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PORTLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1909.

IN THE NATURE OF A PALINODE.

If the purpose of The Oregonian in dealing with the initiative were mischief, merely, it would do its utmost to promote U'Ren's latest schemes. If its paramount object were to make the initiative odious and to destroy it, likewise it would do what it could to secure the adoption of these latest propositions. For, if adopted, the reaction, sure to come, would overthrow the initiative and destroy it, root and branch—which mightn't be a bad result, but wholly good. Even the agitation for the adoption of these revolutionary changes might be fatal, in the ultimate, to the initiative itself; since it would reveal the sure tendencies and logical results of the general scheme, and create not only popular disgust, but general alarm. If The Oregonian were looking at the subject from this one point of view, it would join the effort to carry these measures through, to demonstrate thereby what the true inwardness of the initiative method is.

But duty to the state is paramount. These projects must be resisted, for the good of the state. They are the very extreme of revolutionary innovation and experiment. We grant they are the proper and logical outcome of the initiative system—which, in fact, is the abolition of all constitutional restrictions. It is this that makes them dangerous. True, the initiative as we have it, and as it is interpreted, leaves the Constitution itself at the mercy of any "bill" that may be enacted by popular vote at any single election. Still, there remains some barrier, slight as it is; some guidance by a fundamental law—even though it be nothing superior to a statute. The new project would revolutionize or obliterate even what remains of the old and carefully balanced Constitution—perilously near extinction now.

The tendency, as proven by experience, and perhaps in Oregon more than elsewhere, is to "work" the initiative to extremes. In this the result disappoints the expectations and purposes of many of those who voted for introduction of the system. It is the common result of overstrained logic, in experimental politics. "Reformers" are little disposed to stop one step short of the conclusions to which their "system" would lead them. But government is a matter of experience, not a matter of theory. The constitutions of the United States and of the states that compose our National system were constructed from the results of experience, expressly for the purpose of shutting out theoretical projects, and of giving peace and security to the commonwealth. On this principle the power of legislation was lodged in representative assemblies; and the representative assembly has proven to be the one expedient that can assure the effectiveness and permanence of democracy. A vote on a measure taken by the whole body of the people can add nothing to the authority stamped upon it by the Legislature. Not a single useful measure has been enacted in Oregon by popular initiative that could not have been secured as well and more easily by representative or legislative authority—and initiative, moreover, supplies a perennial lot of crude, foolish or dangerous notions, against which the wiser part of the electorate must always be on its guard, or exert itself to defeat. Even then such may sometimes pass. Is it said that but for the initiative no local option act ever could have been passed in Oregon? But similar acts have been passed by the Legislatures of almost every state in our Union, and could have been passed in Oregon as well—had the people demanded it of their representatives, and made acquiescence in the demand a condition of their election. Everywhere else it has been done; why not in Oregon?

Again, it is a fallacious notion that under representative government the people are not or will not be represented. If they are not, it is their own fault alone. Government, under the representative system, is the success of democracy. Government by the mass, told by the head, is chaos, till it culminates in the tyranny of a leader who unites all the powers of the state in himself—a long step towards which consequence is the new initiative programme offered now to the people of Oregon.

Were it merely the purpose of The Oregonian to assist in killing the initiative method for good and all, it would join in support of this project, as it would in buying a halter for a gift to the whole scheme to enable it to hang itself. But the citizen must not trifle thus with the gravest concerns of the state. It is his duty to resist the pursuit of Utopias, to oppose the contagion of wild, dangerous or malignant enthusiasms, to take his stand and hold his ground against the introduction into political life of that spirit of speculation and empiricism, of gambling and adventure, which always leads states to disaster, if not to ruin. The Oregonian freely acknowledges that it committed a mistake in not making active opposition to the first inception of this attack on the true principle of republican and representative government; but it makes its stand here and now against further encroachment, and will do what it can now and hereafter to check the errors and limit evils that are sure to arise under it from year to year—till the state shall get rid of the innovation, either by letting it fall into disuse by disrepute, or by positive abandonment of it and return to the representative principle in government and in methods of legislation. One thing is certain, to-wit: Oregon's experience has done much to stop the progress elsewhere of this pernicious innovation.

The referendum, too. Oregon has had experience also with the referendum. It is subject to fewer abuses than the initiative; but who doesn't remember, for an example, what a fight it cost to prevent destruction of the University of Oregon, and how narrow the margin of votes by which it was saved?

LET THE STATE SCRATCH.

Portland is again in the toils of a milk and food scare and germs of officialdom are spreading apace. Here are some of the identified germs:

State Health Officer, R. C. Yenney.
State Veterinarian, W. H. Lytle.
State Board of Health, six members.
State Veterinary Board, five members.
State Biologist, A. R. Sweetser.
State Bacteriologist, E. F. Perrot.
State Domestic Animal Commission, two members.
State Dairy and Food Commissioner, J. W. Bailey, and four deputies.
Multnomah County Board of Health, three members.
County Physician, E. P. Geary.
City Board of Health, five members.
City Physician, F. J. Ziegler.
City Health Officer, C. H. Wheeler and deputies.
City Market Inspector, Sarah A. Evans.
United States Bureau of Animal Industry.
United States Food and Drugs Inspection Laboratory.

How will this do for a string of "the caterpillars of the state" (we borrow a phrase) on a single limb of the tree? Before we had all these physicians and their prophylactics, we managed somehow to live. Indeed, the health of the state gave alarm to nobody, till these learned persons got at it and told by their diathesis how feverish, how distressingly cachetic, its condition was. Since then our population has lived in mortal terror.

To vary the metaphor, we may liken these multitudes of officials to the sarcoptes scabiei (itch mites), working in the cuticle of the body politic. Let the state scratch. It is the sovereign or king. To scratch should be its prerogative. James Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, said that it was such a relief and luxury to scratch that nobody but a king should be allowed to have the itch. Here is a revelation, both of the personal habits of that day and of the claims of kingly, sovereign prerogative, Oregon needs must scratch.

FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

Americans are Americans, Englishmen are Englishmen; and Americans and Englishmen sneer at each other, no little. At bottom of their natures they are much the same, and they will dislike each other, and even quarrel with each other—till others come between. Then, like man and wife, they will belabor the intruder.

What is the future of the British Empire? What is the future of the United States of America, bound to British thought and feeling and law and jurisprudence, through all the fibers of being? It is a long problem. There will be changes. The Roman Empire lasted twenty-three hundred years. It was not overthrown till Rome had become other than the Rome that had earned her empire. But the English-speaking world is bound together. It must hold together or fall together. Suppose any important part of the English-speaking world, with its back to the wall, fighting for existence, where then will the sympathies, and if need be in extremity, the help and support, of the English-speaking world?

It is not merely sentimental. There is a moral basis, and an intellectual basis, too. Affinities established through the course of centuries, reaching to the bottom of political and moral life, expressing their feeling and sentiment through literature and custom and law and language, cannot be severed. The English-speaking world will travel on the highway of history together for a long time, a very long time.

"ENTANGLED WITH PARCELS OF MATTER."

In his quaint way, Oliver Wendell Holmes talks, in one of his breakfast table monologues, of life and death and humanity, saying: "The earth is a great factory wheel which, at every revolution on its axis, receives fifty thousand raw souls and turns off nearly the same number, worked up more or less completely. There must be somewhere a population of two hundred thousand million, perhaps ten or a hundred times as many, earth-born intelligences. Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes on soundings. In this view, I do not see anything so fit to talk about, or half so interesting, as that which relates to the innumerable majority of our fellow creatures, the dead-living, who are hundreds of thousands to one of the live-living, and with whom we all potentially belong, though we have got tangled for the present in some parcels of fibrine, albumen and phosphates, that keep us on the minority side of the house."

Holmes did this on purpose to make a vent for his sarcasm against theologues, represented at table by the divinity student who had remonstrated with him for "having expressed himself a little too freely on a most important class of subjects." The Autocrat wished, therefore, to speak a hopeful word about the destiny of "the dear people whom we love best, nine-tenths of whom would fall under the ban of the dogmatists." This subject, with his ideas about heredity, gave the Autocrat most of his themes.

With the one great subject James Martineau, English Unitarian, contemporary of Holmes, author of many great books in the fields of ethics and of philosophical theology, also dealt, in a style as striking as Newman's, though little resembling it. Martineau has been described as "a powerful and eloquent champion of Theism as against agnosticism and materialism." He was perhaps the greatest exponent of liberal theology during the nineteenth century, and the most eminent champion of the principle of human free will. From the physiological aspect of death and interpretation of it, he argues the probability of a life to come in these words:

> Let us follow the law of conservation of energy into the phenomena of death. In its physical aspect death presents simply a case of the transformation of energy, the organic compounds of oxygen, carbon and nitrogen losing their precarious equilibrium and resolving themselves into more stable inorganic combinations, themselves destined hereafter to be partially taken up into new living forms. In crossing the mortal line, the total energy which had manifested itself in the heat and whole "work" of the body is not altered, though every organ is cold and every function at rest. Part of it has become potential, locked up in durable substances that may remain idle for ages; and part is busy in setting up new chemical arrangements on a vast scale. This latter is the exact equivalent of the muscular contractions which have ceased, of the combinations which have gone out, and of the nervous tension which has subsided; and, were it tested by a dynamometer, it would give account of these alone. But we should miss in it any element answering to the thoughts, the affections, the volitions, which were the concomitants of these in the living man. They are unrepresented in the transformations. Consider the significance of this absence. If these mental activities are included in the category of "energy," then, since they are not transformed, they still continue; for, were they extinct the law of conservation would be broken. If they are not included, if the cycle of energy is perfect without them, then they lie outside the physical world and are foreign to its laws. To treat consciousness as at once a superfluous appendage, and yet a liable partner of the perishable organism, is pure self-contradiction. I conclude, therefore, that in the phenomena of death there is nothing to prejudge the question of life beyond.—"A Study of Religion," Book IV.

From the physiological, the argument was carried by Dr. Martineau to the metaphysical, and then to the moral, point of view. "The argument necessarily is subtle, but no writer has treated it with wider comprehension or with greater clearness. "Is the constitution of the human mind," he asks, "what we should expect, if it were constructed for a lease of a single life like ours?" Question of overwhelming import! Is there a mind, or can there be, of whatever degree of levity, to which such a question, so stated, will not give pause?

HARRIMAN'S COMMANDING PLACE.

From the maze of conflicting statements and wild rumors regarding the health of Mr. Harriman, it is naturally very difficult for the public to sift anything tangible as to the actual condition of the distinguished financier. It is known beyond question, however, that Mr. Harriman is seriously ill, his condition being such that even the passing of the present crisis will undoubtedly leave him physically unfit to carry on the stupendous work that he has managed in the past. The public, as stated, is in doubt as to the effect of his present illness. There is no room for doubt as to the cause, and if the effect is in keeping with the cause, Mr. Harriman's abdication of the railway throne will soon be announced. The railroads in which Mr. Harriman is interested have a mileage sufficient to reach more than two and one-half times around the globe. They include the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Short Line, Oregon Railroad & Navigation, Illinois Central, Georgia Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Delaware & Hudson, Erie, New York Central, Pere Marquette, San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, St. Joseph & Grand Island, St. Paul & Northwestern.

In most of these roads Mr. Harriman is, by the grace of his satisfied stockholders and directors, an autocrat, and in all of them he has a most important voice in the management. Added to this crushing burden of railroad management are the terminal problems at various railroad centers, all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Four steamship companies covering routes up and down both coasts of the United States and extending across the Pacific to China and Japan, and also as far south as Panama, claim Mr. Harriman as the official head, and he is quite prominent in the directorate of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, Western Union Telegraph Company, Colorado Fuel & Iron, Guaranty Trust and Equitable Trust Companies of New York, National City Bank and thirty-one other corporations.

The Harriman personality is not such that he would remain on any board of directors as a mere figurehead, and it is easy to understand that even a moderate grasp of these far-reaching and tremendously important duties must involve a mental strain that in time would weaken or destroy a man of the strongest constitution. Already there is plenty of gossip as to the probable successor of Harriman. Accepting the term as meaning that some man will be chosen to take the position now held by Mr. Harriman in the railroad and financial world, he will have no successor. His commanding position, with more wealth under his absolute control than has ever been given in charge of any other man that ever lived, is the culmination of a long line of startling industrial and financial successes. Where other railroad managers and promoters must beg and wheedle capitalists to put money into their schemes, Harriman is urged to take the money of the capitalists and invest it.

There was but one Shakespeare, but one Napoleon, and there will be but one Harriman. His withdrawal from the active management of his great properties will be followed by a division of the responsibility which he has been carrying, and it will be many years before it will be possible for any one man to build up such a colossal railroad and financial structure as Harriman now holds together.

THE SHIPOWNERS' PLAINT.

The Oregonian, for obvious reasons, cannot print anonymous communications, and is obliged to decline a brilliant essay on ship subsidies from a correspondent signing himself "Oregon Shellback." One paragraph of Shellback's communication is so thoroughly typical of the ship subsidy seekers' policy, however, that it is worth mention. "We want," says Shellback, "to do some of the foreign carrying, say carrying grain to Europe from Portland and Frisco. But we cannot do it without losing, unless we get a subsidy from the Government, because we have to compete with foreigners whose wages are very much lower and who build and operate ships very much cheaper than we. We don't want to come to their level in the standard of living and wages. We must get more. So we must get the subsidy or stay out. Portland then would become a great shipbuilding and shipping port."

As neither the great army of consumers who use the goods brought into Portland by the foreign ships, nor the large number of producers who supply the grain cargoes outward are at all anxious to increase the expense of getting their freight in and out of the country, "we," as used by the Shellback, must mean the shipowner or shipbuilder. But why does he care to engage in a business which he admits cannot be conducted in competition with the foreigners except at a loss? And where would this policy end if the Government once began favoring the shipowners at the expense of the shippers and consumers? Shellback "wants to do some of the foreign carrying trade" and "wants" the Government to pay him enough of a bonus to make the business profitable in competition with foreigners. Some other Shellback may wish to engage in the business of growing pineapples and bananas in Portland. They can be grown here, but in order to produce them at a profit in competition with those grown by the foreigners more favorably situated we must have a large subsidy. We spend millions with the foreigners for coffee, tea, cocoa and other commodities which could be successfully produced here if the Government would only pay a large enough subsidy to the growers.

Down in San Francisco a few days ago the Congressional committee was shown a big fleet of idle ships which were said to be idle because the Government would not pay them a subsidy to sail the seas. The committee might also have found in San Francisco a number of vacant buildings on which the owners were losing money because tenants had gone to more desirable structures where the rent was lower. This, however, would not warrant the payment of a subsidy to the owner of the tenantless buildings simply to equalize matters between him and the owner of the newer and cheaper buildings. The policy of levying toll on industries which we need and which pay a profit, in order to support other industries which do not pay a profit, and which we do not need, will never be very popular in this country.

Seattle always was fortunate in keeping the money at home. The thousand-dollar singing contest prize (marked down to $750) was awarded to a Seattle choir Saturday, because the Mormon choir refused to pay an admission fee to the entertainment which it was to assist in giving. Perhaps the Mormons became unduly alarmed over the Seattle spirit and feared that they would be losers of the admission fee and of the prize money as well, and for that reason declined to furnish their part of the entertainment. While it may have been perfectly ladylike from the Seattle viewpoint to resort to strong-arm tactics, in attempting to separate the Mormons from their admission fee, it was not at all genteel or even Gentile in them to "sic" the police on the Salt Lake singers and chase them off the auditorium steps. It is not announced what musical masterpiece was rendered to capture the $1000 (marked down to $750) prize, but "If You Ain't Got No Money, Well, You Needn't Come 'Roun'," would have been quite appropriate.

With a wheat crop one-third larger than that of a year ago, the movement of wheat to tidewater from Oregon and Washington points is only about one-half as large as that of last year. The season is a few days later this year than last, but not enough to account for the discrepancy in receipts as compared with last season. What the market price may be later in the season is a problem, but the prices offered at the present time are sufficiently high to leave a liberal margin of profit for growers, and early sellers may make the most money. Russian and Danubian shippers are apparently taking no chances on a decline in the price, and are rushing their wheat into the European markets at a rate which makes it very difficult for Pacific Coast dealers to get bids on cargoes from this Coast. Wheat, set afloat at Portland by sailing vessel next month, will not reach the English markets until steam cargoes of new-crop Argentine wheat will be arriving. If the Argentine crop should be large, lower prices may follow.

Mr. Schwerin will not install wireless telegraphy on his Oriental liners until it is possible to communicate a distance of 1500 miles. The Pacific Mail magnate will be forced to admit, however, that there are times when it might be advantageous to have assistance from vessels nearer than 1500 miles away. Had the owners of the Republic waited until wireless messages could be sent 1500 miles before installing the apparatus on their steamer, that disaster might have been attended by a much greater loss of life. A Pacific Mail liner striking, at full speed, a derelict or another vessel, could easily receive injuries which might make it imperative that help be summoned from a point nearer than 1500 miles away.

In Indiana one great objection to the direct primary is that it repels the best class of men, who will not make the canvass of personal solicitation which the direct primary requires. Moreover, that it brings into the field a multitude of unfit candidates, one of whom gets the nomination by a small plurality, and then the majority repudiates him in the election. We have gone through all that in Oregon; hence the recognized need of the assembly or convention.

Mr. Bailey, Dairy and Food Commissioner, thinks the State Board of Health, the City Board of Health, the State Health Officer, the City Health Officer and others of the numerous health authorities, who are attacking him, can find very much to do by attending to their own numerous duties. That probably never occurred to the gentlemen before. It raises rather embarrasing questions.

The Pacific Coast has at least one friend near the throne. Ormsby McHarg, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, sounds praises of the red-blooded men of the Far West who do things to develop their land and says: "It won't be long before the East is the back door of the Nation." To which may be added: Portland will be the most inviting front door.

It is said by the Boston Transcript that we have to educate our public men, after they get into office, and it costs a lot of money, too; while the English are always able to find men who have some knowledge already of the intricacies of statesmanship. It is quite true; but then we have many more aspiring statesmen than the English have, and all insist on having their "turn."

"What a log for hell's fire," exclaimed a Methodist exhorter when he heard that President Taft was to lay the cornerstone of a Universalist church.

Doubtless Dr. Brougher is revolving in his mind and heart the thought of how happy he could be with either, if t'other dear charmer didn't butt in.

While we are not familiar with the rules of the game at Rheims, we think it entirely proper to have the band play "The Star-Spangled Banner."

About forty governmental health officials are charged with the duty of protecting Portland's milk and food. How many more must we have?

When Mr. Taft made a speech in Portland a year ago, sudden illness kept Senator Bourne away. Mr. Taft might safer play golf this time.

FOWLER'S CURRENCY VIEWS.

Basis of the Differences Which Caused His Break With Cannon.

The controversy of Representative Fowler, of New Jersey, with Speaker Cannon, and his censure of Cannon for his refusal to permit consideration of the Fowler currency bill, renders the position of the New Jersey member as to banking and currency a matter of interest. It will be remembered that Cannon had deposed Fowler from the chairmanship of the committee on banking and currency, which was the immediate cause of Fowler's recent outburst against Cannon. A few days earlier Fowler had delivered to the Springfield (Mass.) Republican his general views on the money and currency situation, and also on the tariff, as follows:

The people of the United States will never get right until they recognize the fact that nothing is fit for redemption in our banks except gold, which is our standard of value. The danger is that our administration of banks through National and state governments will be such that there will be no uniform law with regard both to quality and quantity of the reserves.

The fact is that the United States today is suffering from this very want of a law affecting both the National and state institutions requiring uniform reserves. This is evident from the fact that if the United States had its proper share of the gold that is now being used in connection with banking throughout the world, we would have $2,500,000,000 of the $7,000,000,000 that is now employed in the banking business. The obvious cause for the exclusion of this gold from the United States is that we have $600,000,000 of silver, $346,000,000 of greenbacks and $700,000,000 of National bank notes, amounting in the aggregate to about $1,700,000,000 of currency which is being used as reserves in our banks and to the exact extent to which it is used driving out a corresponding amount of gold.

It is clear, therefore, that any legislation that will add an additional amount of currency that can be used as reserves will be just to that extent dangerous to the commerce and the banking interests of the country. Although there are many other objections to a central bank in the United States, the fact that the state banks and the financial institutions generally would use the notes of such a bank as reserves is an objection of sufficient importance alone to condemn such a proposal.

The second fundamental principle that must be recognized is that the only true kind of a bank currency is a credit currency; that is, a currency which is based upon the credit of the bank and which springs into being in connection with some business transaction precisely as checks and drafts do. The only essential requirement to be met to secure this end is the establishment of redemption agencies within 24 hours of every bank in the United States and the placing of the credit banknotes upon exactly the same footing as checks and drafts. Economically speaking, credit banknotes are only another form of deposits, and therefore the same reserve should be carried against these notes as against deposits. It is perfectly clear that if such a system were established there never could be any such thing as a currency panic.

The third fundamentally essential principle that must be applied to American banking is that the banks of the United States should be under the supervision of the bankers themselves and not under National or state politicians. I think it will be admitted by every banker in New York that if there had been a board of control in charge of and responsible for the banks of the City of New York, neither the Knickerbocker Trust Company nor the Bank of North America would have gotten into the condition that led to their failure.

If the reform of our banking should give us a financial and currency system in perfect harmony with and in full recognition of these three principles, I think that the United States could have the safest, most economical and efficient banking system in the world.

Faults of Aldrich-Vreeland Bill.

The Fowler currency bill was based upon the principles then outlined by Mr. Fowler. He was asked to give his opinion of the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, which he did as follows: "The Aldrich-Vreeland bill is purely a bond-selling scheme, and currency issued under it, like the currency based on the Government bonds today, would be directly related to the speculation in the bonds and not to the business transacted. It is therefore necessarily unsound economically, and, followed to its logical conclusion, if once put into operation, will gradually, as the amount of the currency issued under it increases and is used as reserves in the state banks, exclude gold from the country precisely as the banknotes which are being increased now are forcing gold out of the country, for the poorer will always be driven out by the better money. This principle was demonstrated from 1792 to 1834, when a differential of one-half of 1 per cent to 1 per cent in favor of silver drove every dollar of gold out of the country. The Aldrich-Vreeland bill is a half-sister to the greenbacks and a first cousin to free silver, and in some respects it may prove worse than free silver, because silver has a market value throughout the world, while the various bonds which may be used as a basis of currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland bill may fall 20 per cent. As an illustration New York City 4s fell from 111 to 65 within a period of about two years and yet these bonds would be selected the very first after the Government's. However, the scheme is fundamentally wrong and it may take a most disastrous financial cataclysm to teach the American people the lesson they invite by trifling with and violating great fundamental economic laws which are as certain in their operation as the law of gravitation."

Tariff as Good as Could Be Expected.

Mr. Fowler was asked to give his opinion of the tariff legislation. He said that he believed the tariff had been revised distinctly downward and he went on to say:

"It probably is as good a revision as we could hope to get as long as tariff revisions must be based upon trades and not upon facts. Nor can we expect a tariff revision based on facts until we have a permanent tariff commission composed of men of the very highest character and recognized as a responsible body, precisely as we now consider the Supreme Court. Nor can we hope to measure swords with Germany, everything else being equal, until we, like Germany, establish our trade relations with the rest of the world upon exact information, which we can only get by a thorough and exhaustive investigation of business conditions at home and abroad." Mr. Fowler has been an advocate of a tariff commission for 12 years.

How Schively Escaped.

Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Schively owes his narrow escape from conviction to something more than a technicality. He was saved by a political "system." Influential ring politicians stood stubbornly in his defense from two motives—one of loyalty to a friend and member, the other to sheer self-protection. Schively is not the only state official who has been skating on thin ice, and some of his alarmed associates stood resolutely by him all through the regular session, opposing an investigation of his office from a fear that once the searchlight began to operate, it would be turned on them as well as upon Schively.

It Is "Our" Government.

Boston Transcript.

Free rural delivery is a regular rift in the monotony of the isolated life. It may be too much to say that it adds to the contentment of that life, but it certainly contributes to its enlightenment. Even those who before made small demands upon the postal service and did even less for its support feel a new dignity in being served directly by the United States and are likely to exert themselves to make it mean something to them.

Binger at It Again.

Dallas Observer.

"If I had dropped down here out of an airship, I wouldn't have recognized this city as Marshfield," said ex-Congressman Binger Hermann in that city the other day. "The advancement is remarkable. And I am glad of it, for I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Coos County and Coos Bay." He probably would have said more, but he stopped just then to ask a man about his "dear old father."

U'Ren's New "Dose."

McMinnville News Reporter.

W. S. U'Ren is fixing up another fool dose for the people to swallow but the News Reporter does not believe he will be able to force it down this time. Thinking people are getting mighty weary of U'Ren and his freak fads.

What's the Answer?

Nashville Tennessean.

If a camel can go eight days without taking a drink—as report has it—and it takes a camel ten days to cross the state of Alabama—well, what's the answer?

THE GREAT POET BACON.

Some of His Sad Stuff Produced to Prove That He "Wrote Shakespeare."

New York Evening Mail.

Sir Edward Sullivan has been favoring the "Nineteenth Century" with abundant extracts from the acknowledged poetry of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. Some people think that Bacon wrote the plays and verse attributed to William Shakespeare. Bacon also wrote a good deal of verse which he acknowledged as his own. It was sad stuff. Now and then a line is good; that could not be helped, in the case of the author of so many noble prose works as Bacon's. But these lines are plainly accidental; Bacon betrayed, in every stanza, the fact that he was not a born poet. But how about "the man who wrote Shakespeare"? Must he not have been a born poet? And would he ever have signed the following lines from Bacon's translation of the Psalms—particularly the third? We trow not:

The shady trees along their banks do spring,
In which the birds do build, and sit, and sing;
Stroking the gentle air with pleasant notes,
Plaining or chirping through their warbling throats.

"Stroking the gentle air with pleasant notes" is a namby-pamby image which "the man who wrote Shakespeare" would have scorned. And yet it is chosen as a "Shakespearean line," from amidst pages of twaddle! And imagine Shakespeare—or the man who wrote Hamlet's soliloquy—standing for a couplet like this:

There hast thou set the great Leviathan,
That makes the seas to seeth like boiling pan!

Pah! And again, bah! The thing is too preposterous even to think about. If Bacon's acknowledged verse had not been passed by for three centuries in kindly silence, nobody could as much as imagine that he was the author of "Othello." A revival of it is quite enough to dispose forever of the Baconian joke.

The only possible explanation of this stuff, consistent with the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, is that Bacon published the awful doggerel of the Psalms, with his name signed to it, to mislead the public, and strengthen the prevalent notion that Shakespeare really wrote the plays. That is to say, he was willing, in an age of high poetic standards, to qualify the fame he had won as a philosopher and a writer of prose, and to advertise himself as an utter fool in poetry, in order to conceal the fact that he was really the author of "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice"! This is certainly too unreasonable an assumption to be considered for a moment.

BIG TRAFFIC IN LITTLE RIVERS.

Some Things the Waterways Commission Will See in Europe.

New York World.

The American Waterways Commission need not be conducted as a junketing body. Its members could have obtained from American engineers and from printed data every fact they seek; but things seen make a more vivid impression, and there is much to see.

Before their steamboat train has whirled them from Cherbourg to Paris they will notice along the lower Seine, a small river like our upper Connecticut, dozens of tows, hundreds of laden barges, thousands of tons of heavy merchandise, pulled up and down by puffing tugs. At Charenton, where the Seine and Marne unite to make Paris possible, they will find a vast entrepot of water-borne freight, and farther south a complicated system of little canals which has set the rivers to work all the way across France.

If some of the members land in England they will find the Thames also canalized with frequent locks and hard at work carrying goods far above Oxford, where it is so narrow that racing shells cannot be rowed side by side. Small as it is the island is crisscrossed by waterways, and it has from Liverpool to Manchester one ship canal leading to the heart of the greatest compact industrial population in the world.

Excepting that at Manchester, the English and French canals are not so large as to cause surprise. It does surprise most Americans to see how much work is done by them and by the tiny rivers which they connect—rivers that are seldom by such use despoiled of their beauty and charm for residence or for pleasure boating. But it is in Germany that they will see the greatest example of progressive waterways improvement.

Lord Carlisle on his way to Turkey in 1853 was struck by the vast inferiority of river traffic on the Rhine compared with the Hudson. Modern Germany has made the Rhine one of the world's busy rivers, and at Ruhrort has created a huge fresh-water port to swing part of the Rhenish foreign commerce eastward into Germany instead of allowing it all to follow the river through Holland. Something like this Canada is doing with us; but in this case it is the little nation taking away the big nation's trade.

Might Revise Tariff Upwards.

Indianapolis News.

Perhaps when the porter takes to brushing you off with a vacuum cleaner he can extract it himself while you are not looking, which should be less painful.

Freightin'.

Charles Badger Clark, Jr., in the Pacific Monthly.

Fifty miles from Taggart's store,
Sixty yet to grind,
Heavin' six strung out before,
Trailer snubbed behind.
Half a world of glarin' sand,
Prayin' for a tree,
Nothing' movin' 'cross the land
But the sun and me.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
Grunts the workin' wheels;
Lazy gust swirls up the dust
From the hawses' heels.
I've been young and raced and sung
But I've learnt my lead.
Slow—slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

Where the skyline waves and breaks
Shines a misty beach
And the blue of ripplin' lakes—
Lakes no man kin reach.
Just beyond my leaders' bits
Winds the life I know—
Ruts and troyos, hills and pits,
In a daylong row.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
Life's more miss than hit.
Luck's the thing I dream and sing,
Chuck is all I git.
'Neath the sky I crawl and fry
Like the horny toad.
Slow—slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

When I reach that sparklin' line
Where the ripples run,
There'll be just this road o' mine
And the dust and sun.
Mebbe on my last, far hill,
When the dream-mist clears,
I'll be freightin', freightin' still,
Down the road of years.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
Skylines mostly lie,
Yet they beat the limp mesquite
That goes trailin' by.
Luck enough to move my stuff—
More I've never knowed.
Slow—slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

Slim and far our shadow swings;
Sun is on his knees.
Someone's campin' at the springs,
Smell it down the breeze.
Chuck-time boys, and sleep besides,
When we've chomped our hay—
Damn your dusty, trusty hides!
You've sho' filled your day.

Chuck-an'-luck! Luck-an'-chuck!
Grunts the weary wheels,
Dreams untold and sunset gold,
Cussin', sweat and meals.
If you kin, Lord, let me win,
But I'll move my load.
Slow—slow, on we go
Out the stretchin' road.

Life's Sunny Side

A newly-appointed Scottish minister on his first Sunday of office had reason to complain of the poorness of the collection. "Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are close—vera close. But," confidentially, "the auld meenister he put three or four saxpance into the plate hissel', just to gie them a start. Of course, he took the saxpance awa' with him afterward." The new minister tried the same plan, but the next Sunday he again had to report a dismal failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own sixpences were missing. "Ye may be a better preacher than the auld meenister," exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge o' the world, an' o' yer ain flock in particular, ye'd ha' done what he did an' glued the saxpances to the plate."—Dundee Advertiser.

* * *

The woman of the future was about to start downtown, when her husband placed his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Darling, light of my life," he whispered softly, "I love you more than words can tell."

"Oh, you do, eh?" she responded, suspiciously. "Well, what is it now, Henry—a new silk hat or a pair of trousers?"—Success.

* * *

The modern Sherlock climbed through the window and entered the kitchen.

"His wife is away," ejaculated Sherlock, as he surveyed the room with the critical eye of Scotland Yard. "I shall find out how long she has been away."

And then Sherlock began to count the soiled dishes piled up on the shelf.

"She has been away exactly 14 days," he commented.

"And how did you find that out, chief?" asked his assistant.

"Why, it's dead easy! Married men never wash their dishes when their wives are away, and there are just 42 soiled plates on that shelf. That means three plates a day for 14 days."—Chicago News.

* * *

The man with the protuberant brisket entered the office of a large automobile manufactory with a confident air. "I have here a great invention—a most necessary one," he said to the president of the company.

"In the automobile line?"

"Yes, sir—a 'shock absorber.'"

"But," objected the manufacturer, "there are dozens of them already on the market."

"None of this variety," said the inventor. "This 'shock absorber' is a device to break the news gently and without shock to an automobilist that his chauffeur has taken his motor car without permission from the garage, and, while entertaining a party of thirsty lady fren's, has totally wrecked the machine out in the suburbs. That's the sort of shock absorber it is!"

"Name your price," chortled the manufacturer, delightedly.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

* * *

Percy—I—aw—wrestled ovah an hour with me scarf this mawning.

Algernon—Which won the victory, deah boy—you or the scarf?

Percy—Neither. Cawn't you see the match wesulted in a tie? Haw! Haw!—Exchange.

* * *

Little Robert and Jim, the grocer's delivery man, were great friends, and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers he waited eagerly in front of the house for Jim's coming. But the delivery man, when he came, busied himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance. Robert stood around hopefully, in various conscious positions, until he could stand it no longer. "Jim," he burst out at at last, "is your horses 'fraid of pants?"—Everybody's.

* * *

At a religious service in Scotland the late Lord Kelvin noticed a youngster acompanying his grandparents and sitting wise as a young owl through the sermon.

At the close of the service Lord Kelvin congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the young man's behavior.

"Och, aye," returned the veteran, "Duncan's weel threatened afore he gangs in."—Youth's Companion.

* * *

Teacher—Don't you know the sixth commandment? Now listen, if a man came up to me with a revolver, and shot and killed me, what would it be? Johnnie (brightly)—a holiday, ma'am.—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

The Artist—Do you know the difference between working and playing? The Musician—Yes; the man who gets music out of a violin is playing; the fellow that gets noise out of a drum is working.—Syracuse Herald.

* * *

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a plutocrat?" "A plutocrat, my son, is a man who is vastly wealthy, but declines to endow any project in which you are immediately interested."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

DRAFT HORSES MIX WITH ROYALTY

Farmers' Useful Animals Recognized as Worthy by Aristocracy.

New York Special to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, while presiding at a meeting of the directors of the National Horse Show Association today, espoused the cause of the American farmer as a breeder of draft horses so heartily that the directors of the Association unanimously decided to offer $10,000 additional in prizes for the highest types of Belgians, Percherons, Shires and Clydesdales shown at the exhibition at Madison Square Garden next November.

"As the drafter is primarily the farmer's horse," said Mr. Vanderbilt "and as the farmer is the backbone of the country, it should be the principal object of those having the interest of horse-breeding at heart to develop the class of horses which will do the majority of the people the most good."

It is the first time that the National Horse Show Association has included draft horse classes in its exhibit. Almost simultaneously with the decision of the directors came the cable announcement that Europe had been practically depleted of its champion drafters by American owners and breeders who intend to exhibit them at the International show in Chicago in December but who will now exhibit them a month earlier at Madison Square Garden giving the visitors to the national show the first opportunity of witnessing a million dollars' worth of horseflesh in the arena at one time when the Clydes, Percherons, Shires and Belgians are paraded. The 200 prospective entries will have an average value of $5000 each.

Cupid Kind to Widows.

New York Herald.

Berwick, Pa., widows are being overwhelmed with proposals for marriages. A woman's great trouble is to get the first husband. They come easy after that.

Mrs. Besant Defines Thirst.

Washington Post.

Mrs. Besant says thirst outlives death. Perhaps she has had some recent experiences in Kansas or Alabama.

Colonel Bryan's Sense of Humor.

Commoner.

Now that a flying machine has crossed the English channel, possibly a dove can.