade field by completion of the North Bank Railroad, for throughout the entire distance traversed by the new road there is an immense amount of new business developing.

All that Portland has ever asked in any competitive trade field was even terms with her competitors, and with such terms our merchants have always secured the lion's share of the trade. The combined efforts of nature and James J. Hill have provided us with something better than even terms in the new field across the Columbia, and there is no reason for doubting that we will make the most of it. Carload statistics on freight received at Kennewick in 1908 will show a decided change over those for 1907, and the change in Portland's favor will be still more pronounced in 1909 and thereafter.

In reporting to Ambassador Tower at Berlin that he had given $100,000 to complete the proposed fund necessary for the continuation of Dr. Koch's researches into the cause and cure of consumption, Mr. Carnegie adds that he considers Koch, Pasteur and Lister the three great leaders of civilization. The term civilization is a wide one and many factors enter into it. That the physicians named have done great service in the advancement of human knowledge along the special lines of their endeavor cannot be questioned. But there are other names that in the interest of humanity and the welfare of the race stand with these in the van of progress. These men are leaders, but there are others both in the physical and intellectual world whose names enter into the achievements of civilization. Still, Carnegie gave the money for a great and useful purpose, and he was entitled to pay a compliment to this great trio of medical heroes, and they are fully entitled to receive it.

Dr. Meylan, physical director of Columbia College, after careful examination of a large number of students, declares that the use of tobacco at an early age does not stunt the growth of boys, neither does it affect the lung capacity. This opinion, especially as regards the growth of the boy, is disproved by the observation of the principals of our public schools, the superintendents of reform schools, the recruiting officers of the Army and by thoughtful persons generally. The consensus of inexpert opinion—opinion based upon common observation and experience—is that the early use of tobacco stunts the growth of the boy, blunts his moral sensibilities to a greater or less extent, makes him dull in school, irritable at home and restive under restraint. While men may use tobacco to excess with impunity (though the increasing number of deaths from heart failure renders this doubtful), boys cannot use it without effects distinctly deleterious and easily discerned by those who are not looking for an excuse for its use. Technicality, both in law and medicine, not infrequently wins out in the battle against common observation and common sense, but this does not alter the facts in the case.

The high steps which must be mounted when entering most of the streetcars of this city are a real hardship daily to thousands of passengers. Tired working women who have been on their feet every minute of the day that the law allows, and more; women with infants in their arms; elderly women who are no longer agile; stout women, and men as well; old men and women, and men, women and children of any age who are not strong enough to pull themselves bodily up on these high steps without great exertion—these are they who suffer hardship more or less serious every time they board, and only in less degree when they alight from, one of these "high-steppers." Reference has frequently been made to this fact by the press of the city, and it is a matter of frequent comment among passengers. The street railway company, however, has taken no notice of the complaints nor of the effort required to mount the car steps, amounting in many instances to a struggle which its officers must have witnessed many times.

A few days ago the announcement came in our telegraphic report of the death of General Rufus Saxton, U. S. A. He was Army Quartermaster here during several years, and was well known then throughout the Pacific Northwest. This was about thirty-five years ago. Details of his life are supplied by the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. He was a native of Westfield (near Springfield); born in 1824, entered West Point in 1845, and active service in the Army in 1849. He first came West with the Northern Pacific Railroad exploration in 1853. During the great war his services were chiefly in the Quartermaster's department, for which he had special fitness, and after the war he continued for many years in the same branch of the service. By act of Congress in 1904 he was made Brigadier-General. Very many who knew him here, in Portland, and throughout Oregon and Washington, still live; and no officer of the Army who has been stationed here was ever more highly esteemed.

The elimination of Judge Hargis undoubtedly contributed in no small degree to lessening the life insurance risks in the Blue Grass State, but if any one believes for a moment that Kentucky is civilized, his mind will suffer a change after reading a notice issued by President Hawkins, of the Burley Tobacco Association. In this card to tobacco-growers Hawkins, among other warnings, says that if growers plant their crop they will endure a "year of torment, for it will be 365 days of hell." He intimates in his warning that a "battalion of soldiers and a Gatling gun" will be insufficient to protect the men who attempt to grow tobacco in 1908. Raisuli, Muley Hafid and a few others of their circle should be introduced into Kentucky to spread civilization.

Tilmon Ford, whose funeral will be held at Salem today, had lived in and been identified with Marion County and Salem practically all of his life of three-score and five years. Boy and man, no one was better known in the community life of that section than he. In temperance work during the era of aggressive Good Templarism; in politics and in law, he was from time to time, and in the latter much of the time, actively engaged and well known. As the span of human life is now measured, Tilmon Ford was not an old man, and up to the last few weeks he was at work in the harness. He will be missed by the few surviving associates of a lifetime.

The Salvation Army in England has chartered five steamships, one of which has already arrived at Halifax with 800 immigrants who are going to the Canadian Northwest in search of new homes. This work was begun two years ago, and since that time the army has forwarded several thousand helpless and homeless people to Canada, where the opportunities for improving their condition are immeasurably better than in England. Scoffers may criticise some of the methods of the Salvation Army, but there are few, if any, other brands of religion which can show superior results in the alleviation of physical and moral misery.

Why, certainly; if any Republican candidate for the Legislature wishes to pledge himself, in advance, to vote, in a contingency most likely to arise, for a Democratic Senator, let him do so. Certainly, certainly, certainly. It is a free country. But if such shouldn't be elected there might be no occasion for surprise. Most persons when voting wish to know just what they are voting for.

There are thousands of Republicans throughout the state who do not want to vote for Chamberlain, or for any other Democrat, for Senator. Therefore they will not vote for U'Ren for the Republican nomination.

The New York Evening Post says the decision of the Supreme Court on the hours of women's work, in the case taken up from Oregon, "is not only just in morals, but is sound from the economic point of view."

King Humbert of Italy says "it's a King's business to be shot at." In Portland it's a policeman's business to shoot at the other fellow whether it is necessary to shoot him or not.

Albany is to have a cannery. Since Linn County has voted "dry," why not turn the brewery into a cannery?

Dr. Brougher thinks that Mayor Lane lacks backbone; but he must admit that the Mayor has muscle.

Democratic advocacy of Statement No. 1: "Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?"

LITTLE JOKER IN PRIMARY LAW

What's the Constitution Between Friends? Asks the "Flyspeckers."

The Dalles Optimist.

The Federal constitution says in tolerably plain language how Senators and Congressmen are to be elected, and there are none who misunderstand it. For many years there have been pending both before the House and the Senate various bills to amend the fundamental law as to the election of our Senators, but no such bill has ever passed, and no such amendment therefore has come before the various legislatures for adoption, and it is very doubtful if the states would concur in such an amendment if brought before them.

But some of the foxy politicians in this state thought they had found a way to dodge the constitution by forcing the Legislature to elect Senators at the dictation of the voters.

How fair that sounds. "Let the people elect!" "The members of the Legislature are a venal lot; let us take the matter into our own hands and compel them to elect whomsoever we choose," cry the reformers, and they actually hoodwinked the people into passing a law which in effect nullifies the constitution of the United States as to such elections.

* * *

When Cleveland was President, Big Tim Sullivan, of New York, who was a member of Congress, went to Grover and asked him to remove a certain United States judge to make a place for a constituent of Tim's. Grover said "I can't do it, for the constitution is in the way." Tim replied, "Mr. President, why let the constitution stand between friends?"

In effect that is about what the flyspeckers are saying in this state, and what they have been saying for the last three or four years.

In the Portland Journal of February 19 we find this: "O, the Federal constitution. But this is claptrap, subterfuge, 'humbug.' We have found an entirely legitimate, proper way to dodge the letter of the constitution."

When the flyspeckers adopted the direct primaries and the kindred damphool laws, they started them off with a statement that they were for the preservation of parties. The preamble asseverates that parties are necessary in our form of government. Then it gives us the direct primaries law for the preservation of parties. And so far as that law is concerned we will not criticize it now. But when the framers of the law got along to the election of United States Senators they put little joker in which they call Statement No. 1, which practically nullifies party so far as the election of Senators is concerned, and makes of the Legislature simply a tool to destroy the dominant party.

* * *

However, we think that statement will not defeat the will of the people again. It gave us Bourne, and the Lord knows the punishment is greater than we can bear, and never again will a Legislature be elected in this state with its hands tied as was the case two years ago.

One Bourne is all the Republicans of this state can stand, and though we are disrupted, disorganized, shattered and torn, without leaders or organization, it is not too late yet for us to arise and elect a Legislature which will be true to the party.

This is a Republican state. We have a majority of over 30,000. Let us rise up and wipe the flyspeckers off the map, and send these damphool laws along with them.

CURIOUS INDEX OF PROSPERITY.

The American Panic and the Market For Precious Stones.

The cutting down, two months ago, of the semi-annual dividend on the great De Beers Diamond Company, from 35 per cent to nothing, was instantly ascribed to the losses of wealthy Americans in the recent panic. Amsterdam is the diamond market of the world; there now comes to hand, from Paris, the report of the French consul at that city on the crisis. The diamond-cutting establishments of the city employ 9,500 hands, their annual salaries footing up nearly $8,400,000. Last year's sales broke all records of the industry's history, and the increase was in sales to America. These are the direct shipments from Amsterdam to the United States, for a series of fiscal years ending June 30:

	Francs.		Francs.
1907	62,175,808	1903	42,016,111
1906	53,732,824	1902	29,013,278
1905	48,135,403	1901	30,305,800
1904	27,156,979	1900	16,324,350

To this the Consul adds that "it is impossible to even estimate the amount of diamonds bought on the spot by American tourists." Evidently the demand, direct or indirect, has stopped with extraordinary suddenness. The American rich men cut down their diamond expenditures rather abruptly after 1903, as the above figures for the subsequent year will show, when our diamond imports from Holland decreased 35 per cent. In December and January of the present season, however, our own trade figures show that they fell from $2,706,962 to $112,471.

Tom Krewson's Full Dozen.

Drain Nonpareil.

A fine little eight-pound son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Krewson on Wednesday night, the 26th. This is the 12th visit from the "stork" at their home, ten of whom are alive. Tom feels like he is entitled to a "Roosevelt medal."

A FEW SQUIBS.

"I wouldn't give a straw for the man who is continually drinking." "Such a man wouldn't use it if you did."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Get many ducks?" "Naw—this gun's no good. Whenever I'd shoot at a bird the report was so loud that it scared him away."—Cleveland Leader.

Sharpson—"I haven't much acquaintance with Spunjall, but I'm not favorably impressed with him. How does he strike you?" Philatz—"For a V generally."—Chicago Tribune.

Short—"I got behind with my rent this month. Could you let me have $10?" Long—"Got behind with your rent, eh? What is it owing to?" Short—"Why, my landlord, of course."—Chicago Daily News.

"The office should seek the man, you know." "That's all right," replied the avowed aspirant, "but I gave it a fair chance and it seemed diffident."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Nell—"They say Miss Topnote won Mr. Gotrox with her voice." Belle—"But she sings terribly." Nell—"That's just it. He told her if she would never sing again he would marry her."—Philadelphia Record.

"Now, Willie Bright," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me what a prophet is?" "Sure," replied Willie. "A prophet is one of those fellows who's always goin' around lookin' for a chance to say 'I told you so.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Reporter—"I suppose you don't know what the Senator thinks about this tariff reform business?" Senator's Private Secretary—"No; no more than you do. I only know what he says about it."—Chicago Tribune.

The leading citizen of a small country town escorted a friend on a tour of inspection through the village. The friend, who was a resident of a metropolitan city, was duly impressed by the many advantages of the little town. Finally the two men reached the cemetery. The visitor carefully looked at the various tributes and then turned to his guide. "Say, Dave," he began, "wh-wh-where do you b-b-bury your s-s-sinners?"—Judge.

"THE PROFESSIONAL CIRCULATOR"

He Is the Chief Promoter of Initiative and Referendum.

Pacific Outlook (Grants Pass).

The latest addition to the list of Oregon industries is that of the "professional" circulator of initiative petitions. It is a legitimate business—perfectly so. The man who circulates hustles for his money, and in some cases has to do a lot of dexterous chin work to earn ordinary wages. There is no kick to be made on the "profession"; but it simply goes to show the inconsistencies and evils that may accompany the initiative method of legislation. It is open to criticism, if not condemnation, because of the fact that a large percentage of the names secured come as the reward of persistency. The circulator, in some instances, works on a basis of 10 cents per name, and this may mean from $5 to $10 per day. With this easy money in view, he is bound to stick to his victim like a wood-tick to a dog's back until the victim signs up to get rid of him. Ten chances to one he has but the foggiest sort of an idea as to the merits or the purport of the proposed measure, and he gets but little enlightenment from the rapid-fire prattle of the circulator. Moreover, he is not particularly interested.

Without doubt, a large share of the signatures that have been placed upon initiative petitions have been obtained in this way. An instance may be cited right here in this district. A man pushing the "single tax" petition succeeded in getting the signatures of several voters on the street by very little persuasion or explanation of the measure. Another citizen who was well posted as to the intent and probable workings of the law, witnessed the performance, and in order to demonstrate the inconsistency of the thing, he questioned the signers and found that not one of them had any conception of the design of the measure. He then called up the circulator and called his attention to this fact, and pointedly asked if he, himself, knew what sort of a measure he was pushing, and learned to his amusement that the circulator knew but little about it. He was pushing it "for what there was in it."

Now, then, some of these measures are good; some of them have "jokers" in them that could only be discerned by careful study and information; some of them are palpably vicious. Don't sign a petition just to get rid of a man or to accommodate a friend. You may be standing sponsor for future legislation that will come back at you in a very unpleasant way later on. If you are not informed on the subject, don't sign. If you are interested, go home and read up, or go down town and talk with a friend who is posted, but don't sign till you know what you're doing.

HERE'S A DRAMA FROM REAL LIFE

Demand From the Country to See Triumphant Virtue on the Stage.

Woodburn Independent.

Theatrical companies are occasionally organized in Portland for touring purposes, and some go broke before going into the country. Indifferent acting and chestnut plays are the reason for the failures. But if a company of average ability were formed in that city and started out with the thrilling Lane-Waymire drama, success would perch upon its banner. It would be a great political card, for the hero, Lane, would be proven innocent just before the curtain was rung down on the last act, and proclaimed Governor of the State of Oregon by the assembled actors and the delighted and applauding audiences.

Start 'er going, Mr. Mayor. The people encourage new ideas, especially those of the unique order. The late Lieutenant-Governor Laughton fiddled his way into office, and other successful public men adopted original methods, but the greatest scheme of all to tickle and convert an adoring public, ever ready to greet the muscular hero, at first abused by villains and a villainess and then crowned with a wreath of innocence, would be dramatizing and staging of such an extensively and freely advertised heart-breaking story of real Portland life. Ah, Portland, with all thy semi-skyscrapers and metropolitan-like newspapers, thou are yet a village with thy bickerings, waylanes and mires.

Says French Affects Her Health.

New York Sun.

The principal of a girls' school has received from the mother of one pupil a novel reason for wishing her daughter excused from French conversation during meals. The excuse was accompanied by a doctor's certificate to the effect that the mental efforts of concentrating her thoughts on French exercises while eating interfered with the proper function of the young lady's digestive organs, and if persisted in was bound eventually to impair her health. As yet the other pupils have not learned the cause of their classmate's exemption from French chatter at the table. If they do find out it is feared that doctors' certificates will become epidemic.

Son Gives Mr. Taft Stage Fright.

New Haven Dispatch to New York Herald

Robert Alphonso Taft, son of Secretary Taft, heard his father speak in public for the first time in Music Hall here.

Young Mr. Taft is a sophomore in Yale, and he went to the banquet of the Young Men's Republican Club at the invitation of a member.

When Secretary Taft rose to speak he caught his son's gaze as the young man proudly but anxiously watched and listened. Secretary Taft said afterward to a friend:

"It was the first time the boy had heard me make a speech. He looked so fearful that his father might break down that for a few moments I was quite embarrassed by his glances."

Hard Sledding for Republicans.

Pilot Rock Record.

It has now almost reached a point in Oregon politics, wherein it is a crime for a Republican to seek, aspire or to ask his friends to assist in his election to office. Moreover, is all this true as regards a seat in the United States Senate. Of course it is all right for Democrats to do those things, but for a Republican to interest himself in his own behalf it means that he is sure to become an object of attack by some muckraker. Republicans have but one duty to perform in Oregon, namely, to vote for Democrats.

For Consideration of Democrats.

New York World (Ind. Dem.).

Bryanism dominates the Democratic party today only through the cowardice, imbecility and subserviency of Democratic politicians. Talleyrand truly said that more governments had been ruined by lackeys than by despots.

Shall the Democratic party die?

Lightheart Lane.

Lippincott's.

Where birds in hedges blossomy
Their lyric notes repeat,
Till morning drips with melody
Mellifluously sweet;
Where bees from brimming buttercups
Ambrosial nectars drain—
O ho, but let's go loitering!
O hey, for Lightheart Lane!

Where ways stretch cool and shadowy
To lure the laggard feet,
And little winds leap laughingly
Down ranks of rippling wheat;
Where wild blossoms pelt the butterflies
With gusts of rosy rain—
O ho, but let's go loitering!
O hey, for Lightheart Lane!

Let's leave the clash and clamoring,
The dust and din and heat,
Let's quit the cramping cordiidness
And struggle of the street;
For one full day of joyousness
Let's slip the grves of pain—
O ho, but let's go loitering!
O hey, for Lightheart Lane!

SILHOUETTES

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

Marriage is a dilapidated castle haunted by two spooks—divorce and alimony.

* * *

If I were "Our George" Chamberlain, I would sue the publishers of those Middle Western papers who are running a picture of "The Old Doctor Who Cures in Five Days" and palming it off as a likeness of Oregon's Governor. Even a physician who would cure political ills with Statement No. 1 could hardly, in fairness, be referred to as that kind of a doctor.

* * *

Rev. Andreas Bard, of Walla Walla, is likely to get himself disliked in certain quarters if he continues to talk like a member of the faculty of Chicago University.

* * *

We invariably hold that our opinions are convictions, while those of other people are mere prejudices.

* * *

The only difference I notice since I became a member of a secret society is that I get "touched" oftener.

Sumptuary Legislation.

(An Oklahoma reformer proposes to prevent the sale of powder-puffs by Legislative enactment.)

Suppress the puff!
Won't that be tough?
Let's hope that it is all a bluff
To make the girls quit "making up"
Their pretty faces with the truck
The drugstores sell.

If it be true
T'will be so sad.
Where can complexions then be had?
Such tyranny's enough, by gad,
To make a perfect lady mad.

* * *

Work is a disease with some people, but fortunately their kind is neither infectious nor contagious.

* * *

One's success is generally a mystery to one's enemies and a disappointment to one's friends.

Higher Education.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to college, sir," she said.
"Then you'll learn a lot about Greek next Fall."
But she answered him haughtily, "Not at all.
I am going for boxing and basketball."

* * *

A New York theatrical man is named John Wesley Rosenquest. Who says the religions of the world aren't getting together?

* * *

In the practice of medicine the best diagnostician is the doctor who can come nearest telling how much money his patient is worth.

* * *

Did you ever stop to think how good a platter of ham and eggs would have looked to King Nebuchadnezzar while he was on that grass diet?

Not Much Chance.

(Contributed.)

U'Ren may run for Senator
And control his county's vote,
But he cannot be elected
Till he pays the widow's note.

* * *

Judging from his long silence Fra'd Elbertus Hubbard must have fallen into one of his justly celebrated etheral moods and been drowned.

* * *

Suggestion to householders who ride home from work on the Thirteenth-street cars: Buy a jar of cream down town and save 50 per cent on your butter. The cream will be churned before you reach your street.

* * *

The tailoring business is shortly to experience a decided boom. George Alison is coming back to town.

* * *

The heavy registration for the forthcoming Seattle city election indicates that women's figures and bank clearances are not the only things that are padded in the Sound town.

* * *

This department desires to suggest the name of Rev. Father Hugh J. McDevitt for the un-official title of Portland's most useful citizen.

* * *

A prominent divine predicts that within 100 years the Christian churches will look upon New York City as a part of the foreign mission field. The doctor is optimistic. A foreign missionary takes chances of being eaten alive when he goes there now.

* * *

Tampa, Fla., has just had a $600,000 fire. Wouldn't you like to have coupons for all the good cigars that were smoked?

* * *

Crime statistics for the past few days indicate that it's about time for Congress to declare an open season on anarchists and policemen who are too handy with their guns?

* * *

With the primaries only a few weeks off, you are safe in betting that the man who beams upon you with that smile of perfect love and trust is a candidate for something or other. The affection of the office-seeker for his fellows passeth understanding—until after the votes are counted.

Shows Advertising Pays.

Hood River Glacier.

William Wesenberg has traded his ten acres in the valley to L. A. Duncan for 160 acres of land at Goldendale, and left for that place to take possession Thursday. There was but a small difference between the price of the ten acres and the 160, although the latter was well improved and had several acres of bearing apple trees.

An Old Sun Dial.

Garnet Noel Wiley in New York Sun.

Mine is a garden red with trumpet flower,
With primrose yellow, gold with mignonette;
Quaint belvederes, a mist of virgin's bower,
Hide amethystine stars of violet.

The pebbled walks are fringed with marigold;
The fountains trickle on their ancient moss;
And vases crumble, till the vines they hold
Like wayward tresses bind the steps across.

While all alone, the silent heart of it,
A dial stands in greedy ivy hid;
The white clouds part against the blue and flit,
Day wanes, yet all in verdure canopied.

And all unheeding, as it were asleep,
The dial stands, nor marks the passing hours;
There birds have nested, there the spiders sweep
Long threads of pearl from cups of hidden flowers.

Then let it sleep the while, with Winter near,
The leaves will drop, and on the naked stones
Perchance some grim old motto will appear
Of lust and dust, and Youth's unhallowed bones.