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PORTLAND, MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1909.

THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OUR POLITICAL PARTIES.

The lines of division between our political parties are not at this time very strictly nor definitely drawn. Nevertheless, the principal line of division remains as heretofore; since it is fixed in human nature, and, therefore, is ineradicable. The natural bent of one party is towards a strong and efficient government of concentrated and centralized powers; of the other, towards loose and local democracy. The trend of thought, of feeling, of events, constantly leads men, according to their natural temperaments, to separate themselves into parties; and usually there are but two great parties, because opposition is the life of popular government, and the tendency of one party, contending for its ideas, is to produce its opposite—the other. From this condition there can be no important or permanent change. Consequently, our political parties are not to break up and disappear.

On trifling events men frequently scatter in considerable numbers, from the parties they commonly act with; but any event or proposition of real importance will bring them back. Even though they may not distinctly know what the proposition or measure may mean, cannot analyze it or give reasons for it or against it, they instinctively feel they must oppose it, or support it, as the case may be, according to their view of its bearing on the general course of politics and government. This diversity is mainly temperamental, but educational influences have much to do with it. So have personal antipathies and local prejudices. Many men act with one party because of their natural dislike of men or neighbors of the other.

In the main the Democratic party of the United States has been controlled by local and provincial ideas; the Republican party and its forbears by the ideas and purposes of a government of larger and fuller powers. The one party has disliked and even hated central authority; the other has favored and supported it. It is certain, however, that Democrats in many parts of the country are committing themselves, more or less, to a policy of centralization and of dependence on the national government. Many of them are very earnest supporters of high protective tariff and of all sorts of internal improvements, under national direction. Still, however, they act, nominally, with the Democratic party, whose traditions are all against these things, and whose platforms still condemn them.

Yet each party is to be judged by the general course, and by the whole course and tenor, of its history. The tariff cannot really become a party question, since it depends on local industries; and among the strongest protectionists now are large communities in our Southern States. On the other hand, many Republicans in Northern districts are insistent upon tariff reduction. But this doesn't wipe out party lines, because back of all lies the historic basis of parties, resting primarily on human nature, and carried forward and far beyond the crisis of the conflict between national and state authority. It will not cease so long as state authority exists. That is, there is no probability it will cease at all or ever.

During fifty years the Republican party, depending on authority and insisting on the use of it, has done everything. It has been strong, because it is the party of national ideas. In many things the Democratic party has been a helper, doubtless; but a helper chiefly by its opposition. Most conspicuous display of this fact was when it elected Governor Cleveland to the Presidency, in 1892. Cleveland was an asserter of high central authority; and discovering this, his party exclaimed that it had been "betrayed," and it repudiated him. Ever since it has followed the Bryan standard.

It appears that now still, as for fifty years past, all the important questions of national and general policy that must be dealt with, are to be wrought out, mainly, through the Republican party. The local temperament, the provincial instinct, that controls the Democratic party, supplies no purpose of sufficient breadth for a national organization. There is, however, much criticism of the Republican party, even by Republicans. But the Democratic party obtains no advantage from it, because, as a party, it lacks national basis. It devotes itself to provincial ideas and contentions, and fights either for obsolete notions or for new vagaries. Hence, it has no common bond, no constructive policy; but simply is "agin" things that others propose, or pitches its camps a generation or two behind the march of the times. It made its first complete wreck on state authority and state sovereignty, and its second on an irrational contest for silver; unaware that in each case it was pitting itself against world-wide principles of political and economic progress towards consolidation.

The country will not be governed by a loose local democracy that contends against national ideas and principles. The policy of this party towards the Philippines is of a piece with the rest. It is not a party of national breadth, standing for national authority. There has been a long fight to make the United States a nation, and the Democratic party, during this long struggle, has been on the wrong side of the battle line. The great personalities of Jackson and of Cleveland, standing for authority, did not change its essential nature.

Russian wheat shipments for the week ending last Saturday were the smallest since October 1. The term "smallest" loses some of its significance, however, when it is stated that for the seven days there were dispatched from the Russian seaports 5,920,000 bushels of wheat. With such enormous shipments coming at a time when the remainder of the world either has no wheat, or is not selling it, Russia may well lay claim to the title "granary of the world." American shipments from the United States and Canada since July 1 are more than 24,000,000 bushels less than for the same period a year ago, and, as the visible supply is nearly 20,000,000 bushels less than it was at this date last year, there is a growing belief that the size of the American crop has again been over-estimated.

RAILROAD FROM YAKIMA.

Persistent rumors of a railroad connecting Portland with Yakima, or some near-by point in South Central Washington, will not down. The latest of these shadows of coming events credits the proposed line to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and there are many good reasons why this rumor is entitled to more credence than some of its predecessors. Within an isosceles triangle having the apex of its longer sides at a point where Klickitat and Yakima Counties "corner" on the west, and having a line from Tacoma to Portland as a base, lies the largest area in the State of Washington not yet reached by a railroad. The Northern Pacific and the North Bank roads form the two long sides of this triangle, and the jointly-operated Hill-Harriman tracks between Portland and Puget Sound form the short side. The only break in this large territory is where the Tacoma & Eastern has built out through Pierce and into Lewis County.

It is obvious that the Hill lines have practically a monopoly on whatever traffic flows out of this region. It is equally obvious that there can be very little development in that region, which is rich in timber, mineral and agricultural resources, until there is a "cross-country" road. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is owned and controlled to a large extent by the same men who own and control the Harriman lines. The relations existing between the two lines are so harmonious that, pending completion of its line to Portland, the Milwaukee turns its Portland traffic over to the Harriman lines at Plummer, Idaho. In view of the intense rivalry between the Hill and Harriman forces, it is not at all probable that the powerful financiers who are behind the Milwaukee as well as the Harriman lines will long neglect such a rich field as lies between the Yakima country and the Columbia River.

It thus seems logical and natural that the Milwaukee should be the road to strike cross country to Portland. The mysterious North Coast has a survey running through Cowlitz Pass, but a road built there would miss much good traffic originating farther south and east, in a territory that could be tapped by a road starting from Yakima and swinging south of Mount Adams. It is, of course, impossible to secure low grades and easy curves on a line through a country as rough as that which will be encountered in portions of Yakima and Skamania Counties. There is so much rich traffic at stake, however, that eventually a road will be built through the country. It may not become a portion of a main line to Portland, but it will haul out a heavy traffic in both directions, and will make tributary to Portland a large region in the State of Washington in which development is on a scale not at all in keeping with the possibilities of the country.

Reasoning from actual events now taking place in Central Oregon, there would be no occasion for surprise if the Milwaukee and the Hill lines should both decide to build a short cut through from Yakima to Portland. The line is more of a necessity for that quasi-Harriman road, the Milwaukee & St. Paul, than it is for the Northern Pacific, but the latter road has some advantages in the way of a good start made on the line running out of Vancouver, Wash., to Yacolt.

WALL STREET'S BLACK ART.

The unsophisticated observer who lends his watch or hat to the magician on the stage is somewhat inclined to become nervous when "the hand deceives the eye" and he witnesses the apparent destruction of his property. He is inclined, however, to view with good-natured interest the efforts of the magician when the watch or the hat is the property of some one else. About two years ago the great and growing, otherwise the wild and woolly West, loaned large sums of money to the Wall-street magicians, who by long and uninterrupted practice had perfected the art of making from two to ten shares of stock grow where the subsoil hardly warranted one. The West was so particularly interested in this special brand of necromancy practiced in the canyons leading out of Lower Broadway that it cheerfully advanced the funds necessary for the process by which water was transformed into gold with a rapidity and in a volume that placed Aladdin's lamp in a class with the burned-out incandescents.

It will be remembered that the Wall-street disciples of the modern black art temporarily lost control of public confidence, that mighty invisible force which enabled them to perform their bewildering stunts. In the cataclysm that followed this lapse of public confidence the West was very much disturbed lest it fail to recover its watch, hat and other trifles loaned for the exhibition. Fortunately, most of its property was returned, although the suspense and expense were both great. Now, with return of prosperity, the Wall-street magicians and jugglers are out in force. They are selling a million or more shares of stock per day, on a market in which nothing even bordering on legitimate buying and selling would warrant the turn-over of half that amount. As many as 350,000 shares of steel common have been sold in a single day, and other "active" stocks in proportionate volume.

This year, however, the West is not "in on the deal," and as a result we witness the remarkable spectacle of higher interest rates in New York than in Chicago and many other Western cities, which in the past have shipped their surplus cash to New York to be used in high finance in Wall street. The rates at home are lower, but the quality of the security seems to be higher. That New York is feeling the loss of this Western money is apparent in the weekly bank statements. The surplus reserve of the clearing-house banks of New York for the week ending last Saturday was $210,466,000, the lowest point reached since early in 1908, when recovery from the 1907 panic began. This is more than $70,000,000 less than the reserve held at the close of the corresponding week last year, and is less than $7,000,000 more than the reserve required by law, while last year the surplus was more than $30,000,000 in excess of legal requirements.

A decrease of more than $20,000,000 in loans last week indicates rather drastic contraction, and with sixty-day loans strong at 5½ and 6 per cent, it is quite apparent that a halt is about to be called on that peculiar kind of finance that has made Wall street famous. Any halt called in Wall street, however, will hardly interfere with the progress of the prosperity procession in the West.

SECRET DIVORCES.

It is not easy to understand why Margaret Illington, otherwise Mrs. Daniel Frohman, was obliged to leave her unhappy home in New York, travel with her damaged household gods all the way to the Pacific Coast, and falsely declare herself a resident of Nevada, merely to get a divorce. For it has many times been shown that the New York courts are of a most accommodating disposition when the soiled lingerie of the miserable rich is to be renovated through the process of divorce. There is no trouble at all in arranging in New York to get rid of a troublesome wife or husband, if the applicant for the court's favor has a "pull." Further, the court may be persuaded to invoke the rule, unknown elsewhere, of taking the testimony in secret and of withholding from the public any of the interesting details, if, in the court's judgment, their publication "might endanger public morals." Public morals must be in constant danger through the misdeeds of New York's great families, for nearly every divorce of the Astors or Vanderbilts or others of the idle rich has been procured in secret. There is not much room for play of the imagination over the causes, however, for too much money and the other woman or the other man, as the case may be, have doubtless been responsible in each case.

Of course, society is not much in danger from free and full knowledge of the vicious doings of the rich and famous. If it knows, society may devise ways to protect itself. Rather, there is much to be feared if the way through the divorce court shall be made easy for the drones and dawdlers of society and correspondingly difficult for its humble members. Divorce should be neither a privilege nor a habit for any class of society; yet as things are in New York it appears to be both.

Yet Margaret Illington may have been obliged to go to Reno, where all may meet in the divorce court on the common level. Likely enough, it was her husband who had the "pull."

POSTAL BANKS IN POLITICS.

The signs of the times indicate pretty clearly that the country must choose before long between the guaranty of deposits in commercial banks and the establishment of postal savings banks. With the present banking condition, no small number of people are dissatisfied, and nothing will content them short of some change which they think is for the better. Several states besides Oklahoma have already adopted the guaranty policy, in part at least. More are discussing it, with a trend of popular opinion in its favor. Of course, the weight of scientific judgment is against the guaranty of deposits, but many voters dismiss this as an unimportant consideration. They say the economists are biased or bought, and persist in their desire for a state or National guaranty. Some want both.

For this insistent and growing demand for more banks or safer banks there are two substantial reasons. In the first place, large sections of country are totally unprovided with banks. This is a fact which some financiers are disposed to overlook. In arguing against postal banks, they speak as if banks were already sufficiently numerous everywhere, and assume with bland indifference to fact that in opening the postoffice for deposits the Government would needlessly intrude upon a legitimate industry. The truth is that private enterprise has failed to supply the country with the banks it needs, and will continue to fail. This is markedly the case in regions where population is sparse. Savings banks are needed there as much as anywhere, but individuals will not open them, because they will not pay. The only sound recourse is to receive savings deposits at the postoffice.

Many people believe, however, that the public guaranty of deposits would induce capitalists to open banks in neighborhoods where at present they would be unprofitable. The guaranty, it is argued, would draw large sums of money out of hoarding which the local bank would receive and send elsewhere for investment. Very little reserve need be kept on hand, since the public guaranty would preclude anything like a run on the bank. Granting that this argument is deceptive, still it appeals to a considerable number of voters and it is quite likely that the only way to meet it is by establishing postal banks. People living in sparsely settled districts are determined to have places of safe deposit for their savings. If the Government does not provide for their needs by a scientific expedient like postal banks, they will undoubtedly resort to the state guaranty and may even move timid Congressmen to enact a National guaranty law.

The second substantial reason for the popularity of the guaranty project is a feeling that at present some banks are unsafe. Of course economists reply that the public guaranty would not make them any safer, but many people do not believe it. Multitudes are convinced that it is a genuine remedy for panics and failures. Every tricky financier who is exposed, every bank disaster which spreads misery among depositors, strengthens the popular faith in the public guaranty. It could not make matters worse, the reformers urge, and it might make them a great deal better. The consideration that even when a bank fails the depositors almost always get their money if they wait long enough does not weigh with the masses.

In the last National platform of the Republican party postal savings banks were specifically and unreservedly promised to the people. Good faith requires that this promise be fulfilled. Good policy doubly requires it, for something ought to be done to compensate the public for its disappointment over the tariff. As "Raymond" points out in the Chicago Tribune, a downward revision of the tariff was also promised, and if it was given at all, the gift was so obscure, dubious and stingy, that it might better have been withheld altogether. If the party is wise it will seize the opportunity to redeem its tariff sins by opening postal banks at the next session of Congress. Unless it does so, Mr. Taft runs a serious risk of facing a Democratic House of Representatives in 1910. If postal banks were unsound economically, of course the promise to grant them to the people ought to be broken. Mere political expediency does not justify statesmen in pursuing a disastrous policy. But they are not unsound. On the contrary, every scientific consideration favors them. They have been opened in many countries and everywhere they are established they prove beneficial. The only objection to them of any apparent weight is the selfish fear of their competition by the bankers, but even that objection is groundless.

Sing Hosam, a Chinese prize-fighter, knocked out his opponent in a four-round fight at Marshfield Saturday. At first glance this would seem to indicate still further complications in the great question of the hour. It suggests possibilities of endless trouble in deciding whether that color line is to be plain black and white, or whether it will include a streak of yellow. Fortunately for the gentlemen with the low brows and the "high" language, Sing Hosam is only a "featherweight" and, consequently, cannot be pressed into service to bring the championship even half way back to the camp of the whites, in case Mr. Johnson should get the better of the coming argument with Mr. Jeffries. That eminent "has been," Mr. John L. Sullivan, once expressed the opinion that the only way to fight a negro was with a baseball bat. He would probably want the white opponents of Sing Hosam to use a billiard cue.

The steamer Falcon, of the American-Hawaiian line, brought in a full cargo of Eastern and European freight and will take out a return cargo of which prunes and salmon are the principal commodities. The inbound freight on the Falcon was destined for points as far inland as Spokane and Boise, and the outward cargo was picked up at various points in Oregon and Washington. If the people of Spokane, who set up the contention that "water competition" was only a figure of speech, would make an examination of the manifests of the American-Hawaiian steamers discharging at either San Francisco, Portland or Puget Sound, they would promptly revise their views on the subject.

The Multnomah County Democratic Central Committee and other Democratic organizations plan a Jackson day banquet. The politicians and bosses will be there. If Democrats are sincere in their horror of assemblages, organizations and conventions, they do not need a central committee, nor a party club, nor a Jackson banquet. According to the logic with which they fight the Republican assembly idea, they need only direct primary. But of course they are talking buncombe and will hold their banquet and keep their "organization."

But perhaps it's none of George Chamberlain's, Alex Sweek's, or Sammy Jackson's business, how the Republican party may order its organization and direct its affairs; though they do indeed permit themselves to be penetrated to the soul by the fear that the Republican party of Oregon is rushing headlong on the destruction from which they would preserve it!

The East and South, having wasted their natural resources, want to "conserve" those of the West, and to put the results of the conservation into the treasury, for the benefit of the East and South. But after the horde of foresters, department clerks, scientists and other officials are paid, what will be left for conservation?

W. J. Bryan last Saturday in Omaha addressed the visiting Japanese commercial commissioners. He probably dwelt upon the folly of America's maintaining a navy with which to protect this country's interests against growing foreign aggressions. That is a pet subject of his.

Testimony brought out at the recent trial would seem to indicate that the shrubbery along that portion of the "primrose path" leading out of Portland on the Linnton road contained numerous "thorns." At least a number of reputations seem to have been badly punctured.

I. W. W. prisoners in Spokane are forced to take baths. This treatment, coupled with denial of the free speech right to express their feelings, is the most serious violation of constitutional liberty yet committed by the police.

Milk officials are very busy counting the exact number of microbes to a given quantity of milk and their salaries to next payday. As might be expected, they find more lasting good in the latter occupation than in the former.

Over in Seattle a wife has just been granted $20,000 damages in a case where another woman alienated her husband's affections. In Seattle, apparently, a husband's affections have a high market value. Rare, probably.

Oakland, Or., is a town that puts most of its eggs in a basket and keeps an eye on the basket. About 8000 birds will be shipped from that turkey center this season. The Oakland turkey is the standard fowl.

For brawny young men in college football affords grand opportunities for glory. Saturday's games consumed nearly two pages in The Sunday Oregonian. Brains never won equal plaudits.

An early snowfall helps some and hurts others. All cannot be ready for it. But those who are injured can smile and make the best of a bad situation. It is but a little snow, anyway.

Potatoes left in the ground have been known to freeze in November, even in Oregon. Very rarely in Oregon; yet experience shows it is possible.

Perhaps if the growlers hadn't complained of the wet, warm weather last week, they would not have been punished with this cold spell.

John D. Rockefeller has pledged $1,000,000 for study of the hookworm. No wonder the doctors are greatly interested.

PENSIONS AND DEMOCRACY.

The Tension in the United Kingdom, and Reflections Thereon.

New York Evening Post.

The tension in England over the budget is indicated by the language in which Mr. Balfour has indulged with regard to some utterances of Mr. Ure, Lord Advocate for Scotland. Mr. Ure had in several speeches stated that the aged poor of the country were fearful of losing their pensions if there were a change of government, and that he shared their apprehension. These statements of Mr. Ure's were made the basis of a terrific arraignment by Mr. Balfour in a speech before the Junior Constitutional Club. "I do not wish," he said, "to judge too harshly the expressions of an excited orator talking to an excited audience. . . . It is the frigid and calculated lie which moves my indignation. And this was but the beginning of the ex-Premier's denunciation; "mendacious imagination," "double crime," and similar expressions are strung all along Mr. Balfour's speech; and he reaches a climax in the declaration that the Lord Advocate "has dishonored the profession to which he belongs, he has dishonored the office which he holds, and he has dishonored the country in which he was born." This accusation of deliberate falsehood is based on the assertion that "no government could if they would, or would if they could, interfere with these old-age pensions, and that you might as well think of repudiating your obligation to the national creditors, as repudiating your obligation to those recipients of the national bounty." To this it is replied by Mr. Ure and his defenders that this may be the feeling of the opposition, but that in order to carry it into effect ways and means must be provided; and that Mr. Ure's statement was simply a challenge to Mr. Balfour to produce his programme and show that he could raise the necessary sum, a thing which they declare to be an impossibility on the lines of the tariff-reform scheme.

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Whatever the merits of this personal controversy, there is one conclusion which it can hardly fail to force on the mind—that of the far-reaching effect upon the whole character of British politics and government which the old-age pension policy is calculated to bring about. The combination of democratic institutions, in a highly developed commercial and industrial country, with a vast system of governmental bounties to individuals is something the working of which the world has never yet had an opportunity to witness; but it requires no gift of prophecy to forecast some of its inevitable consequences. One of these, and by no means the least serious, is sharply indicated in this Ure-Balfour episode. It was not for nothing that the leader of the Conservative party went so far beyond his own usual practice, and that of English statesmen generally, in the violence of his language; a new force, with untold potentialities of mischief, was invoked by Mr. Ure's appeal. If every contest for the possession of government is to be made the occasion for bids by one party, or both, for the votes of the old-age pensioners and their friends, men who cherish the traditions of English government must feel that the outlook is dark indeed. The history of the war-pensions issue in our own politics may serve to give a faint indication of the demoralization that may be possible in a democratic country when, instead of a temporary issue affecting a special class, it becomes a permanent issue involving a large part of the entire population.

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It is true that for the present the pension issue does not loom so large in England as this might seem to indicate; the pensions are given only to persons over 70 years of age, and the amount for each individual is small. Furthermore, there is comfort for conservative Englishmen in the reflection that, if the past can be relied on as a sufficient indication of the future, the logical sequel of the beginning that has been made will be a long time in coming; the national temperament is such that after having apparently recognized the principle that the nation owes a comfortable old age to all its population, the English people will be content for a long time to deny the necessity of carrying that principle into anything like full practice. But, on the other hand, the actual history of the scheme, so far as it has gone, furnishes most serious warning as to its possible future. Germany had been presenting, for many years, the spectacle of a carefully thought-out plan of provision for old age, an essential element of which was the contribution made to the pension fund by the beneficiary himself during the period of his active labor; but, although the subject had frequently been brought to public attention in England, nothing was done. Then suddenly, and as part of the competition between the parties for popular support, an old-age pension scheme was passed through Parliament without any contributory feature in it at all. It was not the outcome of careful thought and the weighing of remote consequences, but simply an embodiment of the easiest way to meet what was thought to be a popular demand.

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In a recent article in the Contemporary Review, Dr. Hans Delbruck, professor of history in the University of Berlin, incidentally refers to the difference between the German political system and the English as the explanation of the greater success that has been achieved in his own country in effecting improvement of the condition of the poor by laws dealing with social problems. "In Germany," he says, "we hold a strong independent government, assisted by a democratic Parliament, to be a better scheme than the continual change of party rule that is customary in England." We of America and of England feel that, with all its drawbacks, the democratic system is best for the life of the people as a whole; but thoughtful persons can hardly escape the feeling that if the idea that "the government must support the people, not the people the government," is to become a prominent factor in national policy, the democratic system will be subjected to a strain more severe and a test more searching than any it has hitherto undergone.

A Lesson From South Africa.

Country Life in America.

It is only a very short time since war devastated the Transvaal and impoverished its people. It has been under British government scarcely half a dozen years. Yet this far-off, sparsely settled, struggling African colony has a postal savings bank service, and the report of 1908 shows 55,000 accounts with record deposits of $7,370,000. Perhaps some time we may have a Congress which will show as much intelligent interest in serving the welfare of American country people as is shown by the government of a Transvaal, lying sun-baked off the edge of nowhere.

Can You Beat This Record?

Baltimore News.

Marguerite Ganderberg, employed at an umbrella factory in Lancaster, Pa., sewed 4025 buttons on umbrellas in 10 hours.

NEWS REPORTERS' INTEGRITY.

Furious Attack on Brethren of the Pen by Richard Watson Gilder.

Kansas City Journal.

The American newspaper reporter occasionally suffers unjustly from rebuke merely because he is practically defenseless. Such an instance is found in the article written or approved by Richard Watson Gilder in the Century Magazine. Mr. Gilder is of the intellectual elect. He has achieved the crowning laurel of the writing business. Thus he may look with fine scorn upon those reporters who, as Ambassador Bryce puts it, turn out "literature in a hurry." Mr. Gilder complains thus: "Even in decent society one who declines to yield to their demands is put upon the defensive. The arts of this modern inquisition," he says, "range from deception down to blackmail." The only answer to be made to this unreasonable indictment is that Mr. Gilder must have been very unfortunate in choosing his journalistic associates.

Opposed to this severe arraignment of American reporters, it is refreshing to note the tribute paid them by Admiral von Koester, of the German navy. Returning from the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York, the Admiral said in Berlin: "I had heard a great deal about the American reporter, and felt a certain shyness as to how I should get along with him. My first experience was to have five cameras leveled at me. Daily thereafter I talked with many reporters. Not one got me wrong; no one misrepresented. Often I mentioned things in confidence, and in no instance was that confidence betrayed." When it is remembered that the American newspaper reporter works under a terrific head of steam, encountering much opposition and deception in his search for the truth, writing in a fleeting hour what the average teacher, lawyer or minister would take a day to compose, and always striving to honor himself, his paper and his profession by painstaking methods—then the man who knows what this sort of work means should take off his hat, not condemn and scold.

For the most part the mass of the American people frankly like reporters. Those who do not are either afraid of them or are pompous individuals who affect peevish contempt for publicity.

GROWTH OF THE SUICIDE RATE.

When the Well-to-Do Have Bad Luck Many Give Up Life.

New York Times.

Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman publishes in the Spectator tables of mortality from suicides in 65 American cities for 1908, with comparisons of mortality during the preceding decade. The actual number of suicides during the year, Dr. Hoffman says, "was 601, or 18.5 per cent," while the corresponding increase in the population "was only 2.3 per cent." Analyzing individual cases, he concludes that the increase in suicidal frequency, which is 3.7 per cent in ten years, "affects particularly the well-to-do, prosperous and better educated," rather than the ignorant and the poor."

This was the case especially last year following the financial panic. Misfortune discourages the rich, the poor are accustomed to its strokes and endure them. But the suicides of the unfortunate rich were last year augmented by those of men in high positions of responsibility who had committed crimes subject to exposure. Doubtless the revolution in public sentiment toward men who had neglected or betrayed positions of trust accounts, partly at least, for the increase of the rate in 54 of the cities by from 2 per cent to 12, and even 16 per cent, in some cases. Suicide on this or on any account is always deplorable, yet in so far as it indicates an awakened anxiety in minds where responsibility slumbered, it is a good sign, rather than a bad one. For each death self-invoked from that cause there must have been works of reform and salvation in the lives of many.

Cigars Burned at Conversion.

Wichita, Kan., Dispatch.

Because he was convinced at a revival meeting that it was wrong to use tobacco, and decided that if it was wrong to use the weed it must be wrong to sell it, S. N. Brees, a Murdock-avenue merchant, made a bonfire of his cigars and tobacco. A strong odor of burning tobacco was traced to the yard back of Brees' store, where Brees was heaping boxes of cigars on the flames. Occasionally he would cast in a cask of chewing tobacco or a carton of smoking tobacco. When nothing remained but ashes, Mr. Brees remarked, "Well, I've won that battle with the devil." Then he disappeared in his store. The crowd followed him and a prayer service was held.

Pope Blesses Stylographic Pens.

London Mail.

A curious and interesting ceremony is reported by the Journal Italie as having taken place at the Vatican. The Pope recently received a party of clerical journalists, and His Holiness was asked to bless their stylographic pens. The Pope, it is said, received the request pleasantly and blessed the pens, according to the manner in which the swords of soldiers of the church were blessed in former times.

Pearl of Price in an Oyster.

Cincinnati Dispatch to New York World.

Representative Ollie James, of Kentucky, while eating a dish of raw oysters in a cafe, struck something hard.

The Congressman let go an expletive, but investigated, thinking he was about to chew a piece of shell, but found a pearl. A jeweler who happened to be at luncheon at the time was called into consultation, and he lifted up his voice, saying: "This is worth $1500."

Bees Boss a Jelly-Making.

Philadelphia Dispatch.

Mrs. George D. Fox, making jelly for a wedding anniversary celebration at her home in Lock Haven, Pa., stepped out to a grocer's. When she got back a swarm of bees, attracted by the jelly, had taken possession of the kitchen. All efforts to get them out failed and they had to be killed.

Six-Year-Old Child an Ocean Traveler.

Baltimore News.

Six-year-old Alice Lloyd, born in Cape Colony, whence she sailed all alone to her grandmother in London six months ago, arrived from Southampton by the American liner New York all by herself to meet her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lloyd, who are playing in vaudeville in this country.

Wrong Addresses Lose $3,000,000.

New York Sun.

The London Postoffice report for the last year shows that over $3,000,000 was in letters that were not delivered because they were wrongly addressed.

O, Marvelous!

The strangest sight we've ever seen
Is in a current magazine;
The oddest thing beneath the sun—
A photograph of Peter Dunne
At work!

We scarcely could believe our eyes,
And merely gurgled our surprise.
It seemed so monstrous, so grotesque.
Still, there was Peter at a desk—
At work!

It's Peter Dunne beyond mistake.
Of course, the photo may be fake—
A bit of excellent burlesque.
But—there is Peter—at a desk!—
At work!

O, had it been a purple cow
We should have understood somehow,
But who would ever think to see
So weird a sight as Finley P.
At work!

—Chicago Tribune.

Life's Sunny Side

"Yes, Colonel Watterson has music in his soul," said one of his lifelong friends as the fame of the illustrious Louisville editor came up for discussion. "He is especially fond of the jingling, rollicking lines of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and when pleased hums them with delight.

"That trait nearly severed a long friendship a few months ago. The Colonel, with four friends, was having a friendly little game, and the cards were running very strongly in the Colonel's favor. Pot after pot was raked in, and a hot-tempered chap was invariably the victim—the last one to 'stay in' and buck the wonderful run of Watterson's luck.

"Finally a roodle was played. Three times in succession the Colonel broke the pot, got a raise, sweetened matters to fine proportions and won.

"He was pleased; the celluloid was piled high before him, and his soul was attuned to harmony. Into his mind came the strains of the 'Pirates of Penzance,' and by a strange mischance he first hummed the air and then burst into the boast of the ruler: 'I am a pirate king.'

"'I've known it for the last hour,' snarled the loser, 'but as I was your guest I was too polite to mention it.'"
—National Monthly.

* * *

A very stout old lady, bursting through the park on a sweltering hot day, became aware that she was being followed by a rough-looking tramp.

"What do you mean by following me in this manner?" she indignantly demanded. The tramp slunk back a little. But when the stout lady resumed her walk he again took up his position directly behind her.

"See here!" she exclaimed, wheeling angrily, "if you don't go away at once I shall call a policeman."

The unfortunate man looked at her appealingly.

"For heaven's sake, kind lady, have mercy an' don' call a p'liceman; ye're the only shady spot in the whul park."
—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

* * *

Speaking of the Friend who sat in the jury box of the United States Court with his hat on the other day, Attorney Francis B. Lee, of Trenton, told of a little incident that happened in connection with a good Quaker acquaintance of his who lives near Moorestown. One day the Quaker in question went to sleep in meeting and started to snore. For a while the nasal notes were soft and smooth and did not disturb the worshipers, but finally the sleeper let out a few extra links and kicked up such a commotion that a kindly disposed Friend thought it the part of wisdom to awaken him.

"Friend Nathaniel," he whispered, poking the sleeper in the ribs, "I think thee had better arouse thyself."

"What did thee say? What did thee say?" exclaimed Nathaniel, suddenly starting out of his slumber. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Nathaniel," replied the other, without even breaking into a smile, "only thee was snoring a little, and I was afraid that outsiders would think that the spirit had moved thee to a trombone solo instead of an expression of thy convictions."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

* * *

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man, roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—Answers.

* * *

Two women, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. Both of them were married to musicians. The one, a bride of a year, was pushing a baby-carriage in which were three fine babies—triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of weeks.

"What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly-married one with interest.

"Yes," replied the proud mother, "let me tell you the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him and they played 'Three Little Maids' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?"

At this the newly-married one turned pale.

"Mercy!" she gasped. "At our wedding supper Tom's friends serenaded him, also, and they rendered 'The Sextet' from 'Lucia.'"—Ladies' Home Journal.

LIFE IN THE OREGON COUNTRY.

"Venison" for the Laborer.

Harrisburg Bulletin.

Burt Norwood sold 70 head of goats to one of the railroad camps on the Natron Railroad and delivered them Tuesday.

Brought Home a Gold Mine.

Gold Beach Globe.

George R. Smith returned home this week from Portland, where he has been taking the "gold cure" for his toothache, and now has as fine a set of molars as one will see in many a day. George would assay $300 to the ton easily.

Bad Form in Tillamook.

Tillamook Headlight.

It is pretty bad form for young women to be smoking cigarettes on the streets with young men. Perhaps if parents kept a closer tab on their daughters there would not be as many young girls going wrong through getting into bad habits and bad company.

No More Devil's Soup for Them.

Baker City Democrat.

Twenty-one converts were the result of a remarkable talk by Evangelist Dan Shannon on "Eating Soup Out of the Devil's Kettles" last evening. The address was a scathing arraignment of the theater, the dance, card playing and liquor. The meeting was one of the largest yet held and was remarkable for the number of men present. Most of the converts were men.

Great Treat for Grandma.

Eugene Register.

Although "Grandma" Mary Walker crossed the plains in the early '50's and has lived in Lane County ever since, within 65 miles of the mighty Pacific, she has never seen it. Tuesday morning she and her son-in-law, Henry Harlow, and wife left by train for Newport, to remain several days to see the ocean. Mrs. Harlow had never seen it, either. On Monday morning Mrs. Ella Walker, of Hazeldell, a daughter-in-law of "Grandma" Walker, who had also lived here all her life and never saw the mighty deep, went over and they will all have a good time together for a few days.

Woman With 266 Living Descendants.

Montgomery, Ala., Dispatch.

Mrs. Elizabeth Durden, of Norristown, Ga., has 266 living descendants. She is 92 years old, and the mother of 11 children. There are 65 grandchildren, 180 great-grandchildren and 20 great-great-grandchildren.