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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1909.

THE PROTEST AGAINST THE ROOSEVELT HUNT.

Professional humanitarians may sometimes be too awfully mild, pitiful and humane to permit them the use of their customary good sense when dealing with their favorite topic of kindness to animals. It is an instance confirming what the great Shakespeare says when he observes that "goodness grows to a plurisy" (not pleurisy), and "dies in its own too much."

Our Humane Society of Oregon is disposed to second and support the protest that comes from similar societies in other states against the intention of President Roosevelt to go to Africa on a hunting expedition for "big game. Objection is made to useless slaughter of helpless creatures; against which so distinguished a man as Theodore Roosevelt ought to set the humane influence of wise example, instead of participating in such acts of cruelty himself.

We permit the hunting of big game at home, in this, our enlightened land; and we do our best at all seasons of the year to kill noxious animals wherever we find them. We have open seasons, moreover, for killing all descriptions of wild birds and animals. Our state is just about to enact a law to promote the ruthless slaughter of coyotes, and everybody is at all times encouraged to kill jack rabbits—both for sport and pastime and for protection of crops and gardens.

No civilized country forbids this form of sport; yet The Oregonian will admit for itself that it doesn't quite see why there should be so much fondness for it. We have trapped the beaver out of existence, have almost annihilated the elk, and have reduced the deer kind to rare specimens in our woods. One good result has come from this destruction, namely, we diminish the number of bears, cougars, jaguars, ounces, pards, coyotes and wolves, by cutting off the supply of the animals they prey upon—though indeed one does dislike to see our pheasants and other birds exterminated, as a means of starving out the skunks and wildcats. However, it is always a strife for balance of the two forces of nature; and the bears and wolves and skunks and wildcats, cut off from their supply of food by extermination of game by our hunters and sportsmen, become more troublesome to our poultry and to our sheep folds; and noxious and innoxious animals therefore must perish together, till like the few remaining deer and bears and buffaloes the last specimens are preserved in private or public parks, here and there.

But Roosevelt likes to hunt big game, and is going to Africa to find it. He doesn't care for shooting ducks or rabbits. His nature is such that in him "it more stirs the blood to rouse the lion than to start the hare." He goes to find lions and tigers and hippopotami, animals not specially friendly to man. As for the elephant, it is all but extinct. Sources of our ivory now are guncotton or papier mache. But our humanitarians seem to think it terrible cruelty to kill lions and tigers? Why not also let the rattlesnake of Oregon alone? He only obeys his natural instincts. God must have intended all these animals to live, or he wouldn't have placed them on the earth. But man has other ideas about them. Or perhaps some of our people have mistaken God's intent.

Man is in a struggle with Nature, always. He is not guided at all times by a very high intelligence; but he knows that it is his business on the earth to exterminate his enemies. He likes to kill, too, just for the delight of killing. It is "sport" for him. If he has deer or pheasants in his own enclosures he will protect them. But if they are anybody's property he wants them. He takes wild animals and birds of passage, wherever he can get them. And fish, too. Some don't care for the sport. Others there still are who expect to lay in their supply of Winter's meat. Still others like Theodore Roosevelt, like to hunt "big game." The element of adventure and of danger is as exhilarating as the charge up the slopes of San Juan Hill.

As to noxious and destructive animals, it is not the business or duty of man to protect them, but to destroy them. It is a very practical business. It is part of the necessary work of Man's triumph over Nature; and the ends of humanity are served, not by sparing such creatures but by destroying them. Look on this picture, which we find in one of Huxley's essays:

> A tigress carried off an unfortunate Indian villager—as a cat may carry off a mouse—without doing the man any mortal injury. Tracked to her lair in the jungle, the brute was seen to set down the half-disabled captive before her cubs, who commenced mumbling and mauling him to the best of their infantine ability, while the tender mother complacently watched their clumsy efforts to deal with the big game she had brought home. But if the man, driven desperate, succeeded for a moment in beating off his small tormentors and crawling away a few yards, a judiciously administered grip with the thoughtful parent's strong jaws, or a cuff from her heavy and sharp-clawed paw, at once reduced the victim to a state in which the cubs could safely resume their worrying and scratching.

A ball from a rifle of large caliber ended this touching scene of natural instinct and motherly love. The love of a mother for her offspring is a very beautiful thing but apart from man there is no morality in Nature, and our friends who call it "inhuman" to slay wild beasts fail to think the subject out. Killing merely for sport some may, indeed many do, deplore; but it is not inconsistent with the general sense of mankind, and judging from the long historical past, it is not likely ever to be so regarded. But torture of animals, even of ferocious animals, is matter of another kind. Universal humanity protests against it. Even the cock fight and the bull fight, based on the combative spirit of animals, provoked for the amusement of man, are not tolerated in a highly developed moral civilization. But, admitting man's right to kill animals that would destroy him, what right has he, on the doctrine of our so-called humane societies, to take the life of any inoffensive animal? What right has he to take the life of a sheep, to keep himself from starvation? What right but the right of Nature, which is the right of the strongest, for survival of the fittest?

SPECIMEN BRICKS.

Mr. Fitzgerald, a deputy in the office of the District Attorney of Multnomah County, is at Salem, to urge that his salary be increased from $1800 to $3000 a year, because he has so many arduous labors to perform, which keep him late at night, and deprive him of the benefit of tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. Yet we doubt whether he would sleep better if he had the $3000. Indeed there is reason to believe he would sleep less. Observe that he isn't working so hard at his official duties, night and day, that he hasn't time to go to Salem, and lobby for more pay. Besides, if he is overworked and underpaid, what is to hinder Mr. Fitzgerald from tendering his resignation? Is there any statute that compels him to do this work for insufficient pay and with loss of sleep? Or is he "doing time" under a sentence of some court? These are interesting inquiries. This application for more pay is a type of many more; indeed of all the rest. The Legislature is beset day and night by these people, who want "more." But there is nothing under the sun to prevent them from seeking "more," in private employments, and getting it, too, if they have the energy, industry and ability. One and all they are trying to "milk the state," and to get something—not merely something, but something big—for nothing. It is a problem for the committees of appropriations, and of ways and means.

The beggary is shameless; its schemes are infinite. Here, for another example, is a proposition to create the office of State Fire Warden. He is to receive a salary of $3000 a year, and is to have an expensive office and office force, with an infinite or unknown number of deputies and clerks—all paid out of the State Treasury, or less directly by the public. It seems that neither the owners of property nor the insurance companies are able to take care of their own interests. The one sort want their property to burn, the other sort want to pay the losses; and to prevent disaster we must have a state bureau, composed of a lot of office-seekers, who know nothing at all about the business, but want the job. They who own property and pay taxes ought easily to pay $15,000 to $20,000 a year to support these parasites; who invent this job, because they are too worthless to work, and know that as common beggars they would be turned down.

These are but instances. Ab duobus disce omnes. Appropriations asked for new schemes or for extensions of old ones, are infinite in number, and in amount beyond computation. It seems that the state is expected to support everything and everybody. But we believe the Legislature wishes to be moderate and reasonable. Great pressure comes on the heads of committees. A day of prayer for their support and for increase of their strength might not be out of place or time. O, the Heavens! the multitude of these people who want to live and fatten upon the state, and are perfectly shameless about it! They are of the class who are too proud to work, but to beg they are not ashamed!

PLAINT OF A SOCIALIST.

Inasmuch as the people calling themselves Socialists are unable to agree among themselves as to what constitutes a genuine dyed-in-the-wool, name-blown-in-the-bottle Socialist, it is perhaps pardonable in The Oregonian if it fails to draw a fine line of distinction between the different classes. In a communication printed elsewhere Mr. William Isensee takes exceptions to comment made in this paper on "our real leisure class." Mr. Isensee questions the propriety of calling people Socialists "because they say themselves that they are." There is in some respects a distinction without a difference between socialism and communism. The basic principle of each is the abolition of inequalities in the possession of property. Each has in view a complete reconstruction of our social system. There is a striking similarity in the dictionary definitions of the two words. Of "socialism" Webster explains: "The word, however, is used with a great variety of meaning even by economists and learned critics."

The Oregonian applied the term "socialist" to people who say they are socialists and to those who are advocates of the doctrines of socialism as defined and understood by "economists and learned critics." The "sentimental nonsense" which Mr. Isensee asserts is taught at the Sunday schools has no direct bearing on the matter. The text for Mr. Isensee's criticism was The Oregonian's favorable comment on the honest, hard-working citizens who by industry and thrift in early life had amassed a competency which permitted them to spend their declining years in ease at the southern health resorts.

"Now," says Mr. Isensee, "if they would really spend the money they had accumulated, no Socialist would say anything about it even if he had not earned it, because there is an enormous natural wealth which is in existence without anybody doing anything, and anybody who has the intelligence to appropriate a part of this natural wealth and use it for his or her benefit, is entirely welcome to it. All human beings ought to have a share of it. But most of them do not spend their wealth there. They do not spend the money they have earned or accumulated; they only spend the interest or income therefrom."

From this it would seem that the worst offense of our leisure class is their refusal to spend all of the money that they have amassed during years of hard labor and privations. The capital should go with the interest; then if sickness or unexpected reverses occur, instead of a peaceful, independent old age at the health resort, the "real leisure class" can join the socialists and make a raid on some other hard-working, thrifty man who has not been spending his principal along with the interest. In the opinion of Mr. Isensee, Mr. James J. Hill is today the greatest and best industrial socialist we have in the United States. "That man troubles his mind how the millions of people will be fed and clothed in the future."

With all due respect to Mr. Hill, he has never allowed the food and clothing of the people of the future to lead him far enough into the path of socialism to cease his unremitting labors for the creation of more millions than he can ever spend, even in a quiet life at a health resort. And yet he gives liberally to the needy, and the same can be said of many other millionaires, some of whom secured their wealth by questionable means and some by strictly honorable business methods.

Mr. Isensee says that "whenever two or more men or women unite in an industrial enterprise, either as partners, stockholders or shareholders, for their mutual benefit, there is the beginning of socialism, crude and imperfect as it may be." This, if true, would make the Standard Oil Company an "industrial enterprise" in which Rockefeller, Rogers, Flagler and others united "as partners, stockholders or shareholders," an ideal socialistic undertaking. On the whole, we think The Oregonian's interpretation of socialism will measure up favorably with that of our critic.

A UTOPIAN SUGGESTION.

The trouble with the educational institutions of Oregon is that they have grown up without a plan. They are situated where they are because at one time and another interested persons have wanted them there for their private advantage. The public welfare has never been considered in locating them. This is just as true of the University and Agricultural College as it is of th Normal Schools. None of the plans for solving the everlasting Normal School question go to the root of the matter. To do that the University and Agricultural College would have to be included. Large as the sum is which has been spent on these schools for buildings and equipment, the state would gain financially by throwing it all overboard and grouping its schools under a careful plan at some one place. A saving in buildings, equipment, salaries and incidentals would thus be effected, which in a short time would more than make up all that had been sacrificed. This suggestion is made, not with any hope that it will ever be followed, but merely for the pleasure of contrasting a little common sense with the routine which has heretofore been followed and which will not be abandoned.

A scheme to group the schools under a common control at some central point would not be in any sense a blow at education. Of course the places which were to lose their particular institutions would thus interpret the change, but nobody else would. In reality, education would gain by it. The total sum now frittered away in maintaining several schools feebly would endow a single one amply. It would provide a strong faculty, a great library, good laboratories and convenient buildings. What rational excuse is there for maintaining a faculty at Eugene and another at Corvallis to teach substantially the same studies with a corresponding duplication of buildings and equipment? Why should there be Normal Schools separate from the University? Why not provide a corps of teachers qualified for Normal instruction and let them teach their classes in the University buildings? If the buildings are not large enough, it would be cheaper to enlarge them than to build new plants.

TRYING TO HANDICAP PORTLAND.

Advices from Salem indicate that Portland, as usual, must make a hard fight to prevent the passage of commerce-hampering pilotage laws and to secure legislation admitting of improvement in the service at the mouth of the river. Portland has spent millions in the improvement of the river and to aid in facilitating shipping. The economies resulting from this expenditure have reduced freight rates, thus increasing the profits of every producer in the Willamette Valley and Eastern Oregon. In this work of deepening the river and improving the pilotage and tug service, Portland has received no financial support from localities beyond the Port of Portland limits. That such support from localities which were sharing with Portland in the benefits from this expenditure has been withheld is unjust, but it has in no manner influenced Portland to abandon the work.

The early builders of the city selected this port because it was at the farthest point inland at which ocean vessels could load and discharge cargo. Their successors have maintained its early prestige. Regardless of expense, continued improvements will be made to meet the ever-changing requirements of commerce. Portland is carrying on this work uncomplainingly. We are taxing our people to provide a tug and pilot service at the entrance of the river in order that the service may be improved and the expense lessened. Nine-tenths of the ocean tonnage entering the river comes to Portland to load and discharge, and nineteen-twentieths of the ocean commerce of the river is handled by Portland capital.

With these facts in view, it seems strange and unfair that at every session of the Legislature Portland is obliged to send a lobby of business men to Salem either to aid in preventing the passage of legislation directed against the port or to secure the passage of laws which on their merits should be passed without opposition. Thanks to the vigilance of Representative Campbell, of Clackamas County, a fair-weather passage of one of the most pernicious of these anti-Portland measures that has yet appeared was arrested Thursday before it had completed its voyage through both houses. The main point in connection with this Astoria opposition to Portland regulation of pilotage and towage matters is that Portland, handling practically all of the business that passes in and out of the Columbia River, and being held responsible for any shortcomings in the service at any point between Portland and the sea, should have a voice in the regulation of this service in keeping with her interest therein.

Aside from this feature of the matter, every improvement in the service on the bar, either in pilotage or towage, must help Astoria proportionately as it helps Portland and the territory served from this city. Portland is paying the bills and handling the business, and it has and can prove the ability to get better results than can be secured by persons or ports having only a slight interest in the matter. Portland has grown in size and strength since the late Captain Flavel with a paid lobby so successfully maintained his pilotage and towage monopoly at the entrance of the river; the tail no longer wags the dog.

Mene Keeshol, a young Eskimo, who is the sole survivor of a band brought to New York by Peary in 1895, is studying civil engineering in New York. As soon as he finishes his education he will start on a polar expedition of his own. That he is perfectly familiar with the manner in which twentieth-century polar expeditions are conducted is shown by his statement that the present explorers "fit out comfortable ships and stay in a comfortable harbor until Spring, and then make a dash to see how far they can get. When the Summer is over they start back home, and when they return, write books and magazine articles." Keeshol will vary the monotony of this type of polar search by going as far as he can each year and making a permanent camp, from which he will start the following year, and by this method he seems confident that he can reach the long-sought northern will-o'-the-wisp.

The refusal of Attorney-General Bonaparte to appear before the Senate committee on judiciary and explain the Tennessee Coal & Iron deal cannot fail to excite adverse criticism. It was a transaction of National importance. If it was conducted in accordance with law, there is no reason for concealing the particulars from the public. The mere fact that neither the President nor his Attorney-General has shown a willingness to have the affair thoroughly ventilated will cause a far greater commotion than anything which the investigation would bring to light.

A man who has been growing fruit in Oregon for thirty years has moved to Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and proposes to introduce Hood River methods in apple-growing. He is nearly three-score years, but has the optimism of the West, and will show his neighbors how he can get as much for a box of apples as they get for a barrel. Proximity to the big markets is in his favor, and it is safe to say his old age is assured from want. It is also safe to say he will get heartsick at times for a sight of the mountain and river and the timber line.

In support of the enormously increased cost of the Health Officer's department as compared with the economical administration of Dr. Wheeler the present incumbent asserts that Dr. Wheeler's statistics were improperly kept. The increased cost of the office amounts to several hundred dollars per month, a sum which would employ a large number of statisticians—if that is what the city needs when it employs a health officer.

Ike Stephenson, who spent over $100,000 to get the primary nomination for Senator in Wisconsin—and got it—has escaped investigation by the Wisconsin Legislature, which has decided to let the matter of his campaign expenses drop. Stephenson is Wisconsin's great producer, and naturally they don't want to worry him.

The "home talent" among the Central and Southern Oregon lawyers ought to be strongly in favor of Senator Kellaher's bill, which is intended to keep Judge Webster in Portland instead of permitting him to spend so much of his time on private legal business in remote parts of the state.

Mr. Shanahan should read closely the news as printed. Mr. Roosevelt did not ride one horse ninety-seven miles. He had twenty-mile relays and thus returned to the city with the animal on which he left. The only "inhumanity" was to himself, and he can stand a lot of that.

Governor-elect Cosgrove has started north to take the oath of office. Several hundred expectant office-seekers will start for home soon after Cosgrove's arrival, for the offices in Washington, as in Oregon, have never been equal to the number of men who wanted them.

The Northwest Sabbath Association, whose petition for a "proper" observance of the Lord's day will be sent to the Legislature, makes too fine a distinction in stopping everything else. They should include streetcars, for those who desire can walk to church.

Ten dollars a day pay, four-dollar rooms and one-dollar meals for Democrats who are members of the Oregon Commission at the Seattle Fair, and think of the Republicans who should be spending that money! The world feels cold on the outside!

Another of those timely vetoes by Mayor Lane came yesterday, when he refused to sign the ordinance appropriating $3000 to remove the snow from the streets. Fine judgment to stop payment before the chinook presents its bill.

The frolics of the rich make the virtues of the poor. The nasty details of the latest London scandal but serve to show that idle time is the most expensive thing a woman may have, unless it be a French maid who wants to tell.

Mr. Hopkins, people's choice for Senator in Illinois, continues to be shy about fifteen votes at Springfield. In these days of Statement No. 1, and the like, it is well enough not to overlook the Legislature.

The deadly overhead wire continues to levy its tribute now and then. But then we suppose it would be hazardous to put the wires underground on account of the danger of earthquakes.

Now the Northwest Sabbath Association wants no theaters, ball games or other amusements on Sunday. The Northwest Sabbath Association should call in a permanent snow storm.

"Joseph Leiter," the news dispatches say, "was today successfully operated on for appendicitis." And about $5000, more or less.

The Cuban Congress is going to raise the salaries of all members from $300 to $400 per month. Cuba is obviously civilized.

It being Senator Albee's first session, perhaps he looked for too much.

FIRST STEPS IN NEWSPAPERDOM.

Discouragement of One Young Man Knocking at the Gate.

PORTLAND, Jan. 19.—(To the Editor.)—It is not so much yourself to whom I would address myself, as others in the newspaper business, who may read a statement such as this in your far-reaching publication, and who may be favored with a more generous amount of time to think over a matter that is comparatively unimportant.

It happens that I wish to be a writer—at least in later years, and to that end I have advertised in "want ad" columns of The Oregonian. By this medium I have secured several interviews with men who run newspapers—and if I am not imposing, I should like to tell of an experience or two.

One gentleman I recall in particular, who had an immense inclination to pull me along, up the steps of a train en route to his town and paper, only to push me back again with the chill information that whatever the sins and imperfections of his man might be, he must have an expert proofreader. A person is not apt to be any sort of a proofreader at 20, let alone an expert. Neither grammar nor high schools teach it, so far as I am aware. It is probably a fact that very few "expert" proofreaders have learned by a correspondence course. The learning of the art shrouds itself in profound darkness. One would judge from the inaccessibility of any practice in it, that proofreading is indeed one of the occult sciences, and that at some Himalayan initiation it is conferred on the mystic candidate, a full-blown art. Away from this darksome view, the only route to proofreading, one would suspect, is to proof-read—say at a printers' or preferably at a newspaper.

Another very courteous and presumably very influential gentleman of this city, recently talked to me, and incidentally told mme much that will do me good. "Efficiency is what this world demands," he told me, and at the words "this world" unintentially gave a short glance about his office. "This world is not cold-blooded, boy, but it wants efficiency and cares not how much mediocrity it upsets in its effort to secure it"; or, with words to that effect, he continued, and also told me of other matters more specific. I trust he sees this, and again from this medium accepts my thanks for the interview.

At the risk of appearing falsely confident, I will offer a minor criticism on these same newspaper men who have talked to me. They are usually capable of grasping and speaking intelligently on wonderfully diverse subject matter, but I cannot understand their sympathetic and almost patronizing attitude toward a stenographer. They associate with the term "stenographer" the ideas of "machine" and "mechanical." Up to the present writing I have repressed myself from explaining how it is that a good stenographer can no longer be good if he dares become as mechanical as the average salesman, clergyman or actor. Approximately speaking, is it not the same trend of mind classifying stenography with mechanicalness that associates a wronged heroine, a che-ylide and stage snow with the once beautiful "Flower Song" of Lange?

But the foregoing is, as I said, a minor criticism. There is a great anomalous convolution in the brain of the newspaper man who has the employing to do; and that certain convolution has been in a state of aberration so long that undoubtedly it feels quite natural. It was caused by his preaching that the greatest lights in journalism, as well as in other lines of endeavor, learned in no other school but that of experience, and that experience—practical, not school experience—even at this day moulds the master in each line of activity. You will note that I spout the identical phraseology of the newspaper preacher. What further helped to set the wayward convolution toward the line of the moon's influence, was the refusal of the newspaper publisher to employ any one young enough to need experience. They would not take anyone who had not made considerable progress in some other line of work, and consequently to whom newspaper work meant a second "beginning." Even the word has a warping influence on the manila envelope.

The city papers, for excellent reasons, will not employ a young writer if he have no experience on some country daily. For which a city publisher cannot be blamed. The country publishers, on the other hand, do not conceal their desire to secure men with practical city experience. It helps eliminate from their papers much that is thought of in connection with rural publications. And they certainly are to be commended for their effort.

And as the peaceful, happy moments roll, the new man is to commence where? Yours very truly,

HENRY SCHAEFFER.

The new man is to begin at the bottom, where the great army of newspaper men got their start. This correspondent has ambition to become a writer. His letter indicates that he has the making of one. Singularly he does not make use of the word "reporter." Perhaps it did not occur to him, and therein may lie the cause that led to barren results from his want advertisement.

All city newspapers want young men; those with college training, as a rule, have the preference. The local staff is always full and there is always a waiting list; it is too much for an applicant to expect a job the day he applies. He will do well if he gets a place on the extra list within a month. A young man in Chicago now holding a $75-a-week desk position tells that he hung around six weeks waiting for his first assignment, and received for it $1.50.

Sooner or later, the novice is certain to get a tryout. If he has the news instinct and knows how to write a news story, he will have permanent employment. His advancement will be in proportion to his efficiency. Meantime, he has ample opportunity to equip himself for higher work.

The reason why the city newspaper inclines to prefer the country reporter as against the inexperienced city man is that presumably he is an all-around man, having come into touch with the various sources of news and knowing what constitutes news. In the city where he will specialize, he will develop his power to put news stories into attractive literary form. The city newspaper wants men familiar with the history, traditions, habits and especially the spirit of the field in which it circulates; yet it also wants young men from other sections of the land. Their aims and ideals, forming a union with those of their adopted state, bring about a most happy combination.

The young novice whose ambition is to become a newspaper writer must have a little patience. He can't force an opening, but the chances are good for beginning as a reporter. With his foot on the lowest rung, the height to which he rises lies with him.

The First Thought.

Baltimore American.

"The first time he went out in his new auto he ran across a few friends, and—"

"Did they leave families?"

Bryan Getting Into Touch.

Washington Star.

Mr. Bryan says he hopes he will not have to run in 1912. This shows that he is developing a faculty for getting into touch with public sentiment.

What Carnegie Knows.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

At least this much may be said for Mr. Carnegie's views on the tariff—he knows when he has enough.

WHY DID SOME SCHOOLS FAIL?

Composition Contest Disclosed Weak Spots in Portland Schools.

PORTLAND, Jan. 20.—(To the Editor.)—The contest in composition writing by the pupils and students of the city schools, inaugurated by The Oregonian, has given much public information, relative to literary work that is done, or that ought to be done. The selection of "Ben Hur," as a subject was very apropos. It demanded that principals and teachers should re-read this beautiful story, so as to put before pupils and students the salient features. In fact, it made Ben Hur copies in demand among pupils of the schools. This is of itself a stimulus for good reading. The simple story was easy to reproduce, but the deductions from the teachings of the Christ have to be supplied by instruction by principals and teachers. No doubt, this point figured in making the awards, since this would show the originality of the compositions.

The Oregonian has accomplished a composition contest in the schools for public information and has given the successful competitors the opportunity to see the living story with its proper deductions. The Oregonian has done more; it has inaugurated the first composition contest in the city schools, whereby patrons and citizens can estimate the teachings of this particular subject of the school curriculum.

The two high schools, where composition writing is a special feature, made a very creditable showing. So did the Catholic schools, but a better record was expected from the elementary schools, as a whole. Very creditable showing was made by 14 elementary schools, with attendance ranging from 400 to 800, notably Brooklyn, Clinton Kelly, Failing, Hawthorne, Highland, Holladay, Irvington, Ladd, North Central, Shattuck, Stephens, Sunnyside, Williams-avenue and Woodlawn. These schools virtually captured all of the awards.

There being more than 30 elementary schools, the natural inquiry is: "what is the matter with the remaining elementary schools?"

Among the schools that failed to win any recognition—three have attendance that ranges from 400 to 500—are Portsmouth, Ockley Green, Thompson, Atkinson, Kerns, Montavilla, Mt. Tabor, Vernon, Ariela and Chapman. The Shaver, Lents, Holman, Sellwood and Couch, having attendance that ranges from 350 to 750, won one reward each. Davis school with an attendance of 100 won one reward. Other schools with attendance ranging from 150 to 250—Ainsworth, Creston, Glencoe, Peninsular, South Mt. Tabor, Terwilliger, and Woodstock—drew blanks in the contest.

The Oregonian has brought before the public by this contest, a failure in many schools to develop in pupils what is so much needed in active life. A semi-annual contest of this kind would awaken the dormant principals and teachers and bring them to face the exigencies of short teaching, since the public omission of their schools from the list of winners would not be creditable showing to their patrons, nor to the public in general.

The course of studies for the elementary schools prescribes language and composition. The importance of this branch of work has been frequently impressed on principals and teachers by the City Superintendent, since his incumbency. E. M. EDGAR.

NAPOLEON'S FINERY.

The Elegant Stuff, Now Brought to View, That Never Was Used.

Letter, Detroit Free Press.

Among the many curious museums in which Paris is rich the one called the Garde Meuble has a unique interest. A visit to its galleries makes one feel as if one had touched hands with dead kings and queens. It is the most intimate collection of its size in all Europe.

The reason is that it contains a multitude of objects which were in personal use by the dead and gone rulers of France—clothing, toilet articles, furniture and all sorts of personal belongings. There are more than 1000 articles in the collection, most of them not only interesting but beautiful and costly as well.

All these things are arranged historically so that one sees together the belongings of Louis XIV., of Louis XV., of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, of Napoleon, of Louis Philippe, of Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie, and finally examples of furnishings used under the present republic.

Not long ago the directors of the museum decided to take an inventory of its treasures, not a third of which are on public exhibition. Many of them have been hoarded carefully—so carefully, it appears, that the very existence of some of them had been forgotten, for an interesting discovery has been made in one of the houses where the overflow is stored.

This is a collection of materials in silk, velvet and brocade of the greatest magnificence, which were ordered in 1811 by Napoleon I. for the refurnishing of the great chateau at Versailles, unoccupied since the tragic departure of Marie Antoinette.

Napoleon had been living in the Trianon across the park from the grand chateau, but decided that he was cramped there and that he would reign at the huge palace in a splendor not second to that with which Louis XIV. had filled it. So he sent orders to the silk and velvet merchants of Lyons for immense quantities of costly fabrics for hangings, upholstering, and so forth.

The idea was a trifle too late. The war with Russia came soon, and the next two years were spent on 100 battlefields instead of in silk-hung chateaus. In April, 1814, Napoleon abdicated and all the gorgeous materials have lain in obscurity for almost a century.

The Last Squeak.

Newberg Graphic.

In the last state campaign a number of Republican candidates for the Legislature rode into office by signing Statement No. 1, but this was the first shovel of dirt in the digging of their political graves. The last blubbering obsequies were performed Monday, when they endeavored to pull themselves from the mire by explanations, before casting their votes for a Democrat.

Why She Needed No Bracelets.

New York Sun.

The Venus of Milo explained.

"Pulled 'em off hanging on car straps," she said briefly.

Thus we learn that beauty does not always obtain a seat.

Patsy Lavey.

[Patrick Lavey is the Tom Richardson of Vancouver, Wash.]

Do yez mind the great commotion—
Do yez hear that rushin' sound
Like a cyclone that's in motion
From the center all around?
Arrah, thin, I'll tell the rayson—
'Tis the shtartin' av the sayson
Whin to "knock" will be High Trayson
In this town.

Och, it's Lavey! Lavey! Lavey!
He's the laddie-buck for me
How he does the trick so nately,
Sure, 'tis more than I can see.
But he's wakin' up Vancouver
Till she's lively as can be,
And the secret av it all is Patsy Lavey!

Sure, 'tis quare to see the antics
That the ould town's cuttin' up,
(It will drive thim moosbacks frantic
But they'll have to drink their cup.)
Musha, lads, we'll have a city
Foine an' large an' rich an' pretty,
If we'll all be brave an' gritty,
And buck up.

Och, it's Lavey! Lavey! Lavey!
Divil wan av us can say
What that interprizin' spalpeen
Will be up to, anny way.
But there's wan thing sure entoirely,
He is comin' here to stay,
For we'll niver, niver part wid Patsy Lavey!

—Vancouver Daily Columbian.

NOW, FOR A PSYCHIC REST ROOM.

Chicago's Latest Movement for Banishing Mental Ills and Worries.

Chicago Tribune.

A psychic rest room, where one's worries and mental ills are to be banished by that subtle power which everybody is supposed to contain within onself, is to become a fact in Chicago. This rest room—the first of its kind—is to be maintained in connection with the classes in Christian psychology which meet at the Immanuel Baptist church.

It was at last evening's session of the class, the first to be held at this church, that the Rev. Johnston Myers announced that the rest room would be established in the near future. While declaring that it was not expected to become a panacea for all ills, he said it would be maintained by the same theory that had permitted him to keep in such physical condition that he could remain in his pulpit until the present.

Just where the room would be Dr. Myers did not know. It has been suggested, however, that the room be opened in the business district, in order that tired workers in the loop, as well as shoppers, may seize upon a leisure moment in the day and banish all worries and troubles for a brief period.

"I have insisted on taking an hour of this sort—two, if possible—at all times, myself, and I credit my present good health as much to this practice as anything else," said Dr. Myers. "I shut myself in a room, close the doors, and forget that there is such a thing as an outside world. I tell everybody about the house that I am not to be seen by anybody.

"The result is surprising to anybody who knows nothing about this practice. I arouse myself at the end of the hour feeling refreshed and ready to take up my work again. It isn't that I have been asleep, but that I have learned to relax myself in such a manner that I can forget to worry about anything.

"I read of a similar practice by District Attorney Jerome, of New York City, and believe it has been just as beneficial to that indefatigable worker. At his busiest times it is said of him that he will retreat into his office, lock the door and refuse to see visitors, no matter how important the mission. If the visitor places his ear to the keyhole, however, it is probable that he will hear deep, long breathing, telling of the prosecutor's restful condition."

The class in Christian psychology was organized a week ago by Bishop Samuel Fallows. Dr. Myers, in his address to the class, spoke in praise of practically every known curative power.

"We want to put our knowledge of psychology to work where it will do the most good," said Dr. Myers. Psychology has been used before, but it has been used, generally in a blundering manner. Now we hope to study how it can be used best, and I believe we can accomplish wonders by its proper use.

"I think that these lectures will be of great value, primarily, to ailing persons who can come here. They may study how to help themselves. They will be of greater good, however, in that they will teach these people how to help others."

Have the Paramount "Ell" Quality.

Kansas City Star.

The full name of Ohio's next Senator is Theodore Elijah Burton. And Elihu Root will be the next Senator from New York. Both of these statesmen possess to a marked degree the paramount "Ell" quality.

The Pot and the Kettle.

Exchange.

The woman never lived who was satisfied with a man, and the men are equally fussy about the women.

Rough on the Rich.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Just think of the poor rich who have to ride in automobiles this weather. B-r-r-r-r!

THEODORE'S RIDE.

(With apologies to Longfellow and Paul Revere.)

Boise Statesman.

Listen, my children, and you shall roar
At the all-day ride of Theodore,
On the thirteenth of Janu'ry, nineteen nine;
He didn't wait till the weather was fine,
But on through the sleet and snow he tore.

He said to three men, "If you ride with me,
By road and river, o'er hill and dale,
We'll let the Army and Navy see
That only a Mollycoddle would fail
To stand the simple physical test
That I impose for promotion's sake!
So pull on your boots and button your vest,
Come! Come! You're just about half awake!"

Then they mounted steeds and they broke away,
Galloping on to Virginia's shore
Just as the first faint streak of day
Lightened the awful tempest's roar.
There was surgeon-General Rixey, he
Is a mighty man in our navee,
And Dr. Grayson and Dr. Butt,
They rode 'cos they wanted to ride!
Tut! Tut!

It was wet when they started out, but say
It was wetter still in a little while,
And they all forgot the pretty way
That the riding-school taught them to ride in style.
It rained, it hailed, it blew, and hailed, and rained!
Had you heard the wicked words that flowed
From their lips, my children, you would have been pained.

It was afternoon when they stopped at last,
In the little inn at Warren Green,
Where the starving riders broke their fast,
While Theodore broke into speech—'twould seem
That the breath of the tempest didn't compare
With the breath of Theodore making a wheeze
To the Warrenton people, asserting there,
"My people, my power and my policies!"

It was half-past eight by the Senate clock
When the quartet rode into Washington.
None of them boasted a nice, dry sock
At the end of that strenuous ninety-mile run;
Chilled to the marrow, but still erect,
They galloped on, past the Capitol dome
And each had a good hot drink I expect
When at last he alighted safe at home.

So through a day rode Theodore,
And so through that day in wild alarm
The folk in every village and farm
Say that he didn't ride—he tore!
And that word shall echo forevermore;
For borne on the night wind of the past
Through all our history down to the last
The wise Gazabo, when he shall hear
Of that reckless ride through the tempest vast,
Shall say, "What good it did, isn't clear!"
And he'll hug his fireplace all the more
For the reckless gallop of Theodore.

—Bobbie Babble.