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PORTLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1909.

HENCE THESE ROARS.

The allegation that those who intend the assembly or convention plan, for suggestion of Republican nominations, purpose the abandonment or destruction of the primary system, is merely buncombe or stage thunder. The primary law will stand; it will not even be attacked; all its provisions will be observed and obeyed; all candidates will be nominated in accord with it. Moreover, this primary law never can be repealed, abolished, or even amended, without a direct vote of the people and a distinct majority in favor of repeal or amendment. All candidates suggested by assembly or convention must go to the primary for their nominations. What sense, then, in the assertion that the assembly or convention will do away with the primary law? Rotten stuff!

Every party will virtually adopt and pursue the assembly, convention, committee or conference method, for discussion of fitness or availability of candidates. The result will be suggestion of such names for primary selection, as, after deliberation, it may seem most advisable to offer. Every party, association or political group, will do this, must do it; else co-operation of men having common purposes will be impossible. Most surely the Central Labor Council will do it. Most surely the managers of the Democratic party of Oregon will do it. They have done it ever since the primary law came into operation. The Republican party hasn't done it; therefore, it has no basis of union, no co-operation among its members and consequently has been beaten. But it will hold conferences, guiding assemblies or conventions, hereafter. The candidates, so offered, then will be submitted to the primary. If nominated, they will be the party's candidates for the election. But their nomination may be contested by any others, who may desire to oppose them. It is extreme insincerity and silliness to assert that the primary law will be set aside by use of it and by close adherence to it.

Conference about candidates and about party policy is an indispensable incident or condition of party organization and representative action. Without it, a party, and especially the majority party, is merely "up in the air." A minority party always has a common bond in the principle of opposition. It is not plagued with a superfluity of candidates, and will throw its party vote for any one on the party ticket. But a majority party is held to a responsibility. Its candidates must satisfy the general sense of the party; and this can be determined only by conference of representative members. A dozen or half dozen men offer themselves for an important office. There is a hot contest, the party vote is split up and subdivided; a mere plurality, often a small one, nominates, and the candidate is beaten in the election. The opposition party bears a hand in the business, thinks it fine, and, of course, objects to and rails at those members of the majority party who think it good sense to take measures for holding their party together.

Disorganization and defeat of the majority party are the objects aimed at by the clamor against the conference, assembly or convention, proposed by the Republicans of Oregon for unifying their party and giving it a chance to elect Governors, United States Senators and other leading officials within the state. Hence these roars.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.

British Columbia authorities are wrestling with a mild Indian uprising and some anxiety is felt by the settlers along the Skeena River. Fortunately for the Caucasian and other races which have enrolled under the banner of civilization, an Indian outbreak is no longer fraught with serious consequences. On the American side of the line we are troubled with so many European outlaws who parade streets and stir up strife on street corners that, by comparison, the American Indian becomes a pretty good citizen. On American soil we have undoubtedly seen the last Indian trouble of sufficient importance to be dignified by the name war. Our neighbors on the north, however, still have possibilities for an Indian outbreak that may result in bloodshed.

The Skeena River country, as well as other parts of Western British Columbia, has been until quite recently well beyond the outposts of civilization. To a considerable extent the Skeena Indian's knowledge of the white man's principles and policies has been gleaned from the observations of the halfbreed and the fullbreed outlaws of the race, who have used prejudices of Indians to strengthen the cordon of safety around themselves, while retreating from the vengeance of the white man's law. But John Bull has fought "Indians," red, yellow, black and white, in all countries of the earth, and there has never been anything squeamish about his methods for putting down uprisings. For that reason the Skeena Indian war, if there is one, will be of short duration.

Skeena Indians are fighting against the invasion of their territory by the Grand Trunk Pacific. American Indians made similar protest when the building of the Union Pacific threatened their buffalo ranges. American Indians, after a severe struggle, went down before the advancing armies of civilization and industry, and the Skeena Indians will go down before a similar force.

As time dims the perspective through which we view the Indian horrors of the past, it seems to brighten the "high lights" of romantic courage and devotion to savage instincts. Skeena Indians have commercialized their traditions and principles, and are fighting because the compensation offered for the sacrilegious invasion of their cemetery is less than the sum demanded. American Indians did not place a fixed value on their wounded feelings, and for that reason were much better fighters than any other uncivilized antagonist ever encountered by the white man. Skeena Indians do not appear to have any idols which cannot be smashed with safety if the cash consideration is ample.

OUR GREAT PROSPERITY.

Our Northwest country is highly prosperous. It never was so prosperous. So prosperous is it that it can afford to sit down in indolence and import its food over 2000 miles of railway. People throng the towns, speculate in real estate, or wait for something to turn up. They don't want to work in the country, to tickle the soil with the plough or hoe.

This is not unexplainable, either. Values, or supposed values, about the towns and cities, are rising so fast that it is forgotten that in the final analysis or result all values depend on effort and labor on the soil. People refuse to work in the country. The farmer can't hire no help. Such "hands" as he does hire now and then rob him. He gets no effective work out of them. Rise, or supposed rise, of values in the cities and towns produces results quite analogous to those which followed the discovery and production of gold in California. Steady labor, on a rational basis, for agricultural work, is unobtainable.

The demand for labor, for railroad construction, now very large, takes up all the workingmen of the country, and more are wanted. Men would rather work in gangs at the railroad camps than in isolation on the farms; and it is ready money, of which, of course, men are very fond. They like to get their wages every week, or at least every month, and "hike off to town" and "blow them in."

All this makes the Northwest marvelously prosperous. High prices for wheat and wool and other products help everything along. Growing value of real estate is a contributing factor. Building in our larger cities helps it along. Hence we have a mighty prosperity, based on growth or imaginary growth of values; but we can't get labor for permanent development of the natural resources of the country. It is useless to complain about it; but 'tis just as well to understand it.

A MAD REVOLUTIONIST.

That pestilential heresy, the spelling reform, has at last produced a book. Its reputed author is Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL. D., L. H. D., emeritus professor of English in Yale University, but of course the judicious reader will look upon it as a sort of emanation from the whole group of lost and reprobate souls who advocate changes in the orthodox spelling of English. Of the origin of this orthodox collection of word symbols, Professor Lounsbury gives a history which divertingly reminds one of the accounts set forth by Gibbon and others of the way our various accepted creeds took their present forms. Still it does not matter in the least how disreputable or absurd the pedigree of a creed or any other fetich may have been, let it once acquire sacredness and all hope of correcting its mistakes or eliminating its absurdities vanishes forever. Much of that holy awe with which we contemplate the follies of our current orthography may be traced back to the authority of Dr. Samuel Johnson. To that moderately learned and deeply prejudiced man the mere fact that anything was irrational was a sufficient reason for worshiping it. He reveled in the delights of anomaly and staked the salvation of his soul on the steadfast defiance of common sense.

Up to Johnson's day, according to Professor Lounsbury, whose abhorrent heresies we are quoting more to stimulate the conformity of the reader by showing how terrible they are than for any other reason, English spelling was in a comparatively fluent condition. The pronunciation of words was constantly changing, even as it is now, and quite commonly the spelling was changed to keep pace with the sound, so that the printed forms of words really gave a clew, in many cases at least, to their pronunciation. Of course there was a tendency to fix upon certain spellings as sacrosanct and fall down before them in worship. People said that it would be a fearful thing to spell words in such a way as to obscure their derivation from the Greek and Latin. They contended, just as we do today, that the customary orthography possessed an inherent beauty which it would be sacrilege to deface. The customary orthography was very different then in many cases from the forms we employ, but its beauty was fully as inexpressible. Unfortunately, it was these tendencies to perpetuate the absurd and make it forever an object of awful respect which appealed to Dr. Johnson, and, when he wrote his famous dictionary, he gave them full sway. In his preface he spelled the word "author" with a "u" (authour), but in the body of his great work he invariably wrote it without the "u." He gravely observed that we must continue to spell such words as "back" with a "k" at the end because they were thus written by the original Anglo-Saxons. The truth was that the original Anglo-Saxons had no "k" in their language, and always ended "back" and its congeners with a "c." He held that we must spell "honor" with a "u" because it came to us from the French "honeur." All scholars know that the French word Johnson was trying to quote was "honneur," with two "n's," and that our word "honor" did not derive from it at all, but was an original importation into English direct from the Latin. Hence, if we wish to make the spelling show its origin, we must write it "honor," as the Romans did. Americans do, in fact, write it thus, and so did the English in the first place; but the authority of Dr. Johnson was sufficient to make the incorrect form prevail, and now the spelling "honor," which is as old as the Normans, is stigmatized by the British as a Yankee innovation which is sure to bring ruin and desolation upon our language.

While Johnson made a great pretense of conforming his orthography to the derivation of the words, he failed to do so for two excellent reasons. In the first place, he was densely ignorant of the whole subject of etymology, or the origins of words, and in the second place the language was so stuffed with departures from the rule that if he had followed it consistently his dictionary would have been laughable. The word "scent" is as good an example of what Professor Lounsbury means in this connection as one can find. It comes from the Latin "sentire," and the useless "c" in its bosom not only is useless, but it actually hides the origin. There are a great many people in this country and England who profess to find an exquisite classical fragrance in such spellings as "phthisic." They say that if this word were to be spelled "tisic," or even "tizzic," as Milton spelled it, they would experience a terrible shock every time they ran upon it in print. What do they experience when they run upon "scent," or upon "fancy"? The latter is a peculiarly hideous sin against etymology. It is just as much Greek as "phthisic" is, and according to its sacred classical origin ought to be spelled "phansy," but one may guess that "phansy" would give the worshipers of classicism fully as hard a shock as "tizzic" would.

Professor Lounsbury's book is full of this sort of thing. For the person who is enough of an innovator to want our spelling corrected of the mistakes thrust into it by ignoarnt classicists and Dutch printers, it abounds in consolation and prognostics of hope. The Spaniards and Italians, for example, have already made their orthography phonetic in most particulars. In trying to acquire either of these tongues the learner knows how to pronounce a word from the way it is printed. In English the printed form almost invariably misleads him. The French have set on foot a great movement to reform their spelling under the patronage of the government and the Academy. Their orthography is not nearly so bad as ours, but they are determined to change it for the better. Germany has taken the same road. The scholars of that progressive land have already made long strides toward a phonetic spelling, and they are preparing to go farther. The fact is that no language can ever become universal unless it is spelled at least with some reference to the way it is spoken. English spelling consistently defies pronunciation. The one safe piece of advice we can give a learner is, never try to pronounce a word as it is spelled. Any other way may possibly be right. That way is sure to be wrong.

ANOMALIES IN POLITICS.

A very singular political situation was presented in Maryland, in the recent election. An effort was made to disfranchise the negro, by amendment of the Constitution, in ways similar to those adopted in many others of the former slave states. It was beaten by a heavy majority. The negro vote of Maryland is not a very large factor, and no scare can be produced by alleging the danger of negro rule. But the peculiarity of the contest was of another kind, thus stated by an observer, just before the election:

> The church and the saloon in this campaign are fighting, without any understanding, shoulder to shoulder against the amendment. Their motives, however, are far apart. The ministers, except those having Southern leanings, regard the attempt to exclude the negro from the franchise guaranteed him by the Constitution as contrary to religious principles, while the Catholic churches, with their large foreign-born constituency, have this additional inducement to regard it with suspicion. Cardinal Gibbons has declared himself opposed to the amendment. The liquor interests look upon the negro as their strongest bulwark against the encroachment of local option laws and the adoption of state-wide prohibition.

Human society, in various situations, presents the most mysterious phenomena, strangest anomalies, puzzling contradictions. If there are miracles in the world, surely they are to be found in mutations and combinations of human society.

CUMMINS AND CANNON.

The complaint made by Senator Cummins, of Iowa, resolves itself into this, that Speaker Cannon, of the House of Representatives, has too much power. Cummins and the insurgents desire that the power of the Speaker should be curtailed.

It is not a personal matter, then, as to Cannon, but a desire to take out of the hands of the Speaker of the House the support of the rules that give the Speaker his power. When that is done the House will talk interminably and will do nothing. It will be more inefficient than the Senate, by as much as the membership of the House exceeds that of the Senate. Cummins and La Follette are no more on the right road to tariff reform than Cannon and Aldrich. Observe, by the way, that Cummins doesn't attack Aldrich. "Courtesy of the Senate" forbids. And may be Aldrich might skin Cummins.

Such men as Cummins and La Follette still claim to be protectionists. Their complaint is that their share of the spoil—the share allotted to their own states—is not large enough. This is no way to tariff reform. "No thoroughfare" here. On this basis the most votes get the most plunder; as the swiftest beasts of prey catch most game.

WHAT AILS THE MILK OFFICIALS?

Oregon's Dairy Commissioner has notified authorities in Portland that just as soon as they enforce the law against the local dairies which supply Portland with milk, he will enforce the law against dairies in other counties which afford most of Portland's lacteal fluid, and for want of whose product condensed milk plants and cheese and butter factories outside Portland are running on short shifts. We are told that such rigid enforcement of law would greatly curtail the milk receipts of Portland creameries and milk companies.

Is this the reason authorities in Portland did little or nothing last week toward enforcement of the law? "Business considerations" certainly should not stand in the way of protecting the babies. Creameries in this city have very practical ideas and interests in this vital matter. Meanwhile the law is not enforced. Why not? What is the matter? Have officers any alternative under their oaths but to enforce the law? Are they to continue mere ornaments and do nothing else than draw salaries? Is another "crusade" to end up in nothing accomplished?

Clearly, there should be no prosecution of the one class of dairymen near Portland unless of the larger class at a distance, too. But enforcement of the law against the latter involves "interests" in Portland much bigger than those of humble dairymen whose wagons clatter along Portland's streets early in the morning. These humble ones have been the lone objects of the crusade, up to this time. Now the threat of attacking all the lawbreakers evidently makes pause. But why pause? Is it too big a job or didn't the reformers know what they were getting into? It is significant to note that officials in Portland rested from their prosecution labors last week.

OUR BUSY PEOPLE.

Live hogs are being shipped by carloads from the East into Oregon, and cured meats and eggs and poultry in immense quantities; and cranberries and fruits of various kinds that could be grown here with ordinary industry, guided by intelligence. And even apples, in our Western Oregon towns—the best apple-growing country in the world—are so scarce and high that consumers can't afford to buy them. See the reports from Albany, Eugene, Corvallis and McMinnville.

Well, what is the matter? It's a simple thing. Our people, in these Northwest states, don't work, as people do in Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri. Perhaps they can't take time from their arduous labors in public affairs—their labors on tariff reform, initiative and referendum, in primary and general elections, on prohibition and for protection of the interests of the state against those who would like to do business in it, but must be held down.

Oregon simply is so overworked with its problems of statesmanship that it is forced to send to Missouri and Illinois for its food supplies. The one surplus product that Oregon has for export is the output of her statesmanship. But that—unfortunately—she can't give in exchange for eggs, apples and bacon, nor for anything else of slightest use in all the round world.

Two of the Wyoming sheep-killing cattlemen who participated in a raid near Basin last Spring, when three sheepmen were killed, have turned state's evidence and thus made possible the conviction of some of the cowardly murderers. It is, perhaps, natural that a man so low down in the scale of humanity as a sheep-killing cattleman should rush at once to cover when his own neck was endangered. If the testimony of these men, however, should result in the conviction and punishment of their cowardly companions in murder, much will have been accomplished. The annual crimes of sheepmen and cattlemen have been for years a blot on the civilization of the West, and if a few of the murderers follow their victims into the next world it may have a wholesome effect on those who are left and who might otherwise continue to follow the trail of blood.

Says the Harney County News: "We (Republicans) lost more candidates under the convention system than we have lost under the primary system." The convention system was in existence for an immensely longer period. But "we" lost no United States Senators under it. However, the primary method will not be interfered with. But no quarter will be given by Republicans to any Republican candidate for the Senate, or for the Legislature who pledges to "statement one." Besides, there will be conferences, assemblies or conventions, to suggest candidates; so as to have a chance of naming representative men, instead of nincompoops and nobodies nominated by themselves and not fit to be elected.

Although a majority of the constitutional members of the Oregon Supreme Court, in the recent St. John liquor case, upheld the decision of two lower courts and denied St. John's claim of exemption from the local option law, the constitutional Supreme Court was overridden by the two surplus members of the Court—King and Slater—who were supported by only one constitutional justice—McBride. Here, then, the local option law and the liquor question are involved in the constitutionality of the Supreme Court. It is worth noting, perhaps, that out of the seven justices who passed on the St. John case in three courts, only one regular judge—McBride of the Supreme Court—held St. John exempt from the local option law.

The decision of the University of Copenhagen to get along without any assistance in judging whether or not Dr. Cook reached the Pole is perhaps pardonable in this age of publicity and promotion. Since the vaudeville houses have relegated Shakespeare to the one-night stands in the cactus districts, the name of Denmark's most illustrious character, the late Mr. Hamlet, is seldom heard. The Cook-Peary controversy offers the Danes an opportunity to get their country in better position on the first page next to pure reading matter than was ever possible while their famous but melancholy Hamlet was haunting the dramatic pages.

The whole white race will suffer terrific concern until Jeff proves its supremacy by "licking" the "nigger." And even after that, perhaps the only way of subduing the colored champion will be to keep him in jail for breaking the auto speed laws. It is the most serious race problem yet presented.

Perhaps the I. W. W. patriots at Spokane should be subjected to an examination by competent physicians. It will be remembered that for many years before the discovery of the hookworm the Southern corn-crackers were all charged with being lazy.

The San Francisco Chronicle consoles the people of its city with the reflection that the success of McCarthy for Mayor "does not necessarily mean a return to Schmitz methods of administration." "Necessarily" is good.

Strange that Mrs. Roosevelt and the children, who ought to know Teddy best, worried for his safety. Everybody else knew that Teddy would "come through" and "land on his feet." He always does.

"If the Republican party of Oregon," says a Democratic journal, "desires extinction, just let it persist in its assembly plan." It couldn't do worse than lose Governors and United States Senators, could it?

Party organization is essential to all efficient political action. Denied in Oregon for years past, this is to be reasserted and maintained, now and hereafter.

In a little while it may not be necessary for Dr. Cook to submit proofs. After all, there may be no need of hurry. The muddle will clarify itself.

The old lesson of the mother-in-law, even though overworked, does unending service as a proverb and a byword among all nations.

This wet weather on Thanksgiving day will make football enthusiasts rejoice extremely.

A BALANCE OF FORCES.

Men Who "Take Chances" and Others Who "Play Safe."

New York Evening Mail.

It is well that this world has men willing, in things financial, to take a chance. This sentiment as thus expressed may be uninspiring commonplace; but it is a pertinent, vital and grateful consideration when it comes from the mouth of the originator or promoter of any new thing. The man with an idea never lacks in appreciation of the man who will take a chance.

Most of us will not. The ordinary man plays safe when he invests the rewards of his frugality. It was hard to amass his little surplus, and it is hard to get it away from him. He is a cautious investor, not a speculator. He puts his money in a savings bank, or buys a few standard railroad shares, or acquires a little land in the country on which he builds a home, himself occupying and managing his only original venture of importance.

To men of this type the new thing never looks well, for the very good reason that in more than nine cases out of ten there is something wrong with the new thing. Any one going upon the law of averages would be justified in turning it down. The average man's inclination to take a chance is along only one line; he will chance it on something he has worked out himself; he will invest his own capital in his own plans. But what good does that do the hungry-eyed inventor, the promoter of a new literary venture, industrial process or mining proposition?

The man who does not figure out matters too closely; who shares the other man's enthusiasm; who feels, perhaps, that in the name of progress something is due the new thing; who is willing to lose something in the possibility that he may gain much—is he not one of the world's great motive forces? There may be an advantage to the world that it has some men to whom money has come largely and very easily; for very easily it proceeds from them again. There may be an advantage to the world that it has some men who have more money than they require, for part of it takes the needed chance.

SMALL STOCKHOLDERS WHO COUNT.

Their Share in Large Corporations Listed in Wall Street.

Washington (D. C.) Herald.

When we are told in wild-eyed language that the country is going to the demnition bow wows, and that the speed of our going is constantly being accelerated, let us ask the demagogue to pause an instant, while we reflect with him. Let us look about and see of what character of man the great majority of American citizens is composed. It is not the millionaire class nor the very poor that predominate, but the great middle class, most of them well-to-do and all in comfortable circumstances.

If evidence is needed, it can be found in a list of shareholders of corporations. Not the widows and orphans for whom some of the captains of industry are so solicitous, but the man who by his own efforts has saved some money and has invested it. More than 2,000,000 persons are stockholders in the large corporations whose shares are listed in Wall street, and probably another 2,000,000 are investors in smaller enterprises. These added to real estate owners will make fully half the voters of the land stable citizens, who favor peace and quiet pursuits to financial and industrial disturbances.

Pennsylvania Railroad stock is the most widely distributed of all. No less than 50,000 individuals hold shares of this corporation. The Illinois Central, the Steel Corporation, the Atchison, and Bell Telephone are others that are held in small lots. Prosperity for the Nation means prosperity for a large number, and the thrifty citizen makes investments which return a small but regular income. The day of wildcat speculation, of investing in visionary enterprises, is nearing a close. It means the dawning of a better day for the country, and the coming of a long reign of peace.

Phonograph Drinks in Cuss Words.

Kansas City Journal.

James R. Adams, a Vincennes, Ind., newspaper man, has quit "cuss" words. During the last state campaign Adams was for Watson through and through, and when Watson was defeated he simply couldn't believe it. It made him so mad that for a day and a night he "brooded." It was on the second day that Adams took his spite out on the phonograph. He uses one at his office for the purpose of dictation. He took his home, locked himself in his room and began. He used nine records telling the phonograph what he thought of the political situation. Then he listened to the instrument reel off the talk to him. He sort of liked it; and still it seemed to him there was something the matter. So he turned and dictated a statement into the machine, promising never to lose his temper again and never to say so much as a "cuss word" again as long as he lived.

Once Worthless Weed, $35 Per Ton.

Baltimore News.

The August flower, a plant also known as the oil of broom weed, which grows very bountifully over a large part of the State of Oklahoma, and which has been regarded as a weed, worthless and a source of worry to the farmers, is now being cut and sold to broom-corn buyers at Fairview and other points in the northwestern counties for $35 a ton. The plant is used to fill the insides of cheap grades of brooms.

Chickens Nest, Lay, Hatch in Trees.

Indianapolis News.

Mrs. C. N. Howard, of South Georgia, has a brood of chickens that nest, lay and hatch in trees. One hen has a fine brood of chicks which she hatched out in the hollow of an oak tree 30 feet high. For three generations these chickens have been laying this way, and Mrs. Howard is giving them away to get rid of them, because, she says, they are too much trouble and she cannot get to their nests.

In a Barrel, Towing the World.

Paris Dispatch.

Two Italians, named Vianelli and Zinardi, are making a tour of the world, in a barrel. The barrel is divided into sections, one containing a seat, the other a bed. Both bed and seat are mounted on an axis, so that as the barrel rolls the bed and seat remain in position. The men left Venice in June, taking turns at pushing the barrel.

Preacher Classifies Kinds of Geese.

Chicago Tribune.

At the Friends' Church at Carmel, Ind., Rev. Willis Bond told the women of his congregation he wished they would wear fewer feathers on their hats, "as the Lord never intended the feathers to be pulled out of one goose and be worn by another."

His Ancestry Dates From Year 536.

Philadelphia Record.

Rev. J. Marion Mickley, who has just died at Carlisle, Pa., could trace his ancestry back to Mickletus, court treasurer to a Frankish King, Chlodwig, before the year 536.

The Old, Old Story.

Kansas City Journal.

"Tell me the old, old story," murmured the beautiful heiress.

"Well," said the duke, "I owe about two millions."

Quick Record of English Barber.

Baltimore News.

Robert Hardie, of England, made a quick-shaving record by shaving six men in one minute and twenty-nine seconds.

HIRED MAN NOW IS DICTATOR.

Average Farmer Lives in Fear and Trembling of the Tyrant.

Cottage Grove Sentinel.

On a recent trip through the rural district south of Cottage Grove the Sentinel came in contact with "the hired man," from whom much information concerning the country was obtained. From general indications he was the whole thing on the ranch, the light of the household and the joy of the cowbarn. He knew the name of every heifer on the place, and his responsibility was as large as his pedal appendages.

The day has passed into the beautiful beyond forever when the agriculturist can hoist the hired man from the farm without starting something. Time was when a hired man who mildly objected to pailing 19 cows at 3 A. M. and bedding the shoats at the midnight hour would be cordially invited to chase himself into the next township to the accompaniment of a string of rosy-hued profanity. But nowadays this method would be about as successful as applying a bust developer to a Shropshire ewe.

When the midsummer zephyrs fan his bronzed face the hired man strides through the dimpling dewdrops in a hickory shirt and a cheery smile. On the first day, as the peal of the church bell chases a previous peal down the picturesque valley, he squeezes a size eleven foot in a seven shoe, laces a celluloid short front to his bulbous bosom, dons a handpainted necktie and sallies forth at the tailgate of a Cremo cigar, through a sylvan dell to the meetin' house.

The hired man has the rest of the family holding pious hands heavenward nine-tenths of the time for fear that he will change his base. He has become as sensitive in spirit as an ingrowing toenail. Breathe it to him gently that the rubber-tired buggy is designed for the use of the family and he will vanish across the nearest eighty without waiting to gather up his lingerie. Drop on your knees and suggest that he stripped the roan heifer with too much haste and he will call for his time check in a voice which can be heard down at the Four Corners on a windy night. Never sass the hired man unless you are going to move into town.

BEHIND THE PENSION SCREEN.

Civil War Veteran Says the G. A. R. Isn't Getting All the Good Things.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Nov. 7.—(To the Editor.)—Referring to a recent editorial paragraph in The Oregonian, wherein it was stated that the total amount paid out for pensions in the fiscal year ending June 30, $161,930,703—the largest amount ever disbursed for pensions in a single year—and that the heavy death list and the increased pay list would be surprising but for the fact that surprise long ago reached its limit in the matter of pensions, such information may cause people to think that the Grand Army is receiving all the pensions.

I will tell some things that I have found out since I came to Vancouver—and knowing The Oregonian to be in favor of a square deal, I trust these few lines from an old "Remnant" of '61 to '65 will be given a chance to see daylight. In the days of the Civil War enlisted men were paid $13 per month in paper worth 35 or 40 cents on the dollar. Now, we are receiving from $8 to $12 per month in pensions. The $12 is for total disability, and very few are receiving it. At the present time, enlisted men get $16 per month in coin to start with, additional pay for longer service, also extra pay for marksmanship, and double time for service outside the United States, with three square meals a day and a good bed to sleep in. After 30 years of this kind of service, they retire and are put on the pension roll, getting from $45 to $90 per month, nearly five times as much as the men who experienced what real soldiering meant in the late unpleasantness with our Southern brothers.

Present-day soldiers also receive their pay every month, while we have to wait three months for our money. I did not know this until I came here to live, and got acquainted with comparatively every young man here who is receiving $67.50 per month as retired soldiers and getting paid as laborers besides. I do not blame these men for getting this pay, as it was promised them, but I do not think the G. A. R. should be blamed for the increase in the pension roll, when we are getting such a small amount for the service we rendered where powder was burned, and where we left quite a number of our comrades on more than 100 battlefields as grim evidence of the marksmanship of the "Johnnies."

J. B. S., A REMNANT.

Hyas Tyee, Hiyu Kultan.

Heppner Gazette.

"Buffalo Bill," one of the original Americans from the Columbia River tribe, was in Heppner the first of the week. Bill is one of the big Siwash horsemen and, according to his story, has 900 head of horses ranging in the sands of the Columbia. When Bill was asked if he had any money to lend, he drawled out a grunt of disgust and answered by saying: "No, me lace horse man; me no got money." The truth of Bill's statement has not been doubted even by the palefaced "lace horse" men. Bill is a pretty foxy Siwash. Ordinarily he talks pretty good English, but it is said when he gets on the track with the whites he loses all knowledge of the Boston man's lingo, and it is wake cumtux to everything but taking down the money. Bill is a son of Blind Jim, and consequently royal blod courses in his veins.

Oldest Known Coiners of Money.

Kansas City Star.

What is regarded as the most ancient coin in the world is one that was discovered lately by a German archaeologist during his explorations in North Syria. It is a coin of pure silver, bearing a perfect Aramean inscription of Panammu Bar Rerub, King of Schamol, who reigned 800 years B. C. Up to the time this coin was found the Lydians had always been regarded as the inventors of money, but this new find showed that the Semetic Arameans, who lived two centuries before the Lydians, are the oldest known coiners of money.

Prophecy of a Gentle Winter.

Ione Proclaimer.

Mrs. M. Jordan, who came to Ione when just a little child, having crossed overland, and who has lived here continuously since, says that this is an ideal Fall. She says that it has been several years since the outlook for a good year ahead has been so bright and that so much rainfall followed each time by warm weather and more rain is a forerunner of open Winter, much moisture and heavy grain crops.

A Lesson in Livestock.

Independence Enterprise.

Just think of it: a Jersey calf only 17 days old selling for $70. Twice as much as the common grade cow would bring with a calf at her side, and the calf you couldn't give away. To think that Jerseys can be raised on the same feed and under same conditions that grade animals can, where is the excuse for not growing the best?

Vacation—Mother Wants Son in Jail.

Baltimore News.

A Joplin, Mo., woman who planned a visit to the East asked the City Attorney to keep her 14-year-old son in jail until her return. The request was refused by the judge, however, who considered that the boy's future was worth more than the mother's vacation.

Life's Sunny Side

Some time ago a man at Ypsilanti, Mich., became crazed on the subject of hypnotism, and was sent on a Michigan Central train to an asylum. When the conductor asked for tickets the crazy man began telling him of his hypnotic powers.

"I'll hypnotize you," he said.

"Fire away," replied the conductor.

The man made several passes before the conductor's face.

"Now you are hypnotized," he said.

The conductor looked the part as best he could.

"You're a conductor," the hypnotist said.

"That's right," replied his victim.

"You're a good conductor," went on the hypnotist.

"Right again," said the conductor.

"You don't smoke, drink, or swear at passengers. You are honest. You turn in all tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent."

"That's right," asserted the conductor.

The hypnotist eyed him a moment, then said:

"What an awful fix you'd be in if I left you in this condition."—Kansas City Star.

* * *

The late Thomas Bone, "the sailor's missionary," was the soul of kindness, but he had a keen wit and a ready tongue, too. An instance given in his recently published life is the following:

"His work was not without its humorous side. Among the new men there were always some who sought a little amusement at his expense, but they reckoned without their host. His kindly manner never changed. The smile never left his face. There was no venom in the retort, but it seldom failed to silence the interrupter. The laugh raised at his expense made it quite certain that no second attempt would be made.

"Seeing him approaching one day, one of a group of sailors announced his intention of having some fun. He stepped forward and removed his hat, revealing a perfectly smooth crown, and asked:

"'Can you tell me why my head is so bald, while all my companions have plenty of hair?'

"'I don't know,' was the smiling reply, 'unless the reason given me the other day by a farmer would apply, that an empty barn is not worth shingling.'"—Youth's Companion.

* * *

A mission teacher on the Bowery, by the force of his enthusiasm, succeeded in gaining the interest of a well-known tough, who began at once to change his way of living, certainly to the signal betterment of his worldly comfort. He wore new clothes, associated with attractive people, and experienced the prosperity of peaceful ideas.

The convert, though much regenerated, could not wholly abandon his former life, and the drift of his mind toward things of the past came into startling evidence.

He attended a non-devotional class meeting called by his mentor for the special purpose of considering the practical ways and means of promoting a monster basket picnic.

An appropriate date for the picnic was one of the matters to be decided.

Much to the general astonishment, the convert was much opposed to the date favored by all the others.

A recess was taken to discuss the issue more informally, and the mission worker drew his protege aside to interrogate him.

"It is going to rain that day," declared the convert earnestly. "It will spoil the picnic."

"But how do you know it is so certain to rain?"

Then the convert blurted forth his reasons, helplessly, but with conviction:

"I have it straight that Taboo's people will start her in the third on that very day. She is out for a killing, and I never knew her to run that it didn't rain."—New York Telegraph.

* * *

Smiling, Pat strolled into the examination-room where candidates for the police force underwent their physical test.

"Strip!" ordered the police sergeant.

"Phwat's that?" demanded the uninitiated.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it!"

Mumbling and muttering, Pat disrobed, and the doctor proceeded to the test.

"Hop over this bar!" ordered the doctor.

Pat did his best, which landed him on the small of his back.

"Now jump under this cold shower!" ordered the doctor.

"Shure, that's funny!" muttered the applicant, as he obeyed.

"And now," concluded the doctor, "run round the room ten times, to test your heart and wind!"

Pat hesitated, then—

"O'll not!" he blurted out. "O'll sthay single!"

"Single" inquired the doctor, mystified.

"Yes, single!" repeated the Irishman. "What's all this fussing got to do wid a marriage license?"

He had strayed into the wrong office.—Exchange.

* * *

"Do you know the defendant?" asks the lawyer of the man with the heavy eyeglasses and the high brow.

"I do," replies the witness.

"How long have you known him?"

"All his life."

"What do you know of his reputation for truth and veracity?"

"I do not care to state."

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"I wouldn't believe anybody on oath."

"Would you believe him if he made a statement on his deathbed?"

"I wouldn't believe anybody under such circumstances."

"Would you believe him if he told what you personally knew to be true?"

"I should say not."

"That is strange. Wouldn't you believe anybody under the conditions I have outlined?"

"No, indeed. No, sir."

"May I inquire why you take such an odd position?"

"I am a professional scientist, and my active work at present is disbelieving the stories of polar explorers."—Chicago Post.

Sale of Rare Cruikshank Books.

North American.

At the recent Armstrong sale of books, held in New York, were 50 fine Cruikshank books, among them being the "New Bon Ton Magazine," 1818-21, a great rarity; "Life of Napoleon," 1815, very scarce; "Points of Humor," 1823-24; "Life in London," 1821; "Life in Paris," 1822; "The English Spy," 1825-26, of extreme rarity, but somewhat impaired; "Eccentric Tales From the German," 1827, in the original boards. Rowlandson was finely represented by the rare book called "The New Plain Dealer," London, 1792, and also by the "Poetical Sketches of Scarborough," the scarest of the Rowlandson books, bearing the date 1813.

Priest Wants 30 Weddings, Soon.

Norristown (Pa.) Dispatch.

Father Quinn, pastor of St. Gertrude's Church, Conshohoken, Pa., has served notice on his flock that until January 1, 1910, there must be 30 marriages in his church. Jewelers and instalment men are getting busy.

No Flaw Picked Yet.

More Observer.

Pick a flaw, if you can, in that two-column editorial in Monday's Oregonian on the State Supreme Court, and "the unhappy position into which shyster politicians have brought it."

Protest From a Sufferer.

Woodburn Independent.

The proprietors of the numerous restaurants in Portland would make more if they barred tipping or encouraged the passage of an anti-tipping law.