The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.

(BY MAIL)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.50
Sunday, one year	2.50
Sunday and weekly, one year	3.50

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75

How to Remit—Send Postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—10 to 14 pages, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 2 cents; 30 to 40 pages, 3 cents; 40 to 60 pages, 4 cents. Foreign postage double rate.

Eastern Business Office—The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York, rooms 48-50 Tribune building. Chicago, rooms 510-512 Tribune building.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1910.

INEFFECTUAL SWEETNESS.

Of course, now, the Republican party is to be reunited. The insurgents and the regulars are to be all one. Having forced reorganization of the committee on rules, the insurgents are satisfied. The regulars, with a view to their own future interests, will accept the situation, will accept it with docility and sweet teachableness, and all hands will go on together again.

Observe how sweetly the insurgents enter the regular caucus and subscribe to the selections made for the new committee on rules. It was merely a strife for ascendancy in direction of the policy and purposes of the party. It was and is awfully sweet. Boiled down and simmered and cooled off, it is awfully sweet. The Brooklyn Eagle, a journal with very strong inclinations towards the Democratic party, puts in this remark:

> The wicked Republicans are always divided into those who are bad and into those who are worse, but both have a tendency to run together, as the Ohio and Mississippi do at Cairo, or as the Missouri and Mississippi do at St. Charles, or at least a little above St. Louis. At each point the waters of one river are more muddy than those of the other, but after the conjunction the confluent waters go "unvexed to the sea." So Republicans do not "insurge" as a rule beyond their power to "confluo," as the ghost of John Covode or of John A. Logan may be plausibly charged with having said.

This is the view of a veteran observer of politics, who uses terms and illustrations not familiar to the present generation, or almost obsolete. But it is not within the prospect of reasonable things that the Republican party can "get together," so as to elect the majority of the next Congress. The South still will be practically solid, on "the nigger." In a multitude of Northern districts the natural course of human nature, distilling discontent, will combine all sorts of opinions and factions against the party that is, or seems to be, in ascendant. Nearly all the districts known as close districts in former elections, therefore, will be lost to the Republicans, and will send up Democrats. If the insurgent Republicans are satisfied the regulars will not be, and vice versa; and in either case votes will be lost to the party candidates for Congress. The more caterwauling the more cats, is an old proverb. It is true, doubtless, as to cats, but not as to men, in party association.

After all the kisses and the make-up, and billing and cooing, between the insurgents and regulars, there will be a certain irresolvable quantity of sour dough between them. They will not help each other cordially in the next elections; and a great many districts, now represented by Republicans, will go to the Democrats. This makes it almost certain that the next House will have a Democratic majority. Miracles are not expected in politics.

LABOR PAYS THE BILL.

The executive committee of the Philadelphia Textile Workers' Union has instructed the 35,000 textile workers who joined the sympathetic strike three weeks ago to return to work. The journeymen bricklayers, numbering about 2200 men, have also returned to work, after three weeks' idleness. The striking streetcar men are still holding out, but without much prospect of success.

The return to their employment of these sympathetic strikers was not unexpected. Modern strikes are not settled by sympathy or sentiment, but purely by an adjustment of economic conditions. If these conditions justify higher wages, capital, always timid and anxious to avoid conflict which might impair it, is quick to grant the concessions asked—not because it has any philanthropic desire to grant them, but because strikes are expensive and disagreeable, regardless of their outcome.

But labor also comes under the jurisdiction of the same economic law which forces capital either to grant the demands or to refuse them and fight the strike. Every strike, whether successful or otherwise, involves a loss which falls directly on the parties involved. Capital feels this loss, first, and in the beginning apparently foots the bills, but in the readjustment that follows capital usually manages to "pass the buck" and escape permanent and complete loss of the money which is always spent either in avoiding or carrying on strikes. Labor, however, has no such opportunity. The sympathetic strikers who remained idle for three weeks not only lost the money which they might have earned in that period, but they were also obliged to spend their savings with absolutely no chance to recoup.

In the case of capital, if the exactions of labor or the stress of competition become too severe, it can be shifted into other and less strenuous fields of investment, but labor is less fortunate. It seems unable to lay down its tools and seek new fields when the remuneration or the system under which it is working is unsatisfactory. It accordingly inaugurates a strike and in the end must pay the greater portion of the expense involved. Capital will not pay this expense, or at the most but a small portion of it, for, long before a prospective strike reaches the ultimatum stage, capital has reasoned it all out on economic lines and the relative cost of peace or war is ascertainable to a nicety. Of course, capital not infrequently is hurt and no one at all interested in the field escapes entirely, but it is on labor that the consequences fall most heavily.

For that reason, labor leaders should exercise good judgment in invoking strikes only as a last resort and after a thorough study of the economic conditions which will govern the settlement of the trouble.

FORESTS OR FOOD?

A noteworthy letter, printed elsewhere in this paper, from a distinguished citizen of Oregon, Mr. John Minto poins out that millions of citizens of this Nation have been turned from occupations of food production to those of food-consumption, in cities and elsewhere, by so-called conservation, which locks up from them the food-producing land of the West. The public land which from earliest time has been open to seekers of the soil now is closed. It may be more than mere coincidence that this system of conservation and high cost of food have come at the same time.

This sealing up of the public domain against settlement is a new thing in the history of America. The westward flowing tide of citizenship that always heretofore has expended energies that were pent up in the East in the direction of the Pacific now finds its freedom harassed by a host of conservation officials.

The land-poor and the landless now are denied the customary acquisition of cheap land from the Government. They are compelled to buy at high prices from speculators, and this the vast number of them are unable to do. So with more mouths to feed and relatively fewer hands to produce, the Nation is confronted with diminished food supply and high cost of living. Cattlemen and sheepmen whose herds and flocks used to range over the West are restricted and confined by conservation officers and compelled to reduce their holdings and in many cases to go out of business. Here in Oregon we know full well that this has been the effect of conservation as practiced on herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Likewise prices of chickens and hogs have risen to high figures as the number of farming families has failed to keep pace with the growth of population.

One-third the area of these Western States is now locked up in forest reserves and vast tracts of other land are closed through withdrawals and by official rulings. Only inferior land, nearly all of it arid and bleak, is open to entry and little is fit for settlement. Here, then, is a new condition in the affairs of the country. It has important bearing on the food supply of the country and on congestion of population.

Forests are not a food crop. They do not feed the multitude. Meanwhile, the multitude clamors for the meat and the grain that the forest land would produce. Timber is needed, of course, but how much more needed is food?

COURT DECISION ON FUTURES.

The question of the legitimacy of dealing in futures is always most fiercely discussed when speculation or natural conditions force to high-price levels some commodity largely handled by future purchase or sale. For instance, we find the Manchester, England, spinners placing the blame for high-priced cotton on the system of dealing in futures, while the Southern planters are equally positive that prices would be much higher if future trading were prohibited by law. With such a disagreement among doctors, the confusion and uncertainty of the layman are somewhat relieved by a decision of the New York Supreme Court, which has held that the operations of the New York Cotton Exchange in future contracts are not gambling.

The decision was rendered in a case where a Georgia banker and cotton-raiser was sued by a brokerage house for money due it on transactions in cotton. The Georgia man put up the plea that the transactions were gambling, and that offsetting one contract against another in settling balances under the rules of the cotton exchange precluded any recovery by legal action. The court held that offsetting contracts in settling balances by a clearing-house process, in the Cotton Exchange, was no more gambling than the similar process of exchanging checks and settling balances between banks. It was held that the delivery or acceptance of the actual cotton was no more necessary than for banks to cart the actual cash back and forth for the payment of one another's checks.

The future contract, whether it calls for the purchase or sale of wheat, cotton, corn or any other commodity, has a legitimate place in commerce. It is as indispensable as the bank check. Had the contention of the Georgia "welcher" been thought to have merit, a broker purchasing a lot of cotton from one man and selling a similar lot to another would have found it necessary to accept and deliver the actual cotton, instead of the contract, which of course was valid, and he could force delivery and acceptance whenever it was necessary or desirable that the actual cotton be handled. Most of the opposition to future trading arises from an imperfect knowledge of the subject.

NEW COUNTIES.

The discontent of the people of Oregon with the present division of the state into counties is manifested in many ways. In some cases there is a movement to unite parts of adjoining counties. Elsewhere the people wish to cut up a large county into smaller areas. Upon the merits of the particular situations, whether in Clackamas, Lane or any other locality, we have no wish to pronounce, but the general statement will be admitted by all that many of the counties in Oregon are too large. The purpose of dividing the state into counties and the counties into precincts is that every citizen may be within moderate distance of the seat of local government. To compel him to travel a long distance over bad roads in order to pay his taxes, serve on juries, and so forth, is to inflict a hardship, and as soon as circumstances permit there ought to be a tendency to remedy it. It is also undeniable that sections of a county too remote from the seat of government are apt to be overlooked in providing for roads and other improvements. These naturally gravitate toward the center of population and wealth, and outlying districts, where oftentimes they are badly needed, obtain little attention.

It is often thought best for the thickly settled parts of a county to hold on to all the territory possible, since it pays taxes and may occasion little expense; but this purely selfish view disregards the welfare of the people who inhabit the neglected districts. It is only fair to give them the privilege of spending the taxes they pay upon their own roads and bridges, and if they wish to incur the outlay for a Courthouse, with its accompanying luxuries, why should they not do it? Close scrutiny might sometimes show a gain to the thickly populated portion of an old county in parting with outlying sections. To make any appreciable improvements in such regions usually far exceeds the revenue which is obtained from them, while the pressure of public opinion, combined with the exigencies of politics, usually forces the authorities to build new roads and bridges in the end, no matter how reluctant they may be.

IN HONOR OF GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

To no other man of Oregon has it been the fortune to receive such honor and homage as George H. Williams receives, in his advancing years, at the hands of the people of Oregon. It is not merely that he is a great man. It is the kindliness of his nature that draws everyone towards him. His abilities of the first order, recognized in Oregon more than 50 years, have won him fame. His personal character has drawn all who have had the fortune to know him unto him.

A banquet is to be held in his honor at the Hotel Portland on Saturday (tomorrow) evening. It is not to be an exclusive affair. The occasion will be the celebration by the friends of Judge Williams of his eighty-seventh birthday; and they who wish the opportunity to render this tribute may embrace it by addressing Charles E. Lockwood, secretary, 225 Fliedner building.

Any further word The Oregonian could utter would be superfluous. The name and fame of Judge Williams is today the proudest living heritage of the State of Oregon.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

It is encouraging to notice that a number of conspicuous members of the Teachers' Association at Pendleton have taken a stand against competitive athletics in high schools. It should be understood that these gentlemen do not oppose rational athletics. Proper sports upon the school playground or in the park meet with their full approval. What they do not like is the junketing of high school teams about the state with all the demoralization and neglect of studies which that practice necessarily entails.

The point was well made by one speaker that in order to win games it is essential that there should be a "first team" in the high school, which is made a sort of fetish and worshiped by all the students and their instructors. Upon this team everything is lavished. Money is freely contributed for its outfit. The members may ignore their studies with impunity. They fall into idle and often vicious habits, and in the end their physical condition suffers. It is a well-known fact that bodily health is not improved by competitive athletics. Indeed it is often impaired by strenuous training and excessive exertion.

But these are minor considerations compared with the real evil of competitive athletics. Its worst harm lies, not in the injury it does to the members of the team, but in its reflex influence upon the rest of the pupils of the school. In consequence of their worshipful admiration of the team, the other boys lose all interest in fresh air and wholesome exercise for themselves. They take these indispensable requisites for good health by proxy. Instead of playing ball himself in the good old fashion, the schoolboy sits on the bleachers and shouts while the team plays. This is good for his lungs, no doubt, but it does not appreciably develop his arms and legs.

The only kind of athletics which is worth a fig in school, or in college either for that matter, consists of sports which everybody can take part in and enjoy. Difficult games which demand long practice and professional expertness have no place on the schoolground and it is an inexcusable injury to a schoolboy to permit him to divert his time and interest from his studies to competitive athletics, especially when they require long trips away from home.

USES OF ADVERSITY.

The Republican politicians who cluster around the hallowed shrines of Washington display an enviable philosophy in the face of impending defeat. Nothing can phase their stoic serenity. Nothing can convince them that all is not for the best in the best of worlds. If the next Congress must be Democratic, very well. Adversity like the abhorred toad doth carry a precious jewel in its head. If there are no Republicans in the next Congress there will be no insurgents, which to all properly constituted minds will be a cause for deep thankfulness. Moreover, the Democrats will be sure to adopt the Cannon rules and will thus demonstrate how hollow and hypocritical has been their opposition to that sacred code in the present session.

This faculty of drawing good from evil is certainly a fine thing. Would that everybody possessed it in the same degree as the Washington politicians. But there is a still better thing, if one may venture to say so, and that is the prevention of the evil. To bring sweet out of bitter is a truly admirable miracle, but it is still more admirable to forestall the bitter, so that the miracle may not be needed.

The next Congress will probably be Democratic if signs amount to anything, but there is no reason in the nature of things why it should not be Republican. There are just as many Republican voters in the country now as there were on the day when Mr. Taft was elected President. It may be asserted confidently that not one in a million has altered his political faith. There have been no conversions to the Democratic party. If the next Congress is Democratic it will be made so by Republican votes, and the reason for it must be sought before a remedy can be found. It would seem more statesmanlike to search for this reason and from it derive a preventive of the anticipated misfortune rather than sit calmly down and invent philosophical balms for future wounds. Helpless inactivity in the face of imminent danger is not a characteristic of vigorous men or healthy parties. It is indicative of decay and death rather than long life. Meek submission to calamity is one of the surest signs of decrepitude.

But if the next Congress is to be Democratic, the actual reason will lie in the fact that great numbers of our people tire of one thing and want another. The surest constant in the human spirit is fickleness. But perhaps it isn't worth while to dwell on this paradox.

Construction methods used in the erection of the Spalding building at Third and Washington streets continue to excite much favorable comment. The Oregonian has referred previously to this matter, calling attention to the well-kept streets at that busy corner while construction was proceeding rapidly from day to day and every day. By some magic seemingly unknown to Portland contractors in general, the material for this gigantic building has been absorbed by the structure and hauled inside without delay or inconvenience to citizens. The management under which this building has arisen without the customary clutter of streets—of which a too-familiar illustration is seen in another block, in the same neighborhood—is certainly commendable.

According to the theory of Professor Knox, "the child is the only textbook a teacher needs." Why have a teacher for the all-sufficient child? For does not this sapient professor tell us farther that "individuals as they develop their bodies build their own thoughts into them?" Clearly it is unwarrantable interference with this self-body-building and thought-building to attempt to teach children. Let great Nature have her way and save all expense of schools, all systems of restraint and direction. Turn the children over to their own devices. Don't worry them about details. The world is theirs; let them enter upon their estate untrammeled by the judgment, the experience and the direction of their elders.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the blind singer, yesterday completed ninety years of gentle, blameless life. She has written several thousand hymns, some of which are to be found in the hymnals of every orthodox denomination. "I have never regretted my loss of sight," said this gentle nonagenarian, "for it has quickened my other faculties and been really a great blessing to me." The simple human creature, unknowing what she has missed because of "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out," stands a pathetic figure on the farther verge of a century of life—happy in that it takes so little to make her happy.

"The greatest question of today agitating the minds of the people of this country is the high cost of living, brought about on account of the fact that too few people are feeding too many." So says the Inland Herald (Spokane). Very well, then; let those of us who are dissatisfied with this condition get out into the country, till the soil, milk the cow and feed the pig, as aforetime. What right have we who refuse this work to congregate in the towns and roar about the high cost of living? Or to look to politics or parties for remedy? So easy is it, however, to be absurd!

The Milwaukee road says it can't be forced to give "terminal rates" to Spokane—that is, the same rates to Spokane as to Coast terminals. It couldn't do it if it would. It can stay out of Spokane, but can't consent to an impossible condition. Spokane is a fine interior town; but when it sets up to be "the whole thing," the diathesis then is that of a megalocephalous condition.

Some think the Democratic party, in Congress, has made a mistake in deliverance of the House from the charge of being under "personal control" and under "rule of the trusts." That would have been good campaign thunder, which could have been used with advantage in coming elections. Some say it was short-sightedness to cut this campaign capital off.

Perhaps, since the Democratic party has surrendered every principle and abandoned every issue upon which it has contended since the days of its founder, Jefferson, it might do little or no harm if in power again. But there are many, probably a majority, who have no confidence in it.

Statistics show the average cost of the four-year course at one of the big Eastern universities is $3675. The biographies of most "big" men, however, show they graduated from the little schools, facetiously called "jerkwater," on a small fraction of that sum.

It would hardly be wise to bank on the supposition that Roosevelt, on his homecoming, will declare against the Taft Administration and spread his sails to obtain the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

Democrats universally think "insurgency" in the Republican party very fine. Therefore their opinion of Republicans who didn't "insurge" may not be so patriotic and disinterested.

Packing their own sins on Cannon as the scapegoat, and sending him off to carry them into the wilderness, will the Republican party be able thereby to "purify" itself?

"Sports" would better not pay out their money for fight tickets until they see whether Mistah Johnson will survive the joy-wagons, the jails and the bubble water.

Neighbors at a fire in an up-state New York farmhouse the other night used maple sap as an extinguisher. The "flames licked it up greedily," no doubt.

If you are to support your wants you will have trouble about high prices. If you support only your needs, prices will be lower.

Perhaps "system" started and wrecked the bunco Moore-Morris bank. It must have been something pretty bad.

Portland is to be the end of the run for Great Northern trains, too. Seattle can have Portland's old semaphores.

No other man will care to punish Jere Lillis as Jack Cudahy did, so Jere has some cause for satisfaction.

Gifford Pinchot thinks he has a big brother the other side of the water who will "lick" Taft.

Bad weather did not save downtrodden husbands any Easter hat money this year.

WHAT UPSET IN CONGRESS MEANS

Significance of the Recent Emeute in the House.

Aberdeen (Wash.) World.

The present Congress cannot be underestimated from the standpoint of party. It is strictly a partisan affair. It has little significance otherwise. It does not mean a permanent change in systems or methods—not in the end, at least. It does not mean freer speech or better representation. It does not mean that the Speaker of the House, whoever he may be, will be compelled to recognize any and every member who happens to get to his feet. It does not mean debate without limit. It does not mean that power will be transferred from the Speaker back to the members. It means none of these things ultimately. It cannot mean them without ensuing chaos. They will be tried for a time, perhaps, but they will be abandoned when the new leaders—there will always be leaders—find concentration of power necessary. In the ultimate of things this revolt is a temporary curiosity.

But it is a good deal more than that as respects the immediate future of the Republican party. A wide breach has been opened. It will not be presently healed—not during the session. It will not be healed until after appeal has been made to the country. Then and then only shall we know what the Republican party is to be. It is all very well for Mr. Taft to praise the tariff act, and both inferentially and directly read "insurgents" out of the party; but Mr. Taft is not the party. Nor is Cannon, nor yet Aldrich, nor the "regulars," nor the "insurgents." The question will be up to the people, and whatever brand the people stamp, that, we take it, is Republicanism. For the moment we own ourselves in doubt.

The situation gives Democracy its finest chance since the elevation of Grover Cleveland to the Presidency. The minority in Congress is the majority today, if, that is, Cannon and his supporters pursue the Speaker's proposed policy of turning legislation over to the "insurgents." That policy is both logical and natural. You can't expect a man, humiliated as Cannon has been, to aid his enemies in "making records" or establishing a basis for an appeal to the voters for vindication. Nor can you expect Democrats to join "insurgents" in passing administration measures. And there you are. If the regulars follow the Speaker in his present attitude we shall have no further legislation this session. And every man in the House can claim exemption from blame. Each is playing his own little game—to the devil with the country.

So the Republican party is going to be embarrassed, the Administration is gasping and the people are left to wonder and wait. It may not be such a bad thing after all, but it surely looks as though we are to have a new deal. What will it be? All virtue, political or governmental, does not rest with the old organization. Nor does it rest with the "insurgents." There is something to be said for both. The people's problem will not be easy.

BREEZY REVIEW.

What the Sun Has to Say About the Ruction at Washington.

New York Sun, March 20.

Outside of the few men who honestly believe that a change in the House rules is the condition precedent of salvation, what does that farce at Washington amount to? Mr. Cannon is an old savage in some respects and as ugly in his Early Assyrian way as the devil, but he is not a hypocrite or a "quitter." And what is being overthrown is not Cannon, it is Tom Reed, the finest mind in the Republican party of his time, it is a tradition, Republican and Democratic, it is what has been for years a necessity for carrying on the business of the House and the country.

The substitution by a two-party combination of new rules for the old rules would indicate merely the political impotence and insubordination that are among the fruits of Rooseveltism, but the House is entitled to what rules it chooses, and the matter is rather curious as a sign and an omen than of any real vital account.

Observe, however, that the opposition to Mr. Cannon rests largely on false pretences and exsufflicate surmise. A Mumbo Jumbo, a Man of Sin, a Scapegoat is set up and called "Cannonism." Cannon is the reactionary, the reprobate, the incarnate horned fiend. Yet all the sage legislation which was enacted in the days of Mr. Taft's predecessor was enacted while the horned head was in the Speaker's chair. But personality has entirely taken the place of principles. Hero worship, devil baiting; a rumpus, a riot, a rush; the calling of names, a yellow fever outside the House, in it men struggling and shrieking about nothing, and proving by their victory, if they win, that their talk about the "czar" was sawdust.

While the country watches that tempestuous teapot in the Capitol, please notice that Mr. Taft is doing his work well and without megaphones. If the country seems a little careless and neglectful the reason is not a reflection on Mr. Taft. Human nature loves a fight; and the United States after seven years of continual rodomontade and swatting is unable to return to a respectable life. A man who has had, say, a quart and a half of applejack for seven years is not going to swear off if he can help it.

The Reckless Magazines.

Chicago Tribune.

The worst enemies of decency in government in the end will be found to be the person whose recklessness plays fast and loose with facts, whose imagination supplies details not produced by inquiry, and who, when called on to substantiate what they charge, do not have the information. It was but a little while ago that men connected with a prominent periodical were forced on the witness stand to admit the hopeless generality of the material on which they had made specific accusations. They knew "by common report." The Tribune's advice to the magazines remains good: "Have the facts."

The people have believed that a magazine article was prepared with conscientious care and strict adherence to the truth. Too many of the "exposures" seem to carry the result of inquiry made between the arrival of one train and the departure of another.

"Large Bodies" for Bourne's Scheme.

Silver Lake Leader.

The Bend Bulletin has taken a shot at all newspapers who have expressed themselves "feminst" Senator Bourne's 320-acre non-residence homestead bill. It goes on to state that the "Portland Chamber of Commerce and other large bodies started the ball rolling." Perhaps they did. We don't care who gave it the start. The "large bodies" will keep the ball rolling until after title to the land is obtained and there is where the whole trouble rests. It goes on to state that the "captious critics should inform themselves of the facts before following blindly the jaundiced leadership of the Portland Oregonian." Wonder what's the matter with the Bulletin? It's columns for the past few months have been filled with railroad stories taken largely from the "jaundiced daily." "Consistency, thou art a jewel" is an old saying that is often fitting to one's own self.

Pinchot Subsided.

Walla Walla Union.

Pinchot seems to have subsided with the collapse of his allegations against Ballinger. The bold assertions of what he intended to do to the Secretary of the Interior when he was called to the witness stand lacked woefully of fulfillment when he was forced to state facts. It was mighty few facts after all, as the public had long expected.

HIGH PRICES FROM PINCHOTISM.

Mr. Minto Says Conservation Locks Up Land From Food Production.

SALEM, Or., March 24.—(To the Editor.) Words fitly spoken are in The Morning Oregonian under the caption, "A Force to Be Reckoned With." The one good influence resulting from the injury done to stock range interests by the forest policy of the past 12 years is that it has pushed settlement into the logged-off, brush-covered and partially or lightly timbered lands where the freedom of citizenship cannot be interfered with by National forest changes or rules. Districts like Eastern Multnomah and Clackamas, Western Washington, Southern Columbia and Clatsop, and Eastern and Northern Tillamook Counties contain ample room for a year's newcomers of the land-hungry and home-builder's class, to whom the patrons of husbandry would be of desirable and valuable assistance. The number of flourishing granges in the first two emphasizes what I mean; but south of those counties four times the amount of area is waiting for occupiers, west of the western boundary of the Cascade forest reserve, which offers thousands of homes, without touching the real timber tracts, on which the timber is the chief value.

The writer was among the earliest farmers of Oregon to join the grange, but thinks there is more need of its extension than ever before, as the freedom as well as the interests of the land-owning, home-building class is being injured by the meddlesome Roosevelt-Pinchot policy. It has obstructed, in every way it can, the real land-hungry poor from getting lawfully onto the public domain in the freedom of personal initiative in obtaining support for themselves and their families from the soil in the least possible time, while selling small releasements of land by lottery to those able to buy and hold for speculation. It has developed a host of investors who buy large tracts which they hold for subdivision and sale at much higher prices and exacting terms. It is a wild guess to name the number, in a population of 90,000,000, who desire land and could occupy but could not buy it. President Lincoln knew that when he signed the homestead law. General Grant knew the shortage of money among the brave men who surrendered at Appomattox when he told the Southern cavalry to keep their side arms and their horses, as they would need the latter when they got home.

The employes of the Department of Agriculture learned fast within one year after Lee's surrender how greatly the people of the South needed garden seed and instruction about planting it. It was among these Government seed employes, out of a spirit akin to that which guided the pens of Lincoln and Grant, that the idea of patrons of husbandry was born; and it was because the people of the frontier adjoining the public domain were blessed with a more intelligent degree of self-direction than were those of the South, that the grange spread furthest in the West.

* * *

The segregation of the public domain from the land-poor and land-desiring people is the chief cause of the rise in the price of meat; and the great amount of subdivision of large tracts into small ones on which meat-making animals cannot be kept and fed, has probably forced from two to four million families into the food-consuming class during the past year, which, with the Lincoln freedom of the public domain, would now be supporting and selling a surplus.

* * *

I suppose it is impossible to get the measure of injury done the American colonies by King George's maladministration prior to the scene described in Emerson's "Concord Hymn"; we need it for comparison when we come to count the cost of the reservation of our public lands from the would-be producing settler; but it is not impossible yet to form an estimate of the cost to the Nation of the one-man rule, without law, and with more than Presidential power, that Mr. Pinchot's name represents, and the writer, with 66 years' experience as a home-builder and home-maintainer in Oregon, sincerely hopes that nothing will be done by this Congress to pass any ex-post-facto law supporting what has been done unlawfully. His position as a subordinate in the Department of Agriculture ought not to make him immune from the forfeiture of his private fortune for his misuse of public money by hounding his employes on the records his superiors are making and for which they give guarantees of responsibility. Nothing in my life in Oregon has surprised me so much as the way the people have submitted to this. As a granger, I favor a renewal of a policy that encourages families to seek and find homes on the land. More than half the land now under reserve in Oregon is not worth so much for its timber crop as it is for other purposes—pasturage crops of rye, oats, barley and buckwheat.

There is much said now about the rise in the price of living; there have been probably from eight to ten millions of our population influenced to town and city life and to logging, mining and other non-food-producing occupations by the so-called "conservation policy" since the reservation and conservation system began. Is it any wonder that fat pork, the most completely labor-made meat, is high?

JOHN MINTO.

Dog Adopts a Rabbit.

Baltimore American.

G. Y. Evans, a prosperous farmer of Williamsport, Ky., has a little house dog which recently became the proud mother of two beautiful little puppies. She was provided with a nice, cozy box in a corner of the kitchen. She would make frequent excursions to the fields in search of food, catching and devouring many young rabbits.

Everything proceeded satisfactorily, with the little family, until the time had nearly arrived for the puppies to open their eyes on the strange world into which they had so recently been born, when suddenly one of them sickened and died.

The mother grieved and moped for a day or two, finally sallied forth to the field, as supposed, for food, and sure enough, she shortly returned and scratched at the closed door for admission, bearing in her mouth a young rabbit, which she carefully deposited in the box with the living puppy.

It was so young that its eyes were closed also and never yet had opened on the light of day.

The family supposed it would be eaten in an hour, so left them to themselves. What was their astonishment, therefore, to find them all three later in the day, not only all of them alive, but the little blind puppy and little blind rabbit were snugly nursing side by side, and have continued to do so ever since.

Correcting Conservation Hysteria.

Yakima Republic.

Judge Ballinger says the Government will try to find the fair and sensible mean between the methods of handling the public domain urged by the faddists and hysterical theorists of the East who know nothing about conditions in the West, and the methods demanded by those who want to steal it. That is what the judge is trying to do for the Government now. Those who know him believe that he is going about it honestly, and sensible people will approve every honest effort made in that direction by any public official.

Roosevelt for Taft.

Leslie's Weekly.

Ex-President Roosevelt is not a candidate for any public place. His only ambition is to become a useful private citizen. Furthermore, he is for the renomination of President Taft in 1912. This is the statement made by John A. Stewart, president of the League of Republican Clubs of New York, who says he has the authority of the ex-President for it.

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE

They were talking about the curious old Congressional custom of holding orations over the distinguished dead. Nobody knows when it began, but almost everybody is agreed that it should be stopped.

"I recollect the most remarkable experience I ever had making a speech," said Senator Dolliver. "A statue was to be dedicated to the first President of the United States. Know his name? No, not George Washington. He wasn't the first President of the United States. The first man who ever held that title was named Hanson—first President of the First Congress of the Confederation. His title was President of the United States.

"I delved around in the books and worked up some of what I thought were mighty interesting historical data. On the appointed day I marched into the Senate chamber and there were 11 pages and three Senators there. Two of the Senators, like myself, were to make speeches.

"The two other Senators made their speeches. Being my seniors they came ahead of me. Each when he was finished promptly walked out.

"When I came on my audience consisted of Senator Hoar, the pages, the presiding officer and a fair gallery. I got up and commenced very much discouraged.

"Senator Hoar was deeply interested. He followed me closely. Presently he moved up closer to me and began taking notes. He proved as good an audience as a full Senate and I turned myself loose to entertain him.

"He became so interested that he would occasionally drop remarks such as 'Remarkable, really. Where did you get that?' and the like. I thought I was making a great hit with the veteran, and was immensely pleased.

"When I finished I thanked him for his attention and interest, and he replied:

"'Not at all, Senator. I was much interested because I have to make a historic speech myself shortly, and I wanted to get notes on those researches of yours.'"—Philadelphia Times.

* * *

Dr. Aked, during a run-in with an agnostic the other day, scored a neat fall for the orthodox.

It happened on a railway train.

The doctor's dialectic adversary was a drummer who had purchased a paper-backed edition of some lectures delivered by the late Colonel Ingersoll.

"And creation isn't such a much, anyway," went on the drummer like a Springtime flood. "Nothing in the universe is made well."

"For instance."

"Er—ourselves. We have eyelids to protect the eye, but our ears have no lids. Now, if it had been a good job we could rest our sense of hearing by closing a lid over it once in a while, couldn't we?"

It was the doctor's turn to enthuse.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "You have actually uttered a new idea—at least, one that I have never heard of before. I will concede you a point against the human ear. I would give thanks to the Maker if he had made mine with lids. Believe me, sir, if it were so I should close them now."—New York Telegraph.

* * *

At the 15th annual dinner of the class of '95 of the University of Pennsylvania, held at the Union League, and during the festivities much comment was made on the fact that the members of the class were fathers of children to the fine aggregate of 111, 53 of whom were boys and 58 girls.

This pleasing information was also printed in the class paper, which gave an alphabetical list of the children, together with the dates of their birth. Speaking of the gladsome galaxy of youngsters, one of the members remarked that it "rather put the kibosh on the yelp about race suicide."

"It certainly does," said William H. Evans, of this city. "There is every evidence that the class of '95 is closely following the Roosevelt an advise."

"That's right," responded D. King Irwin, of East Orange, N. J. "My family was increased by two last August, and if it continues to grow at that rate I shall have to keep on following in Teddy's footsteps."

"What do you mean?" wonderingly inquired Evans.

"I mean," was the smiling rejoinder of Irwin, "that I will have to go to Africa, where I can shoot game big enough to supply them all with fodder."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

There Now! Take That!

E. Hofer, in Salem Journal.

Little, hungry, snapping-turtle-brained editors, like Billy Clarke, of Gervais, and Addison Bennett, of Irrigon, both stamp-lickers on commission, can't sleep nights out of pure solicitude lest the Republican party be raped and outraged by such a man as Colonel Hofer being made Governor.

Dream of the Wandering Celt.

BY ELLA KNIGHT.

[The writing of the following was suggested by seeing a notice of the sale at auction of the old Hall of Tara, seat of the early Irish kings and chiefs, which was built before the time of Christ.]

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
Its soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."
—Thomas Moore.

Hush, hark, did ye hear it? That harp so long silent
On Tara's lone wall is resounding again;
Its last chord is breaking in hope's dying moment,
And sad are its echoes o'er moorland and fen.

It shrieks and it hisses, it writhes and laments,
For the hall of her chieftains is lost to her hold.
Betrayed by false sons and by strangers denuded,
Fair Erin, loved Erin, dear Erin of old.

The echoing notes of that harp string are calling
The scattered and lost ones to rally once more.
It calls to the eastward and calls to the westward;
It echoes to northward by Lough Neagh's shore,

To southward where Shannon her green banks is fretting,
And out through the dingle across the deep sea,
Like a spirit aroused from the thralldom of error,
It cries to the powers, "Let my country go free."

The moon slowly climbs o'er the hills of Killarney,
And throws on dark Tara her silvery veil,
Sure, out from her casements dim lights I see streaming,
And through the broad doorway great companies trail.

What! what! They are harping the old Celtic measures
That rang through her halls in the days of her pride,
Plumed chiefs and fair ladies with hard-handed toilers,
Lift up their glad songs for the inflowing tide

Of hopes that were faded and long since forgotten,
Revived in the dream of the wandering Celt,
Aggrieved by his wrongs and his country's sad story,
Fair Erin, green isle where his forefathers dwelt.

The old castle stands in the dawn of the morrow;
Its summit just touched by the sun's early ray,
When a ship in the offing far out from the harbor
With the stan-spangled banner steams freely away.

Ah! the morning breeze kisses that emblem of freedom;
I would that it streamed o'er my country and me.
The time has been long; but our shackles are rusting—
Erin, dear homeland, we too shall be free.