

The Oregonian

Subscription Rates: Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$5.00; Daily, Sunday included, six months, \$3.00; Daily, Sunday included, three months, \$1.50; Daily, Sunday included, one month, 50 cents.

derstood. The better they are understood the heavier the vote against them surely will be. Presently we shall have the whole list from the official source. Then the propositions will be considered seriatim by The Oregonian.

IT WILL BE EASY GOING. The Polk County Observer, a Republican paper, offers this remark: The Observer would like to suggest that a...

Again, the simplicity of the appeal to Republicans or so-called Republicans not to vote for Chamberlain at the June election, is touching. It is so childlike and bland. What have these same voters been doing these many years? Are they expected to forsake Chamberlain now?

INNOCENT PURCHASER LANDHOLDERS. In Western Oregon are many holders of land, once part of the grants made by Congress for railroad bounty, who bought indirectly, in good faith, but at more than \$2.50 an acre, and in larger quantities than 160 acres, and not as actual settlers. They say their titles are protected by the Fulton resolution, who has or has not any force or character in pushing and sustaining its principles or purposes.

These continuous efforts to force the Government through legislation, into support of the innocent purchasers, the shameless and intolerable. Fortunately the worst of them are often balked and foiled in these days; but in former times the promoters usually had things very much their own way. Yet almost every part of our legislation is still stuffed with old jobs formulated and worked out before the present legislature had been awakened to the processes and their consequences, and before courageous men came into high office to show how the old course of things could be checked and reversed.

It appears from the accounts of their conduct that the Stanford University students value the privilege of riot and debauchery above their education. The faculty having forbidden them to drink during the banquet, or get tipsy anywhere else, they organized a monster "demonstration" in protest, invaded the library, insulted the discipline committee of the university, and sought to bully President Jordan. For this misconduct twelve of the ringleaders were promptly expelled and now the student body threaten to leave the university unless these chief rioters are reinstated.

Blamable as the Stanford students are for their evil behavior, we must bear in mind that they have a great deal of company which is just as bad, or worse. Other violators of the law are the student body of the other night wrecked a theater because one of their number had been ordered out for rowdiness. To make matters worse, they have come forward with a proposal to pay for the theater provided all the prosecutions against them are dropped.

It seems that the pedagogical abilities of the teachers at Milton, Tex., are in direct proportion to the size of the building boom the speculations of the boss of the School Board. Similar conditions are not unknown elsewhere, but they are hard on women born without the gambling propensity.

Philadelphians' loan of \$3,000,000 to aid the unemployed, furnish employment to many workers, but they will belong largely to the class who work their tongues in ward politics.

Judge Fremont Wood says he thinks Orchard's story was true. Therefore he believes Hayward, Moyer et al. if he believed it wrong, and if any one outside the principals know.

along with the individuals to whom it has sold, and justice cries out against that assumption. The railroad should be forced to yield up the land to the Government or to actual settlers. But a way must be devised of protecting innocent purchasers. Not otherwise can the Government break up the railroad monopoly.

CURRENCY ON RAILROAD BONDS. The Senate committee has cut railroad bonds out of Aldrich's bank currency bill—an excellent achievement. Government has no right to use its power over the currency to make a market for railroad bonds. Yet this would be one of the results of making provision by law for their use as security for bank note or National bank issues. One only; for there are many others.

There are any considerable part of the National bank currency based on railroad bonds, the next step would be a proclamation of the doctrine as a principle of equity and justice, that the United States would be bound to legislate so as to enable the railroads to make profits at least equal to the payment of the interest on bonds, with such other reasonable profits as the whole investment might call for, and juggle over the rate and general administration of the roads, between the Government and their managers, would be endless. But of course, as in all cases of this nature, the Government—that is, the people immediately concerned and the country at large—would get the worst of it. It is always regretted that the "interlocking" presentation of their desires to Congress, and to enforce them with arguments founded on the assumed needs and general welfare of the country. Here, for example, is the Oregon & California Railroad land grant. It has been held and administered wrongfully, and even fraudulently, for years. But now, when brought to book, the managers assert that they must not be disturbed in possession of their booty, because a considerable part of it has passed into the hands of innocent purchasers. Yet why those who are actually innocent purchasers, inasmuch as cannot be protected in their rights and equities is not apparent, and at the same time the great culprit is forced to obey the law as to all the remainder of the grant. The culprit ought not to be permitted to hide behind the innocent victims of his own malfeasance. This is but one illustration of the difficulty that government gets into through its entanglements with corporations.

To permit railroad bonds to be used as security for National bank currency would open a door to probable introduction of the Government into the business of railroad rate-making, and at the same time make it a guarantor of the success of the market for railroad bonds would thus be created, and those persons who seek fixed investments upon securities deemed absolute would find a new and broad field opened to their desires, with the faith and industry of the whole people pledged, through the Government, to the security of their investments. It is hardly astonishing, therefore, that if it shall prove really to have been beaten, the victory may tend to clear the ground for the proper currency plan offered through the Power bill.

Overton W. Price, assistant forester for the Forest Service, chief of the Forestry Service, says that his department is taking an active interest in the matter of the railroad land-grant question in Oregon—this in an interview with the Forest Service, which has been carried out by the Oregonian. The Forestry Service is said to be exceedingly anxious to have the railroad land revert to the Government, so the land may be included in a forest reserve. If the land should revert, the alleged active steps now being taken by the Forest Service toward shaping legislation which would return the land to the public domain would prove rather disastrous for the squatter, who was fooled by a fellow with no more native shrewdness than honesty into paying out money to be "located" on a "claim." Evidently Uncle Sam is wakening in his old age to the ways that the railroad men have been following. But then, come to think of it, it is not really necessary, and never has been, for a professional locator to have a timber area in which to operate. Any old bald hill, or mightily good claim, belonging to some "home" claimer, would do as well as a "located" one. The same thing can be done again.

The steamship Pomona is the latest victim of the "hugging-the-shore" habit. In an effort to save time by keeping too close in, the vessel was driven on the rocks and will become a total loss. A smooth sea, together with the fact that the vessel in charge used better judgment after than before the wreck, prevented loss of life. That there was not heavy loss of life, however, is due more to good luck than to good seamanship. The fact that the master whose error of judgment caused the wreck has been on the rocks for thirty years, and that other crews will be much less frequent.

The council judiciary committee has before it at present two ordinances intended to regulate the sale and carrying of deadly weapons. One ordinance deals with the man behind the gun, the other with the man behind the counter. By the provisions of the former a permit to own—but not to carry—a revolver will cost \$1. Licensed ownership will cost from \$25 to \$200 in fees. A permit to sell weapons will cost \$50 annually, and the dealer must carry a check on the indiscriminate selling and carrying of deadly weapons is urgently needed in Chicago. The law-abiding citizen—save in exceptional circumstances—does not need to carry a revolver. A gun is a menace, not a protection, in the hands of the average citizen. Further, it is an indiscriminate shooting and among the lawless to indiscriminate crime. Chicago is not a frontier town. The council should prohibit the frontier custom of "hacking a gun."

Twenty-Five Cents a Day Enough. Montclair (N. J.) Dispatch. James Reynolds, of West Orange, who was arrested here a month ago, was arraigned before Recorder Yost, Chief of Police Harry Gallagher asked him: "How much do you earn a day by begging?" "Twenty-five cents," said Reynolds. "What had you collected when you were arrested just now?" Inquired the Chief. "Fifteen cents," responded the prisoner. "What?" exclaimed the Chief. "You've made 15 cents at 9 o'clock, and don't get more than 10 cents the rest of the day?" "Well," said Reynolds, "I quit work when I get the 25 cents."

Their Only Chance. Ashland Tidings. The Democrats of Oregon are unanimously supporting Statement No. 1. They ought to furnish the only chance there is for electing a Democratic United States Senator from Oregon.

Bruin Is Bribed With Sugar. Baltimore News. Thieves in Memphis, Tenn., looting the saloon of W. A. Woods, found a big bear inside as guardian, which they quieted by feeding him with sugar while they robbed the place.

HOW PETTY GRAFT IS WORKED. Factory Inspector Who Is Careful Only to Draw His Pay. Two weeks ago a big 25-pound hunky came leisurely into the Graphic office, laid down his card introducing himself as a deputy for O. P. Hoff, Commissioner of Labor for Oregon, handed the proprietor a blank to be filled out saying it was all a mere matter of form, took one glance about the room without taking one step in the direction of the machinery, and then departed.

On Tuesday of this week a demand came from the office of Mr. Hoff for the payment of a fee of \$5 for being in possession of this office, citing a section of the law passed by the last session of the Legislature making such payment imperative. We also take notice that the fee is not to be paid until the inspection is allowed \$4 a day and expenses.

If there was ever a graft perpetrated in the State, it is the one that is being worked to a finish. The big overgrown specimen, the happy-go-lucky who dropped into this office made no pretense at all toward an inspection of the plant. He rather liked the appearance of the fellow. He was big and fat, had a pleasant grin on his phiz and was considerate in not taking up much of our time. He was honest enough to admit that his visit to the office was a mere matter of form, which was an easy way of getting around the usual term of "graft" and he let it go at that.

The law call for a fee of \$5 for the inspection of all manufacturing plants employing people in excess of five, while those employing not to exceed five are exempt from this fee. The corporation with \$100,000 investment and employing 1000 hands pays into the State Treasury \$10 a year for having its big plant inspected while the man who has one lone little water motor running in his front yard for the purpose of running a cylinder press a part of one day in the week to get off his paper, and a little extra as an occasional demand, pays just half as much to have the inspector (?) come into his shop, yawn and stretch his limbs, drop his card on the table, and then get up and go home paid to enact a farce and work a graft in the name of the great State of Oregon.

This graft was worked off on the Legislature at the last session of the Legislature, when we were told that the election of a United States Senator was disposed of at one gulp early in the session. The bill, which was introduced by a vote to a careful inspection of all bills introduced. What they would have given us if the election of a Senator had been long drawn out is simply beyond conjecture.

In this instance we are inclined to be charitable and concede it was a case where they did not know better.

SWARTHMORE RETAINS ATHLETICS. Quaker College Rejects Request, Not Over \$47,000, of Miss Jenness. Philadelphia Dispatch in New York World. Swarthmore College will not honor participation in intercollegiate athletics. The board of managers unanimously declined to accept the bequest of mineral coal lands made by Miss Anna T. Jenness, wealthy Quakeress, which carried with it the proviso that Swarthmore withdraw from all intercollegiate games.

The committee which investigated the value of the bequest, which hinges on the value of coal lands, reported that the lands were worth anywhere from \$10,000 to \$47,000. It has been believed that the bequest would amount to upward of \$100,000. The investigators found that much of the land did not contain coal or other minerals.

Just Like the Circus Trick. St. Louis (Mo.) Dispatch. Mounted Policeman James Hutton, of St. Louis, chased a runaway auto a mile and captured it, leaping into the rapidly-moving car without danger.

Burglar's Arrest—And Salary Raised. Philadelphia Record. After Policeman James M. Lungen, of Clifton Heights, Pa., shot a burglar, the County Jail Magistrate George Harris to go along with a party at a quest in a big touring car. At a point on the shell road, several miles from the city, where the road is smooth for a number of miles, Mrs. Dubois and Pliner were married with the car racing at full speed. After the ceremony the party hurried on to a wayside inn, where a supper was provided.

Evolution of the Work-Sky. Municipal Gazette. The children of our elementary schools are being taught just enough to make them arrogant and disdainful for any form of manual labor, but not enough to make them useful independent citizens.

When Old Man Jarvey Beat the Grizzly. Another new hunter's yarn by B. A. Childers wherein is told how the Oregon championship belt was won.

Real Palaces of New York Millionaires. Astonishing extravagances of Gotham's hopelessly new and old rich.

Won Victory After Repeated Failures. Dexter Marshall tells of Leigh Hunt, the Seattle man, now rich in many millions, and several others.

Customary Excellent Features and Departments. Order early from your newsdealer.

Mr. Roosevelt Gathering Up Loose Ends Before March 4, 1909. Cleveland Plain Dealer (Ind. Dem.). There are several items on the Roosevelt programme that the President hopes to see complete before he surrenders control. He evidently intends to insist that the Americans get out of Cuba, returning the government to its own people, before this last year of his term ends. February 1 has been set as the latest for the withdrawal of the troops. This matter is in the President's own hands and not needing legislative concurrence, can be managed as the President desires. Some things such an early withdrawal will be detrimental to the best interests of the Cubans, but the question is at least two-sided and the administration cannot be blamed for desiring to get out as soon as possible. The larger policy for the improvement of the island watersheds should be given further impetus, and the broad scheme of corporation control should receive further approval at the hands of Congress. While the President can be forced to start within this last year, these projects are to be found outlined in recent communications to Congress, toward which Congress has so far uttered a deaf ear.

Of all the tasks the President has set before himself for this last year, the one the people will watch with most interest will be the giving of further indications as to his policies. Present indications are that, so far as the National Convention delegates have authority to speak, the President will conduct this year for the rest of the voters will decide. The President's last year will in some ways be the most important one of his seven in office. He will try to complete certain definite tasks laid out at the beginning of his elective term and get the loose ends together ready for turning over the burden to his successor, whom he may be.

Dog Takes Crap On Door. Bismarck, a 13-month-old Newfoundland dog, would not allow craps to be played in the parlor of his mistress, Mrs. Oliver Griffin of 29 Richmond road, Stapleton, S. I., who has just died, aged 90 years. The dog was the pet of the old lady, and she had been playing craps on the door. Bismarck howled and raised a great fuss, but was driven off. Shortly after the undertaker, Bismarck took the craps on the door and carried it into the front yard, where he covered it with snow. It was again put on the door, and the dog again howled and raised a great fuss, but was driven off. Bismarck was chained up in his kennel where he has since remained, dejected and inconsolable, refusing to eat.

Wed in an Auto at Full Speed. Wedding in N. C. Dispatch. Miss Henrietta C. Dubois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Dubois, and Thomas D. Pliner, chauffeur for T. M. Emerson, president of the Atlantic Coast Line, were married in a motor car. Harris to go along with a party at a quest in a big touring car. At a point on the shell road, several miles from the city, where the road is smooth for a number of miles, Mrs. Dubois and Pliner were married with the car racing at full speed. After the ceremony the party hurried on to a wayside inn, where a supper was provided.

Evolution of the Work-Sky. Municipal Gazette. The children of our elementary schools are being taught just enough to make them arrogant and disdainful for any form of manual labor, but not enough to make them useful independent citizens.

Just Like the Circus Trick. St. Louis (Mo.) Dispatch. Mounted Policeman James Hutton, of St. Louis, chased a runaway auto a mile and captured it, leaping into the rapidly-moving car without danger.

Burglar's Arrest—And Salary Raised. Philadelphia Record. After Policeman James M. Lungen, of Clifton Heights, Pa., shot a burglar, the County Jail Magistrate George Harris to go along with a party at a quest in a big touring car. At a point on the shell road, several miles from the city, where the road is smooth for a number of miles, Mrs. Dubois and Pliner were married with the car racing at full speed. After the ceremony the party hurried on to a wayside inn, where a supper was provided.

When Old Man Jarvey Beat the Grizzly. Another new hunter's yarn by B. A. Childers wherein is told how the Oregon championship belt was won.

Real Palaces of New York Millionaires. Astonishing extravagances of Gotham's hopelessly new and old rich.

Won Victory After Repeated Failures. Dexter Marshall tells of Leigh Hunt, the Seattle man, now rich in many millions, and several others.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Now that the price of eggs has ceased, for a while, to soar, and people of moderate means can purchase a dozen or so occasionally without having recourse to payment on the installment plan, it is possible to make omelettes—which, as we all know, cannot be made without the breaking of eggs—and, moreover, to make and eat them, not simply classify them with diamonds and automobiles and steam-yacht trips round the world, and other luxuries unattainable by plain people with rent, taxes and dentists' bills to pay.

There are omelets and omelettes, however. There are also "omelettes à la something-or-other" which it is safer not to pronounce. And there are, or were, "aubinettes," but I think these went out with powdered curls, pithies and flowered hoop-skirts, so we need not consider them.

Chief K. Thurston considers omelette making almost a lost art, and for this he apportions the blame as follows: "First of all, the man who is always in a hurry. 'Just bring me a cup of coffee, a roll and an omelette—any old thing—just so you get it here quick,' is the instruction he gives the waiter. And an idiot of an omelette he gets what he asks for. 'Secondly, the man who orders a well-done omelette 'and has it brown.' He gets a culinary monstrosity that is anything but an omelette, and has no excuse for ever having been made. 'Thirdly, there are a great many cooks who really don't know how to make an omelette; and some who do know how, but don't put their knowledge into practice, because so very few Americans have any idea what an omelette is.'"

He then goes on to criticize some typical recipes for omelettes as found in "American" cook books. And since there is no man, or woman quite so proud and happy as the one who knows that he or she can make an omelette "not in an omelette"—the "none-genuine-without-our-signature" kind, it may be of advantage to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest what this eminent authority has to say about the process. "The ordinary recipe one sees is something like this: 'Beat up 12 eggs, pour into an omelette pan and stir until they are set, roll up and turn on to a hot dish and serve.' Or else this: 'When sufficiently cooked, slip a knife under and turn. When done, fold and serve.'"

And those conglomerate messes are called omelettes! Shades of the departed Cereus, defend us! Isn't that enough to drive one to drink? Now the first of these recipes is for I know not what, and the second is a pancake. After this explosion come the following detailed instructions: "First—No one, I care not whom, can make a perfect omelette with more than six or seven eggs. "Second—The eggs must be fresh and beaten until light. "Third—The pan must be scrupulously clean and very hot. "Fourth—From the time the eggs are poured in until the omelette is done, the pan must be kept in constant motion on the hottest part of the fire. The action must be rapid and partake somewhat of a rocking motion, with quick jerks, the handle side raised as you push the pan from you, the opposite side raised as you jerk it back. Just as soon as the mass begins to break, through the cracks, on one hand above the fire and with the other hand (closed) strike the pan handle several smart raps and the omelette will readily take form. It must then be turned out and served. "And don't, I implore you, add rum, brandy or other strong liquor to a strawberry or red raspberry omelette—the strength of such liquors will destroy the flavor of the berries. Instead, sugar well the fresh berries add put them in the center of the omelette just before it takes form. When turned out, pour a glass of fine claret, through the cracks, and sift powdered sugar over it. Then indeed you have a dish fit for the gods!"

I leave Chief Thurston to square himself with the W. O. T. but the liberty of adding to his instructions, under "fourthly," that if you are a man and are trying for the first time the exercise therein described, you may throughout break the eggs through the cracks, on one hand above the fire and with the other hand (closed) strike the pan handle several smart raps and the omelette will readily take form. It must then be turned out and served. "And don't, I implore you, add rum, brandy or other strong liquor to a strawberry or red raspberry omelette—the strength of such liquors will destroy the flavor of the berries. Instead, sugar well the fresh berries add put them in the center of the omelette just before it takes form. When turned out, pour a glass of fine claret, through the cracks, and sift powdered sugar over it. Then indeed you have a dish fit for the gods!"

I cannot flatter myself on making an omelette "fit for the gods," but I think I can at least construct one that will pass as human food, and I am inclined to boast of an experience in omelette making which befel me in China. A party of three, myself, my brother and a lone-some Englishman, were coming to the district, made an expedition to a certain mountain monastery. It meant an early start, a long ride and a stiff ascent, where we had to lead our ponies, who climbed from rock to rock for more easily than we did. At the end came a meal spread in a bare peaceful room, before a window commanding a view of the plain that stretched miles and miles away in the direction of Peking. There was the inevitable broken tea pot and small Chinese cups, a loaf of bread, a bowl of fruit, a bit of butter, a bowl of new cornmeal, a little traveling alcohol lamp and frying pan.

"My sister is going to make omelettes for us, said my brother. 'I hope you like them,' Englishman, he hoped you sometimes. 'Thanks,' said this one. 'The fact is, my dear fellow, I never eat them; can't stand 'em, really. Told my mother that three times she ever gave me any more, you know.' "All right," said my brother. 'My sister will make one for me; you can taste it, and afterwards, if you prefer, we'll hold fry, poach or scramble some eggs for you,' and he grinned cheerfully on both victims.

Here is a small arithmetical problem for answer to which fills me with pride. There were 25 dozen eggs in the bowl. All were good; all were cooked by me. I cooked nothing but omelettes averaging three eggs to the omelette. My brother disposed of nine eggs; I ate six myself; I told you it was a long hard climb; there were no eggs left, and our party took only one other course. How many omelettes were consumed by the man who 'couldn't stand 'em, really'?"