

The Oregonian
Portland, Oregon.

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(BY MAIL)
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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1910.

END OF LAND-FRAUD EPISODE.
 The action of Mr. Henry in denouncing the Binger-Herman case, and in arranging for the redistribution of other cases, marks definitely the end of the great land-fraud episode in Oregon. The Williamson case may indeed be brought up again; but if so, it will not renew the immense agitation and vast sensation that have accompanied these famous trials from the beginning.

There will be general satisfaction at the action of Mr. Henry in terminating the prosecution of Mr. Hermann. The Oregonian has never believed that the association of the ex-Congressman and ex-Land Commissioner with land-fraud actions was other than an obnoxious political, or that his compliance, actual or seeming, in their schemes had the slightest criminal intent. Persistent prosecution of a hopeless cause would be not only unnecessary and unwise, but cruel and unjustifiable; and it is creditable to Mr. Henry that he has taken that just and humane view.

The Oregonian will venture also to express the hope that, in the general cleaning up, there may be leniency for Mr. Mays. No man has suffered more than he, through family and other afflictions, and none has paid a heavier penalty for whatever transgressions may be charged to him. As the jail sentence against him shall be remitted, The Oregonian is sure that there will be general approval.

Now the land-fraud business, growing out of old conditions, old methods, old political, personal and business alliances and partnerships is over. There is a new era. Let his genes be buried in the whole painful and humiliating story be forgotten, if it is possible to forget where there are so many wounds and scars.

OVERWORKING A GOOD THING.
 Oregon is being widely advertised through its unique initiative. Senator Bourne is working his ready letter-writing telling everybody that Oregon has the "best government in the world." Bourne knows, and he can prove it; for it is not his election the final word on that subject? Someone named W. G. Eggleston takes his pen in hand to tell Everybody's Magazine about the way the thing goes; and another learned investigator and experimentalist, Leon Yackwich, LL. B., gives "Everybody's Magazine" a hard-hitting review of the Oregon scheme. With Oregon's reputation for safety and sanity in the hands of Bourne, Eggleston and Yackwich (LL. B.), one might suppose that the state would be content; yet there is something to be said about this matter. Overworking is a good thing, evidently overworked, the resentments of the initiative for the growing use of experiments and special legislative projects on the one hand and of local schemes on the other. The shifting attitude of the public mind toward the initiative, or rather toward the schemers and their agitators who resorted to this initiative as their particular opportunity, is shown by its history since its adoption in 1902. Here are a few salient facts for general consideration:

In 1904, two measures were submitted through the initiative, and both carried.

In 1906, eleven measures were submitted through the initiative and referendum, and eight carried.

In 1908, nineteen measures were submitted through the initiative and referendum and twelve carried.

In 1910, thirty-two measures were submitted through the initiative and referendum and nine carried, twenty-three being defeated.

Is there no significance in these interesting and instructive figures? There is, there surely is. Yackwich (LL. B.), commenting on the 1910 election, suggests that "we might draw the inference that the people desired to rebuke the abuse of direct legislation in Oregon by defeating the bulk of the measures; but such is not the case." It is the case. No doubt of it. But we suppose our Bourne and Egglestons and Yackwiches (LL. B.) and U'Rens and Wagnons and all the other law-giving cooks and cranks will go ahead with their experimentation on the patient reformer's food and medicine of their making or preparation. Then he will get well.

RADICALISM SANELY EXPRESSED.
 There is an emphatic unanimity of opinion among the leaders of the Democratic party that they must do something more positive than merely to eliminate Mr. Bryan in order to retain the confidence of the great majority of the people.

At the great glorification feast which they held in New York the other day it was freely admitted that the party was on trial. The Republican party had failed to do what the people desired and therefore power had been transferred to the Democrats, but the change might be very transient in the absence of any trust that would fulfill expectations. At this New York dinner letters of regret were read from Mr. Harmon and Woodrow Wilson, among others, and speeches were made by the newly-elected governors of New York and Massachusetts. What the reader notices more than anything else in these utterances is the absence of old-style bluntness, bluntness, or "flapdoodle," as it is often irreverently called. Ancient catch words, pompous phrases, thunderous oratory were shunned as if by common agreement and everything was put in that simple language which often indicates sincere conviction and honest purpose.

The letters and speeches came from men of all shades of Democratic opinion. The sentiment was in the air that the country expects something definitely constructive from the party to which it has committed power. Governor Foss said, for example, that it would not do to repeal the Aldrich tariff. "We must put some constructive measure in its place." Governor Woodrow Wilson wrote that the Nation had given the Democratic party "a role of constructive power in an age which awaits nothing less than a reorganization of society."

No doubt Mr. Wilson's lecture was the most significant matter offered on the occasion. Intellectually he showed long ago that he deserved pre-eminently to be his party's leader and now he fortifies his desert by proving himself a shrewd master of political strategy. In outlining what his party ought to do in order to maintain its hold upon the confidence of the people he resorts to no chicanery. He makes no evasions. The old policy of the Government has been one of "stimulation and development." Now something else is needed. There has been stimulation enough. Development will get along very well if it is left to its own devices. Other problems force themselves upon us and must be solved. To determine what these problems are and how they should be solved Mr. Wilson laid down a short and simple rule. "Find out what the people want and then let them have it." To find out what the people want we must pay proper attention to facts.

Like every other perfectly sane man, Governor Wilson realizes that his safe action must be based on facts. He that goes contrary to them is sure sooner or later to break his head against a wall. When the people are overtaken it stands to reason that they want relief. When food and clothing are too dear the inference is obvious that steps ought to be taken to make them cheaper if it can be done. The way to discover the facts and draw the correct inferences from them, Mr. Wilson thinks, is by the good old plan of free and fearless debate in representative bodies.

The popular election of Federal Senators was laid down as sound Democratic doctrine, as well as the abolishment of "caucuses, bosses and conventions." This makes Mr. Roosevelt's much-vaunted radicalism look rather pale, but Mr. Wilson justifies it in his scholarly way. "A radical reformer," he says, "is not a man who is the bearer of every just government," was one of his telling sen-

TEACHING OF INDEPENDENCE.
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The gathering was in fact the tenth annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association and included the county instructors of the counties named. The combine to form a class of instructors of which any state or section thereof might justly be proud, while those who present topics for consideration by the body of teachers are men and women of experience in and devotion to the work in hand.

Of course education has its fads, and faddists are employed to push them. Otherwise the system of public education would not be modern in the degree demanded by those who are pastmasters in pedagogy, and, indeed, by the public in whose interests the schools were instituted and are maintained.

One of the fads urged in the name of a future good citizenship is that all things pertaining to our public schools—textbooks, libraries, domestic science and equipment for teaching it, noonday lunches and school supplies of all kinds shall be "free."

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SOCIAL NEEDS AND VALUES.
 "Social needs," our single-tax brethren tell us, create land value; land is the basis of all wealth and prosperity; hence, land should pay all taxes; other kinds of property should be exempt; the "quasi-property" that accrues to individuals under private "monopoly" of land, should be turned into the public treasury or into public ownership, through high taxes and confiscation.

This programme single-taxers have outlined in Oregon and they have made beginning through enactment of a tax court. The amendment to the constitution of the state, this amendment is intended to open Multnomah County for a regime of heavy taxation of land and of confiscation of land whose owners cannot carry the new burdens. For which the argument is put up that as land values are due to the needs and the uses of society, therefore to society land ownership is due.

But values of all kinds of property are created by the needs and the uses of society. The increasing value of a pig or a cow or a horse may be ascribed to this cause, as much, and even more, than that of land; the trees of our orchard, which raise the value of farm land from \$100 an acre to \$1000 or \$2000, are profitable because of the large appetite of the public for apples; the rails and the cars and the locomotives of a railroad are valuable because they serve the needs of the public, and when

that we as an independent people would possess and enjoy. This being true, it is a grave question of public policy which asks that the public—a general term, embracing the merchant, the mechanic, the modish gown, the cosmetics and the purple and fine linen on sale in the store.

In truth, all these "improvements" and "personal property" are valuable to their owners only because the public demand for necessities, comforts and luxuries makes them so. Great part of the wealth of every community consists of these and similar things. Single tax would exempt these things from taxation. It would concentrate taxation on land.

But value of land is no more a "social product" than is value of cattle or that of a sailing ship or of an orchard or of a steamboat.

In truth, again, the only fair method of taxation is that of all property—land, buildings and personal in its many forms—according to actual value. That is the only system that has stood the trials of experience and the tests of time.

Let it be repeated that land in Oregon bears heavy tax already, as farmers well know, and the personal property bears too little. Single tax would intensify this discrimination and injustice.

WHY PORTLAND IS IMPREGNABLE.
 Commenting on the impregnable trade position of Portland and the artificiality of trade zones of the interior, Mr. J. N. Neal quite truthfully says that "all the zones created by man from now until doomsday cannot put the Pacific Ocean next door to them; Spokane can have its zone, and from a reasonable standpoint it should have one, but it can never get the Pacific Coast."

Why is the location of this city at the head of ocean navigation that first brought Portland into prominence as a distributing center and market for the entire Columbia basin. For many years the city was handicapped by an insufficient depth of water on the bar and at various places along the river. Nearly all these obstructions have been removed and the channel has been steadily and systematically deepened to meet the requirements of the situation. Much yet remains to be done.

The building and maintenance of a thirty-foot channel between Portland and Fort Stevens and a forty-foot channel from Fort Stevens to the sea are vital factors in Portland's supremacy. With this unobstructed highway to the sea and the prestige of being the only port on the Pacific with a water-level grade to the interior, Portland can regard with mild indifference the artificiality created by the protection of certain localities where nature was less kind. With transcontinental rail systems having trunk lines on both sides of the great river which carved out the grades for the railroads, and with feeders radiating from these trunk lines to all parts of the inland Empire, Portland's distributing facilities above tide-water are unrivaled.

By no other route can goods be moved so economically as through Portland. Being thus provided, all of our efforts should be devoted to keeping in perfect condition the one overwhelmingly important link in the traffic route—the highway to the ocean.

THE SOUL OF A GREEK.
 A surgical operation was performed at St. Vincent's Hospital, Tuesday which moves us to ask any number of inquiries and perhaps unanswerable questions. The patient was a Greek laborer who was made unconscious by a blow on the skull. After lying in a coma for eighteen months the surgeons raised the bone and his mind began to work again.

There are many similar cases on record. Much can be done with the brain nowadays that would have appeared impossible a generation ago. Ulcers can be located and removed, pieces of the tissue cut out and all sorts of risky tricks performed within the sacred sphere of the skull. A man in Massachusetts who leaned a little too far over a crowbar in a hole charged with dynamite found when he awoke to consciousness that the iron had been driven clean up through his head, entering below the jaw and going out at the top. The surgeons took him in hand, patched him up and when they got through with him he was quite as intelligent as before the accident, perhaps a trifle more so. Man often improves upon the crude works of nature.

To return to our Greek out at St. Vincent's. Where was his soul during those eighteen months that he lay unconscious? Tennyson asks the same question about Lazarus, it tried his memory. Where was his while his body lay in the tomb? That is, where was the immortal part of him? Was it glad or sorry to come back and reunite with the flesh? If final judgment is passed on men as soon as they die, has our Greek been judged or not? If he has been judged and acquitted, how he lives the new life that the doctors have given him so far as his destiny in the next world is concerned. Perhaps, though, it will be replied that he was not really dead. He breathed, even if he did not think. Still it is difficult to conceive that mere breathing is enough when the surgeons lifted up the bit of skull that pressed on his brain? Did it prefer the earth life to the world it had gone to?

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.
 The report of the joint faculty committee of the University of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural College over that dreadful affair at Corvallis after the Thanksgiving football game has the aspect of a letter every body would send easily as possible. That, well enough. The awful newspapers made all the trouble anyway. What business have the newspapers to make a great sensation out of a mild and innocent little encounter between several hundred gentlemen students who are playing their best to promote a positively non-offensive sport?

The newspapers have much to answer for.

The committee has done exactly right in composing the mass, and in distributing with great impartiality the blame between the two institutions with a slight emphasis on the larger blame on the side of the Corvallis boys at Corvallis.

Boys will be boys everywhere and at all times and in all conditions, and there is no great difference between them in the mass. The inclination of the public will be to think that the Corvallis students are a considerable number of them should have been of the same kind and their guests were not as reticent or dignified as they should have been about their mistreatment. But football is not child's play, and college rivalry may lead to indiscretions, bad feeling and "rough house" but what of that? The country will survive.

Blue Blood is a Myth.
 There is no such thing as blue blood or "best families," according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson in a recent lecture delivered before the League of Physical Education in New York, and he adds by way of compensation that American kings of finance are members of a royal family in Europe, with the exception of William the Sudden, who could make a living behind a linen counter.

Dr. Hutchinson's lecture was a masterpiece of public sentiment concerning a vital reform that ex-President Roosevelt fought for vigorously. Six years ago no one would have believed that the railroads would "lay down" so soon.

When Judge Robert S. Lovett, president of the great Harriman lines, states that he favors Government ownership of railroads, we have unexpected proof of the crystallization of public sentiment concerning a vital reform that ex-President Roosevelt fought for vigorously. Six years ago no one would have believed that the railroads would "lay down" so soon.

Dr. Cook returns to his native land on the Steamship George Washington. How appropriate that he should take passage on a liner named for the distinguished American who, according to history and tradition, couldn't tell a lie.

Backwash Cakes.
 A big surplus of backwash in New Jersey has attracted the attention of Americans who were losing their fondness for backwash as a delicacy.

A Columbus's glory? Is patriotism a fake? Are Yankee-fed heroes now quaked at serots? The best that we nevermore bake? Our forefathers conquered the Tory Because they had plenty to eat Of one precious staple (With syrup) when we never The cake of the bully buckwheat. When joy is awaiting the season When griddles again were in play, And beautiful battens were browned on platter With sausages, sizzling away! But now—oh, the horrible treason!—We're turning to Europe's effete, The Scotch chef's inferior recipe, While coldly ignoring The cake of the bully buckwheat. Did Washington call for a roti, Or would he should never plan out His battle maneuvers When eating hors d'oeuvres, Or maybe spaghetti or kraut? George knew of no bide de hoy. Yet managed the foeman to beat: And keep in condition By finding nutrition In cakes of the bully buckwheat. But of the backwashing of nations! No more are we simple and strong; With weak macaroni And biscuit tortoni values are daily long. Give us to the best of our nation! The Nation's undoing's complete Since we give rejection To New York's peach-blossom fudge. The cake of the bully buckwheat.

Enough Laws Now.
 Charlotte (N. C.) Chronicle, Dem. On one thing Mr. Taft is sound. There are enough laws on the statute books now: State and National—Prohibition and Trust. What is needed is to enforce them.

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INTELLIGENCE AND HOBBLE SKIRT
Are the Two Ever Found Together?
 Asks Correspondent.

PORTLAND, Dec. 22.—(To the Editor.)—Two ladies, close friends, whom we will call Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. disagree very widely upon one point: Is a woman's intelligence or character reflected in her dress? Would a woman of high intelligence and strong character, with clearly defined motives in life, ever hamper herself with the hobble skirt or weigh herself down with huge hats? Mrs. B. says no, and came home triumphant from the first session of the teachers' institute, where she quiet and tasteful dress of the women seemed to answer this question in the negative and hence in her favor. Also at the reception at the Portland Hotel Wednesday night, Mrs. B. noted the same absence of extremes in dress.

How is it? Is the sensible, earnest woman whose life has a purpose, likely to go about, looking like a feeble caricature by some malignant and powerful hypnotist?

But Mrs. A. and possibly many other women have noted this one instance of buoy, earnest women ignoring the extremes of dress and appearing in quiet, tasteful attire, does not by any means move the other women toward high ideals and sterling character, might not go about on French heels with helpless legs hobbled in scant skirts and strings, and something to the quarter section of heterogeneous stuff from the milliners. What have some of your other women readers to say about this? Is it not worth a dissenting, good taste and high character express themselves in her dress?

LADY FRANCES.

MESSINA EARTHQUAKE HERO DIES
 "Now Then, Smith," Honored by People and King for Bravery.
 New York Herald.

London—Many expressions of regret have followed the report that "Now Then, Smith," one of the heroes of the Messina earthquake, has been strangled at Banbury, in West Australia. When the Italian city was swept by disaster Smith was a seaman aboard the steamship Atonwen, then lying in port there. With his captain and two of the crew he rushed to great his aid in the straggling wreck, thousands lay buried in the wreckage and many buildings which had not fallen were swaying and tottering.

The party of four saw a family at the windows of the top floor of one of these structures. Its impending collapse threatened their destruction, and below had cut off escape. The sailors succeeded in throwing a rope to the upper windows, where it was made fast.

"Now then, Smith," shouted the captain, and the Welsh sailor man scaled the tottering structure. First he brought down one of the women of the family, and then a little boy, and then he had carried all to safety. He came back to find a civic welcome awaiting him in Cardiff. A mass meeting was held to greet him and the greater audience insisted on a speech from the embarrassed hero. But Smith had to be dragged out of his chair, and after rubbing his chin for some time stammered, "I have to say to you, I thank you ladies and gentlemen."

The speech was brief, but a formal honor could not be given to a greater. King Edward at that time personally desired to hand "Now then, Smith" as everyone called him, a medal for bravery. Before that medal could be awarded, however, the modest Welshman was off on another cruise, and the decoration had to be forwarded to him.

German has boasted a great deal about her prolific population, but now she begins to shudder at the race suicide specter. Her birth rate has declined by more than 20 per cent of itself since 1875. If this continues, the Kaiser's realm will presently be a better off than France. All civilized countries are haunted by the race suicide problem. Only the barbarous, the ignorant and the hopelessly miserable are really prolific.

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One of the fads urged in the name of a future good citizenship is that all things pertaining to our public schools—textbooks, libraries, domestic science and equipment for teaching it, noonday lunches and school supplies of all kinds shall be "free."

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PLAX GROWING AWAITS THE MILLS
Proper Soil and Climate Exist and Farmers Are Preparing to Exploit It
 Salem, Or., Dec. 18.—(To the Editor.)—I read an article on the flax industry in Oregon, printed in The Oregonian of last Tuesday, in which it is said that efforts made to interest farmers in the growing of flax were not successful. I am the one who for the past 10 years has tried to establish the flax industry in Salem, because I had said still have the confidence that this soil and climate would grow the best flax—the proper conditions in the whole being nearly similar to Ireland—and would also be proper to make fine grades of linen.

The fact that I have not succeeded yet is not because the farmers are not willing to grow flax in sufficient quantities to supply any size of mill, but simply because I could not interest capitalists to the necessary extent to build and operate a mill to afford us reasonable and permanent market for the flax of the farmers. I could have enough flax grown next Spring in the Willamette Valley to interest farmers in building a mill working 300 days in the year, that would produce 700 to 10,000 yards of linen per day at a great profit and much benefit to all concerned. Yours very truly, EUGENE BOSSE.

Fiber More Profitable Than Seed.
 Salem, Or., Dec. 18.—(To the Editor.)—I wish to say in justice to those who have worked unremittently to place Oregon in the line of manufacturing states, that Oregon farmers would preferably grow flax for fiber, as the crop would be much more paying than seed flax alone. Linnseed is not grown in Europe. That country is not so wasteful as to grow a plant and throw the most valuable part away. Only Americans and Argentinians do that.

There has been some question about pulling flax, which is always done in Europe, but under the present conditions it has been decided that flax can be cut without serious loss to its quality. This places it with the farmer on the same plane as the linseed, where there were 15,000 acres of linnseed in our three states. The highest grade of fiber flax would pay for pulling for which a machine was made in Oregon. This is a valuable thing. The seed for this flax is worth \$3 a bushel. In placing a mill to utilize the fiber we would begin with twelve to sixteen thousand dollars worth of machinery, and work up to 1000 to 1500 workers. There would then be an incentive for some of our wealthy citizens to endow a school for training students in London, which attracts students from all over Europe, and in which linen weaving, both on hand and power looms, plays a most important part. There is no question about the farmers. They have been canvassed from Portland to Albany and beyond. They are in line. All that is needed is a mill. A foreign manufacturer said on testing Oregon flax that it is the best show thread fiber in the world. And how much is shoe thread? Foot and shoe thread is made from a fiber which can be made in Oregon for 25 cents and less per pound. Does it make thread? Mrs. Tarbell, in her illuminating articles on the subject on "The Simple Life," says:

MRS. WILLIAM J. LORCH.

Chinese Machine-Made Embroidery.
 Government Consular Report.

The adaptation of an ordinary sewing machine to the making of silk embroidery has been taken up by the Chinese here and in other places in South China with considerable enthusiasm, and although the Chinese are still in the beginning, the progress made in producing really handsome machine work is notable.

It is the Chinese ladies of the better class who are learning to make embroidery, and in Canton, for instance, some of the more wealthy ladies have organized classes in order further to study the art, for it is not only simply a matter of the machine doing all that is required, but much of the credit, in the way of learning in designing as well as color shading.

The work is done chiefly on Chinese raw silk, and at the beginning Japanese designs—scenery, bird life, flower studies, emblematical scrolls, etc. The work is done in the traditional Chinese designs, and the varieties of embroidery made show exquisite taste, and likewise excellent judgment as displayed in the grouping of colors.

Make Swimming Compulsory.
 Pittsburg Dispatch.

The teaching of swimming will be made compulsory in New York public schools if a movement started by prominent athletic and Young Men's Christian Association leaders is approved by the board of education. The movement was started as a result of reports of swimming instructors at two colleges which have made national reputations. One college reports that out of 705 students examined this season, 375, or over 45 per cent, were unable to keep their heads above water. Coach McKenzie, of that city College of New York, states that out of 28 freshmen this fall, 35 per cent of the group of 192 men could not swim a stroke.

The City College of New York reports that out of 192 men, 106, or 55 per cent, of the classes of people having the best chance to receive a thorough physical training, were unable to keep their heads above water in case of accident on the water. The committee says: "England can be taken as a good example. The school children are made to freestyle swim from the earliest ages. As a result, in England 90 per cent of the population of the cities can swim, and in this country the figure is about 30 per cent."

First Paper Trust.
 Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ptolemy Philadelphus tried to run the first paper trust. He founded the Alexandrian library, and hoped to keep it as a school for the education of Egyptians by forbidding the exportation of paper papyrus from his kingdom, the only place where the papyrus plant flourished. Fortunately, a king, Pergamum, loved learning as much as the rulers of Egypt and he invented parchment from skins of goats. Parchment was named after Pergamum, and has been the chief writing material ever since, and carried to us the wisdom of ancient days to our own.

in the Brazilian Navy.
 The Senior Captain—Bosen, call all hands on deck.
 The Bosen—Aye, aye, sir; but they won't come.
 The Senior Captain (looking at his watch)—But it isn't yet for them to refuse to obey orders.
 The Bosen—No, sir; but they're holdin' a secret meeting in the mess room, sir, tryin' to decide whether they'll mutiny every day in the week or take a rest on Sunday.

Never Occurred to Him.
 Springfield Republican.
 Pitiful stories are being told about the ex-King of Portugal not having money enough to pay his cab fare. Would it do him any harm to walk?

Worse Than City of.—But No Matter.
 Washington Post.
 General Estrada's invitation to all exiles to return to Nicaragua shows how far some folks will go to pad the census returns.

Life's Sunny Side
 Members of Philadelphia's literary colony are laughing over the quick-wittedness of Peter Finley Dunne, author of the immortal "Mr. Dooley." In connection with an introduction to Richard Harding Davis.

According to the story Mr. Dunne had never met Mr. Davis until a mutual acquaintance introduced them in the Lamb Club, in New York. Mr. Davis, with an air distinctly Davidsque, remarked:

"Mr. Dunne, I have read some of your things, and do you know you look different from what I imagined. I thought you would be a little short Irishman, smoking a clay pipe."

"Do you know, Mr. Davis," retorted Mr. Dunne, "I have heard all of your stories with great pleasure, and you look different to me from what I thought you would. I imagined I would meet some one in a pink shirt waist, pouring tea."—Philadelphia Times.

The negro sense of humor was well illustrated by Booker T. Washington in his address in Milwaukee.

"I was walking along a road near Tuskegee Institute and met an old colored woman," said Mr. Washington. "Just to make conversation, I remarked: 'Where are you going, auntie?'"

"The old lady looked up at me with a comical twinkle in her eye. 'I was walking along a road near Tuskegee Institute and met an old colored woman,'" said Mr. Washington. "Just to make conversation, I remarked: 'Where are you going, auntie?'"

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Book Cent for Gold Pieces.
 New York Times.

A new bright Lincoln penny was the undoing of Mrs. Ernestine Robbins, a poor widow of Coleridge N. F. She gave it to her landlord for a \$10 gold piece, and he, wholly deceived by the brilliancy of the coin, accepted it and gave her a receipt for a month's rent. But the man was shocked when he offered the coin at a Carlistad grocery store in payment for some purchases and waited for the change. He couldn't understand why the clerk laughed, and Lincoln mentioned he took off his hat. But when the piece was returned to him he realized the mistake.

Hurriedly he went to the widow's home and demanded \$90 more Lincoln pennies, but the poor widow had none. Then her arrest followed, and in default of a \$1000 bond she was committed to the Hackensack jail, charged, as the paper says, "for obtaining a month's rent under false pretenses."

This was the first case of its kind ever heard of in the Hackensack jail. The widow has two children. These were taken to the Children's Home.

Tea Epigrams of Cities.
 A Naples by any other name would smell as sweet.

Every Pittsburg has a silver lining. Chicago is paved with good intentions.

It's a poor Paris that does not work both ways.

A Philadelphia in time would save Boston to him who Boston thinks. Leadville is only skin deep. It's a long Reno that has no turning.

London is no respecter of persons. New York City is covered by a multitude of skins.

FEATURES IN THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

STORY OF THE THREE WISE MEN
 A Christmas mystery, by William J. Locke; not religious in the theological sense, but intensely human as a twentieth century narrative with a moral.

ETHEL AND JIMMY BUY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
 May Kelly relates their experience in Portland department stores, giving the results of one hour's strenuosity.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON
 A Christmas story by O. Henry, wherein the lowest and the highest in the social scale meet.

JUST WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS
 Full-page picture in colors—a real picture without the popular fiction.

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TEACHING OF INDEPENDENCE.
 The teaching force of the public schools of five counties, viz., Multnomah, Washington, Clackamas, Columbia and Yamhill, eighteen hundred strong, will close a three-day session in this city today.

The gathering was in fact the tenth annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association and included the county instructors of the counties named. The combine to form a class of instructors of which any state or section thereof might justly be proud, while those who present topics for consideration by the body of teachers are men and women of experience in and devotion to the work in hand.

Of course education has its fads, and faddists are employed to push them. Otherwise the system of public education would not be modern in the degree demanded by those who are pastmasters in pedagogy, and, indeed, by the public in whose interests the schools were instituted and are maintained.

One of the fads urged in the name of a future good citizenship is that all things pertaining to our public schools—textbooks, libraries, domestic science and equipment for teaching it, noonday lunches and school supplies of all kinds shall be "free."

Opposed to this sweeping contention is the fact that absolutely nothing in the world is "free"; that from some source must be provided wherewith to pay all accruing obligations, whether of an educational nature or for anything else