

The Oregonian

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Portland, Friday, Nov. 26, 1909.

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL UPEHAVAL.

Today The Oregonian repeats part of an article from the London (British) Weekly, by Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer and principal author of the Land bill, over which there is intense struggle, approaching its crisis in the British Parliament. The Lords would not be deemed in our country dangerous at all to landed property, nor even objectionable. We tax the increasing values—raising the valuations year by year, on a system that produces equitable results, or as clear approach to such results as is likely to be attained. It is not the danger of property so much as the persistent conservatism of the British mind, that makes the strenuous objection to the land features of the Commons bill.

It seems to us that Lord Rosebery, in his advice to the Lords to accept the bill, and to wait for the result to determine whether it is a danger to property so much as the persistent conservatism of the British mind, that makes the strenuous objection to the land features of the Commons bill. It seems to us that Lord Rosebery, in his advice to the Lords to accept the bill, and to wait for the result to determine whether it is a danger to property so much as the persistent conservatism of the British mind, that makes the strenuous objection to the land features of the Commons bill.

One of the most striking features of the Conservative press. The National Review, one of the leading organs of the policy of the Lords, says: "He was born and bred in the straitest and most bitter school of Welsh Dissent, and his one animating idea was to pay off old political debts, whom he has been taught from childhood to hate. The Land taxes, in whatever shape, are simply attractive to their author as instruments of class revenge. He hates England with all the fervor of the Welsh Celt, and if he can do the United Kingdom an injury he is a villain of the first order. He is a billious politician, a politician who once declared that the Liberal Party were more important than the British Empire. He cares nothing for the welfare of the people, and all his Social enthusiasm is assumed."

The American reader may observe that when the English get a-going they are not best models of moderation in their discussions of politics.

MUCKRAKER'S MISREPRESENTATION.

As a muckraker, proceeding with a reckless disregard of facts, John L. Matthews, who discusses the Deschutes railroad and water-power situation in the current number of Hampton's Magazine, displays rare veracity. Most of the yellow water-powers have been owned by the Deschutes and the Pacific Northwest at regular space rates have accompanied their articles with a few facts that were susceptible of recognition. But in his attack on Secretary Ballinger, in connection with the Deschutes matter, Mr. Matthews has been negligent in his misrepresentation of the situation in all its details. Attention has already been called to the Matthews statement that Secretary Ballinger had approved rights of way for the railroad companies after they had been rejected by his predecessor, Mr. Garfield.

WASTE IN SCHOOL WORK.

Mr. H. A. Adrian, an educator of some experience and manifestly in close touch with his work, spoke sensibly and concisely upon the above topic before the Multnomah County Teachers' Institute in this city last Wednesday afternoon. The facts that the vital energies of the teachers in our public schools are wasted on non-essentials; that the formative years in the lives of tens of thousands of children in these schools are frittered away upon methods that have been devalued by ceaseless repetition, and that the money of taxpayers is literally shoveled into the unrequiring maw of jaded pedagogues, are well known. The elements of this waste are thus classified by Mr. Adrian: "Waste in subject matter; waste in method; waste of time in teaching what the child already knows; waste of strength in badly assigned lessons and endless correction of compositions and waste of discipline."

BRIDGES AND THE RIVER.

For the second time this year a steam schooner has collided with the Burnside-street bridge, inflicting damage sufficient to place the viaduct practically out of commission. The rights of a steamer on a navigable stream have always been rather tenderly guarded by the Government whenever it became necessary to draw a line between the steamer and some artificial obstruction which it encountered. The Government even goes so far as to refuse permission to build bridges at certain points where they will obstruct navigation. This policy is, of course, a recognition of the fact that the river, a natural highway, was here before the bridges, while the bridges are artificial highways. There is one point, however, that may escape the attention of the vessel-builder, and that is that both the river and the bridges are facilities which Portland must use. It would seem that there ought to be some happy medium by which functions of the two can be made to harmonize.

Unless this medium ground can be reached, Portland will soon be on the verge of a traffic jam. The bridges and the ships, with the possible alternative of tunneling under the stream and taking the ever-increasing trans-river traffic entirely out of reach of the troublesome steamboats and steamships. The fact, however, that a bridge which has been built across the river on plans approved by the War Department has twice been a target for runaway steamers which ventured into mid-stream when the river was in flood suggests that there should be some supervision over the movements of vessels. The Willamette river has been for several days at a rather high stage, in which the conflicting currents have

to do business are forced to go farther back from the river or north and south of the present congested district. No one questions the statement that Portland is today growing more rapidly than ever before. Neither are the values at which real estate is held in this city questioned. From such a situation but one conclusion can be reached, and that is that the thousands of newcomers who will find in Portland such a good field for business will naturally advance values in keeping with the increasing size of the city.

THE CANONS OF SPEECH.

Contention of several critics, through The Oregonian, over the use of words and idioms, in English, retouches an old subject, but one whose discussions deal with such phrases as "I had rather be" and "I had rather not do it." One writer insists that such phrases are very incorrect, and he would substitute "would rather" for "rather"; while the other maintains that, since phrases have used "had," in since phrases, this form therefore is allowable. Texts from Scripture, Shakespeare and Chesterfield are produced in support of this last contention. Undoubtedly the form was used early, in our language, or the English have found it in the English of Shakespeare. The rule may not be so significant; for so great a writer as he is above all rules. It would be an act of wonderful temerity to take the liberties with language that Shakespeare took, or to try to imitate his peculiar diction. The rule may not be so significant; for so great a writer as he is above all rules. It would be an act of wonderful temerity to take the liberties with language that Shakespeare took, or to try to imitate his peculiar diction.

IDEAS OF CIVIC BEAUTY.

The City Beautiful movement has now reached proportions so respectable that it might well begin to lay plans for spending it. Some philosophers contend that the prime element of beauty in a city is good pavements and clean streets. If they are right, some of the funds might well be spent in teaching our street-cleaning crews how to sweep. Some philosophers contend that the prime element of beauty in a city is good pavements and clean streets. If they are right, some of the funds might well be spent in teaching our street-cleaning crews how to sweep.

A DECADENT FOOTPAD.

In the ancient profession of thievery there are certain immemorial courtesies which no decent practitioner ever forgets. All the great artists, from Robin Hood down to Andrew Carnegie, have conformed to them. Nobody who ignores them is entitled to be called a gallant highwayman, a chivalrous burglar or a polite footpad, as the case may be. In spite of the antiquity of his calling, he is a discourteous cad whom no gentleman can countenance and no lady can love. Much as The Oregonian dislikes severe censure, it is driven by the facts of the case to drive the footpad who held up a young man on the way to tell his sister of his mother's death among the cads. Claude Duval would not have been guilty of such an unseemly act. Nay, he would have lent the boy Black Bess to speed him on his way, and much less would that prince of highwaymen have slashed the youth with a knife when he found him penniless, as this San Francisco wight did, to the eternal shame of the guild. He would have bidden the impecunious wayfarer wait in the shadow while he held up some fat street rascal to be called a "decadent footpad" who held up a young man on the way to tell his sister of his mother's death among the cads.

PERFECT JEALOUS.

"What's this I hear about your wife being robbed of her jewels?" asked Subbitt at the station one morning. "Fact!" replied Backlots, with fire in his eyes. "They're gone, and Mrs. Kraft is a real gully party."

Reflections of a Bachelor.

There's no use trying to interest a man in the matrimonial question when he wants a square meal. It's queer how many married couples seem to think they can wrangle peace into the family. Mrs. Kraft always has a strong belief that some day he will startle the world with an act of heroism.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Many people are made giddy by the social whirl. Sometimes an ensanguined person is hard to get rid of. When some people do tell the truth they exaggerate it. But the thin girl usually has a shapely ankle to be proud of. Another love affair is the best omen for a broken heart. You want a thing well done, hire someone to do it who knows how.

The Home-Coming of Roosevelt.

Louise's Courier-Journal. The reception which awaits the hero will beggar anything of the triumphal kind the world has ever seen. In Berlin and London and Paris, not to mention Rome, there are waiting for him; the Roman, the people behind their monarchs, for their fling; the Parisians for their spectacular, which they will make an extravaganza; the "Teddy Bears" for Teddy himself! There is nothing, we are told, which succeeds like success.

Not So Sure.

There has been no way discovered by which information can be put in a man's head without any injury to his brain. The Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon. We are not so sure about that. At any rate, the Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon has had an extravaganza lecture by Mr. Bryan or Mr. La Follette.

As Off-Hand Impression.

Washington Evening Star. "Who is the blindfolded party with the pair of scales?" asked the stranger in the art gallery. "That represents Justice."

Company for Hyde.

Providence Tribune. If Attorney-General McMillan probes deep enough he may provide James Hays Hyde with plenty of company in Paris.

NOW THIS IS FINE.

The American Town that Took the English Critic Too Seriously. It is the standing jest of the editor of the London Saturday Review to pretend that he believes this country to be inhabited only by naked and bloodthirsty savages. Cadis, O., does not know about this. Therefore, when recently a copy of the Review accidentally penetrated into Cadis, the people of that town were disturbed to read the apparently grave statement of the editor that "the Americans are no more civilized than the Japanese."

But benign as the wit was, it moved the people of Cadis to indignation that a London editor should be so uninformed as to think the best people of Cadis were no better than Japs. Accordingly, one of the most esteemed citizens of the town, Harry B. McConnell—the president, we should say, of the local Chautauqua, probably—undertook to write to the Review and inform it of its singular error. He informed the editor that Cadis had a record of 105 years as an incorporated town, a population of 250, no saloons and never a murder in its history. He continued:

"We spend annually \$2500 to bring lecturers and entertainers here for a two weeks' Chautauqua. In August, there are a number of clubs and organizations for culture and the most of them are of the Shakespeare Club, Choral Society and the Cadis Woman's Club, which took in the Shakespeare Club last night. I am a member of the Shakespeare Club, and I am a member of the Shakespeare Club, and I am a member of the Shakespeare Club."

By all these bank statements and pictures—including his own photographs—the editor of the Review, after his usual habit, he did not recant or repent and merely remarked, in a way that might easily be taken for ironical, "This is a delightful conception of civilization."

Safer Football.

Buffalo Evening News. Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, has started a promising movement for the abolition of mass plays in football. In an address to the Graduate Club last night he called upon every graduate to write to his college president, asking him to discontinue the sport. The first to join the intercollegiate athletic league will meet in New York the third day after Christmas, and second, to send a delegate who wants such changes introduced as will make the game as safe as the English rugby. Sure, this is not an unreasonable proposal. Football is sport in England, and it is not as if it were a war, as it is here. There is no list of fatalities there as we have here.

How His Smile Came Off.

From "The Circle." In a Pennsylvania town where the Friends adhere to the prim old Quaker spinster recently attended the marriage of her grandnephew, a young person who had in the course of his 21 years received a liberal education at her hands. The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and, at a pause in the wedding breakfast, the happy bridegroom looked over at her with a beaming smile. "Tell us why this never married, Aunt Patience?" he said teasingly. "That is soon told, William," said the old lady, "it was because I was not as easily pleased as thy wife was."

A Stupendous Work.

The stupendous work of the Pennsylvania Railroad in tunneling under the Hudson and East Rivers and Manhattan Island is close to completion. On Thursday last week the president and other high officials of the company were sent through the tunnels in an observation train which was the first carrying passengers to make the journey. The tunnel under ground and water from Harrison, N. J., to Long Island City, stopping to inspect the company's big station at Third and street and Seventh avenue, Manhattan.

Perfect Jewels.

"What's this I hear about your wife being robbed of her jewels?" asked Subbitt at the station one morning. "Fact!" replied Backlots, with fire in his eyes. "They're gone, and Mrs. Kraft is a real gully party."

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THE BRITISH BUDGET.

Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Meaning of the Bill. From the Nation, British Weekly. There are ominous signs that we may be approaching one of the greatest constitutional struggles waged in this country for over 200 years. If the struggle comes, it is a subject of gratification that it should arise over a measure which probably raises, in a clearer and more decisive fashion than any other legislative proposal within the limits of the budget, the important issues that divide Liberalism from Toryism. The financial efforts made by the tariff reformers to defeat the budget prove that they are, in any case, fully alive to the fact that when it has become law it will make it much more difficult for any succeeding government to carry through the great operation which protectionists have in contemplation of passing on the burden of taxation from the banking accounts to the pockets of the great mass of the multitude.

That is not the only fiscal issue raised by the budget. There are others of equal importance. Should taxation be levied by those who can best afford to bear it, or by those who can least afford to pay? Should it fall on the necessities or on the superfluities of all? Has the time not arrived for the state to call to a reckoning those who have secured valuable monopolies at the expense of the public, and to open to the public the means of their development? And when you come to the purposes to which the state ought to direct its resources, should it be charged with the avoidance and prevention of unmerited poverty and distress? Lastly, has the state any responsibility for the backward development of the neglected wealth of the land? All these far-reaching and suggestive questions are raised by this year's budget. As a result of the conflict between Lords and Commons is, having regard to the events of the last few years, inevitable in the immediate future, and it is not only a matter of fact, but a matter of principle, that it should be finally and definitely challenged on a proposal, or rather a series of proposals, which embody so much of the Liberal program as to be of the greatest importance, which confront statesmanship throughout the world.

It may be said that these projects are not a part of the budget, but upon the Lords will be called upon to pronounce. But personally I look on the budget as a part of a comprehensive scheme of reform, and I regard the setting up of a great insurance scheme for the unemployed, and for the sick and infirm, the creation, through the development of rural life, of a new generation of rural life. All these constitute an essential and vital part of the budget as the taxation of ground values and the imposition of a new tax.

The mistake made by the Liberal government of 1894 will not be repeated. Sir William Harcourt's great financial proposals raised a huge revenue for the state, but the author and his hypotheticals to any specific purpose. The result was that when the Tory government came into power they reaped the abundant harvest which had been sown by the Liberal government, and squandered it on the most reckless and wasteful enterprises. The very first year two millions of the yield were lost to the state by the decline in landlords' incomes due to the fall in agricultural rents.

What was left after the landlords had enjoyed the first cut I think it would be difficult to estimate. The expenditure on armaments, how futile that expenditure was the South African war demonstrated to the world. It was a part of the Liberal program, and it was a part of the Liberal program, and it was a part of the Liberal program, and it was a part of the Liberal program.

Why Men Patronize Barbers.

Kansas City Star. A barber of a statistical bent has asked 100 men an important question, "Why don't you shave yourself?" He is preparing an article on the answers he has received. It is an interesting, cheaper, neater and immeasurably more convenient for a man to shave himself, the reasons inducing the majority of American men to get shaved by a barber should be interesting. The reasons, as they were given to the editor, are as follows:

Football Fallacies.

New York Tribune. "Get better news for Harvard-Yale game," a New York Yale man wired to a chum in Boston the other day. Somewhere along the line the message was twisted, and the result was that the Yale man "got two brunettes for Harvard-Yale game."

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Interview with the Secretary of State by artless Hashimura Togo.

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SPLITTING REPUBLICAN PARTY

Henry Watterston's Prophecy Concerning the Campaign of 1912. Baltimore. After some general prophetic declarations concerning the more than royal reception that will be given Colonel Roosevelt when that mighty hunter shall at last shake the dust of Africa from his feet and walk down the gangplank into Europe, Colonel Watterston, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, makes the more important forecast that a movement to side-track Taft and nominate Roosevelt for president in 1912 will result in a splitting of the Republican Party. Here is a forecast situation which should certainly result in landing a Democratic President in the White House. Colonel Watterston knows the Democratic party too well to jump to any such conclusion. He remarks in this connection: "I do not believe that the Democratic party is in a position to take advantage of any disensions that may arise. The Democratic party has been parmanoured to death with the presidential question in 1912 is to be decided in the preliminary struggle which, if the Watterston prophecy comes true, will take place between the Taft and Roosevelt forces."

It is rather early for 1912 events to be casting their shadows before. There will undoubtedly be a roaring contest. Repetition of the same old progression as Colonel Roosevelt makes his way through Europe on his home-bound journey. And when he gets back in his own country, there is likely to be some considerable prolongation of a welcoming demonstration. But Roosevelt and Taft have been mutual friends and associates for many years. Roosevelt has never been known to pull a party from away back. Such a thing as a fight to the finish between them, even over such a prize as the presidential nomination, is hardly conceivable. And besides, it is entirely too early, even for an experienced prophet like Colonel Watterston, to be making 1912 prognostications.

NEW YORK SOCIETY AT DINNER

Paid Entertainers Relieve Guests of Interesting One Another. Ralph Pulitzer in Harper's Bazar. Now will come the supreme test of the evening's higher success. These men and women have in the first part of the dinner enjoyed one another's society in the sympathy of a common aim, there is likely to be more delicate affluities. Throughout the rest of dinner their social intercourse was continued with the aids and accessories of a raised and seated sequenced and ordered dinner. The men had their cigars and Wall Street, the women their cigarettes and clothes, as habits to occupy their attention. But the conversation is so factually, with neither food, nor cooking, nor dress, nor stocks to serve as distractions and allies to their conversation. They sit in the regions of plainness, and they are tenuous bridge of words, meet and find companionship in mutuality of mental interest. Will their tastes in common sense to architecture, from canvas-backs to compositors, from peace to poetry? Or will their minds, like balloons walking without furniture, be inflated as it were, rather than in dizzy earth, and having fallen painfully to earth, crawl sniffling pitifully back to their respective nurseries?

Some will ever know. For at this moment, when Opportunity stands, smiling inscrutably with hands behind her, holding in either palm success or failure, the prospect of insanity as it were, another, most in dizzy earth, and having fallen painfully to earth, crawl sniffling pitifully back to their respective nurseries?

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