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PORTLAND, THURSDAY JAN. 7, 1909.

A FALSE ALARM.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, at a meeting of the School Teachers' Association of his state a few days since, delivered an address of very peculiar kind, which is attracting more attention than is usually bestowed on this Senator's always erratic utterances. His purpose, he declared, was to warn the people of his state (the white people) against the agitation for compulsory education, asserting that should such a law be passed it would mean the education of the negro, which would in the end mean a blow to white supremacy. Senator Tillman gave caution to the Democrats of the South against the scheme, which, he said, President-elect Taft and his associates were hatching up to break the solid South. He said, further, that it was the purpose of the President-elect to make such disposition of the Federal offices throughout the South as would build up a white Republican party, seduce Democrats from their allegiance, and eliminate fear of negro control; which also was a scheme of danger to white supremacy, against which those who could see the necessity of "keeping the negro in his place" should always be on their guard.

This reflects the spirit of "the old South"; but how far, to what extent, does that spirit still prevail? It is certain that a change is in progress. The tone of the press shows it; the great increase of the Republican vote, nearly all of which was cast by white men, proves it. The negro, in every state where the race is very numerous, has been almost wholly disfranchised; and the disfranchisement is based on conditions and regulations not likely to be shaken for a long time, if ever. Negro domination, therefore, is no longer a bugbear or terror. Education of the negro masses to any considerable extent beyond the simplest rudiments is very distant. But what is Senator Tillman's assumption?

This, namely, that the negro, whom he has always pronounced, and still pronounces, mentally incapable, yet may be advanced by education in intellect and power till he will be able to compete with the white race for position, and even for supremacy, in the active life, and even in the government of the country.

But if the negro is capable of all that Senator Tillman assumes, can he be held down forever, in the position to which the Senator assigns him? Ought he to be?

It is not believed, it is not feared, by the whites now, even in the states where there are most negroes, that there is any danger of the loss of white supremacy. The experience of 40 years has shown the greater North that the South must be left to manage this great matter for itself; and now the white people of the South are beginning to show a manifest and growing belief that they may divide on natural questions, and even on local issues, without fear of "negro domination." Truth is that little attention is paid now in the South to such utterances as those of Senator Tillman. He is of the disappearing few who cannot adjust themselves to necessary changes of political ideas. The reception that Mr. Taft receives in the South, and the growing sympathy of the people with the ideas he represents, are best of all answers to politicians like Senator Tillman, who still grind the old tune. Once it was a real danger. Now it is a false alarm.

BENEFICIAL USE OF WATER.

The Oregon Supreme Court's decision, in which it was held that the Federal desert land act of 1877 limits riparian rights to the use of water for domestic purposes in all cases of lands thereafter disposed of is apparently a ruling of vast importance to the industrial interests of this state.

The doctrine of riparian rights, as handed down to us from the common law of England, was unsuited to conditions in the arid or even semi-arid regions of America. Its declaration that every owner of riparian land has a right to have the stream flow forever in its channel, undiminished in quantity and unimpaired in quality, was an impediment to enterprise and an encouragement to speculative holding of power sites. The courts long ago modified this doctrine by establishing co-existent with it the doctrine of prior appropriation, which recognized the right and title of one who diverted water from a stream and put it to a beneficial use. But the two principles have been in irreconcilable conflict. It has long been felt by those who have studied the subject that the doctrine of riparian rights should not apply in an arid region, but it seemed that judicial precedent had firmly established it. It seemed also that the courts could not materially change the situation without reversing their own rulings, and this they could hardly be expected to do.

But in the hearing of the case involving water rights on Silver Creek, in Lake County, attention was called to an act of Congress passed in 1877, expressly reserving for appropriation for irrigation, mining or manufacturing purposes, waters on land thereafter granted. This act practically abolished the old doctrine of riparian rights, and the act has been held effective by our Supreme Court.

The decision, as reported, does not interfere with rights acquired prior to 1877 under the old riparian doctrine. Neither does it interfere with rights acquired since by appropriation. It secures to every riparian landowner such a quantity of water as he may need for domestic purposes. But in asserting the effectiveness of the act of 1877 the opinion of the court denies the right of any man to acquire riparian land and then to assert the privilege of having the water of the stream flow past his door unused. Under this decision a settler may appropriate unused water wherever he finds it without fear that some idle riparian owner will later appear and insist that the stream be permitted to flow in its channel undiminished in quantity, though he has put it to no beneficial use. Beneficial use is now the first essential of a right to water from the streams of this state. One of the great uncertainties of our water law has been removed, and enterprise has thereby been encouraged.

PRUDENCE AND PRODIGALITY.

It is possible, indeed probable, that Multnomah County will begin measures for the erection of a new Courthouse. But it is the clear and firm opinion of The Oregonian that such structure is not necessary at this time. The business of the county can be transacted in the present Courthouse well enough for years yet. Besides, erection of a new and larger Courthouse is only the beginning of vastly increased general expense. Demand accompanies it for additional judges—two or four—and for the whole paraphernalia of enlarged offices—janitors, elevators, bailiffs, deputies and clerks—without end. There is no need of more judges. The present judges are fully employed only a short portion of the year, and more departments will only clog and delay business. The great evil now at the Courthouse is that business is suffered to drag along and is not sufficiently expedited.

But if, in pursuance of a prodigality that no one would allow in his own private business, a new Courthouse is to be undertaken while yet the old one should and would serve well enough, then the courtrooms and offices ought not to be planned for prodigality, but for close economy. Large courtrooms are unnecessary. In ordinary cases at bar few will attend the trial, and not much room is wanted. In criminal and scandal cases there ought not to be room for many to attend.

The Oregonian simply wishes to warn this community that it is in danger of burdening itself with obligations that will hinder its growth and prosperity, oppress its business, injure its real estate market and check building operations. Nor is it merely the current taxes that may oppress. There is demand for sale of bonds amounting to millions upon millions, which when voted and sold will be a mortgage upon every foot of real estate, and upon all the industrial activities of the city. The interest and the additional official expenses will be constant charges more burdensome than ordinary tax levies, because there will be no possibility of cutting them down. It especially concerns every person who owns real estate in the city, for upon real estate the burden will mainly fall. And it concerns also persons who, though not owning real estate, do business and pay rents, for rents must go up with the increasing taxes on real estate. The Oregonian is no croaker. It is an energetic worker and a constant (perhaps too constant) boomer; but still it is devoted to a reasonable prudence, the necessity of which will vindicate itself, if not immediately, in the near hereafter.

MARRYING CHINAMEN.

Mr. C. M. Da Castro prayed to have his letter printed in today's Oregonian. Behold his prayer is granted. The letter appears this morning. Would that all human wishes equally innocent might be as easily and speedily fulfilled. Mr. Da Castro's earnest purpose in composing his epistle was to combat the views of The Oregonian upon the propriety of American girls marrying Chinamen. In an editorial which seems to have excited deplorable passions in his mind we took the position that matrimonial adventures of this sort are in the main foolhardy, since the girl who undertakes to live with a Chinaman in his native land, or even in America, must submit to degrading customs. To support this opinion we adduced a long train of admitted facts, which may be summed up in the statement that marriages between American girls and Oriental men have almost invariably been miserable. Some of the wretched victims have escaped and brought back a tale of woe which ought to warn every woman in the country not to imitate their folly. Others have perished in obscure distress.

Our contributor quotes the editorial in question somewhat awry to begin with. It does not state that "the majority of Chinese husbands beat and abuse their wives." The truth about it is that the wife of a Chinaman is virtually a slave to his mother, who does the beating, and, according to all accounts, makes a pretty effectual job of it. The reply that Americans also beat their wives is aside from the issue. Here a woman is under the protection of the law, and has only to appeal to the courts to obtain her release from a husband who mistreats her. In China she has no such recourse. Unless by rare good fortune she escapes from the country her doom is simply hopeless. It is literally true that a marriage between a refined American girl and an ordinary day laborer of her own race gives more reason to look for happiness than one with an Oriental of high rank and great wealth. To a Chinese woman things would naturally look different. She might be happy under customs and in an environment which would make an American woman utterly wretched.

It makes matters no better to say that the Orientals are more artistic than we are. Their art does not keep them from being incredibly cruel according to our standards nor does it raise their women to the condition of human beings. It is entirely consistent with a great deal of excellent art to make degraded, sensual implements of women and imbruted slaves of men. As to our native sins in the matter of art, they are undoubtedly as the sands of the sea for multitude. Our theater curtains are something to shudder at, our bridges are weird, some of our dwellings are uncouth; but for all that we manage to treat our women with decent respect, and are continually bettering their condition. This puts us a point or two ahead of the Orientals, with all their exquisite pictures and inimitable pottery. One fancies that a sensible white woman who knew the facts involved would prefer even our theater curtains, with all their horror, to a Chinese mother-in-law.

Thus far we seem to have little difficulty in disposing of Mr. Da Castro, but when it comes to telling him why we do not keep our missionaries at home we deem it proper to maintain a discreet reticence.

THE SUN WILL BE IN TAURUS AGAIN.

No one can tell anything about continuance or termination of this state of weather. It may end soon, or may last six weeks. During the last sixty years there have been five or six Winters when snow and low temperature, like the condition of the present time, lasted from four to six weeks together. But so unusual is it that people are apt to forget. In the Winter of 1867-68 Portland was completely shut up, from the first week in January till about February 20. There was no telegraph, no railroad; the rivers were frozen, and on Couch Lake, where the Union depot now stands, everybody skated night and day, for many weeks. Some went as far down as Guild's Lake; others up to the flats above town. Others again skated on the river, but kept near the banks; for the ice was very uncertain. People wondered whether it ever would rain. It finally did. But nobody was unhappy about the situation. Rain, snow, ice, frost—it was all one.

Severest of all Winters was that of 1861-62. Snow began to fall between Christmas and New Year's. It continued at intervals, became very deep, and did not disappear till about the first week in March. Temperature fell at times nearly to zero. The rivers, during a period of about eight weeks, were completely obstructed by ice. In 1875, from January 10 to February 10, about the same condition existed;—as it has occurred once since, say about 1885—we are not quite sure about year, or date.

Therefore, friends and brethren, do not be discouraged. This is the rose city, and you are in the banana belt—if you think you are. And, in the time of the working bee, the sun will ride in Taurus again. He will not fail.

FEED THE BIRDS.

This message came to The Oregonian over the telephone yesterday from a warm-hearted housewife who lives on Portland Heights: "Won't you please ask everybody to put out food for birds as long as the snowstorm lasts? This morning I happened to recall what I was taught when a child back in Iowa; so I scattered some breadcrumbs on my front porch after breakfast. And what a reward! Half a dozen robins and a veritable little colony of sparrows have had a generous feast. They hadn't suffered from cold, but I know they were hungry."

Snow is so rare in Portland that perhaps many women may not remember the lessons of compassion they learned from their mothers; therefore, The Oregonian joins in urging universal compliance with this request. But let the children, before they start to school, do the loving service to the feathered songsters. They ought to share in the reward.

Put the crumbs under some shelter, not out in clear open, where fresh snow will be likely to hide the food. Have no fear that the birds won't find it. Instinct that we of higher intelligence don't have will lead at least one bird to it; then depend on him to spread the news. Birds made use of wireless communication centuries before man found it out. Simply as a nature study utilize breadcrumbs today and watch the result.

THOSE LOVELY SONGS.

A modest little paragraph in Mr. Bryan's Commoner wonders whether it would not be a serenely beautiful thing to run across an old-fashioned church choir in some secluded nook. What a delight, exclaims the Commoner, to pick up an antique hymnal and join in singing "Old Hundred" or "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," instead of listening to a fashionable quartet who render music that neither they nor anybody else can understand. Then in a pensive mood the Commoner talks about the "soul-inspiring songs of other days."

We know all about those soul-inspiring songs. The preacher called upon Brother Snodgrass to pitch the hymn. He obeyed with hideous alacrity, beginning six notes higher than he could keep up to. When he was about half through the first line, Sister Hockenberry joined in the performance, always managing to miss Brother Snodgrass' key by about a tone and a quarter. In exquisite Wagnerian accord the twain pursued the flowery paths of song, each taking a different rate of speed until they had reached the third line, when the rest of the saintly throng began to drop in here and there just as they liked. Wasn't it perfectly soul-satisfying? It became particularly refreshing in the middle of the last line, where Brother Snodgrass' voice always broke on a high note and he had to drop down six full tones. The harmony then became unspeakably angelic.

No sensible person regrets the hit-or-miss, helter-skelter squalling of other days which passed for sacred singing. It was an offense to the ear and a torment to the soul. We ought all to be thankful that it has measurably vanished, and we ought to pray that it may never come back again. If the Lord really likes that sort of thing, there is nothing to hinder his training the seraphim to do it where earthly ears will not be racked by the performance. The truth is that there is a great deal more worship in good music than there is in the cacophony which the Commoner lauds, as well as a great deal more enjoyment. The craving for the outrageous screeches which once passed for melody is nothing but a species of laziness. The Commoner hones for them because it is too indolent to cultivate a taste for something better.

THE FARMER'S PROSPERITY.

Seven cereal crops in 1908 added more than $1,000,000 per day to the profits of the American farmers, as compared with their returns from the same crops in 1907. The total value of these seven cereals—corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat and flaxseed—was $2,722,630,000, and in these figures can be found an explanation of much of the marvelous recuperation of the country from the panic of 1907. The 1907 crop of these cereals was a very good one, well up to the average in some features, and slightly above it in others. Prices were also above the average of the preceding years. This highly satisfactory condition enabled the farmers to enter the year 1908 in excellent financial condition, and when a bountiful harvest and high prices enabled them to sell their cereal crops for $366,568,000 more than was received for the same commodities in 1907, nothing short of abounding prosperity could be expected in the farming districts.

The high prices at which these crops were marketed quite naturally were paid in part by the American consumers, but there was also an enormous surplus for shipment to European countries, thus enabling us to wipe out an unpleasant balance of trade which otherwise we should have been obliged to settle in gold. It is still too early in the new year to make any very accurate predictions on the crop prospects for 1908. There have been many conflicting reports over the condition of Winter-sown grain, but on the whole it seems to have entered the Winter in pretty fair condition and with a good acreage. World-wide statistics are all against cheap wheat, and with the September option already in demand at 95 cents in Chicago, it seems reasonably certain that the net returns per bushel will not fall short of those received in 1908, while the acreage will be much larger.

In the Pacific Northwest the grain crop of 1908 was much below the average, but it followed on the heels of a record-breaking crop which had sold at high prices. Even the 1908 crop sold for figures far above the ten-year average, so that the farmers are nearly all well equipped financially. The extra million dollars per day added to the profits of the American cereal growers in 1908 have considerable bearing on the industrial situation in the Pacific Northwest. The great bulk of this corn, wheat, barley, etc., was grown in a region that in the past has afforded an excellent market for Pacific Coast lumber.

The disquieting financial situation at the close of 1907 and during the early months of 1908 brought this business to a standstill, and it has only recently shown pronounced signs of improvement. With a good crop marketed at high prices, the Middle Western farmers are now in position again to enter the market for lumber for new barns, fences and houses, and the Pacific Northwest will profit by their prosperity.

The peace pact between the Yaqui Indians and the Mexican government is of great importance, not only to the two parties directly involved in the treaty, but to the United States as well. The natural resources of the State of Sonora, in which nearly all of the Yaqui outrages have been committed, are marvelously rich, and at various times in the past twenty years a large amount of American capital has been sunk in efforts to make some progress in development, which the murderous attacks of the Yaquis always rendered futile. The crimes committed by the Yaquis have in many cases equaled in fiendishness those of the Apaches, but in the original trouble which provoked this long series of outlawry and murder not all of the blame could be placed on the Yaquis. For that reason, good behavior from this time forward may in slight degree atone for the iniquities of the past.

Refusal of President Roosevelt to permit any inquiry into the absorption by the steel trust of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company can hardly fail to be disappointing to friends of the President. In absorbing this last remaining vestige of competition in the steel trade the United States Steel Company was enabled to perfect its trust to such an extent that it is now invincible in the trade, and railroads must not only pay any price the trust may establish, but must also accept such rails as the trust sees fit to manufacture. The Tennessee Coal & Iron Company was always causing the steel trust trouble. The last large order booked before the combine was effected was from the Harriman system, Mr. Harriman giving his reason for changing from the trust that he expected to secure a better grade of rails than the trust had been supplying. The deal by which the absorption was made was engineered by J. Pierpont Morgan.

The safety of the British residents and the British flag in India is materially improved, now that the Mohammedans and Hindus have resumed their time-honored conflict with each other. A Calcutta cable reports serious trouble at Titsghur, where the Hindus attacked a mosque because the Mohammedans had sacrificed cows that are sacred in the Hindu faith. The conflict was so serious that it became necessary for the British to fire on both parties in order to restore order. Both the Hindus and the Mohammedans despise the British with a consuming hatred, but their contempt and hatred for each other are so much greater that by working one faction against the other the safety of the British is reasonably assured.

The Eugene Guard gives out this, for protection and remedy against the cold blizzard:

Just at this season, when fuel is an expensive luxury, the following recipe from the family doctor, showing how to get warm at a very slight expense as to trouble and no expenditure of cash at all, ought to help: "A simple way to get warm after exposure to cold is to take a long breath, with the mouth firmly shut. Repeat this several times, until you begin to feel the heat returning."

You can do this little trick just as easily and just as effectively as you can lift yourself over a picket fence by your bootstraps, or by the seat of your trousers. It is all the same as mind cure. Don't you bother about underwear, overcoat or beefsteaks.

Republicans of Oregon feel sorely their "choice" for United States Senator. They can appreciate the feelings of the fight fans, who are distressed by the world's new choice for fist champion.

Mr. Harriman is now going to build a railroad down to Mexico. Is it possible that there is some lingering idea in Mr. Harriman's mind that Mexico is on the way to Central Oregon?

You bet the old settler knows how to make his predictions. No use to talk to him. He seen it in '52, in '61, in '67 and in '89. The old settler can tell you.

The steamer Teal suffered a broken hogchain from a seventy-five-mile-an-hour gale. It must have been a worse gale than that.

Now wouldn't it be too bad if Mistah Johnsing, colored pugilist, should retire without relinquishing the fistic title to a white man?

What has become of that New Year's resolution—never again to complain about the weather?

Cheer up. There has been worse weather in Oregon. The old settlers say so.

There is a bright side to the snow storm. It isn't an earthquake.

Rain never brought such a shiver as this. Rain will do hereafter.

VITRIOLIC ATTACK ON AMERICANS

Chinese Held Up as Ethical Models Whom You Should Copy.

PORTLAND, Or., Jan. 5.—(To the Editor.)—The press of the Western States, with the exception of one or two San Francisco weeklies, has never been famed for its broad-mindedness or any other humane qualities; but I believe that for narrowness of judgment, generalization of badly digested ideas and laughable chauvinism your editorial in this morning's issue, entitled "Marrying a Chinaman" holds the record. I do not suppose you took the trouble to investigate if there is any truth in the vividly grewsome story of the "beautiful, delicately reared French woman,, and the vile Manchu Bluebeard Sing Ling; indeed I believe that you reprinted the original report word for word from the San Francisco Sunday Examiner, minus the pink headlines and fantastic illustration. But your editorial comments on the adventures of Madame Deneux in the celestial realm cannot justly be laid at the door of that wonderful Hearst publication.

I have spent long years among the Chinese of China, the Strait Settlements, the Malay States and Burmah; I have numerous friends among Chinese of all classes, of whom several are the husbands of white women; and I beg to state that your amusing remark that the majority of Chinese husbands beat and abuse their wives, is an exaggeration of the worst sort. There are on record just as many cases of wife-beating in this free country and anywhere else for that matter, and many an American woman would have been happier if she had married a Manchu gentleman or a Cantonese coolie instead of some Pittsburg steel magnate, or some popular actor. I suppose the gifted writer of your editorial has never seen China and has gathered his astounding knowledge of the Mongolian character from occasional night visits to chop suey restaurants. He speaks about the Chinaman abroad, "away from the hideous environment and abominable customs of his native land."

I never knew that Chinese environments are hideous; indeed I always supposed, wrongly of course, that the natives of the Far East had a certain artistic instinct which makes the Chinese or Japanese milieu most attractive to the eye of the esthetic foreigner. But after reading your editorial I came to the conclusion that heretofore I must have labored under an illusion, and that, to receive a thorough artistic education, the benighted foreigner must visit your beautiful Western towns, must feast his eyes on your unparalleled monumental bridges, your palatial residences, exquisite theater curtains and your final acme of perfection: the rose fair. But as to the "abominable customs"—perhaps the American customs are every bit as hateful to the foreigner as theirs are to us. Your vices—divorce, prostitution, drunkenness, dishonesty—are possibly an abomination to the clean-living, clean-minded, honest Asiatic, don't you think so? You Americans are forever engaged in comparisons, and "cracking up" your own land at the expense of other countries; at least such has been my impression after spending long years abroad and after this present—let us hope—short visit to the land of my fathers.

Why don't you keep your missionaries at home and why, if you have the energy and the brain to attempt the work of regeneration and reform abroad, don't you apply that energy at home where it is so much needed? Finally, let me recommend to the writer of your editorial to study the words of Herbert Spencer: "Though perhaps one in ten of those who think, is conscious that his judgment is being warped by prejudice, yet even in him the warp is not adequately allowed for. Doubtless in every field of inquiry emotion is a perturbing intruder; mostly there is some pre-conception and some 'amour propre' that resists disproof of it."

CAROLL M'DOUGALL du CASTRO.

BIRTHS OUTNUMBER DEATHS 2 TO 1

New York City Visited 126,863 Times by the Stork Last Year.

New York World.

"A stork, rampant, ought to be on the coat of arms of this municipality," said Dr. Thomas Darlington. "I know of no more appropriate sign. During the last ten years our birth rate has been steadily increasing, whereas in many other large cities a gradual decrease is being shown. And the death rate for the year now closing is the lowest in the history of the city."

There were 126,863 births up to noon yesterday. This was at the rate of one every four minutes, day in and day out, the whole year through. In other words, New Yorkers gained in the last year, by births alone, more population than is contained in Columbus, O., or in Syracuse, in this state.

The birth rate in New York is regarded as all the more remarkable, on account of the tremendous competition for existence here, which, in theory, the political economists say, ought really to keep down the births and boost up the deaths. But the rule doesn't work that way in New York for some reason. In Paris, where the pursuit of pleasure is the chief end of existence, the birth rate is less than half what it is in this city.

The total number of deaths during the year has been 73,071—about one every seven minutes. This shows that nearly every stroke of the Grim Reaper is followed by the appearance of two storks. Death thus plays, the Health Department folks say, a losing game with New York. Science is finding, here at least, many little ways in which to dull the edge of his scythe and render its strokes less sweeping.

The present death rate is the lowest in the history of the city, notwithstanding the panic, with its attendant train of suicides and mental and physical breakdowns. A number of causes are ascribed for the low death rate, chief among them being the new system of tenement construction, by which sanitary homes are assured to the very poorest elements of the city's population. New York has been for the last ten years in process of transformation into the "show town" of the country, and the general effect of this has been, the authorities point out, cleaner streets and public places, more and better parks and a better mode of living. In no other city in America are there so many breathing places, or such a multitude of uplifting agencies—hospitals, church guilds, school playgrounds and gymnasiums, and facilities for healthful recreation at all seasons of the year.

All of these agencies, it is pointed out, are joined in the one tendency to make New York stronger, healthier and happier. The supervision over factories and over child labor in both stores and workshops is also named as one of the factors contributing to public contentment, and therefore to a high birth rate and to a low death rate.

Collie Dog Dies Grieving for Baby.

Chester (Pa.) Dispatch to the Philadelphia Record.

A handsome black collie, belonging to Robert Boyle, a Sixth Ward merchant, has died of grief. Several weeks ago Mr. Boyle's 14-months-old son Robert was taken ill. At first the collie simply played about the child, its evident purpose being to amuse the little one.

Finally the child became worse, and from the time the dog heard its little master groan with pain it refused food and drink. The collie would lie for hours beside the child's bed, and when put out of the room would crouch at the door and whine piteously.

The dog became a mere skeleton and starved itself to death through grief. Although still ill, the child is out of danger.

UNCONCERNED ENGLISH SERVANTS

No Ambition to Rise Above Their Station, Yet Demand Good Wages.

Scribner's Magazine.

The monotonous and solemn "yes, sir," "thank you, sir," of the servants may lead you to suppose that at any rate this class of English man and woman is servile. Is lacking in the national trait of confidence, is perhaps amenable to suggestions of a change. On the contrary, this class less even than others. The manner and speech are merely mechanical. The unblushing demands, either frankly open or awkwardly surreptitious, for tips are part of the day's work. They are servants, they know it, they have no objection to your knowing it, and most of them have little ambition to be anything else. They are not in that position in the meantime, but permanently: they are not serving while waiting for something else; service is their career.

The American may "sling hash" at Coney Island or in a Western frontier town, until he can escape to become something else, but as a vocation he does not recognize it. At first, therefore, these people are puzzling; we shall see later that they are a factor in the civilization we are about to explore. They have their pride, their rules of precedence, their code; they are fixed, immovable, unconcerned about other careers, undisturbed by hazy ambitions, afid insistent upon their privileges, as are all other Englishmen. They will not overstep the boundary lines of your personal position, and they jealously guard the boundaries of their own.

When we come to know them better we find that, although they are of all the laboring classes completely unorganized, without unions or societies, they are the one class who have kept up and increased the standard of wages. As a class they have made no claims, they have not appealed to the public, or to the politician, but they have, none the less, increased their demands and obtained their demands. This is rather a curious commentary upon organized labor. The servant class numbers something like 1 in 40 of the total population. My only explanation is that, as they are the class coming most closely in contact with the ruling class, they have absorbed and used the methods of that class.

EXPERT TURNS LIGHT ON GHOSTS.

Belief in Spirits Traced to Four Causes, Says Professor Leuba.

Baltimore Special to New York Herald.

That there are no such things as ghosts or spirits and that fear is at the bottom of some religions was the declaration of Professor James H. Leuba, the psychologist of Bryn Mawr College, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He said:

"All living savages known to us believe in ghosts, in spirits and perhaps also in particular beings elevated to the dignity of gods. Whence these ideas of unseen personal beings? They may be traced to independent sources.

"First—States of temporary loss of consciousness, trances, swoons, sleep, etc., seem in themselves to suggest to ignorant observers the existence of doubles, i. e., of beings dwelling within the body, animating it and able to absent themselves from it for a time or permanently.

"Second—Apparitions in sleep, in the hallucinations of fever, or insanity, or otherwise, of persons still living or dead seem also sufficient to lead to a belief in ghosts and in survival after death. Echoes and reflections in water and in polished surfaces may have played a subsidiary role in establishing or confirming the belief in ghosts and in spirits.

"Third—The third independent source of belief in unseen personal agents is the spontaneous personification of striking natural phenomena—storms, tornadoes, thunder, sudden Spring vegetation.

"What we mean to assert here is merely that the systematized belief can have arisen out of the impulsive and occasional personification of all striking and frightening spectacles.

"Fourth—Many persons have observed, with surprise, the apparition in very young children of the problem of creation. A child notices a curiously shaped stone and asks who made it. He is told that it was formed in the stream by the water. Then suddenly he throws out, in quick succession, such questions as who made the stream, the mountain, who the earth?"

The "Typhoid" Fly.

Dr. L. O. Howard, secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, wants the common housefly called the "typhoid fly." In addressing the association recently he said:

"The name 'typhoid fly' is proposed as a substitute for the name 'housefly' now in general use. People have altogether too long considered the housefly as a harmless creature, or at the most simply a nuisance. Scientific researches have shown that it is a most dangerous creature, from the standpoint of disease.

"The term 'typhoid fly' is open to some objection, as conveying the erroneous idea that this fly is solely responsible for the spread of typhoid, but, considering that it is an important element in the spread of typhoid, it seems advisable to give it a name which conveys in itself the idea of serious disease.

"The importance of the typhoid fly as a carrier of the disease in army camps, as shown in the Spanish and Boer wars and in the camps of great armies of laborers engaged in gigantic enterprises like the digging of the Panama Canal, is obvious. It is not claimed that under city conditions the housefly becomes a prime factor in the transfer of the disease, but it must obviously take a much higher relative rank among typhoid conveyers than it has hitherto assumed.

Little Frivolity Under Roosevelt.

New York Press.

Solemn persons, who sadly believe this Nation needs saving, and that the only way to save it is to wail continually, assert that one great good President Roosevelt did to Washington society was to "repress its tendency to frivolity, a tendency which publicists aver is a menace to the moral and material growth of the Nation." One of these gloomy beings, who believes that light laughter is the sister of sin, said the other day: "You need not have a long memory to recall there were fancy parties, even 'baby' parties, in which the United States Senators went around with bibs under their chins and nursing bottles in their hands, and maids and matrons in cap and aprons shared in the nonsense.' Worse! There were Valentine parties, in which statesmen dressed as girls and wore lovely gowns, while the women were garbed as famous men of history or fiction. Such things have not been popular since Mrs. Roosevelt appeared in Washington."

Orange Crop Beats Gold Output.

Cleveland Leader.

Last year California produced gold worth $16,853,500. It was 18 per cent of the gold mined in the United States, Alaska included. Only three countries in the world, outside of America, beat that one American state. The California gold yield was equal to about $10 for every man, woman and child in the state.

This year California has shipped eastward oranges valued at $24,375,000. The golden fruit of the groves was worth nearly 50 per cent more than the metallic gold of its mines, probably fully that proportion above the gold yield, taking account of the oranges consumed in the state.

STAND BY "PLEDGE" OR PARTY?

If the Former, Here's a Form for Statement One Members.

PORTLAND, Or., Jan. 6.—(To the Editor.)—As the day approaches for the convening of the State Legislature public interest seems to intensify upon the matter of the election of a United States Senator. Will so-called Statement No. 1 Republicans stand by the pledges made before nomination and send a Democrat to the United States Senate, or will they ignore those promises and stand by the party which elected them, and which they are supposed to represent? It is true many Republicans who do not indorse or believe in the statement voted for the nomination and election of the Statement candidates, but it was not because the candidate favored the same, but rather because of a personal liking for the candidate himself, never for a moment supposing the present contingency could by any possibility arise.

If there be any Statement No. 1 Republicans in the Legislature who now regret having taken that pledge, I do not know, but it is safe to say that such is the case. It is more than probable, however, that they will feel like standing by their ante-election promise as bitter as the pill may be. That is a matter for the mto setle with their own consciences, and their actions will determine whether their fealty to party is of greater moral import to them than their pre-election promises. Let them decide as they may, it is a case of "you'll be damned if you do and you'll be damned if you don't." They are clearly "between the devil and the deep sea," and in avoiding Scylla are sure to be wrecked upon Charybdis, (unless the recent earthquake have destroyed and submerged those dangerous points). If any of the members from Marion or Multnomah counties should feel like explaining their votes when their names are called it may be done substantially as follows:

"Mr. President: I am a Republican and believe most sincerely in the principles and policies of that party. I believe the Republican State of Oregon should be represented in the Senate of the United States by a Republican Senator, as do my constituents, as was evidenced by the Republican vote polled by said constituencies at the June and November elections. I believe it is my sacred duty truthfully and faithfully to represent my constituents upon this floor and upon this occasion; but, Mr. President, during a temporary fit of mental aberration and believing it necessary to secure a nomination, I took Statement No. 1, hook and line, bob and sinker, never for a moment supposing that I entered a trap set for me by the enemy, and never thinking the present contingency could by any possibility arise, and realizing, Mr. President, that in complying with the terms of said statement I am representing other constituencies than my own, and that I am driving a nail in the coffin of my party, the party to which I owe all of political preferment I may have received and enjoyed; but, having taken said pledge and having more regard for my ante-election pledge than I have for the life and the preservation of my party and for that which I verily believe to be for the best interest of the state and country at large, or for the wishes of my constituents, I cast my vote for George E. Chamberlain, Democrat, to represent the Republican State of Oregon in the United States Senate, and may God have mercy upon my soul,—if I have any."

D. WEBSTER.

BECAUSE HE ALWAYS "MADE GOOD"

This Is the Reason W. C. Brown Is Now the Head of the New York Central.

Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.

The rise of W. C. Brown to the presidency of the New York Central Railroad Company will afford another example in the business world of America of the opportunities open to men who began life at the foot of the ladder.

It is announced that Mr. Brown was born in Herkimer County, New York, in 1853, and that his first position on a railroad was that of a woodcorder on a Milwaukee & St. Paul engine in 1869. In 1870 he became a railroad telegraph operator; in 1872 dispatcher of the Iowa division of the Illinois Central; in 1876 division superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Later, by successive promotions, he reached the office of vice-president and general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Then he was chosen general manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and now, on February 1, will become president of the great New York Central system.

These successive steps were promotions for merit. It is evident that Mr. Brown has been steadily making good. That is the only way men secure repeated advances in great business corporations. There may be isolated cases of favoritism through the possession of what is known in politics as "a pull," but they are not the rule. On the contrary, they are exceedingly rare. Of course, comparatively few reach the highest rounds of the ladder; but there are many desirable lower rounds which are attainable through merit and fidelity.

There is not a particle of doubt that this rule is going to hold good in the future, and young men who are beginning their business careers should shape their course accordingly. The keen, searching eyes of the big-brained men at the head of the great corporations and business houses are always on the watch for the right men for promotion. They take account of character, of habits, of industry and fidelity. They demand results, and they choose for advancement the men who can be trusted and who bring things to pass.

Hetty's Perspicacity.

Los Angeles Times.

Hetty Green says she would rather have her daughter married to a good newspaper man than to any duke on earth. Hetty has probably observed that newspaper men never spend very much money.

A True Judgment.

New York Tribune.

The tangle in Oregon is not the result of the direct plan of nomination but of an attempt there to have a direct popular election of Senators, despite the Constitution.

A FEW SQUIBS.

"The first time he went out in his new auto he ran across a few friends, and—" "Did they leave families?"—Baltimore American.

"Was your father college bred?" "Yes, but we never mention it. The college he went to had a rotten football team."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Disgusted Caddie (who has been plentifully besprinkled with mother earth by novice)—It's no' customary to put the tee in the caddie at gowf, mister!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Patience," said Uncle Eben, "is good in its place. But dar ain't no cash compensation fob de man dat waits fob a thaw instid o' hustlin' out wif a snowshoval."—Washington Star.

"Jane, there was a whole pie in the pantry. What became of it?" "My young man called on me las' night, ma'am." "And did he eat all that pie?" "He was forced to, ma'am. There was so very little variety to choose from, ma'am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I was only acting the part of peacemaker," explained the prisoner. "But you knocked the man senseless with a stick," the magistrate pointed out. "Sure I did," was the answer. "There was no other way to 'ave peace with 'im around."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

O'Rourke—Sure, phat's th' matther wid me, is it? It's owin' to a argiument at th' raffle lasht night, whin me number nine wor called, an' Casey, who hild number six, towld me Ol' wor holdin' me card upsoide down. Flanigan—An' wor it a six you hild? O'Rourke—Shure, it wor; but Casey had to sthand me on me head befoor Ol cud see it thot way.—Judge.