The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1908.

THE CASE AS IT STANDS.

There are several groups of Republican politicians, each desiring to elect the Senator. Neither of these groups or factions is willing that any opposing faction shall elect the Senator, and neither of them will help any opposing faction to elect. With or without any "statement" about "the people's choice" or "the party's choice," or "the Republican voters' choice," there will be no present co-operation. The primary law invites a fight for the nomination, which becomes so fierce that there can be no unity afterwards. Moreover, it is known on all sides that the Legislature has the sole constitutional power of election, and all factions are acting, and mean to act, on that knowledge. No one group or faction is better or worse than another. The Democratic party is not racked by this contention, because it is a minority, with nothing in sight to differ about. Were it the majority party, however, it would be in the same fix, under the present system, that the Republican party now is.

But what's the use of getting excited about such a matter? The contention will work its way out, after its own fashion. The chances may be that it will give the Senator to the Democrats, but that will scarcely sicken those so-called Republicans who have been voting for Democrats. The other sort, however, do object to putting the representatives whom they elect to the Legislature into a position which would be likely to compel them to elect a Democrat to the Senate. It may be stated more strongly. Republicans do not intend to send Republicans to the Legislature who, in any circumstances, will vote for a Democrat. The differences between groups or factions of Republicans are grave, no doubt, but on this point they do not differ. Between the opposing groups in Multnomah County—one of them pledging to "the Republican voters' choice," and the other to the candidate who may get the popular majority or plurality in June, "if a Republican"—there is no difference on this one chief matter. Neither of them will send members to the Legislature under any pledge that will even possibly compel those members to vote for a Democrat for the Senate. Differ as they may as to candidates and the sort of "pledges" that should be taken, this will be refused and avoided.

That is, The Oregonian—though not in the confidence of any group or faction or party—takes this to be a fact, from the utterances it hears and from the "statements" given out all round. In Multnomah, and in most of the other counties, the indications are that the candidates nominated for the Legislature as Republicans will commit themselves either to "the Republican voters' choice" or to the candidate who may get the majority vote in June, "if a Republican." Possibly there may be quarrel enough even on this issue, and on the general contentions arising out of the primary law to give the Legislature to the Democratic party. Possibly not.

R. R. Thompson, active, sagacious and well remembered as a prime factor in the development of steamboat traffic on the Columbia River half a century ago, died at his home in San Francisco March 10, having attained to the great age of 88 years. His energy and enterprise in business in the early development of the Pacific Northwest, extending to and through the Oro Fino mining excitement of the early '60s, brought him large wealth and such opportunities for its enjoyment as wait upon leisure and luxury. Once a familiar figure in Portland, he had been practically unknown here for two decades. The announcement of his death, owing to his great age and known infirmities of health, did not come as a surprise to his friends in this city.

NOW JUST CONSIDER.

Of course The Oregonian expects nobody who makes it a business to carp at it to quote it correctly; or when writing or speaking of it to do other than misrepresent it.

Therefore it is not surprised now to find one saying, "I speak not only for myself, but for thousands of other voters in this state, who take exception to being called cranks, ill-arranged intellects, etc., merely because we, believing in a principle, are courageous enough to voice our convictions."

Nor is it surprised to find another saying that "people who propose new laws or try to legislate for themselves under the new system are said by The Oregonian to be from the cave of Adullam, or persons of ill-arranged intellects."

The Oregonian is glad that what it says arrests attention—even though its statements are perverted. It doesn't find that anything said by those whose chief occupation in life is to carp at it is considered by the public worth quotation or remembrance.

But what did The Oregonian say? Now you who may take an interest in the matter may see again. Here is that passage from The Oregonian of Tuesday last:

> It was not intended that representative government should be abolished by the new system; but it has been abolished by it. Any group of persons, from the cave of Adullam, or other group of persons of ill-arranged intellects, can propose initiative measures or call the referendum; and there is danger always that the crudest measures may pass into law, through the inattention of the voters, or that proper legislative measures may be turned down through the referendum. The situation is the crank's paradise.

Is there anybody in Oregon whose judgment would be taken by his neighbor as worth anything in business, finance or affairs; in history, literature, poetry, philosophy, political or social science, in legislation, industry, art, or any branch of rational human endeavor, who doesn't know that this statement is absolutely true? What facility this system offers for proposal of initiative and referendum measures, that common sense has always rejected, but whose devotees now find their opportunity, needs no particular mention. There have been many such in the past, though this system has been in vogue but a short time. Several such are now pending for the election in June.

Legislation for a commonwealth is a serious matter. It ought always to be kept out of the hands of persons who, for any reason, sentimental or other, wish to "legislate for themselves." It is extraordinary effrontery to commend "the new system" and hold it meritorious because it gives individuals opportunity to "legislate for themselves"—that is, to put their crude, narrow notions into law. Take note, for example, of the proposition to revolutionize our system of taxation, by initiative amendment, and of the call for the referendum against the leading educational institution of the state. There are many more. Is this the way of rational legislation?

SUPERFLUOUS FAVORS.

In Wall street there are three banks, the National Bank of Commerce, the First National Bank and the National City Bank, whose combined capital stock falls barely short of $118,000,000. In the whole country there are 3325 National banks, and were their entire capital stock added together it would foot up just about double that of these three Wall-street institutions. In other words, fully one-half of all the financial power of the National banks is centered not only in Wall street, but in three banks of Wall street. When we hear of new legislation for the benefit of the National banks, it will be interesting to remember that one-half of all the good or evil it will do must accrue in the first instance to this powerful trio. Since most financial legislation confers benefits upon the banks at the expense of the rest of the country, it is doubly interesting to reflect where these benefits go in large part and who gets them.

The little group of big Wall-street banks belongs to Rockefeller, Morgan and Ryan. Hence they are the men who will take at least half the profit of whatever privileges the Aldrich bill confers upon the National banks of the country. Is it credible that Mr. Aldrich forgot this comfortable circumstance when he introduced his bill in the Senate? The bill creates half a billion dollars of credit currency for emergency purposes, and it is so contrived that the Rockefeller-Morgan-Ryan banking combination would get at least $100,000,000. For one-half of it they would pay the Government 6 per cent annually, for the other half they would pay one-half of 1 per cent. Since in emergencies the loan rates of banks are very high, it is readily seen what a tidy little present Mr. Aldrich is trying to cajole Congress into bestowing upon his friends and relations. His bill is intended to strengthen the Wall-street financial ring. It would increase the power of the money trust by throwing the control of the currency into their hands at those critical moments when they can use it to the best advantage.

These facts are gathered from a speech which Mr. Alfred O. Crozier made the other day before the Boston City Club. He goes on to show that the Wall-street banks stand in very little need of charity from the Government. Their profits are large enough as it is, without making them a present of another hundred millions to loan out at extortionate rates. Since 1869 the average annual dividend of the National banks of the country has been just short of 9 per cent, but New York banks pay as high as 50 per cent in some cases, while the three Wall-street banks belonging to the Morgan-Standard Oil-Metropolitan combination pay dividends which are so large that the truth about them is studiously concealed. Yet this is the combination upon which Congress is asked to confer still greater favors at the expense of the Nation. If public money is to be printed by the Government and bestowed upon the banks, one cannot help thinking that it ought to be bestowed impartially.

Massachusetts has 189 savings banks with almost two million depositors. They are managed upon the whole better than the National banks, and are made so secure by civilized laws that they are never known to fail. Through these banks a large sum of Mr. Aldrich's emergency money might be distributed among the people, but his bill would not give them a single cent of it. Nor would any other state or private bank share in the golden harvest. Mr. Aldrich's purpose is not to distribute the emergency money among the people, but to pour it into Wall street, where it would aggravate speculation and double the rake-off of the master gamblers. It would seem as if the time had almost come when Congress might begin to think of providing the country with a sensible circulating medium and lay aside for good and all such half-witted, half-predatory devices as the Aldrich bill.

MUST BE IN GOOD FAITH.

The South End Improvement Club, which seems to include in its membership quite a number of men of sufficient intelligence and integrity to entitle their opinions to weight, has enthusiastically indorsed the packing-plant project of Schwartzschild & Sulzberger. The company seeking the franchise, in its application, agrees that the plant shall be operated in such a manner that it will not be in any manner offensive to the public. As to the need in Portland for every enterprise of this nature that can be brought to the city there is no question. These features of the matter duly considered, it presents a clear-cut appearance on which there should not be much difficulty or delay in securing action from the Council. From the showing made by the representatives of the packers and by the residents of the district in which the plant will be located, the Council ought to be able to frame up an ordinance that can protect the property-owners and the city and at the same time extend proper consideration for Schwartzschild & Sulzberger.

The ordinance should require in unmistakable terms that the packers are to construct a plant that will not be offensive, and they should also be required to give satisfactory guarantees that they will within a given time proceed to carry out their plans. This will silence any unfavorable criticism which might arise if it should be thought that the franchise was being secured for the purpose of holding over the heads of other packing-house site-owners. Any legitimate enterprise should not be obliged to fight its way into Portland, and, as we desire no other kind here, the "S. & S." people are, from present appearances, entitled to public support in their efforts to secure a business location.

Summed up in a few words, Portland needs this enterprise, and as many more of a similar nature as we can get. All that may be required of the Council is to require the applicants to show that it is a bona fide proposition and that there will be no objectionable features in connection with it.

CONDITION OF THE FLEET.

The American battleship fleet of sixteen vessels arrived in Magdalena Bay yesterday, three days ahead of time, after covering 13,000 miles of the stormiest ocean voyage in the world. The fleet arrived in perfect condition, "ready for action," after one of the most severe tests ever made by the ships of any nation. This performance will not surprise the people who have remembered the 16,000-mile run of the Oregon, twice subjected to the burning heat of the tropics and the piercing cold of the far south as she raced through two oceans in record time, and arrived "ready for action." The achievement may be surprising, however, to those who have placed too much confidence in the criticism made of the fleet by the muckrakers who have been exploiting its alleged weaknesses and frightening the timid people into believing that the Navy was no safer than a fleet of old tramp steamers.

The trip of the Oregon, and the condition in which she arrived on the firing line were without parallel in naval history; but there were other American warships in the same engagement in which she participated, so that the final chapters of the Spanish war offer some interesting testimony as to the ability of our ships to "deliver the goods." If there is anything radically wrong with our fleet it was not discovered when it was sweeping the Spanish from the seas, and it is a certainty that it has not deteriorated since that time. If the present investigation discloses any serious shortcomings in construction or operation of our fleet, it will be pleasing to know that it is still able to make a showing somewhat better than that of any other nation on earth.

WOES OF THE POOR MILLIONAIRES.

There is a great deal of talk nowadays about distress among the laboring classes, but very little is said about the greater distress that prevails among the rich who do not labor. The latest sign of their sad condition to become public is the announcement that fifty of them in New York have offered their yachts for sale. This looks ominous. We may expect to read in the papers almost any day that they have ceased to drink champagne at dinner. It would not be surprising should it come out that their wives had ceased to play bridge whist. The poor think their woes are terrible, but what have they to suffer that can compare with these horrors? If you want to learn what real misery is, go to the New York millionaire, consider his ways and be wise.

This growling of the wolf at the plutocrats' doors is due to the panic. Their normal means of existence is to grab the bigger share of what the workingmen in their vicinity produce. But since the panic the workingmen have not produced anything, hence there is nothing to grab and grim hunger stalks through the palaces of Fifth avenue, while pale famine marches down Wall street. This pathetic scene has a lesson for us if we would but read it. Living on the labor of other men appears to be a delightful kind of life, and for the most part it is delightful, but it has drawbacks. When the other men are out of a job the hoops fall off from it, so to speak, and the whole symmetrical economic barrel tumbles apart. The millionaires must learn if they want to keep up their game of grab they must see to it that there is always somebody to grab from; otherwise they will experience the hollow pang of reaching out into the empty air and getting nothing.

If the Goulds and Vanderbilts had had enough sense to keep the laboring men of the country employed, they might have continued to skim the cream of our National industry, and would not have had to sell their yachts. But they had not enough forethought for that. The one conspicuous trait of the millionaire class, besides its greed, is lack of forethought. This trait it has always displayed and very likely always will. Hence periodically it will be forced to sell its yachts and even to undergo greater hardships. But the distress is only temporary. Times are bound to improve. The laboring men will go to work again, those of them who survive; the millionaires can resume the game of grab, and they will soon, by the favor of Providence, accumulate enough to buy new yachts more sumptuous than those they have sacrificed.

"THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD."

A vivid contrast between the Northwest country fifty-two years ago this month and the present time was presented by George H. Himes in his brief address upon the occasion of driving the last spike on the North Bank Railroad. At Sheridan's Point, three miles west of Stevenson, in Skamania County, Washington, the golden spike was driven. The address of Mr. Himes upon the occasion was historical and reminiscent, as became the event and date. He referred briefly to the scenes enacted there in March, 1856, when some forty men, women and children, comprising the infant settlement at the Cascades, huddled together in Bradford's store, near that place, against an attacking band of between 200 and 300 Indians for nearly three days, when they were relieved by Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, who had arrived from Fort Vancouver with a small command, reinforced the next day by a detachment of regulars from Fort Dalles.

The then and now of the Pacific Northwest were strikingly shown in the contrast drawn by Mr. Himes between a March day in 1856, when a handfull of settlers were fighting for their lives, and the March day in 1908, when the completion of the North Bank Railroad was celebrated at that point. The "brave days of old" find ever a loyal historian in Mr. Himes, and one faithful to fact and detail. Few indeed remain of the intrepid actors in that frontier drama. They were in truth few in the beginning, but, living or dead, they are sacred to memory as standard-bearers of civilization in the beautiful and long-isolated region "where flows the Oregon."

Of course the members of the City Council are not such simpletons as to believe that the transfer of the Conrad license is genuine. They know, as everybody else knows, that the whole transaction is a piece of transparent hypocrisy. Why they lend themselves to it is one of the many mysteries that envelop Councils, but we can assure them that such performances are rapidly developing a sentiment in Portland that may sweep away all licenses and outlaw the liquor business. If the Councilmen desire prohibition, well and good. They have chosen exactly the right way to get it. But if they do not desire it, they must find some better way to deal with indecent, law-defying saloons.

There is a simple, easy and certain way by which fathers of unruly boys may escape the discomfiture that has befallen, and avoid the expense incurred by an irate father in this city recently in causing the arrest and prosecution of the principal who punished a boy for truancy. Let them sustain and encourage the schoolmaster in his earnest attempts to maintain needful discipline in school and all will be well. This method will doubtless be scouted as old-fashioned, but it will prove efficacious nevertheless.

With her fortune dissipated, pride humbled and name tarnished, Anna Gould comes sneaking back to the land of her birth under an assumed name. It is explained that the ruse was necessary in order to escape any possible complications, should her ex-husband attempt to prevent the children leaving the country. If the Gould brothers have the same fine regard for decency that Mrs. William Thaw has displayed, they will have their erring sister placed in a private retreat for feeble-minded.

Breathitt County, Kentucky, the home of feuds and unpunished murder, was one of the first to go "dry" when the temperance wave struck the Bluegrass State two years ago. This fact is easily explained. The native moonshiners of the mountains—a class with a grievance of long standing—took the opportunity offered by the county unit law, whereby the right of local option was secured, to get even on competitive manufacturers and retailers.

The death of Mrs. E. D. Kelly, of Oregon City, marks the close of a long and useful life, of which a full half-century was spent in the old pioneer city by the falls. She will be missed by the remaining few who knew and were associated with her in domestic, social and charitable work in the prime of her years, and only in a lesser degree by the younger generation that has known and revered her in her cheerful age.

The Yaqui Indians held one of their regular killings a few days ago, the victims being a couple of Mexicans, who, as usual, were "horribly mutilated." In the absence of any other means of ridding the world of these murderous pests, the government might send down a few Chinese highbinders who are said to be willing to kill a man for $100. The punishment would be drastic, but the crime is worse.

Evelyn Thaw declares dramatically that "the public will never know" the cause of estrangement between herself and Harry Thaw. If she finds grace and strength to sustain her in this determination, "the public" can afford to forgive her much that it has suffered at her hands.

"Fighting Bob" Evans and his fleet have arrived at Magdalena Bay "ready for any emergency at an hour's notice." That's the reason there will be no emergency.

The fleet is here; but we shudder to think what might happen if President Castro should suddenly decide to move up the Atlantic seaboard.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw wants a divorce. No co-respondent named. A syndicate, probably.

To all statements that "Nebraska is for Taft" Mr. Bryan begs leave to file a minority report.

U'Ren retires amid another copious shower of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Mr. J. D. Stevens needn't have hired his hall.

A CHECK TO GOLD PRODUCTION

Due Rather to Natural Causes Than to Shrinkage of American Credit.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

According to statistics gathered by the New York Financial Chronicle, the gold production of the world has met with some check. There was some little increase in output during 1907 over 1906, but it was the smallest year's increase since the resumption of operations in the Transvaal mines following the Boer War, and the smallest for several years prior to the outbreak of that war. The gold production of all countries in ounces and value, at $20.67 per ounce, is compared in the following by years back to 1900 and for separated intervals theretofore:

	Ounces.	Value.
1907	19,584,844	$404,853,978
1906	19,370,658	400,426,389
1905	18,290,567	378,098,942
1904	16,739,448	346,034,521
1903	15,778,015	326,159,991
1902	14,427,669	298,452,606
1901	12,894,856	266,559,884
1900	12,684,955	262,220,915
1895	9,652,002	199,524,276
1890	5,741,451	118,665,973
1885	5,002,584	103,412,416

This present slowing down in the output is evidently due to natural causes rather than to the collapse of credit which affected chiefly the United States, and which would less affect an industry devoted to the production of a commodity in universal and unlimited demand than any other industry. We are thus to conclude that recent predictions of such a continued rapidly increasing output of the metal as would wreck the monetary systems of the gold-standard nations are not in the way of meeting early fulfillment.

It is further to be noticed that the South African production alone continues noticeably to increase. It amounted to 7,526,836 ounces in 1907, against 6,601,685 in 1906. The United States, on the other hand, shows a decrease from 4,565,233 ounces in 1906 to 4,335,183 in 1907—all the principal districts excepting Colorado and Nevada sharing in the decrease. Australia, which stands third in gold production, has been losing ground for several years—last year's production being given as 3,619,104 ounces, against 4,317,923 in 1903. Russia and Canada further help in staying the advance in the world's output, while Mexico reports some little increase, which has been continuous for a period of 20 years.

That the great increase in the world's gold output during the past dozen years is at the bottom of the general and noteworthy advance in commodity prices, would admit of no question. It follows that a marked diminution of this yearly increase, or its disappearance altogether, must have a tendency to check the general advance of prices. As the situation now stands in the matter of gold production, the probabilities are that while prices will largely recover any depression forced by the present contraction of credit, they will not thereafter resume the general advance which has been so striking a feature of the world's commercial and industrial experience of the past decade. The times, in other words, are likely to prove more tolerable for the people as consumers than they have been of late.

Male Debutante Is "Brought Out."

New York Times.

The first presentation of the male debutante in Brooklyn, N. Y., took place when young Herbert Dickinson Lewis set the new fashion for the growing-up lads of Brooklyn's "smart set." Mr. Lewis, who has just turned 20, made his debut at his home, 20 Remsen street. The coming-out party was given in his honor by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lewis. It was a regular out-and-out debut, with flowers, a tea table, a host of "the fellows" on hand and a sure-enough receiving party of three girls and two young men. The receiving girls were bewitchingly gowned and the boys most correctly garbed. The debutante was "presented" by his father. Many flowers were sent to him, but he carried no bouquet. He was attired in a black frock coat and gray trousers, it being afternoon, and also wore a white tie.

Almost everybody in Brooklyn society is voting young Mr. Lewis' debut a charming idea, and it is expected that it will be generally followed for the young men who have reached an age to be formally introduced. A few of the girls are pouting over this sharing of one of their privileges, but they, too, will probably come to accept the innovation as a jolly sort of fancy. Mr. Lewis, the elder, said: "We have no daughter, and as it is leap-year we thought under the circumstances we ought to 'bring Herbert out.'"

Traitor in a Woman's Club.

Hartford, Conn., Dispatch in Washington (D. C.) Post.

Members of the women's clubs, which, under the reign of the blue laws, invoked by Mayor James Lucas, were prohibited from playing cards for prizes, have just made the discovery that there is a traitor in their ranks. All society is under fear of arrest for violating the laws. When the Mayor issued his order against card-playing for prizes, under pain of prosecution, the practice was never stopped, but the women were more stealthy in their operations. Notices of the meetings of the clubs were printed without giving the names of the prize-winners, but now the Mayor has created confusion by announcing that he has on file in his office a list of practically every woman card-player in the city, along with lists of those who have won prizes in the games played since the "lid" was put on. These lists, he says, were furnished him by one of the women attending the meetings, and will be held for evidence when the grand jury meets.

Preacher Rides Home in Hearse.

Pittsfield, Mass., Dispatch in New York Herald.

After officiating at the funeral of Elihu Ingraham, in New Ashford, the other day, Rev. Charles James Palmer, of Lanesboro, rode from the Ingraham house six miles to his own home inside the hearse. "You see, it was cold outside," said Mr. Palmer afterward, "and I enjoyed the novel experience. I never expect to ride in a hearse but once more." Rev. Mr. Palmer is a graduate of Harvard and is now Berkshire county missionary.

Watterson Sees Democratic Victory.

Henry Watterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

I am so profoundly convinced of the need of a change of parties in the Government that, even if my objections were greater than they are, I would vote for Mr. Bryan against any Republican; but I also believe that the general conditions bode Republican defeat, no matter whom the Republicans put up. Governor Hughes being their strongest man, Judge Taft their weakest.

Two Old Friends Die at Table.

Ansonia, Conn., Dispatch in New York World.

Before they had finished their supper Frederick H. Wetmore and David H. Roberts, two well-known residents of this city, fell from their chairs and expired. The men had been together during the afternoon and seemed to be in the best of health. They lived on the West Side and had made an engagement to take recreation today. They were each more than 70 years old.

Quininitis Is the Next New Disease.

Baltimore News.

A St. Louis policeman, arraigned on a charge of having been drunk, was cleared by the statement of a physician that he was suffering from quininitis, having taken 75 capsules, each containing five grains of quinine.

EXPOSITION HABIT BEGAN IN 1873.

What They Have Cost the Government in Appropriations.

New York Sun.

The United States acquired the exposition habit about 35 years ago, when an appropriation of $163,842.61 was made for a display in Vienna. The next affair was the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, which cost the Federal Treasury nearly $800,000. Since that time appropriations have been made for 28 others, 14 of them domestic and 14 foreign. The total appropriation, including Vienna and Philadelphia and all other shows, down to and including the Jamestown Fair, has been $27,187,773.72. Deducting the $6,227,046.43 which has been repaid, there is left a National expenditure of nearly $21,000,000 for the entertainment and education of American citizens and foreigners by means of fairs and expositions. The 15 foreign displays have cost us $2,309,675, and the remainder is charged to the domestic account.

Having acquired the habit, it is difficult to break it, and exposition funds are now virtually included in our "fixed charges." Jamestown appears to have cost us about $2,500,000; yet, undismayed by that experience, Congress is now disposed to give Seattle for her Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition next year the sum of $1,175,000. Ecuador has invited us to make a display at Quito next year; Argentina will probably ask us to take part in her centennial in 1910, and Japan is to have an important exposition in 1912. We believe a few others, domestic and foreign, are being planned. The foreign exhibits are not usually expensive, and from an advertising standpoint are doubtless profitable. They are, moreover, a courtesy which we cannot well decline. The Paris affair of 1900 cost us a trifle less than $1,500,000, and the show in that city in 1889 cost us $250,000. The range of other foreign expenditures is from $3000 in three instances to $187,400 in Paris in 1878. The domestic account shows such items as Buffalo, $1,000,000; New Orleans, $1,650,000; Chicago, $4,800,000, and St. Louis $6,444,000.

"54-40 OR FIGHT" SLOGAN.

Writer Gives Mrs. Dye's Theory of Canadian Boundary Line.

OREGON CITY, Or., March 10.—(To the Editor.)—The London dispatch in this morning's Oregonian concerning the investigation and discoveries of Professor Schafer, of the University of Oregon, more than ever confirms the handling of that theme by Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, in her popular story, "McLoughlin and Old Oregon." Professor Schafer believes that the letters of Lord Aberdeen will disclose that private advices from the country pointing out the difficulty of governing the country and the influx of Americans, who outnumbered the English, influenced the Foreign Minister in conceding the American claim in opposition to the Hudson Bay Company.

Mrs. Dye has set this fully forth in her story, describing the tour of Parke and Peel up the Willamette and their meeting the incoming emigration of 1845 with "54-40 or fight" blazoned on their wagon covers. Young Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister of England, looked on amazed as 3000 dust-begrimed pilgrims came toiling in to stake out their claims on the Indian lands. No wonder he murmured "Hopelessly Americanized! Hopelessly Americanized!" as he realized that ploughs were better than beaver traps to hold a country and farms were better than forts.

Over in Puget Sound the brother of the Earl of Aberdeen rode his fleet at anchor, fretting because he could not see beyond the forests and mountains whence rumor said armies of American emigrants were marching. Lieutenant Peel took the shortest cut to London. What he poured into the ears of his father, Sir Robert, has never been known—perhaps these dispatches will clear it up.

A. B. C.

Booms Portland for Both Colleges.

WALLOWA, Or., March 10.—(To the Editor.)—In an editorial, "An Original Blunder," in last week Wednesday's Oregonian, the latter hit the nail right on the head when it said: "The genuine remedy for the duplication of courses at Eugene and Corvallis is, of course, to repair the original blunder which separated the institutions." This is without doubt the correct remedy, with the exception that it doesn't go quite far enough. Doubtless The Oregonian would not care to say so, but if it would come out in an editorial advocating the uniting of the University and the Agricultural College and locating both institutions at Portland it would voice the sentiment of two-thirds of the voters of Oregon. It is quite evident that we shall never have a really great educational institution until our colleges are united and located at the most convenient point as regards railroad lines and transportation; and without roubt Portland is the place. Here is the opportunity to initiate a measure that would carry by an overwhelming vote. C. T. McDANIEL.

Justice Moody Smooth-Shaven.

Washington Dispatch in New York Sun.

Justice William Henry Moody, of the United States Supreme Court, has followed precedent and practice by removing the mustache which has adorned his upper lip for the greater part of his life. Up to a few years ago there existed a strong undercurrent of feeling in Supreme Court circles that a smooth face comported more with judicial dignity than a mustache or beard. Justice Moody's appearance has not been changed for the worse. When Justice Brewer became a member of the Supreme Court he wore a beard, but no mustache. He had not been on the bench long, however, before he dispensed with the beard.

Of the court, four now wear mustaches but no beards; four members have smooth faces, and the remaining member, Justice McKenna, wears no mustache and has his beard so closely cropped that it is hardly noticeable.

Eight Union Veterans in Senate.

Boston Transcript.

The death of Senator Proctor reduces the number of Union veterans in the Senate to eight, unless we consider Mr. Allison's service on the staff of the Governor of Iowa in the early days of the Civil War entitles him to a place in that category. The eight Senators who saw actual service in the field for the Union are Bulkeley, Dupont, Burrows, Nelson, Warner, Foraker, Scott and Warren. There are ten ex-Confederates in the Senate, Messrs. Bankhead, Johnston, Taliaferro, Bacon, McCreary, McEnery, Money, McLaurin, Daniel and Martin. Senator Briggs, of New Jersey, was an officer of the Regular Army, graduating from West Point in 1872. He and Mr. Dupont constitute the West Point contingent in the Senate. Senator Dick was an officer in the volunteers in the Spanish War.

The Gladdest Time.

Chicago Record-Herald.

I like it in the morning when
The sun shines in across my bed
And seems to kind of whisper then
"Get up, you little sleepy head."
And just outside my window, where
A limb sticks upward from a tree
The sparrows often sit and stare
And nod their heads and chirp at me.

I like it in the evening when
The sounds all seem so far away,
And all the men go home again
Who had to work so hard all day.
For then my muvver always sings
And dresses in her nicest gown,
And soon we'll hear the train that brings
My papa back to us from town.

I like it best on Sunday, when
We don't get up till very late,
Because the maid's so weary then
And has to sleep till nearly eight.
And after we've had breakfast, why,
My papa doesn't start away,
But stays at home and he and I
Keep all the house upset all day.

THE HOUSEHOLD

BY LILIAN TINGLE.

So far as I can gather, there has been no mention in the sporting news of the important fact that the jumping rope season has just opened, and that hop-scotch is already being played in some sections of the city, although I am informed that this is decidedly early for the appearance of its mystic chalk marks. This seems like another case of injustice to woman, for these are both classed as "girls' games"; and there seems no doubt that if even half a dozen of our leading business or professional men were to adopt the game of hop-scotch as a regular means of relaxation during the lunch hour; or, for the improvement of their health and outline, should take to jumping the rope on their way down town, with only half the skill and agility displayed by any group of little girls on any school corner, then no doubt we should find suitable mention of the fact in the sporting or other columns. So, though the household column seems hardly the place for even the minor athletic records, I feel that, where so many young persons of my own sex are being ignored in this way, something really ought to be done.

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From inquiries recently made I learn that the "pepper and mustard" style of jumping is quite popular this season, and that double ropes are likely to be greatly in vogue later on, when single rope has become too easy. In my own day of rope jumping, the introductory exercise was a plain to and fro motion of the rope, during which the performer chanted, with a jump for each syllable:

Cups—and—sau-cers
Plates—and—dish-es
Please—to—turn—it
O'er—my—head.

If you ever chanted that, why did you do so and what did it mean? I only know that it was very important. I am informed that a similar exercise is now practiced, but is called "skimming the milk," and is unaccompanied by song or chant.

* * *

Balls on a rubber string are the leading Spring style in several of the city schools—or were last week. It is hard for an outsider to keep thoroughly up to date in these matters unless you have boys and girls of your own and possess their confidence and an intelligent curiosity. But last week I know for certain that balls on strings were very "correct," and many teachers' desks became gradually filled with them. I don't know what the teachers do with them—play with them after school, I suppose, for of course no teacher ever has any real work to do after 3:30. This talk that you hear about exam. papers and record cards, teachers' meetings and sewing classes is simply a disguise for the good times that they doubtless have when the children have gone home and the teachers are free to enjoy all those interesting things—from half-eaten apples to mechanical mice that they greedily take away from their pupils.

* * *

But those balls are really the most fascinating things. Walking behind one group of girls, attached each to her jiggling ball, I heard: "Yes, I had 5 cents this morning and I wanted to get some candy, but I just had to get this ball when I saw it." "Where'd you get it?" "Mine's no good." "Do you like 'em covered or not?" I, too, wanted to know which was the best kind; but I was too shy to ask, and the group passed, and so you miss a valuable piece of information.

You played "tit-tat-toe," of course? I am told that it is less in style than it once was, but is still particularly popular in Sunday school. Personally, I used to find it most enjoyable during a Latin lesson. We had the misfortune to be introduced to Latin at a rather early age; but my chum and I used to mitigate its horrors by practicing for the "tit-tat-toe" school-championship, which one or other of us generally held. You can do "first-Latin" exercises very easily if one is quick at the vocabulary and the other knows how to look up the proper endings in the grammar. If "Balbus is building a wall," for instance (as he used to do in the first Latin book), A attends to Balbus and finds him "unchanged in the nominative," while B looks up "to build"; then A attaches the proper termination for "aedific" while B secures a word for "wall." Division of labor is a great thing, and two heads are better than one. You get good marks and lots of time for "tit-tat-toe." The only difficulty is that a day of judgment always overtakes you and you discover with some surprise that co-operation is frowned upon by narrow-minded Latin teachers with no soul for sport.

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"Black Man" is played at present by boys who have no baseball things handy. If you don't know how to play it, I am sorry; but you must get someone else to teach you, for it is not in my repertoire.

"Catch," with local differences in arrangement and scoring, is correct for girls at present. Marbles are much less played than they have been, and I understand the top season is quite over. I was glad to learn from a very reliable informant that no girl of spirit will use a girl's top. Regular boys' tops were the proper thing. The color of the string is immaterial.

"Ring-around-a-rosy," always popular with "the younger set," has been played in more mature circles during the past season, some performers having reached the astonishing age of 15. Private theatricals have greatly occupied members of the primary rooms, "School" and "Keeping House," being among the most popular dramas. The spelling match, the bad girl, and the teacher with the paddle, are leading features of the first. The spankings seem immensely popular. Educators tell us to "live with our children," "to follow nature," and "to supply the child with that which it naturally craves." Is this an argument in favor of corporal punishment?

In "Housekeeping," too, the main feature seems to be the "running away" of the young members and subsequent whipping. This seems harmless and traditional, as also was a gang of pirates which I recently descried in the offing. But a painful impression is produced when you hear little 5-year-old girls declaiming "Unhand me, villain, and give me back me ch-ild." I prefer the spankings, and believe they should be administered to some parents, including those who take small children to theaters and vaudevilles.

War Itself to Go Next.

Chicago Post.

Young Maxim has invented a "silent fire-arm." First they took away the smoke of battle, then the gay uniforms and now the noise. War itself will have to go next.