

The Oregonian

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something more than "what they must have." The dread tariff agreement, which has set the Economists on a fine frenzy, has been in operation since July 1, 1907. Statistics are at hand for the first seven months of that period, and in view of the discussion it has provoked, the figures are interesting. They are supplied by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and for the seven months ending January 31, 1908, show imports from Germany of \$94,223,825, and exports to Germany of a value of \$184,607,982.

of annihilating trusts or combinations of worse than futility. Within the last twenty years the structure of society has been reorganized on the foundation of co-operative industry and trade. Today, in spite of all opposition, the tide sets in the same direction more strongly than ever before. The trusts cannot be annihilated, and if they could, to do so would be criminal folly. It would be as foolish as to destroy our steam engines and dynamos. The trusts cannot be destroyed but they can be regulated, perhaps.

THE STEFFENS TALE. And the Jolt It Gets on Its Way to Fame. New York Sun. That most emotional and fallacious of ethical professors, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, has an article in the current number of the American Magazine in which, under the pretext of extolling a citizen of Oregon, he gets his somewhat doubtful rake into the rich political soil of that sovereign state. He draws a curious picture of dishonesty and corruption in the midst of which his hero, William D. U'Ren, pursues his calling as the lawyer of Oregon.

BREAKING IN ON FULTON'S DINNER. Senator Clapp Scatters Diners at Oregonian's Salmon Feast. WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Senator Fulton came near to breaking up the session of the United States Senate today. He gave his annual dinner of Oregon salmon. Senator Clapp, chained to his seat by duty, took revenge on the Senator from Oregon. As a result he broke up the Fulton fish dinner.

SILHOUETTES

BY NANCY LEE. Mother Goose Modernized. Little Miss Muffet Went to a buffet And ordered a cafe au lait; A lobster espied her And sat down beside her. So she changed to a champagne frappe.

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THE OLD MONETARY ERRORS. Mr. Bryan came into notice and National fame as an advocate of free coinage of silver. It was his impassioned speech in which he declared "You shall not press down this crown of thorns on the brow of labor, you shall not crucify mankind on the cross of gold," that carried the nomination for its feet, gave him the nomination for the Presidency and opened the gateway to fame and fortune. But for the stupid economic error that demanded free coinage of silver he would still be unknown.

MR. BRYAN AND HIS PLATFORM. The Nebraska Democrats had a magnificent day at Omaha last Thursday. From morning till night Mr. Bryan walked about in a blaze of glory belauded by rapturous thousands and enjoying to the full the privilege so precious to him of making speeches without end, to say nothing of platitudes. If frantic enthusiasm could make a President of the United States we should all be down in the certainty that Mr. Bryan is to be the next one, for it is inconceivable that enthusiasm can ever be more abundant or more furious than that of the Nebraska Democrats. Probably Mr. Bryan's delight in the occasion was complete. If it was marred at all it must have been by the reflection that in Nebraska Democratic votes are as scarce as enthusiasm is plentiful, but even this chilling thought may have been eluded by an agile imagination such as Mr. Bryan possesses.

Our local educational authorities are conscientious and painstaking in the discharge of the duties that have been delegated to them by the taxpayers of the district. The area of their jurisdiction is large, the school buildings are many, and the expenditure in keeping those in repair that are already built and in meeting the constantly increasing demand for new buildings are carefully but not parsimoniously supervised. It is believed that the school buildings generally are as safe as such structures can be made.

He is a literary subject after Steffens' own heart, because Steffens is never so strong or so felicitous as when he is depicting a hero whose mouth is full of platitudes and whose practices are those of a rogue and a demagogue. There is no knavery or duplicity in politics of which U'Ren is not a passed master; at least that is what Steffens says, his fourth, that is, Steffens ought to know a rogue by this time, if any man in the country knows one.

They were two exceptions. One was Senator Clapp, whose devotion to duty no salmon could shake. How in the restaurant all was merriment. Senator Depew was holding out his plate for a second helping and at the same time telling one of his jokes to the table. The latter was discussing a bit of oyster in the way of a change from the Currenry bill, when a white-faced courier dashed in.

More Mother Goose to Date. A diller, a dollar, A scream and a holler, Oh! what can be amiss? A dear little maid Is sorely afraid, For she's getting her very first kiss—Nearly.

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It is almost distressing, however, to observe that nowhere in his long declaration of principles set forth in the platform he has written for his party in Nebraska, does he refer to the one great principle through which he came into the limelight of publicity and celebrity. Yet labor is still wearing that crown of thorns; mankind is still suffering crucifixion on that cross of gold.

Second Assistant Postmaster-General McCleary has joined the ranks of the subsidy-seekers. At a dinner in New York, Thursday night, he fairly trembled for the safety of the American fleet passing through the Straits of Magellan, because the auxiliary fleet carrying coal was under a foreign flag. "It is a matter of duty, of high, imperative duty, to change all this," said he. The latter statement is of course correct, but McCleary, like the rest of the subsidy-hunters, would not change it by the logical business-like method that would be followed by any other nation on earth. If he would, and his companions in graft would consent, the United States could acquire an auxiliary fleet ample for all requirements at one-half what it would cost to build and subsidize in this country, and it would be ready long before there might be any danger of war.

The American people are patient and long-suffering. Were they not, that female Jewsmith, Emma Goldman, would long ere this have been deported to the land which profited by her emigration to the United States. The woman is apparently morally responsible to a certain degree for the death of the adde-pated degenerate who was removed by Chief Shippy in Chicago. The anarchistic mouthings of the creature have been heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the aggregate amount of trouble that she has stirred up probably exceeds that of that other unwashed Old World ruffian, Herr Most. It is noticeable that this country, in spite of the ravings of the discouragers of Europe, is so attractive to them that they might attempt to drive them out. In its treatment of certain individuals it is possible that Russia shows superior intelligence.

Forty thousand signatures have been secured to a petition asking President Roosevelt to pardon Captain Van Schick, who has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for criminal negligence in connection with the burning of the excursion steamer General Slocum. It seems hardly right that the death of the thousand innocent victims of that tragedy should go unpunished, but Captain Van Schick was made a scapegoat for the owners and the venal inspectors who "passed" the steamer and her equipment, objection to his pardon will be less pronounced than it would have been had he alone been responsible for the terrible disaster.

Europe's Way of Using Cartenders. Technical World Magazine. Prospecting cartenders have met with little favor in Europe, either from companies or from public authorities, because they have been found to do more harm than good by tripping people up and injuring their property. The best protection appears to be afforded by covering the dasher with some flexible guard, which will cover up sharp corners and afford some grip, as in Berlin, and, if one is knocked down, to depend on the Liverpool plow-wheel guard to push the person to one side of the rails. The best protection is an unpatented device, adopted six years ago by the late tramway manager Mr. Bellamy, and since its introduction 112 persons have been pushed off the track without a single fallure, and seldom with any injury. It consists simply of boards completely boxing in the truck, with belting below the bottom of the rubber boots on the rounded ends of the long plows.

Love's Hybla. My thoughts fly to thee, as the bee, To find their favorite flower; Then home with honeyed memories Of many a fragrant hour, For with thee the place apart, Where sunshine eke dwells, The Hybla where my hoarding heart Would fill its wintry cells.

Every one who knows Mr. Bourne gives him credit for earnestness and for singleness of purpose. When he engages in an enterprise he "stays with it." It was this purpose or quality that carried him to the Senate. But the Oregonian has always thought he was pursuing a mistaken idea, in pushing Mr. Roosevelt for another term. It has been admitted, indeed, that this might come about, but only through a spontaneous call. But when a call is "worked up" it is not spontaneous. The Oregonian would support President Roosevelt for another term, but has felt itself shut off from advocacy of it by its repeated declarations. It has taken his plain meaning and intent of his words.

THE AMERICAN HUMORIST. Like a hungry starfish clinging to a barnacle-covered piling, long after the tide has ebbcd, and the barnacle has posed to the sunlight, our old friend the American Economist still sticks to the standpat doctrine of the tariff-protected trust barnacles. Not all the gods of ancient mythology or modern paganism excited in their worshippers such reverence as the Economist displays for his barnacles. In the mind of the Economist, editor no greater calamity could befall the American people than to have them lay profane hands on this sacred idol. The German tariff agreement has filled the Economist with dire forebodings for the future, and he compares them to the certain and unconscious humor; at least the comment is humorous to those who have long since discovered that the tariff had been made of a grade of clay so common that it was mostly dried mud and easily shattered by any argument containing facts and figures.

Our auto-maniac at Ormond Beach drove his machine 300 miles at the rate of seventy-seven miles per hour. The only tangible result that is noticeable in the performance is the demonstration that the fool-killer was in other localities when the feat was performed.

How sore the bunch of transcontinental tourists must feel when they hear of another foreigner making seventy-seven miles an hour with his automobile. Mr. Miller tells Bryan that the Oregon Democrats are for him to win. They are. But that comes a long way from making Oregon unanimous.

Young Gates Buys Texas Ranch. New York Press. Charles Gates, son of John W. Gates, has bought a ranch of 61,000 acres in Texas for \$610,000.

Caned Excitement. Nashville American. Like a sea melon, something doing all the time, Lost and plunder, blood and thunder, There's the here in distraction, With his fortunes running slow, At the wheel of the villain, To the music soft and low.

Then and Now. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I might have been a "hard democrat." Cake-walking down the halls of time, If I had lived in that grand olden time, When poets took to write a page At least a year, another poet, Correcting proofs, so that they meant "Set up" and spelled as they intended, So that their thoughts, shining and splendid, Were not marred by that modern terror—the base of poets—printer's error. No wonder those good poets shined so, No wonder those good poets shined so, They had the talent and the time To polish every bit of rhyme; I tried it, send it down the ages, As it should be. But then their wages! Alas! They'd died when we have dollars. Were rare and went without their collars. Perhaps were better off than they—At least we may limp on crippled feet, But then we get enough to eat. Correcting proofs, so that they meant We get the money, just the same!

SECOND ELECTIVE TERM.

Senator Bourne is earnest always in what he undertakes. He had set his heart on the renomination of President Roosevelt. In his effort in this direction he has gone much further than any less intense man would have gone. It never has been the belief, or supposition, of the Oregonian that Mr. Roosevelt could be re-elected in 1908. He cut himself off from the candidacy by his declaration on the night of the election, in 1904. Besides, he is an advocate of the nomination of Mr. Taft. In this direction he has gone further than he ought—as many have thought; that he might show and prove that he was not playing a game, to be a candidate himself. Possibly there may be such demand for Mr. Roosevelt in 1912 as will call him out as a candidate then; yet that is but mere conjecture. No one can question his sincerity in his advocacy of the nomination of Mr. Taft now.

A PLAIN MATTER OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

The saloon-keeper who sells liquor to minors or allows minors to visit his saloon is justly under the ban of the law. There can be, as the law now stands, no exception made in such cases, even though the boy, who is sold the liquor, is the son of the saloon-keeper, or two older, lies outright when questioned by the saloon-keeper in regard to his age. The vendor of liquor is manifestly at disadvantage in such a case; the law having been violated, the penalty must follow.

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OUR FOREIGN POSSESSIONS.

And Their Possible Influence in the Republican National Convention. From Washington Letter to the Boston Herald. Some Washington politicians of the leisure class are speculating whether Hawaii or the Philippines or Porto Rico or all of them together will make the next President of the United States. As these insular accessions to the flag have many a vote at the November elections, the prospect, at first blush, might seem ill-founded. However, there is another way to look at the proposition, which is the angle the leisure politicians are taking.

WATERSON OFFERS TO BET.

Has Confidence in Bryan's Ability to Beat Taft in Presidential Race. Louisville Courier-Journal. This promises to be a hard year. If Mr. Taft be the Republican nominee—and it is probable that in this the President will have his way—we believe Mr. Bryan will beat him. The Foraker schism makes Ohio a doubtful state. The colored vote of the North, which, lost to the Republicans, will mean the loss of the great states of the Middle West, with New York men, can never be used on a scale of those brief and pithy messages, 23 columns long. The type is million. The enemies are always minions—or even worse.

HERE'S TO MAYOR LANE.

Western Oregon (Cottage Grove). Mayor Lane of Portland has been indicted. The outcome of the case is certainly a warning to those brutal women who are going about the country making criminal attacks upon delicate and virtuous men. The fact that in the City of Portland, the city of reform, under a reform administration, the very head and front of the reform administration should be attacked by one of those designing women! For days and days, no doubt, this monstrous base, designing woman had deliberately plotted the gentle Mayor Lane, thinking of it. None of us know what moment some lustful female may dash into our office, where we have retired all for our lone, for a moment, to rest, being worn out by the strenuous reform life, turn the key in the door, throw it out of the window, and then, in fiendish and brutal glee molest our person. Alas! "Nothing can we call our own, but death."

NO PRIVILEGES.

Chicago Tribune. The business agent stuck his head inside the shop door. A solitary man was working. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Don't you know this is a hall?" "Not for me," answered the solitary man, without looking up from his work. "I'm the boss."

POPULAR APPEAL.

Washington Star. "Isn't your speech a little ungrammatical here and there?" "Perhaps," answered Senator Borah; "but you see, I've got to keep it from being too severely grammatical. Some of my constituents might think I was trying to put on airs."

THERE'S MANY A SLIP, ETC.

Woodburn Independent. Marshal Riddle relieved two men Sunday of a full bottle of whisky just as they were about to place it on their peddled lips. An arrest will probably be made.

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