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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4, 1908.

TAFT IS ELECTED.

No man questions or doubts for a moment that Mr. Bryan has many excellent qualities. He is a good type of American citizenship; he is a man of feeling; his ideals are high. His speech at Lincoln on Monday night was in deep and true pathetic vein. It was the speech of a man conscious and affirmative as Job of his own integrity. But Mr. Bryan, with all his excellent qualities, lacks the balance and judgment necessary in the man who is to be President of the United States. The country knows this, and therefore it has rejected Mr. Bryan again.

He is a theorist and a dreamer. He is an excellent, an almost incomparable, representative of the mind and heart and soul and purpose of the country—on the sentimental side. This accounts in no small degree for the magnitude of the vote he has received. He has failed, because—although appreciation of the sentimental side of human nature is not wanting—he inspires no confidence on the practical side of business and human life. He has not the just balance. People are pleased with his speech and with his manner. These may be an inspiration; and inspiration always is needed. Yet there is another side. Man lives on the earth, and must live on the earth. He cannot live in the clouds of poetry and oratory. Herein he finds his ideals, but he is a creature of earth, also; he must work for his living, and must maintain the conditions that belong to the effort and are necessary to it.

Mr. Taft understands these things as well as Mr. Bryan understands them. But Mr. Taft is no cloudland dreamer. He is a representative of those who have the inspiration, yet have at the same time a proper comprehension of the realities of life.

We live in two worlds. One is wholly poetic and ideal. The other is the humdrum world of practical life and of daily duties. Mr. Bryan lives in only one of these worlds. He does not bring them together, so that the one may be the counterpart of the other. He does not make them one. He has received, therefore, the votes of all who are in his frame of mind; yet many perhaps do not know what it is—certainly do not compare it, or contrast it, with the general frame or course of things, in practical life; and on the material side of things, which we are all forced to meet in all the stages of this our mortal life, they are led to think or hope for resources for themselves where no resources ever can be found.

It is a balance of the imaginations and aspirations of life, with its sober judgments. Mr. Bryan and his followers—most of them—are devoted to a single side of it. They want the thing they imagine. They think they may get it. But they never will. It is only careful and calculated effort, with infinite painstaking and forecast for tomorrow and next year, that wins.

The business and industrial interests of the country have not wanted Mr. Bryan. In this statement large business and small business and wageworkers and people who work for themselves or do their own work, are included. Bryan's appeal to the country never has stood on grounds that sober judgment could approve. From the mind of the man spring all flights of fancy, all manner of appeal to discontent and to unrealizable longings. Yet the force of the appeal is so great, and those to whom it is addressed are so numerous, that every political campaign of the kind is a disturbing factor in the business of the country. Repeated too often already, it ought to be repeated nevermore. It banked on the Solid South and on the partisanship of the great City of New York; yet the great city has failed once more to respond, tired of the appeal to irrational policies and politics.

A great, big bluff was put up by Gompers and through Gompers. On this the Bryan managers greatly relied. But it has been discovered that the American workingman is his own master and that no one can deliver his vote. Fervently may we all hope that with this defeat the effort to make political campaigns on economic error may cease; yet that is uncertain. "The poetry of earth is never dead," writes the immortal Keats. Mr. Bryan therefore will probably be a candidate again in 1912.

The killing of a blue heron, "a bird that has become very rare and one that is very hard to kill," is proudly proclaimed by a hunter in the Chehalis River bottoms near Elma, Wash. The bird was a magnificent specimen of his fast-vanishing species, measuring four feet six and one-half inches from toe to tip of beak, and six feet two inches from tip to tip of wing. Shame upon the man who, simply to gratify the desire to kill, murdered a stately, harmless and shy creature of the wild that asks nothing but the right to live and perpetuate its species! The act is one of pure wanton vandalism, for which suitable punishment should be provided. Such penalty might be provided by a law making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for a man who has been guilty of killing such a bird "for sport" to be caught with a gun in his hands. As distinguished from the sportsman who hunts food birds and game in season, the hunter who prides himself that, because of his prowess as a gunner, there is one less blue heron in the lonely haunts of that fast-disappearing bird, is a marauder of the woods, going about seeking what harmless, and to him useless, creatures he can kill. The range of the coyote or the timber wolf is the place for such a hunter—though the chances are that he would not care to hunt game that has any means of self-defense.

THE MAN'S FITNESS.

No man better equipped for the Presidency than William H. Taft has ever been elected to that office. His experience in many of the various departments of governmental business is extensive; the judgment he has brought to the treatment of all the affairs he has undertaken has been excellent. He has shown himself equal to every position and to every situation.

The temper and temperament of the man have been tried and approved. His judgment never loses its equipoise. Employed as he has been during many years in a great variety of business, he has acquitted himself well in all. Nothing ever has been more unjust than the attack upon him for his decisions on labor questions. These decisions are among the fairest and most enlightened ever delivered on that difficult subject. They render justice to both the parties in interest, and protect the working people to the full extent of all they can justly claim. They make the law for their protection certain, where it was uncertain before. Mr. Taft has a fitness for the Presidency which will not disappoint the country. His overwhelming triumph is an acknowledgment of his fitness, a recognition such as is seldom accorded to any man.

THE NEWS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Oregonian has the right to say that it has published the news of the campaign without favor to any party or unfairness to any, and has rendered the service as fully and faithfully as any other newspaper in the United States. It has given even more space to the utterances of Mr. Bryan than to those of Mr. Taft; which came about partly from the fact that Bryan is the more voluble speaker, and partly from his habit of furnishing the Associated Press in advance of his speeches a prepared outline of his intended remarks. Taft did comparatively little of this—perhaps from the fact that he is not an experienced campaigner.

Moreover, The Oregonian has published, impartially, the announcements of the committees of the parties and their several "claims," together with reports of their meetings; it has published as many letters from supporters of Bryan as from supporters of Taft, but, of course, could not afford space to all that have been offered it.

This course has been pursued by The Oregonian for the double reason that it is a newspaper for the whole people, and that it has realized fully that the campaign was of a nature that required fullest debate. However, the debate is not yet over; for it will continue on innumerable points till there shall be fuller enlightenment upon them; and till, from the economic questions debated in the campaign, everything that was introduced merely for partisanship shall be eliminated. This means, too, that much of the matter we never shall hear of again.

This newspaper has the one purpose and wish of doing its duty to the public, not only at every important crisis, but every day in the year. To recognition of its success in this purpose and effort it believes it may attribute the fact that no other newspaper in the United States, or anywhere else, published in the midst of a population no greater, sells so many copies or has so many readers.

WOMEN'S AFFAIRS.

Women's affairs seem to be receiving their full due of attention nowadays. In barbarous countries like England, where the men try to shun them, means have been discovered of recalling the recreants to their neglected duties. What member of Parliament can possibly avoid meditating by day and dreaming by night over the wrongs of women since the late performances of the zealous and determined suffragettes? In America, where the men are naturally more polite, women's affairs receive proper consideration without such forcible stimulus. Our saints and sages turn quite naturally to the problems of the eternal feminine; our philosophers ponder them with unciloyable zest, the women themselves labor at them with unappeasable enthusiasm. Three news items which came over the wires on the same day illustrate more vividly than any reflections could the variety and weight of our National meditations on the rights and wrongs of the fair, the frail and the frantic.

From Philadelphia comes the report that a prominent clubwoman has counseled her emancipated sisters to acquire the cigarette habit. It would quiet their nerves, she says, perfume their breaths and aid digestion. This sounds dubious, but it may be true, and if it is, what a world of innocent enjoyment it opens up for our wives, mothers and sweethearts. The traditional ideal of the mother would be vastly beautified by a cigarette poised at a cowboy angle between her lips, and who would not enjoy his sweetheart's kisses more if her breath were perfumed with tobacco? Another item reports that Dr. Landrone, of Los Angeles, has spoken a kind word for the much-abused corset. His logic is ingenious. The muscles of women's waists have been weakened by centuries of corsets, and therefore she must forever continue to wear them. Thus the learned doctor reasons. Personally we have never heard or known of any woman who had been wearing corsets or anything else for centuries; still Dr. Landrone knows many such, we have no doubt, and so far as they are concerned his logic appears to be unimpeachable. A woman who has been habituated to corsets for three or four hundred years must certainly feel wobbly without them. If Dr. Landrone means to imply, however, that weak waists are inherited, it seems in point to remind him that according to the latest light in biology acquired characteristics cannot pass by inheritance. Hence the weak muscles of the mother have no effect whatever upon her daughter and the need for corsets perishes with the woman who has formed the habit of wearing them. If weak waist muscles have become hereditary, why do not boys need corsets as much as girls? They inherit as much from their mothers as they do from their fathers, and frequently more. We confess to a rising suspicion that Dr. Landrone has been talking nonsense to pander to the depraved tastes of a fashionable club.

The third item concerns Dr. Anna Shaw, who is not unknown in this part of the world. If all tales are true, she has been talking treason against her sex. She has openly declared that one of the greatest obstacles to women's progress is their idle sisters. These female drones are consumers, but not producers, says Mrs. Shaw; they are deprived of all incentive to work with either mind or body. They are dead lumber in society, and nothing more. Very likely this is true, but it is no more true of women than of men. Idleness in either sex, in rich or poor, in high or low, is a curse both to the idler and to everybody else. Wealth is no more an excuse for parasitism than poverty is. An idle woman is no less blameworthy than an idle man, and no more. The plainest truth of experience is that all of us were put here to work, and the only thing that can excuse us for indolence is illness or some other like incapacity. Dr. Anna Shaw's strictures upon the lazy members of her sex are richly deserved, but they would have been more telling if she had applied them to men also.

SCHOOL BOOKS FOR THE SPIRITS.

Mr. Yanckwich's response to The Oregonian's comments upon the "Great Opportunity," which he has offered, lacks something of the suave urbanity which might have been expected from one who is in daily and intimate communication with the inhabitants of a better world than this. Do such passions rage in celestial minds? Mr. Yanckwich even descends to the base expedient of a sneer. He derides The Oregonian's modest efforts to elevate the "citizens of Oregon," and mocks because he thinks those well-meant missionary labors did not at once bear abundant fruit. Mr. Yanckwich seems to forget that it is not the fault of the sower if the good seed he scatters does not sprout. Soil, heat and moisture are essential to the harvest. The Oregonian, like a good husbandman, strews the seed of righteousness and love, to say nothing of sound politics, broadcast over the state; but what the fate of that seed may be in the souls of the citizens it remains for a higher power to decide. "Paul planteth and Apollos watereth," but the increase depends not on human wisdom.

Though we have little sympathy with Shylock in general, yet it must be admitted that he had a shrewd way of putting his points. His advice to Gratiano would be singularly opportune for Mr. Yanckwich's consideration: "Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to cureless ruin." Our legal contributor takes his spirits very seriously, too seriously, we fear, to permit him to enjoy the frisky gambols of the outsider's humor over the antics of his airy visitants. Our innocent sally about the need for school-books on the evergreen shore would not have made Mr. Yanckwich angry if he had paused to consider that The Oregonian has no grudge against the discarnate. It admonishes them and their earthly allies solely for their good. The need for schoolbooks in the bright beyond does not depend entirely on hearsay, as Mr. Yanckwich intimates in his heated epistle. It is only too manifest in every communication which is received from the spirit world. Did Mr. Yanckwich himself ever know a spirit that could speak and write the English language correctly?

LAST-SPIKE DRIVING.

The last spike was driven in the Wallowa extension of the O. R. & N. near Joseph, Or., Monday, and another rich agricultural and stock district has been added to the trade field of this city. Last-spike driving is gradually becoming more common in the Pacific Northwest; within the past two years a number of these interesting performances have taken place. Overshadowing all others in importance, of course, was the ceremony on the North Bank road at the Cascade Gorge, when Mr. Hill's new North Bank road was connected up a few months ago. Then there was the last-spike driving on the Oregon Electric, when the two chief cities in Oregon were joined with the time-honored "bands of steel," with side lines and branches of the system being built so rapidly that Manager Talbot is unable to find time to attend all of these interesting industrial functions.

Another last-spike driving of tremendous importance to Portland was that which gave Portland direct rail connection with Lewiston and the Idaho country. Pushing down to meet this extension is a water-level line along Snake River from Huntington. On feeders north and south from the new North Bank lines there will soon be more last-spike driving. The Oregon Electric, which since its first appearance in the state has wasted no time on preliminaries, is also planning a further invasion of the forest primeval in the coast regions and farther up the Willamette Valley, while Mr. Harriman's Tillamook line is now making satisfactory progress toward the last-spike stage. Unless there is a disturbance in the financial situation, it is almost a certainty that active work will be commenced on a line to Central Oregon at a very early date and work on the Coos Bay extension is also among the plans for the near future.

These numerous last-spike drivings that have taken place recently, and others which are assured in the near future, mean more for Portland than is generally appreciated. The new lines open up territory which offers unbounded opportunities for the new homeseekers and capitalists who are now rushing into the West. The Pacific Northwest is the last stand for the homeseeker or industrial developer who seeks an opening in a country that is "new" in every sense of the word. With such great possibilities for development in every direction there has never been a time in our commercial history when the necessity for mutual co-operation between the railroads and the people was greater. Every inducement consistent with fairness should be offered the railroads to build into these neglected regions. The ancient rule about first catching the rabbit before removing its skin might in some cases be made to apply to the railroads. Oregon has not always received fair treatment from these roads, but for all that it may be advantageous for us to make it an object for them to get into new regions where they are sadly needed.

"Tillamook never witnessed such an enthusiastic gathering as greeted the first locomotive," said a news report announcing the arrival at that point of a Harriman locomotive sent round by water for construction work. "Yes," said a cynical railroad man, "the enthusiasm of that crowd will not be exceeded until the railroad is completed and they meet to denounce the road for its alleged excessive rates." There may be a modicum of truth in that sentiment, but the railroads and the people of Oregon have so much in common that we ought to get together on a policy of harmony and fairness that would bring best results to all concerned. After we get all of the railroads that are needed, there will be no construction work in jeopardy by wrangling over rates, service and other vexatious questions.

It may be admitted that a balky horse is the most persistently stubborn and aggravating creature with which man is called upon to deal. Humanity will not sanction, however, extreme methods of cruelty as applied to this aggravating creature, but insists that patience, kindness and firmness will in the end win in his case, where harsh and brutal measures fail. However this may be, no man will be justified in this, or any other civilized community, for cruelty abusing any animal for any cause whatever. It is thus that the prompt arrest, trial, conviction and penalty that followed a flagrant case of abuse of a balky horse in this city last Monday met the approval of all good citizens.

Civilization of the white man is making its presence felt in ancient China. A Hongkong cable announces that the Japanese boycott feeling has become so intense that a secret society, recently organized, now pledges itself to give to any man who slits the ears of a so-called "traitor" the sum of $15. As high as $200 is offered for the slaying of any merchant who shows a desire to discontinue the boycott. This, of course, is less reprehensible than the work of the Western Federation of Miners, but it is evidence of a desire on the part of the Chinese to adopt the methods of the white man, and it has already become necessary to call out the troops in order to stop the rioting.

A sudden lurch of an electric car on the Spokane & Inland road threw a 4-year-old child against an iron car seat, causing almost instant death. The accident is one that will cause no surprise to travelers who spend much of their time on railroad trains, for on nearly every passenger train in the country the spectacle of a little child moving with unsteady footsteps up and down the aisles is quite common. There seems to be no law to prevent such negligence on the part of parents or guardians of these tots, and it is a wonder that fatalities are not more frequent.

The sudden death from heart failure of Mrs. Dahlquist at her home a few miles west of this city, marked the close of a long and useful life. The event occurred at the age of 83 years and is said to have been due to the mischievous pranks of boys in the neighborhood on Hallowe'en. Since Mrs. Dahlquist had been subject to attacks of heart failure for years and had outlived her allotted span of life, her death was probably due to the gentle call of Nature summoning her to well-earned rest.

Now speaking of Republican majorities in the various counties of Oregon, which were canvassed by Colonel Robert A. Miller, and his claim of Democratic majorities in most of them, and comparing the result of the voting with Colonel Miller's estimates, which he assured everybody were based on his personal observation and knowledge, we are afraid somebody lied to Colonel Robert A. Miller.

Mrs. Eddy has purchased an automobile. If she gets the high-speed habit, which seems to be the natural accompaniment of an automobile, there will be misgivings lest her theory of eternal life receive a rude jolt. There is reason to fear that a burst of tire and a skidding machine at a sixty-mile gait would be attended with danger even for so well-preserved an old lady as Mother Eddy.

"Why the Nation Shudders," is the title of an article in the Bryan organ. But the Nation didn't shudder. A silly Bryan organ shuddered. Let the shudder continue.

If a man lives eighty years he can participate in only 15 Presidential elections. Another fifteenth part of life's joy came and went yesterday.

In order to save time, how will it do to make a joint celebration of Taft's election and the completion of the North Bank road?

Now, then, let's all go to work again and make eatables cheaper and have prosperity. Never mind the farmer nor the milkman.

There are many alleged prophets today, but they didn't speak loud enough yesterday; at least few persons heard them.

After this let no man, however high his office, boast that he carries the vote of American union labor in his pocket.

Again we rise to remark that the cigar stand "johnnies" don't always know how an election is going to turn out.

Looking toward a promising literary venture, Mr. Bryan may profitably begin work today on "My Last Battle."

Chairman Mack has ground for a damage suit against Mr. Gompers for failure to deliver the goods.

Politics aside, the whole land will rejoice that the pre-election pause will not continue another day.

For sale—A quantity of green fire. Or will trade for red fire. Apply to The Oregonian.

It is again remembered that you can't always tell from where you sit.

Portland is sure to be very busy from now till the close of the year.

Well, good-by, Sammy Gompers. Take care of yourself.

It was not an election; it was a slaughter.

Bet on election again, will you?

KEEP OUT WOMEN FROM SALOONS

Writer Asks That State Law Regulating Evil Be Now Enforced.

PORTLAND, Nov. 3.—(To the Editor.)—Having followed carefully the discussion pro and con as regards the ordinance to bar out women from saloons, and noted the action of the Councilmen in voting down the measure, I feel that it is time that something should be done toward educating some of the Council to higher standards.

Carried to its final analysis, the principle of who should and who should not be allowed in a saloon, might well be decided that what was bad for women was bad also for men, as both are made "in the image of God the all Father." But, looking over the present situation, with public sentiment hardly up to the highest standard, and taking things as they are, what is expected of our City Council? We have become accustomed to the statement that "the mothers are to blame" for most of the bad doings of the girls. But in this statement the fact is ignored that in every city there are scores upon scores of girls without any mother, or any refining influence of a pure, good home. Is it not self-evident, then, that the laws outside the home should reach and protect all such? Of this there can be no shadow of doubt. If we cannot keep both men and women from the baleful influence of the saloons, then, by all means, keep the women out, especially the young girls who find the way to destruction all too short through the side and back entrances of the said saloons.

As the City Council has not passed the ordinance that good people think it should have passed, then let me examine the already existing laws and demand the enforcement thereof—for instance, a law passed at the Legislature of 1905. At that session, Senator Nottingham presented a bill to close the side and back entrances of saloons and Senator McLarkey presented a substitute which passed and became a law. It is as follows:

"S. B. 267: Any person permitting a female under 21 years of age to remain in or about a place where liquor is sold, or selling or giving liquor to such female, is subject to a fine of $100 to $1000; provided, that this act shall not apply to a female accompanied by her husband or parent, or to any open public restaurant or dining-room."

What is a state law for, if not to be enforced? Should not this one be enforced in Portland? If our state laws are not to be enforced and allowed to become dead letters, why go to the expense of holding a state Legislature? Why not hoist the red flag of anarchy and be done with it?

This law is on our statute books and, therefore, we have a right to demand its enforcement. We are justly proud of our beautiful "Rose City" and it is "up to" the City Council (composed of men put in office by the vote of the people, the male people) to give us a clean, moral city government which will measure up to the highest possible standard of city life, so that we may be able to boast of a city not only beautiful for surroundings, location, etc., but also beautiful because of its clean municipal life.

If we cannot get this high standard from City Fathers, then let the City Mothers try, and watch results.

L. H. F. A.

ONLY SHIVERS OF APPREHENSION

"Visions of Death" Do Not Imply Telepathy, But Rather Momentary Fear.

New York Evening Post.

Two "visions of death," reported in the morning papers, will lead the unwary to exclaim, "After all, there is something in these visions and in telepathy." The two accounts are worth quoting in full:

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—In a vision Mrs. Lottie Johnson, of Beachmont last night saw her husband, George Johnson, clinging to an overturned boat in mid-ocean, heard him cry for help, and finally, with a shriek, throw up his hands and sink. With the cry of her husband ringing in her ears, Mrs. Johnson awoke and ran screaming to her mother. Her husband had started out early that evening with a friend in a power boat for Gloucester. Early this morning the power boat was found wrecked on the north shore, about 25 miles below Beachmont. With ordinary speed the boat would have reached there about midnight. It was just at midnight that Mrs. Johnson had her remarkable vision. Johnson's body was picked up on the shore at noon.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 21.—Flora Catlin, 20 years old, working on the Cleveland farm near here, declared that yesterday while in a deep sleep she heard the voice of her father, many miles away, call her in agonized tones and then received a few hours later a telegram announcing his death at Cardinal, Canada. The girl's father was working in the Canadian town. At an early hour he was found unconscious, suffering from spasms, which lasted until 10 o'clock, when he died.

As evidence in support of any theory of telepathy, however, these tales are of slight value. They would not be accepted by any trained scientist without careful verification and examination of the witnesses. But granted that Mrs. Johnson and Miss Catlin are telling what they regard as the exact truth, there is still the possibility of an error of memory. Dreams and visions, as all psychologists agree, are often vague and incoherent, and the corroborative details are supplied, unconsciously, of course, by a sort of constructive imagination. Nor is it plain that the moment of death and of vision are identical. But the simplest explanation is coincidence. Each woman may easily have been worried; each may have imagined the coming of sudden death in half-a-dozen different ways. There are few women or men who are not disturbed now and then by the sudden thought, "What if ——— should be killed by a trolley, or drowned!" In 99 cases out of 100 nothing happens, and the shiver of apprehension is forgotten. But when something does happen, then the momentary fear is recalled and unconsciously elaborated into a vision of death.

New York Wants Tubercular Teacher.

Boston Transcript.

The New York Board of Education is on an odd quest. It is seeking for what most school boards avoid, a teacher who is under treatment for tuberculosis. A special school for tuberculous children has been established on board an old ferry-boat in the East River. In attendance it is increasing rapidly. Naturally the position of teacher is regarded as undesirable, and so the prospect of the consumptive teaching the consumptives.

Chicken Escapes and Terrier Suffers.

Pittsburg (Pa.) Despatch.

At Altoona, Pa., just as Jacob Akers, a hotelman, let fall the ax which was intended to cut off the head of a hen, his prize fox terrier sprang at the chicken and received the blow across the nose. The terrier is now disfigured.

Getting Experience.

Chicago News.

When I was young I had my fling;
I sowed wild oats and little more,
An awful harvest did they bring—
A fact it's useless to deplore.
Next time I'd know just what to do;
I'm sure that I'd have better sense,
It's not all loss; there's profit, too,
I've gained so much experience.

I married rashly, for my wife
Is not what I supposed she'd be,
I've led a dickens of a life,
From care I never have been free,
But still it's useless to repine,
Next time I'll know far better, hence
A certain consolation's mine,
I've gained so much experience.

I had a little money once,
It's partly lost and partly burned,
But though I may have been a dunce,
Think of the lessons I have learned!
I've bought it at the highest rate
And yet it's value is immense—
Unless, indeed, it is too late
I've gained so much experience.

ASSERTS HE WAS IN EARNEST.

Mr. Yanckwich Sneers at The Oregonian's Comment on Discarnate Folk.

PORTLAND, Nov. 2.—(To the Editor.)—I rejoiced in having had the opportunity to read "A Great Opportunity" in last Sunday's issue of your paper. I laughed heartily in perusing the article, for the reason that I anticipated an editorial along the lines of "A Great Opportunity," and my expectation became a realization.

Suppose that it should be within my knowledge, legal or otherwise, that a person who does not understand the first principles of the French language, should for some reason or other, have to discourse on French classics. The very first thought that would strike my vivid imagination would be that that person would make fun of France, Frenchmen and possibly French dependencies. It would not become me to assume otherwise.

You discourse in your article about "the profitable lines of trade that may open up between the carnate and discarnate inhabitants of the universe." That may happen. One can never foretell. There may be in the future a great demand for Oregonian editorials by the discarnate inhabitants of the universe and it may also be that the ethereal citizens, subjects and aliens of the universe will pay more attention to the advice given in your editorials than did the citizens of Oregon to your editorials before the last June election. But this is too remote an issue to speculate upon; further more, philosophical speculations on ethereal bases are of no material benefit.

Your hearsay evidence in regard to "the lively demand for primers, spelling books and elementary school books of all sorts on the evergreen shores" is very improper and irrelevant. The persons who furnished you the evidence must have gone to minstrel shows expecting to hear lectures on philosophy and they were disappointed. They ought to have known better.

I thank you heartily for volunteering to investigate my medium and honestly report the results. The future will give you credit for it. I figure that you will appoint about six Torquemados. I trust that the other publications of the city will appoint the balance of the committee. I assure you, sir, that I meant every word I said in my former letter and that I mean all I say in this. You ought not doubt it. I am a lawyer and not an editor.

HARRY YANCKWICH.

AGES OF THE WORLD'S RULERS

Statistics Recalled by President Roosevelt's 50th Birthday.

New York Times.

The 50th birthday of President Roosevelt suggests a glance at the ages of the principal rulers of the world. The oldest ruler is, of course, the venerable Emperor of Austria-Hungary, Francis Joseph, who is in his 79th year having been born on the 18th of August, 1830. He is still active and continues to direct the somewhat complicated policy of the dual Empire. This is the more remarkable on account of the many domestic troubles he has had with his children, his nephews, and his wife, who met her tragic death at Geneva in 1898.

That sturdy old patriot, President Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, runs him a "close second," having been born on the 15th of September, 1830, and is therefore only a month younger than the Austrian Emperor. He was first elected President in 1876, and, with one short interval, has been President ever since.

The next in order of age is that somewhat erratic gentleman, King Leopold II of Belgium, who was born on the 9th of April, 1835, and is now in his 74th year. Report says that he is still as gay as ever.

M. Armand Fallieres, the President of the French Republic, was born on the 6th of November, 1841, and thus heads by three days King Edward VII of England, who was born on the 9th of November in the same year. Each is therefore in his 67th year, and they both appear to be hale and hearty.

Frederick VIII, King of Denmark, is the next oldest ruler. He was 65 on the 3d of last June, while our old friend, Abdul Hamid II, is only 67. In spite of the visit of our fleet to Japan it may be news to many persons that the present Mikado of Japan is Mutsuhito, and as we cannot trace another Mutsuhito, he is apparently Mutsuhito I. He is 56 years of age, having been born on November 3, 1852.

Gustavus V, King of Sweden, was born on June 16, 1858, and William II, Emperor of German, on January 27, 1859, and they are each of them about 50, and they approach nearest of all to our President in this respect. The Czar of Russia is a mere youth, looked at from the European point of view. He is only 40 and lives in such seclusion that very little is really known about him.

There remain Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, who is 35, which, of course, is very young for a King, and those younger rulers, King Alfonso XIII of Spain, who is 22, and King Manuel II of Portugal, who is 19.

New York's Human Typhoid Factory.

Baltimore American.

The New York Health Department has a puzzle on its hands in the case of a woman who, without being ill herself, is a perfect human typhoid germ factory, outbreaks of the fever following her wherever she goes. She is not free five successive days from the accumulation of germs, which appear to use her system as a sort of operating center and rest cure for themselves. As an observation field for medical science, she is not at present leading a free and merry life, but households where she was employed as cook are breathing easier. Human germ factories are among those none will object to shutting down.

Boston Girls Wed Outside Boston.

Boston Dispatch to New York Times.

There have been about 750 fewer applications for marriage licenses in Boston in 1908 than for the same time last year. The average age of applicants is also greater than 10 years ago.

Last June, the month of weddings, there was a decided falling off in the number of marriages, and for October there has been a decrease of more than 50.

The number of Boston girls who have gone to Providence and other places to wed, however, has been greater this year than ever before.

Moves All But the Farm.

Baltimore News.

Wilbur Bowsea, living near Pittsburg, has constructed a frame house, built in sections, which he has moved in a freight car with all his household goods to Wyoming, where he has acquired ownership of 160 acres of land. Even his cattle were taken along.

Vassar Girl "Blows In" Furnaces.

Chicago Dispatch.

Miss Mildred MacCloskey, recent graduate of Vassar, at Pittsburg, Pa., performed the task of "blowing in" the last of the group of furnaces of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, Limited. The furnace has been idle for some months.

Further Reduction of Idle Cars.

Boston Transcript.

There were 413,000 idle freight cars in April. Now there are only 160,000, and the tendency is toward a still further reduction.

BOOKS

BY JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

LONDON and also the remainder of what the English call "the tight little isle" are in a flutter just now over the announcement that Queen Alexandra is to write a book for the Christmas trade, so that she can raise money to buy Christmas gifts for the poor.

The peoples of old were not more troubled when an enemy of an eminent writer breathed this wish: "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" For Queen Alexandra is possessed of a keen sense of humor, bordering on the sardonic, travels with a camera, delights in taking snapshots of her friends in an innocent but compromising sense, and showing these said views to her intimate friends.

All that is known at present is that the Queen has stated she is to publish a book for the Christmas trade, illustrated by photographs taken by herself, with appropriate comment. "Are you to be in it?" is often heard these days with reference to persons to be pictured in the approaching royal book.

* * *

There is a little Boston boy named Tommy, aged 5, who wears spectacles and is already a discriminating reader of books. A few evenings ago his mother saw him busily occupied with a volume nearly as tall as himself.

"What are you reading, child?" she asked.

"I'm looking to see if I have been brought up properly," came the unexpected answer.

And the young mother saw that the book in question was entitled, "Rules a Lady Ought to Know."

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The first edition of John Fox, Jr.'s "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" reaches 100,000 copies. It is a story of love and fighting in the mountains of Kentucky, and won unusual attraction as a serial. Mr. Fox is better known as the man who wrote "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

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A returned Pacific Coast traveler tells this story concerning the spectacular advertising ability of Marie Corelli. "When visiting Stratford-on-Avon, England, I saw a crowd swarm near a rather modest-looking cottage, and supposed at least that King Edward had come to visit Shakespeare's town. I asked a native what the trouble was, and he replied, with huge disdain: 'Why, sir, Miss Marie Corelli is out to take a drive in her carriage. She gets as big a crowd every morning. Talk about hero worship!'"

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Ernest Thompson Seton's new story, "Domino Reynard of Goldur Town," the history of a silver fox, which is to be one of the fiction features of the Century in 1909, has for its purpose—in the author's own words—"to show the man-world how the fox-world lives—and above all to advertise and emphasize the beautiful monogamy of the better-class fox."

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John Murray announces that he will publish, over the water, in book form, the military memoirs of General Kuropatkin. Some parts of these have already appeared in McClure's Magazine, where they have attracted some attention on account of the inside history they give of the Russo-Japanese War. It seems, however, that the original work comprised four big volumes, though as the first two are composed of military technicalities, they will not be included in the English translation.

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The late Miss Charlotte Yonge wrote a life of G. E. Romanes. Now Mrs. Romanes has written a memoir of Miss Yonge. In it she retells the story of Charlotte Yonge's life with the help of fresh information furnished by many friends. The book will also have an appreciation of Miss Yonge by Lady Frederick Cavendish. "The Letters of a Noblewoman," edited by Miss Margaret, will have a double interest for Ruskin lovers, the noblewoman who wrote them being Mrs. La Touche, of Harristown. It is said that Mr. Hutton, of the Spectator described Mrs. La Touche's letters as "real literature."

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The Duckworths have sent out a circular stating that they have in preparation an important new series of theological handbooks by eminent scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. The general title of the series is "Studies in Theology" and its aim is to bring all the sources of modern learning to the interpretation of the scriptures and the problems of faith. Among the contributors who already stand pledged to the scheme are Dr. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College, Oxford; Dr. W. R. Inge, professor of divinity at Cambridge; Professor Orr, of Glasgow; Professor Ivrach, of Aberdeen; Dr. Hastings Rachdall, of Oxford; Dr. Peak, dean of the faculty of theology at Victoria University, Manchester, and Dr. E. C. Moore, of Harvard University. Quite a distinguished list.

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F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Diva's Ruby," pictures London, Paris, Venice and Constantinople, and is the third of a series of novels, being a sequel to "The Prima-donna" and "Fair Margaret." In "The Diva's Ruby," Van Top says to Margaret: "They're so deceptive, pianists. Nervous men are often like that, and most pianists are nothing but nerves and hair."

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A new variorum edition of Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., of Philadelphia, is announced by the Lippincotts, the first volume issued being "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third."

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The youngest newspaper in London, and also the oldest, is "The London Gazette," which after an existence from the year 1665, was only last week registered as a newspaper, on its 28,185th issue.

Macauly described the Gazette as "containing nothing but that which the Secretary of State wished the nation to know." To the death of Queen Victoria, an event which profoundly moved the whole world, the paper devoted only 13 lines. Of the coronation of King Edward it gave no account whatever. Once the Gazette did have a real beat, when, in the Crimean war, it was the first to publish an important item of war news, the result of the battle of Alma. The Gazette is the only news journal to which cabinet ministers are frequent contributors, and to which the reigning sovereign now and then sends paragraphs authorized with his own initials. It is one of the few papers where original copies are returned to authors with the proofs.

Duty On Coal and Petroleum.

CORVALLIS, Or., Nov. 2.—(To the Editor.)—Will The Oregonian inform me the amount of duty there is on petroleum and its products, also on bituminous coal? A. T. S.

The duty on coal is as follows: Bituminous, 67 cents per ton of 2240 pounds; anthracite, free.

Petroleum, crude or refined, free; provided if imported from any foreign country that imposes a duty on petroleum from the United States, there shall be collected a duty equal to that imposed by said foreign country.

Chicago Cemetery for Cats and Dogs.

Baltimore News.

Mayor Busse, of Chicago, is taking steps to provide a cemetery near that city for cats and dogs.