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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1909.

IT WILL STRAIGHTEN OUT.

We get an unenviable notoriety, but it's our own fault. We have not been careful enough. We have departed too far from the old landmarks of regulated or constitutional government. We have given too much opportunity to innovators, sophisters and projectors. That is, we have opened too easy a way to this whole class of ignis fatuus reformers. We are suffering, as a state, in our reputation, as a consequence of it.

Here now is a circular from dwellers in the cave of dreams, of whom Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland (Ohio), is "treasurer." Johnson's airy and fairy schemes produced upset in Cleveland for a while; but they have been tried out, and rejected. Common sense, which is but another term for the results of experience, has done the business for Tom Johnson.

But this circular tells us that Joseph Fels, of Philadelphia, now resident in London, has pledged no less a sum than $25,000 a year, for five years, to support of a cause, of which Oregon shows herself thus far the best exampler. This interests us at once. For Fels, having profited immensely by rise of land in America, now goes to Europe to find a more congenial clime. The "cause" for which he puts up money is the common ownership of social values, especially of land values, from which he made his pile; and he now receives the income—including especially land values; and common ownership, moreover, of the general means of production and distribution. The assumption, then, is that Oregon has taken the lead in propagation of the doctrines and principles of Socialism. We get this statement, therefore:

OREGON—Here democracy has had a new birth. Under the leadership of W. S. U'Ren there is free citizenship. The people have the legislative initiative, as well as the referendum, and have a partial education in sound economics. A complete victory for land value taxation is within reach. At the Oregon election in June, 1908, a constitutional amendment which came much nearer our ideas than any ever before submitted in any state of the Union was voted on. Although bitterly fought by the plutocratic forces of the state, while the advocates of the measure were severely handicapped by lack of funds, it nevertheless received the indorsement of more than one-third of the voters, and failed by only a few votes to receive a majority in the City of Portland.

This should interest the landowners of Oregon, in town, city and country alike. It should interest also those who are striving to possess lands and to have proprietorship of their own homes. Now what was the proposition before the electorate of Oregon in June, 1908, which obtained a vote that gives so much encouragement to Socialism? In effect, it proposed to exempt everything but land from taxation; in terms, that buildings of all kinds and all machinery and appurtenances, all improvements on lands, all tools, livestock and everything but the land itself should be exempt. In other words, to "make the landowner sick," and dispossess him. It is the Henry George scheme, with only such variations as arise from ignorance even of Henry George's chimera.

Yet the assertion that this proposition received the approval of more than one-third of the voters of Oregon is true. But this was solely because the voters had not had time to examine and consider it. The vote was 32,066 for it; 60,871 against it. But it never will receive that proportion of the vote of Oregon again. Our people will look at, study, consider and pass more matured judgment on all propositions of this or related kind that may be submitted hereafter. The spirit that has fed these fallacies in Oregon, or to some extent has been hospitable to them, has passed its meridian, and tends now toward its setting. A novel scheme, sprung on the people of Oregon, mystified many of them; who now, however, are recovering their mental equilibrium.

But the injury to the state is great. It is apparent in such publications as this circular. Fortunate, however, it is that their mischief is limited by the meagerness of their circulation and by the inattention with which "crank literature" in general is received. Oregon, therefore, will recover. Relatively fewer will vote for these various crazy schemes, and within a few years the chiefest of the absurdities will cease altogether. The people can still be trusted to do their business under old forms of constitutional limitation and representative government. The Constitution itself will, ere long, be so firmly re-established that initiative petition and appeal year by year for change will not be permitted to disturb it; and when authors of the freak methods shall find their efforts fruitless, they will quit, and there will be peace and order, sense and judgment again. The which is necessary indeed.

Of course the millennium may not be very near at hand, but there are certainly signs of its approach, especially in some policies of the new administration. A few days ago Collector Loeb, of the Port of New York, "set back" a number of incompetents in the service by reducing their salaries to a figure approaching what their services might be worth. Now comes the news that Algernon Sartoris, whose chief claim to distinction lies in his being the grandson of the late U. S. Grant, has resigned the position of secretary of the American Legation at Guatemala, for the reason that he has been informed that his resignation would be acceptable. Reforms of this nature come slowly, but the Taft Administration has made a good beginning, and some day we may witness the remarkable spectacle of only fit men filling Government positions, and receiving salaries in keeping with their worth.

THE PIONEERS.

The Oregon Pioneer Association will meet in its thirty-seventh annual reunion today. For some days its members have been in evidence upon our streets and in our homes, all of them gray, many of them bowed by the weight of years, yet happy alike in reflection and contemplation. It is not necessary to exhort our citizens to kindness and consideration for these passing figures upon the dial of time. There is naught but kindness and veneration in the hearts of each and every one for those who still stand, albeit trembling, in the depleted ranks of the advance guard of our civilization. Pity is not the portion of these pioneers, but admiration and fealty and good will. They come among us year after year, slow of step, but eager to see and hear and enjoy, and thus wisely make the most of the time that is left to them.

Flowers and banners, song and words of welcome for the pioneers. Their ranks are thinning; many long-familiar faces will be absent from the banquet board today that smiled above it last June. Sacred to memory are these, and still welcome are those that remain.

SPOKANE CASE POSTPONED.

When a few Spokane retailers and real estate dealers, ignoring the warning of the jobbing interests of the City of Spokane, began agitating what has since become famous as the Spokane rate case, they had about as clear an idea as to ultimate results and effects as the infant playing with matches has regarding the extent of the ensuing conflagration. Enjoying special discriminatory rates against all of the surrounding territory, Spokane, in her greed for more, set in motion an engine of rate destruction so far reaching in its effect that it not only swept aside the protected rates on which Spokane had waxed great, but it also pulled down the entire rate fabric of that vast territory reaching from Chicago to the Pacific and from the British Columbia line to Mexico.

The disturbance caused by this radical overturning of rates in such a widespread territory quite naturally proved so great that the Interstate Commerce Commission, aghast at the possibilities for mischief and harm in a strict interpretation of its rulings, has practically reversed its decision, and will institute a searching investigation of conditions which govern rate-making throughout the West. The matter is no longer one in which the Pacific Coast alone must fight against discrimination, but it will be joined and aided by the commercial organizations of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The attempt of the Interstate Commerce Commission to nullify the advantages of water competition has in degree the same effect on the Atlantic ports that it has on the Pacific ports.

The order of the commission in the Spokane rate case, if it were carried out, would enable manufacturers of the Middle West to drive those of the Atlantic Coast out of the Pacific Northwest trade field. This would be an injustice alike to the consumer and to the people located where the natural advantages of water competition are available. It will be hardly possible for Spokane ever again to enjoy the discriminatory rate she formerly had, but the tide-water ports on both coasts will undoubtedly fare better at the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing next Fall than they have fared up to date.

NEW TERRITORY FOR PORTLAND.

The Hill plan for draining the entire wheat region of Eastern Washington to tide water by water-level grades is working out quite rapidly. A Seattle dispatch in yesterday's Oregonian, announcing the award of a contract for construction of a branch line from Adrian to Connell, is the most important piece of railroad news that has appeared in Portland this year. It is doubtful if there is another locality in the Pacific Northwest where a comparatively insignificant 65 miles of railroad will work such commercial changes as will follow construction of this north and south line through Central Washington. This line, for which the contract was let in Seattle Wednesday, will be a southerly connection of the Adrian cut-off, which was completed a few years ago.

The Adrian cut-off was built to provide an outlet for the wheat grown along the Central Washington, without the necessity of hauling it east to Spokane and thence west to Puget Sound. It was a short road from Coulee City, the western terminus of the Central Washington branch of the Northern Pacific, to Adrian, on the Great Northern, but it saved a long haul on an immense grain tonnage. Now that it is to be extended to Connell, on the main line of the Northern Pacific, both the Central Washington and the Great Northern will in effect become lateral "feeders" for this short north and south line, and will drain every portion of the great wheat belt of the Big Bend down to Portland by a water-level haul.

The building of this branch road will not only be of tremendous economic value to the Hill lines, in enabling them to move the traffic from that region at a much lower cost per-ton-per-mile than ever before, but it will also take them through the only prominent wheat locality in Washington, where the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railroad found no competition. The Milwaukee, in crossing the state, opened up very little new wheat land except in the southerly portion of Grant and Adams counties, lying west of Ritzville and Lind. This territory will be tapped by the new Hill branch to so much better advantage than by the Milwaukee road that the bulk of the business will naturally take the gravity route to Portland, instead of the Milwaukee route over the mountains.

Not the least of the many important features of this new road is the fact that it utterly disproves the many rumors to the effect that there had been a new territorial division between Hill and Harriman. The field now invaded by Mr. Hill with his branch road is one which should have been opened up by the Harriman lines long ago. For years the Portland business interests implored the Harriman people to extend the Washtucna branch of the O. R. & N. north from Connell, its present terminus. What Harriman has lost forever, and what Portland has been missing, will be understood when Portland gets into direct communication with the Big Bend by way of the new Adrian branch.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Forty members of the Chicago Association of Commerce were in Portland yesterday, under the guidance, more or less, of C. W. Mott, of St. Paul, general emigration agent of the Northern Pacific Railway. To most of them the journey to the Pacific Northwest was quite new. It should be of inestimable advantage to the country to be visited and looked over by groups of representative men from the older states and their greater cities.

What is needed in our Pacific Northwest states, especially, is assistance in development. The experience of men like these will be able to discern opportunities here. The roses are fine and the air is fine and the sunshine is fine and the landscape is fine. Of the scenery we are naturally and justly proud. Now, of course, we know that man cannot live by scenery alone—no matter how majestic the mountains, how mighty and pellucid the rivers, how great the delight or pleasure to the eye are hill and dale. So we wish to show all visitors what opportunities there are in such a country to get busy and make money; how undertakings partially developed may be assisted and enlarged and new ones promoted.

Nothing else could be so gratifying as the observation that the Northwest country that has lain almost dormant so long should now be receiving these attentions. It is an activity that presages new growth and such increase of prosperity as we never hitherto have known.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Edward Everett Hale was born on April 3, 1822, so that death has overtaken him not far from the beginning of his eighty-eighth year. A man of the widest culture and the finest aspirations, the best thing that can be said of him is that he was an ameliorating influence in our civilization for half a century. In his gracious intelligence, theology lost its possibility for exciting hatred and became a well-spring of brotherly love. The dry dogmas of the church bloomed in his soul with more than the beauty of science or philosophy; they took upon themselves the loveliness of living truth. From Channing, whose vast pedagogic power had been forming the New England world for thirty years before Edward Everett Hale graduated at Harvard, the young man learned to divert the emphasis of his preaching from the majesty of God and throw it upon the divinity of man. Channing was the spiritual father of the generation which gladly heard the message of Emerson and Edward Everett Hale. When he graduated in 1842 he passed out of college into a world which was bubbling over with the new wine of the transcendental movement. It seized him and formed his mind.

Edward Everett Hale came not very far from fulfilling Aristotle's ideal of the temperate man. The ancient spirit of moderation ruled over all he did and said. He believed in the transcendentalism which Emerson loved, but it did not take him off his feet. No man ever stood more firmly on solid ground. He was a foe to tradition and convention, but not so much of a foe as to forget how necessary they are to civilized life. He admired the society of Washington, of which he saw much between 1840 and 1850, not long after he had graduated, for its freedom. He reproached Boston for its formality. But for all that, Boston was his home, and its ways were his ways. He was a man of peace, being one of the most active preachers against war we ever had in the United States; and yet when the bill passed Congress to annex Texas he wrote a pamphlet against the measure, and was ready to take up arms to keep slavery out of the new territory. Later on he was one of the agitators for freedom in Kansas, and efficiently aided the enterprises of old John Brown.

He was eminent both as a preacher and a man of letters. The suavity of his pulpit addresses it would be impossible to overstate, and yet one was never allowed to believe that he would yield a jot of his principles. Beginning as a Congregationalist, he went the way of many other famous New Englanders and became a Unitarian. Among the apostles of that once vital faith, he was of the foremost, and he lived to see its original fervor leaven the life of all other denominations, and finally cool. Persecution was not unknown to him. One of the most religious men who ever lived, he has been called an atheist. A disciple who lived always close to the Savior's side, it has been said of him by the ignorant that he denied the Lord. In literature Edward Everett Hale was not a great man, but his genius was intensely original. No tales have been written with quite the same flavor as his "Man Without a Country," and others hardly less charming. He looked at things with something of the oddity of Frank Stockton, but he was a great deal more intellectual than that quaint story-teller. His excursions into history abound with human interest. He was one of the foremost to invest our colonial and early National life with the charm of romance. He helped as much as anybody to emancipate us from the dullness of the old school histories and make us feel that even in the United States interesting things have happened. He also wrote biographies, including his own, which is the best of them. In beginning his autobiography he says that form of literature is always interesting to those who write it. None is more entertaining to those who read, and his is one of the most delightful. Probably he was at his best as a writer of memoirs, that species of literature from which the personality of the author is not excluded while he treats of wide interests and great events. History will remember Edward Everett Hale as a lovable and most useful man, rather than a great one. His influence upon the youth who read of his career will resemble Benjamin Franklin's. He belonged to the school of Americans who combine the highest ideals with the most democratic conduct. His faith in the people was absolute. His belief in their capacity for improvement withstood every shock. As he grew older, his confidence in the future of the country burned brighter. He welcomed progress with imperishable eagerness, and, if the heaven which he looked forward to turns out a reality, it will be nothing more than what he hoped his children would see on earth.

The Sage millions are getting into circulation quite rapidly. When old Russell Sage took final departure for the land where even call money is not in demand, he left an estate valued at $65,000,000. As he lived on ten-cent meals and wore his straw hats for five seasons, with other expenditures to correspond, Mr. Sage was never noted for his generous habits. To make amends for the miserly action of her late husband, Mrs. Sage is now distributing the cash at the rate of about $25,000 per day. The fact that the body of Mr. Sage was cremated, instead of buried, precludes the belief that Russell turned over in his grave in case news of his widow's action reached him in the next world.

It is interesting to observe what differences of product will come from the same environment. Edward Everett Hale is as unlike Emerson as possible, and yet they have an obvious relationship. In both of their minds we find the same hospitality to new truth combined with the same reverence for the old. In his sermons, his books and his deeds, Edward Everett Hale unfailingly welcomed everything the new age had to offer. No untried thought approached him as an alien. No idea was repugnant to him because it was not old. Still he knew the value of the past. The archaic system of education which is now rapidly dissolving produced in him its finest effect, by making him feel the need of something better. The most deplorable result of the outworn classical education was its hardening effect upon the intelligence, a species of crystallization which it superinduced in the mind. It formed the intellect according to fixed rules which admitted no possibility of improvement on what had been. It cast a radiant glow upon the past, but left the future in utter darkness. Classical education was a discouraging form of pessimism because it denied the possibility of human evolution. The precept that the world as it is cannot be bettered is the most doleful message that mankind ever heard.

"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle," etc. The full-powered, fast and commodious tug Sea Lion, which has towed in and out of Puget Sound some of the largest ships afloat, lies at the bottom of the ocean near the entrance of Puget Sound as the result of a collision with a common, ordinary, every-day sailing schooner, not much larger than the steam vessel which she sank. The rules of the road at sea give the sailing vessel the right of way over any craft propelled by steam, and the lumber drogher Oceana Vance, which ended the career of the Sea Lion, was probably exercising her rights to the limit.

In his address at the commencement exercises of the Nebraska State University, the other Mr. William Jennings Bryan said:

Ask the mother who holds in her arms her boy, what her ideal is concerning him and she will tell you that she desires that his heart may be so pure that it could be laid upon a pillow and not leave a stain; that his ambition may be so holy that it could be whispered in an angel's ear.

Furthermore, that he should be a shallow orator, defeated again and again for the Presidency of the United States, but still a candidate, for such ideals never can be effaced.

Dairymen, orchardists and croppers generally on the bottom lands of the Columbia and Willamette rivers had, as it has proved, no cause for anxiety on account of the possibility of a destructive flood. As far as reported or foreshadowed, no crops have been or are likely to be lost because of the June high water, and, unless the waters are unusually slow in receding, planting of late potatoes and other root crops on submerged or menaced lands will be done on time. Thus passes another calamity that never happened.

The Brooklyn sewer contractors should know better than to butt into the monopoly of the paving trust. While they were submitting pavement bids it seems they built a defective sewer; that is to say, certain influential persons allege it faulty and the city is afraid to accept it. The shoemaker should stick to his last.

The accident in the Soo canal will revive the criticism of the lock type of waterway at Panama. Foreign engineers who recommended a sea-level canal through the Isthmus will probably now exclaim "I told you so."

Some friends of Mr. Munly are of the opinion that he was Murdoched, or rather, McCuskered; others that Statement One by reciprocity has gone to that Bourne whence no traveler returns.

In Washington State one must pay a doctor between $5 and $25 for a health certificate before one can marry. Here's a two-to-one bet that doctors boosted that law in the Legislature.

There's been nothing wrong about Cader Powell, Marshal in Alaska, it seems—except the lot of lying about him by malevolent people.

Dr. Withycombe says, as to running for Governor, that he hasn't made up his mind. It's settled, then, that he hasn't had enough.

New York doctors in repairing a boy's bullet wound couldn't resist the temptation. They also cut him up for appendicitis.

Judge Gatens wins that "emergency" case before a judge. Suits involving judges must be passed on by judges, of course.

Cader Powell will get the Marshal job in Alaska again. Senator Bourne can also tell how gratified he is with Cader.

And the roses don't grow any finer than the cabbages and potatoes—when they are all cultivated with the same muscle.

After all, the horse has not been shelved for the automobile. He proved it in yesterday's parade.

That police band plays as if it meant every note. That's the kind of music that's worth while.

Now while our blood is up is a good time to prepare for the Fourth of July.

If Lane was so popular a Democrat, why did Munly lose?

"THE PEEPUL" IN THE SADDLE

Legislation by Somebody Has Been Replaced by Legislation by Nobody.

The Optimist, The Dalles.

"The peepul" of Oregon are in the saddle, they have deposed the bosses, little and big, and from now on only the best men will be elected to office, and all will be harmony in Oregon. The Democrats and Republicans will vie with each other in their efforts to see that only non-partisans are elected to the offices, that the purity of the ballot is maintained, that Statement No. 1 is regarded as perfectly holy and that the direct primary was handed down by God himself.

Yes, the old bosses are dead, but in their place what have we? It is said Simon, for instance, was a corrupt boss; that "Jack" Matthews was still worse—and they were deposed.

Who is boss now? Are "the peepul" their own bosses?

Whoever is boss, or whoever the bosses may be, we feel sure they must be proud of the hodge podge of laws which have been adopted during "the peepul's" reign, and of the officers elected under this same reign.

Look at the election in Portland. Over 30 bills to vote upon, a ballot as big as a bedquilt, and not one per cent of the voters could give even the titles of the various bills, or tell what they were for if given the titles.

At our last state election, two years ago, the laws which were voted upon, when printed in small type, made a book as big as a dictionary, and yet the voters were supposed by "the peepul" to cast their ballots intelligently. We will venture the assertion that not ten voters in the entire state thoroughly knew the provisions of all the laws on the ballot at that election, June, 1908.

At the election a year from this Fall the Grange bills alone will fill a large book and the printing and disseminating of that book will cost the taxpayers from $30,000 to $40,000.

The boss is dead; long live the boss. We have deposed one set of bosses, and in their place we have set up a set of ignorant fools who do not know beans.

We have annihilated the system of nominations by somebody for a system of nominations by nobody.

We have done away with the system of choosing candidates for their fitness by substituting a system whereby alphabetical precedence counts for more than wisdom—a system where the 2-cent postage stamp is more mighty than any qualifications the candidate may possess.

"Advanced legislation" some call it. Others speak of our system as similar to that of New Zealand, where every prospect pleases, where not a thing is vile.

And the Optimist hopes that those who are in such hearty sympathy with the New Zealand principles will go to New Zealand to practice their theories.

They are unfitted for the people of any state in the Union—particularly Oregon.

WHAT MR. SIMON'S VICTORY MEANS

Sane Methods Hereafter, Probably, in Nominations by Primaries.

Oregon Observer, Grants Pass.

The calling of a convention to recommend candidates for the Portland city election has received the hearty approval of the Portland electorate. Joseph Simon, the choice of the convention for Mayor, was elected last Monday by a vote that there is no mistaking. The people are tired of incapables pushing themselves forward by means of the primary law, and were more than ready to support a candidate who had the approval and the support of a responsible body of voters. Opposed to Mr. Simon was H. R. Albee, posing in his own peculiar way as the champion of the pure and untrammelled primary law foolishness, and Judge M. C. Munly, the Democratic nominee, and also much opposed to recommending conventions. Joseph Simon, brought out by convention, received more votes than all his opponents together. That is as it should be. The primary election farce will go the same way as the crazy Populist movement.

The Republican party in Oregon is indebted to those staunch Portland Republicans who had the courage to break the rusty primary shackles, and restore the prestige of the party.

The Portland convention in no way conflicted with the primary law. But it did conflict with an inane assumption that it was a political offense in any body of voters to encourage the candidature of a capable man by expressions of confidence and a united desire that he offer for public office. That inanity has been properly crushed, and it is a dark day for incapable political aspirants.

At the state elections next year it is reasonably certain that since Republicans in all the counties of the state will follow the example of Portland, and take means to induce the best men available to accept candidature for the various offices. Under the primary law as it has heretofore operated, the best men have with becoming modesty held back, and it came about that the voters had to chose from a bunch of more or less incompetents. It will be different hereafter, when good and capable men urged by a body of good and reputable citizens will accept nomination and obtain the hearty support of all discerning voters. There will be new blood in the Oregon Legislature of 1911, and serious citizens may reasonably hope for better quality of representation.

The Portland convention recommended a full ticket for the various city offices, and it is suggestive that, with the exception of one lone Councilman in doubt, that whole ticket was elected by the Portland voters.

A while ago political aspirants feared to offend primary law fanaticism. They will now fear more to offend a united body of intelligent and influential citizens.

Washable Straps in Trolley Cars.

New York Herald.

White kid gloves may now grasp with impunity the straps of the new open pay-as-you-enter cars on the Third avenue line. The hanging straps are completely covered by a celluloid enamel composition of pure white. They are to be cleaned every day and washed with a sponge, and they can be perfumed and disinfected if necessary.

The Board of Health is said to be delighted with the innovation and warmly approves the effort to make the devices slippery Alpine heights from which wicked bacteria would slide and break their evil necks. The new straps are soon to be placed in all the cars of the system.

False Curls and "Rats" Tabooed.

Kansas City, Mo., Dispatch.

Miss Louise McNair, principal of a fashionable school for girls in St. Louis, Mo., has ordered that any young woman who appears in false curls at the closing exercises will be forbidden participation in the commencement and denied her diploma. She also forbids rats and what she terms a "leanto," a sort of structure which slants backward and downward on the back of the head.

IN MEMORY OF THE PIONEERS

BY O. C. APPLEGATE.

Young man, let's rest from our labor,
And sit in the shade for a while,
Where the trees are rich with foliage
And the golden sunbeams smile;
Where this roaring stream is splashing
From the mountains of lasting snow,
Filling with verdure the valley
That lies in its beauty, below.

"How time keeps ringing its changes!"
It's only a short time ago
Since this land was asleep in its wildness,
Only that mountain of snow
Poured forth its tribute of waters,
Through forests primeval and vast,
And bruin, abroad in his freedom,
Was "fat as a swine on the mast."

The antlered pride of the shadeland
Whetted his horns on the trees,
And the cry of the wildcat or cougar
Oft dismally rang on the breeze.
At midnight, the forests were vocal
With the famishing gray wolf's howl,
Mingled in strange combination
With the mournful hoot of the owl.

The grizzly, king of the forest,
Peerless in courage and brawn,
Wandered abroad in the valley,
In the shadowy gray of the dawn;
And the panther, a ruthless assassin,
Oft hung on this beautiful brink
When the fleet-footed doe, with her offspring,
Stole cautiously down for a drink.

Swift as a steed of Arabia,
The antelope spurned the wide plain,
Now marked with its angular fences,
And rich with its acres of grain,
Bright with its flowering fruit trees,
And with its meadows so green,
Presenting a landscape unequalled—
A bright and beautiful scene!

In thickets of bright manzanita
The gray rabbit sat in his dread,
Resting his ears on his shoulders,
Eyes ever bright in his head—
Listening for the scream of an eagle,
Or the treacherous wildcat's tread.

The wildcat born for the thickets,
With confidence followed the trail,
With eyes all aflame in their sockets,
And a tireless swing of the tail,
With toenails hooked and prehensile,
And nostrils ever at play,
Transcendently fitted by Nature
To sift the air for its prey.

And, adding a human feature
To the wild and primitive scene,
Like shadows, the dusky hunters
Threaded the forests of green.
With sinewed bows in their quivers,
Yew bows of cunning design,
And arrows, barbed with obsidian,
Strong and straight as a line.

For ages and ages these red men
Had built by the side of this stream,
Their conical mansions of cedar,
Where now these housetops gleam:
But the curling smoke was an emblem,
As it rose on wings of air,
Of a life as vain and transient
As a shooting meteor's glare;

Of a hope as evanescent
As the gleaming dews of morn—
Faded and lost like the velvet
That grows on the mule-deer's horn;
For the tramp of the pale-face echoed,
As he came with his endless trains,
And strong were the souls that struggled
In clouds of dust on the plains!

They were marvelous days of effort,
For their wagons became their biers,
And the thirsty sands of the desert
Were watered with woman's tears.
Far away from home and kindred
Were the forms of dear ones placed,
And the voice of mourning echoed
Through the wide and treeless waste.

Some lingered and perished in snows
Where the grim Sierras frown;
In their merciless surge, the rivers
Carried their victims down;
The chilling hand of disease
On many a heart was laid,
And many a pilgrim fell
In the sweep of the savage raid.

No trackless waste disheartened,
No mountain snows appalled,
For they were strong in their purpose;
And, like a serpent, crawled
The weary ox teams westward—
Then did their rifles blaze,
And in the dust rode heroes,
Like knights of olden days.

And the same long rifles glistened
In the days of the setting sun,
As they stood by the wheels of the wagons
When the long day's march was done,
With the grave-marked desert behind them
And the land of promise before—
Young man, strong hearts were needed
In the trying days of yore!

O, the restless tramp of the leaders,
As they led the devious way!
O, the boundless wish for rest,
That came with the close of day!
O, the pain of thirst and hunger,
That the very heartstrings wore!
O, the matchless patience of mothers,
Who their silent burdens bore!

Young man, the age is a fast one;
'Tis hard for us to keep pace
With the brain and brawn achievements
Of an ever-resistless race;
For the giant of progress is ever
Abroad with his strength in the land,
His spirit inspiring the millions
To work with the brain and the hand;

To pluck the blossoms of science,
And the secrets of nature divine,
Filling the veins of the millions
As with a mystical wine;
Waking to life the solitude,
From the ages of quiet repose,
Making the mightiest desert
To blossom and bloom as the rose;

With the curve of the gleaming plowshare,
Turning the stubborn clod;
Making the flowers of plenty
To glow on the virgin sod;
Filling the shadowy forests,
Where erst did the wild beasts roam,
With the thrilling music of labor,
And the pleasant voices of home.

"The iron steed flies like an arrow,
Barbed with a wedge of steel,
Spurning the ringing pathway,
With the might of his iron heel,"
And fields of corn flash by him,
And beautiful cities stand
Where once was a dreary sage-land—
An arid waste of sand.

And even the white man's cattle
Have driven the buffalo back;
The plow of the settler has covered
The old-time emigrant track.
He has gathered the iron of wagons,
Covered with an age of rust,
And has mingled his golden corn
With the old-time leaders' dust.

From the elder hive of the eastward,
To the land of the closing day,
Proudly the favored pilgrims
Ride the black charger today.
Do they think of the trials and sorrows,
As onward the great car rolls,
Of the leaders, so strong and faithful,
"In the days that tried men's souls?"

As we think of our early struggles,
Of our lot in the wilderness cast,
Let us hold in kindly remembrance
Those shadowy days of the past,
When cabins were hewn from the forests
That margined each valley and plain,
And the fertile soil first yielded
Its tribute of golden grain:

The day of the trail and the foot-log
And the flying pony express,
When the antlered pride of the forest
Yielded his skin for a dress,
When blankets were parted for leggins,
Tied with a buckskin thong,
And over the mantel, the rifle
Hung from an antler's prong:

When threadbare garments betokened
Only the common distress,
And moccasins, beaded so deftly,
Were part of the holiday dress;
When blankets, with hole in the center,
Were overcoats, stylish and gay,
And the men were buskinned and spurred
Like the heroes of olden day.

Privations and wants were many
Advantages ever too few;
But mutual helpfulness reigned,
And friendship was steady and true;
And whatever there was to divide,
Was often dealt out to the poor,
Or given, when hunger oppressed,
To drive the wolf from the door.

Often the Indian's wigwam
Was the white man's cabin near,
And the settler bartered and labored,
With scarcely a thought of fear.
But anon the burning cabins,
Lit up the midnight sky,
And the forest depths re-echoed
The red-skin's appalling cry.

"The tomahawk, not the laurel,
Was the mead of daring then,"
And the times called up for action
Strong and fearless men;
But the youths stood by the elders,
As the old-time records show,
And mothers, to save their children,
Courageous, faced the foe.

And the long and fearful conflict
Spread victims far and wide,
By the river's raging flood,
On the mountain's rugged side;
And many a hero sleeps
Where his work was done right well,
And many a thrilling story,
No tongue is left to tell.

Young man, those days have faded,
Like a dreamy fabric, away,
And the land is at rest, in a mantle
Of plenty and peace, today.
The fields are sure in their promise;
Sounds of battle are o'er,
And the marvelous march of progress
Is changing us more and more.

The rough old cabins are fallen,
The wigwams of cedar are gone,
And still the march of improvement,
Like the restless tide, moves on.
The skill of the Saxon has harnessed
The thundering mountain stream,
The monsters of labor struggle,
Their ringing muscles gleam.

Learning has planted her standard,
Through all the years to endure,
May her motto ever be Onward!
May her teachings ever be pure;
And may our temples of worship
Betoken, for aye, to the mind,
That chiefest of cardinal virtues,
Which suffereth long and is kind.

May peace, with all the world, endure,
As we enjoy it now,
And public virtue, justice, power,
Our noble state endow;
May time but add new beauties
To gladden our homes of peace,
And honest thought and generous deeds,
On every hand increase.

As in the glowing harvest time,
We think of the sower's toil,
So shall we talk of the noble deeds
Of them who won the soil;
And point our children to their lives,
So simple, yet so pure,
A noble legacy of ours
While memory shall endure.

O. C. APPLEGATE.

President Taft Always on Time.

Pittsburg (Pa.) Post.

During his stay in Pittsburg, the President set an example for punctuality that is impressive. Mr. Taft was shunted about from pillar to post with surprising celerity, but throughout a trying and perplexing schedule of events, he was at no time tardy at any point. This may seem like a little thing, but it is nevertheless plain that dallying by the wayside would have seriously deranged the plans his hosts had prepared for him. It is not everybody who appreciates the value of punctuality. But it is safe to say that none is more appreciative of it than the person who waits an indefinite time for the person who is invariably tardy. And the reliability of the person who is always on time is a thing of joy forever.

IN THE MAGAZINE SECTIONS OF THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

ROMANTIC NARRATIVES OF BRAVE AMERICANS

First of a series of red-blood sketches of our own real D'Artagnans—real soldiers almost forgotten—that equal Dumas' creation. It tells of James Shields, who served in three wars, was wounded 12 times, and the only General who defeated Stonewall Jackson.

Other sketches to follow include:

THE LAST OF THE GEORGES—"Garry" Ord, great-grandson of George IV, King of England, private, U. S. A., died on San Juan Hill.

HOOD, A NINETEENTH CENTURY KNIGHT—Lieutenant-General of the Confederate Army, one of the most chivalric figures of modern times.

SAM HOUSTON—Analysis of a retreat that won an empire.

MILADY OF THE FORTY CANES—True, present-day story of the aged wife of a Wall-street prince that brings out surprising human nature.

JAMES KERWIN, THE MAN WHO SAVED GALVESTON—The priest who was the real hero and earned the title, "Bravest of the Brave."

PICTURES OF CARNIVAL WEEK

Groups of very fine views well worth sending away to friends as expressive of the great festival.

D'ABRUZZI'S GREAT MOUNTAIN-CLIMB

The Duke is now en route to the Himalayas and expects to reach a higher altitude than has ever been attained by man.

NOTED DEVOTEES OF MYSTICISM

Many new recuits to the ranks of believers in communication with departed spirits.

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