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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1912.

TAFT'S ECONOMY PROGRAMME.

While the Democratic leaders have been talking economy, President Taft, through the Economy Commission, has been inquiring how economy can be effected in the Government service and efficiency at the same time increased. The fruits of his work are displayed in his message to Congress, in which he shows that a saving of $2,000,000 a year can be effected and the efficiency of the Government service immeasurably increased.

The picture which the President gives us is anything but flattering to our National pride. We boast of leading the vanguard of progress, we speak with contempt of other nations as slow-going, yet our governmental machinery, which expends $1,000,000,000 a year and employs an army of 400,000 persons, has no more system than a crossroads store. The commission has so far touched only the fringe of its work, yet at every point it tells how money can be saved and efficiency at the same time increased. The Government, as described by the President, resembles a village which has grown in size to a city but is still governed by village methods. Bureaus and departments have been created without any regard to whether their functions overlapped those of some other bureau. All along the line things are being done in an archaic, time-consuming, wasteful way. In the first few pages of his message the President names four items alone on which $1,260,000 a year could be saved.

How much of this responsibility for this mortifying bungle of our affairs rests on Congress can be conceived from the President's statement that many local offices exist by virtue of laws passed nearly a century ago, that a large number of them are useless and should be abolished, that the Executive has repeatedly recommended this course and that his recommendations have been unheeded. He announces that he will abolish useless offices so far as his authority allows, and he rightly imposes on Congress the responsibility for continuing offices which can be abolished only by legislative enactment.

He renews and emphasizes his recommendation that all local officials be subjected to civil service rules, that such officials may no longer draw the salary while other men do the work, that men may be continued in office once they have proved their fitness, that the Government may get the benefit of their training instead of "breaking in" new men every four years, and that the President and members of Congress may no longer be required to devote to matters of patronage time which they should devote to questions of policy and administration.

The President's present recommendations in this line go even farther than those made in a former message, for he proposes to treat all the distinctly administrative officers at Washington and in the field in the same way as inferior officers have been treated. He would at the same time provide pensions for superannuation.

Some of the examples of waste cited by the President approach the ludicrous. On such routine, mechanical work as the handling of mail in the departments he finds the cost to range all the way from $5.84 to $84.40 per 1000, and to aggregate nearly $5,000,000, a considerable percentage of which he thinks can be saved. He finds that letters are still being copied by hand at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars a year; that $250,000 a year is wasted through the following absurd method in handling departmental publications:

> The prevailing practice in handling departmental publications is to have them manufactured at the Government printing office; each job when completed is delivered to the department; here the books or pamphlets are wrapped and addressed; they are then sent to the postoffice; there they are assorted and prepared for shipment through the mails; from the postoffice they are sent to the railroad station, which is only a few steps from the Government printing office, whence they started.

The departments are badly lighted, though by making some simple improvements they could be well lighted at an annual saving of 20 to 60 per cent; specifications for supply contracts are so indefinite as to raise prices and discourage competition; though the Government is the largest user of transportation, it buys one-way tickets instead of mileage books; the affidavits to expense accounts cost $60,000 a year and are useless; there is no uniformity in advertising and contracting for supplies; more than ninety acts of Congress require nearly 200 printed reports annually.

In asking for an appropriation of $250,000 for the continuance of the commission's work the President gives some idea from the experience of others of the possible economy. He states that the three large insurance companies spent more than $500,000 in putting their business on a modern basis, but saved more than tenfold that sum in the first year, and that several large cities are spending sums on economy inquiries out of all proportion to the sum he asks. He well sums up the end to be sought in the following words:

> We want economy and efficiency; we want saving, and saving for a purpose. We want to save money to enable the Government to go into some of the beneficial projects which we are debarred from taking up now because we cannot increase our expenditures. Projects affecting the public health, new public works, and other beneficial activities of government can be furthered if we are able to get a dollar of value for every dollar of the Government's money which we expend.

Contrast the unsparing manner in which Mr. Taft lays the ax to the tree of waste and inefficiency and the systematic manner in which he proposes to introduce economy and efficiency with the hit-or-miss methods of the Democratic leaders, the boasted apostles of economy. They save $186,000 by discharging a few clerks and quietly slip them back into their places. They talk of saving $225,000 by abolishing the Tariff Board, which has for the first time let in the light on the dark places of the tariff. They would cut off the President's traveling allowance of $25,000 a year, whereby he is enabled to meet the people face to face and tell them of their affairs. On the other hand, they pass a pension bill which will soon add $75,000,000 a year to the Government expenses and they clamor for more money for rivers and harbors and buildings. Even if all the President's economy plans were approved by them, they would spend in one session all the enormous sums which he could doubtless save. But their style of economy is well illustrated by their threat to deny the President the appropriation by means of which real economy can be effected.

THE HUMILIATION OF HARVEY.

Consider for a moment, if you please, the sorrowful case of Colonel George B. Harvey. That eminent journalist and talented man of affairs has for many years been editor of Harper's Weekly, a reactionary publication with a progressive editor. Surveying the world at large from his lofty seat in the editorial sanctum, Editor Harvey discovered in Professor Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, first-class raw material to be a Democratic nominee for the Presidency. It was an original find, a unique and memorable exploit. There is no Dr. Cook to contest with Mr. Harvey the honors of the great achievement. He alone did it, he alone proclaimed it, and he alone possessed it for many moons.

Dr. Wilson was among the first to concede that Mr. Harvey had performed a meritorious service to his party and his country, and in due time set about to do his part toward realizing the brilliant Harvey dream.

The rest is well known. Dr. Wilson entered politics, meantime thoughtfully applying for a Carnegie pension, became Governor of New Jersey and a candidate for President of the United States. All went well. Being no Maecenas to a budding literary candidate, but only a modest publicity man, Editor Harvey kept up his incessant editorial ding-donging, gracefully sidestepping or ignoring all the Wilson fads, fancies, furbelows, flipflops, turncoatings and idiosyncracies and explaining as best he could to the skeptical owners of his paper.

Then something unpleasant happened. Somebody—was it Colonel Bryan?—told Dr. Wilson that the vehement support of Harper's Weekly was hurting his candidacy, and the impressionable professor promptly notified Editor Harvey to quit. He did. He swallowed his pride and covered his humiliation as well as he could, hauled down the Wilson flag and retired to a journalistic monastery, where doubtless he will pass the remainder of his days in giving sound advice to the younger clergy on the wickedness of the world and the ingratitude of politicians.

It is an extraordinary episode. Who will say that it reflects credit on Dr. Wilson, who thus led to the door his loyal friend, his firm supporter, his political creator, and unfeelingly kicked him out for no reason except that he had ceased to be useful?

DANCING WITH A COSTLY FIDDLER.

State taxes reach an unconscionable sum, and one or more counties of Oregon threaten to "secede." It is a silly threat, of course, but it typifies a state of mind. We want the state to do everything, and impose upon it greater and greater burdens of expense through numberless new schemes of legislation and government, and then we yell with pain when the tax collector comes around. We blame the Legislature, the Governor, the politicians, everybody but our extravagant ways of living and our exorbitant demands on government and our superheated imagination as to what the state can do for the individual.

If the Legislature is to blame, why don't we elect sensible and prudent men to the Legislature? Instead, we keep for the most part our sensible and prudent men at home, defeating them overwhelmingly, and send other men to Salem whose sole qualification is that they are willing to sign Statement One.

If the Governor is to blame, why do we not elect a Governor of experience, judgment, determination and weight? Instead we elect a Governor who claims supreme merit because he vetoes the bills of his personal critics and enemies, some of them carrying appropriations, but permits other bills with no greater merit to become laws because they came from his friends or allies.

The Legislature passed, and the Governor signed, or permitted to become laws without veto, all the bills carrying appropriations that are now a burden on the taxpayer. The responsibility rests equally upon each and neither may fairly blame the other.

If we would dance we ought to be willing to pay the fiddler.

AN AWFUL MARE'S NEST.

The Heights Improvement League of Hood River has stumbled upon a mare's nest of truly frightful aspect. It has found that the "fictitious stories in the school readers excite children's minds and cause a degree of nervousness which breaks down their health." Sad indeed is this to think of. The noxious schoolroom atmosphere, long hours in an unnatural position at desks, late hours at home, badly-cooked food and too much of it eaten at the wrong time, dancing parties, premature romancing between the sexes, none of these nerve and stomach-destroying factors are at work in blessed Hood River. The nerves of the schoolchildren are going to wreck there, as everywhere else, but it is the "fictitious stories" in the reading books which do the business, and nothing else contributes.

It is astonishing to see a recrudescence of the old Puritanical hatred of fiction in a community so renowned for intelligence as Hood River. Sensible parents and teachers understand that the child has a natural craving for stories, that properly chosen fiction does not "excite" the young nerves, but soothes and calms them, and that no mental nutriment is, upon the whole, so excellent for a child as stories of adventure either in fairyland or upon the earth.

We have made no personal investigation of the state of the children's nerves at Hood River and so cannot diagnose their trouble with scientific accuracy, but we can make a shrewd guess at it. They are probably kept indoors in bad air when they ought to be out at play. No doubt they are kept out of bed studying their lessons when they ought to be asleep. Very likely they are allowed by their parents to go to parties and return at all hours of the night after filling their stomachs with indigestible dainties. Here is the seat of the trouble with the nerves of the Hood River children and not in the poor little pieces of fiction they find in the school readers. To cut them off from this bit of mental nourishment would be outright cruelty. What they need is more stories and more fresh air.

VEXATIOUS REPETITION.

It seems to be reasonably clear that there will never be a government upon a stable basis in Cuba until the United States Government completes the work that it began in 1898 in that island. That is to say, the United States Government must assume power where responsibility is imposed for the maintenance of peace in Cuba as it has done in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. It is absurd, this thing of Cuban broils which this country is called upon, at longer or shorter intervals to settle by issuing orders or ultimatums and sending troops over to enforce them by intimidation if they can, by compulsion if they must. Egotistical, undisciplined, unreliable, this old-young child of Spain is defiant of authority and frequently obstreperous; incapable of self-government, she appears in the role of a republic; without any true conception of liberty, she prates of freedom, in pompous tones and is willing at any time to begin a bushwhackers' war without regard to consequences.

Having once espoused the cause of Cuban liberty and being looked to to preserve the peace in the island, the United States Government feels a burden of responsibility imposed by these conditions and circumstances and again faces the possibility of sending over troops to secure the stability of a republican form of government in Cuba.

One thing of two must happen before another decade passes. Either the Cubans must be left by the United States to fight out the governmental question among and for themselves according to their own ideas and capabilities, or Cuba must come under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. This thing of being responsible for the peace and well-being of a people without having political authority over them is absurd. This Nation may worry along with Cuba for a few years yet on this basis, but it is foolish to imagine that this state of affairs can continue indefinitely. The process is too tiresome, and besides it leads to nothing. It is dull and vexatious repetition merely—a game for which neither nations nor individuals in this day and age have time or stomach.

A TEST OF EDUCATION.

People of an introspective turn of mind now have a lovely opportunity to find out whether they are educated or not. The question is one that troubles a great many citizens in these days of revolutionary pedagogy. Some who when they left college supposed that they knew everything there was to learn and a little more have since found reason to doubt it. Some who in the good old days did not think they were educated at all discover by the new lights that they are far ahead of the college graduates. What is an education? A lecturer at the University Club in Chicago has answered the perplexing inquiry in a compact and conclusive form. He proposed twenty questions to his audience with the assurance that anybody who could answer all of them was truly educated. On the other hand, of course, anybody who failed was uneducated in proportion to the extent of his failure. Here are the questions:

1. Name the Vice-President of the United States.
2. Name the Treasurer of the United States.
3. Name the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra.
4. Name the leader of Tammany Hall.
5. Name your Congressman.
6. Who is Hugo Munsterberg?
7. Who was Sir Christopher Wren?
8. Who is Ali Baba?
9. What is the Pentateuch?
10. What is a seismograph?
11. What is a clevis?
12. How many justices are there on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States?
13. Name five of them.
14. Who said, "The child is father of the man?"
15. Who said, "The groves were God's first temples?"
16. Who said, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more?"
17. Who was Mommsen?
18. Who is president of the Lake Shore Railroad?
19. What is the fourth city in size in the United States?
20. What is a preposition?

Modesty forbids us to print the answers. We do not enjoy displaying omniscience unless there is pressing occasion for it. Our purpose in exhibiting the list to the readers of The Oregonian is to induce each one to apply the infallible test to himself and thus determine once for all to what degree he has been educated, if at all. The person who can, without running to the encyclopedia, answer all of them may plume himself on being completely educated. A man who can answer ten of them is half educated, and so on. Naturally it follows that if none are answered the candidate is totally ignorant. If he cares about his intellectual salvation there is nothing for him to do but go back to school and try to fill the immense vacuum which exists where his brains ought to be. This is not our own view of the subject. It is what we suppose the Chicago savant who propounded the questions might say if he were courageous enough to be perfectly frank. In our opinion it is not possible to test a person's education by this or any other list of questions.

One of the blackest curses which the examination fetish has inflicted upon the country is the belief that education consists in filling a person up with miscellaneous information. The more facts you can cram into him the better he has been taught. If you can make a walking cyclopedia out of him he is a joy forever and an everlasting monument to the colleges. This is all nonsense. An educated man is one who has the capacity to think soundly for himself and to act with vigor and judgment when action is necessary. He will also be master of some art or craft by which he can earn an honest living. The number of mere facts which he carries about in his head is of no importance whatever, especially if they are miscellaneous facts. The reference books of the world are full of just such items as those which the Chicago lecturer makes his silly fuss over and an educated man can go and find them whenever he needs them. He does not load his memory with that kind of rubbish. Just as dirt is anything out of its proper place, so a fact carried in the memory when it is not needed is trash.

In every trade and profession there is a certain body of information which must be committed to memory with absolute certainty. The blacksmith must know the practical qualities of iron. The lawyer must know what constitutes a contract. This information makes up the working tools of the various gainful callings and a man who lacks it is bound to be a failure. But outside of these practical requirements mere miscellaneous accumulations of facts are of little or no use to a person. A man might be unable to answer a solitary one of the list we have printed and still be highly educated. But this line of thought can be pushed too far. It is a mistake to condemn "mere information"—fully as bad a mistake as it is to fall down and worship lists of foolish questions. There is a certain mass of information which forms the basis of "the modern mind," and nobody can think in harmony with the age unless he has it. The earth derives all its useful energy from the sun. The animal species have been evolved by a gradual process from protoplasm. The Bible is a collection of the literature of the Jewish race. These are some of the facts which are indispensable to an educated man. They are of world-wide import and fundamental to all our thinking. One who does not know them will find himself bewildered at every turn in modern life. But what difference does it make whether or not you can tell offhand what a clevis is? Who outside of poor, boss-ridden New York cares for the name of the leader of Tammany Hall?

Practical benevolence is illustrated in the bequest of $1,000,000 made by the late ironmaster Richard T. Crane, of Chicago, for building country cottages for the deserted wives and helpless children of that city. Thousands of women of upright life are working far beyond their strength to discharge the double duty of parentage left upon them by irresponsible, selfish and conscienceless husbands. A home from which women and children of this class are not in danger of being evicted; which is theirs to occupy while the battle goes on within and without to keep the wolf from the door, is an incalculable boon. Rent is the great problem of their lives—the specter that haunts their dreams and the stern reality that drives them from one wretched shelter to another—seeking, always seeking, and never finding rest and security. The title in the Crane cottages for deserted women and helpless children will doubtless remain with the Crane Company or be vested in a directorate, but the assurance that the house is their own, to occupy as a home while they need a home, will lift the heaviest of poverty's carking cares from the slender shoulders of the many recipients of this practical, thoughtful and substantial bequest.

The Portland Oregonian is devoting many columns to free advertising of the Seattle university, and at the same time is doing all it can to belittle and discredit Oregon's State University. That is, to say the least, a peculiar way to build up a great state—but it has always been The Oregonian's way.—Eugene Guard.

This is the little Eugene paper's method of retort to some remarks of a somewhat direct nature made by The Oregonian the other day. There is nothing easier than lying. Falsehood is the most ready weapon of a certain type of newspaper, of which the Guard is a very fair example. The State University is most unfortunate in its blackguard champion.

It is to be hoped that the lawless element in the United States will take a lesson from what is happening to their brethren of the gun and bomb in Cuba. The stern arm of the law, reaching out from Washington, is repressing them with admirable firmness. The law cannot act at home with this wholesome rigor, for divers reasons, but the effect of example may do some good.

It is now Senator Vardaman from Mississippi, and a new star is added to the glorious galaxy which includes Tillman and Jeff Davis. These blatherskites ride into office on the race hatred which they create with their unscrupulous oratory. As long as "white against black" is the only issue the South cares for, so long will it be cursed with politicians of the Vardaman species.

The new plan for restoring Thaw to a rejoicing world is said to be so skillfully devised that the officers of the law cannot thwart it. If Thaw is sane, it seems ridiculous to detain him in the asylum. In fact, the whole affair is ridiculous. It shows what a farce can be made of legal procedure by a man who has plenty of money to spend.

If butter goes to a prohibitive price in Chicago, there is a home-made imitation much cheaper. If the truth were known, many eat oleo now and are not aware of it.

With Fred Dubois directing Champ Clark's campaign, every bishop, president and elder from the Snake to the Arizona line will know how to vote.

Any ruling or practice of the County Clerk that will make marriage harder for irresponsible applicants is of benefit to the community.

Elaboration of Governor West's "dead or alive" policy would be to avoid all publicity of escapes and kill the men when recaptured.

Schoolchildren should be encouraged to grow vegetables on vacant lots. They will keep down the weeds, at least.

Attention of those who overlook Portland as a port is called to the city's primacy in wheat shipping.

Women at Fresno marked errorless ballots, so the women voters of Fresno must be of Republican faith.

The need of the Oregon Naval Militia is to be thrown overboard and laundered.

A get-acquainted junket by Portlanders to Alaska will get the business.

Mr. Finley is a zealous official—game for any kind of fight.

Butter will soon be as great a luxury as champagne.

Stars and Star-Makers

By Leone Cass Baer.

Harry Corson Clarke and his wife—who is also leading woman with his stock company—and both of whom are especially known on the Pacific Coast, have gone to Honolulu to play a three months' engagement. Nell Franzen, remembered as a local girl who was identified with small roles with the Baker company, goes along as ingenue.

* * *

Get Quick-Rich Wallingford, which is to visit Portland this season, is already headed in our direction via San Francisco, where it plays a fortnight beginning January 21 and ending February 4.

* * *

The Lambardi Opera Company is going Eastward, playing this week in Minneapolis.

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Dot Bernard, who is now Mrs. A. Van Buren, is visiting in Los Angeles, and rumor says she is to take up moving-picture work while there.

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The first stock production of that old stand-by "Way Down East," is being given by the Burbank Theater players in Los Angeles this week. Our old friend Henry Stockbridge is playing Hi Holler.

* * *

The Balalaika, the musical instrument used by the Russian orchestra at the Orpheum this week, is the instrument of the home in Russia, just as the piano is in our country. And it is wholly due to women in the land of the Czar, that the balalaika became universally used; springing into prominence during the reign of Ivan the Terrible. At that time Russian women were kept in strictest seclusion, and were not allowed to participate in or enjoy any amusements outside their own domiciles. The balalaika, manufactured by the peasants in Russia, was taken up by women, first as a time-killer and later cultivated because of the real music in it. Today it is recognized as the standard instrument of Russia.

* * *

At the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles another Bakeronian, Robert Ober, is playing this week in the title role of "A Gentleman of Leisure." Donald Bowles and John Burton, also former Baker players, are in the company.

* * *

A great galaxy of stars is headed Portland way, among whom are Elsie Janis, Blanche Bates, Julian Ettinge, Alice Lloyd, Maude Adams, John Drew, William Gillette and Mizzi Hajos, the latter playing a return engagement of "The Spring Maid."

* * *

Clara Howard, one time soubrette with the Armstrong Musical Comedy Company at the Lyric, is playing in the same capacity with Charles Alphin's musical aggregation at the Olympic Theater in Los Angeles.

* * *

Thomas McLarn, who for a brief while was leading man with the Baker company here, is new character man with the Morosco-Blackwood players in Los Angeles. He opens in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which has been released for stock, and will appear as Doyle the detective.

* * *

It's interesting to conjecture just how the prima donna in the "Girl of the Golden West" will sing the closing lines in the climax of the first act. You remember the girl is alone on the stage, following her big scene with the road agent in which he has declared his admiration for her and she softly repeats his words, then suddenly cries, "He said I had a face like an angel—Oh, h——!"

* * *

The Allen players are making their annual Canadian tour this season. Verna Felton, who was leading woman with the organization when it was quartered in Portland four seasons ago, is still with them. Charlie Connors is also a member of the company.

* * *

Wilson Mizner and Paul Armstrong's play, "The Deep Purple," which comes to Portland soon, is playing in Yakima, Wash., tonight, and tomorrow evening and Saturday plays in Tacoma.

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Anna Held will appear in "Miss Innocence" at the Tacoma Theater this evening, having left Portland on her private car last evening following the performance.

Calling a Spade a Spade.

PORTLAND, Jan. 16.—(To the Editor.)—In The Oregonian January 12 I notice that F. L. Bold offers a suggestion that the weather condition which has been referred to in Portland and vicinity as the "silver thaw," be known hereafter as the "silver sheen," which appears to me to be equally as inexpressive as the "silver thaw." Without further comment, I would simply say that there are a large per cent of matter-of-fact people in Portland who are in the habit of calling a spade by its proper name, who would be quite satisfied in having a similar condition of the weather in the future referred to as a sleet storm. This seems to me to be sufficiently expressive to the world at large, or Portland, either, what the nature of the storm really is. Those who are prosaically or poetically inclined can indulge their respective talents in elaborate word-painting descriptive of its various features, beautiful or otherwise, as it may appear to them. J. S. MORRISON.

Selling Movement in Chinese Gold.

London Standard.

Sales of gold have undoubtedly been made by the Chinese authorities, and from cables which are now coming to hand from China it would seem that there is some prospect of the movement assuming rather large proportions.

No one has ever known the extent of the hoarded wealth of the late Empress Dowager, though all kinds of rumors have been current as to the accumulation of colossal sums. Now that, by reason of the present disturbed condition of the country, the meeting of the interest charge on the debt must impose considerable strain, it would certainly not be surprising if sales were effected of some of this hoarded gold, if only with the object of facilitating the prompt payment of the coupons on the foreign debt, a matter concerning which the Chinese government has always displayed scrupulous care.

"Who's Who and Why."

EUGENE, Or., Jan. 16.—(To the Editor.)—Kindly inform an anxious public whether Samuel G. Blythe was the originator of the page in Saturday Evening Post headed "Who's Who and Why"; also whether he is now the one who fills that page from week to week. E. S. ROLFE.

Mr. Blythe is author of "Who's Who and Why." We are not informed whether the Post maintained such a department prior to Mr. Blythe's connection with the magazine.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian, January 18, 1862.

The amount of gold dust brought to Portland during the last Summer and Fall and up to the first of January, inst., is estimated as equal to $3,000,000. Of this amount Wells-Fargo & Company alone shipped $1,198,773.32. The Portland assay office of Mr. Agrell has assayed since May, $95,567. These sums make $1,297,010.32. Added to this sum, the amounts now in the hands of merchants, citizens and miners, will reach the sum of $3,000,000.

Of all the rumors of incredible atrocities, of Polish outrage, of those worst acts of cowardice that are born of cruelty and of barbarism that just stops short of cannibalism, to which the expedition of John Brown into Virginia two years ago gave rise, the story that the skin of his son was taken from his body and tanned seemed the most unnatural and improbable. But read this letter from a General in the United States Army, now serving in Virginia, to a friend in this city—a witness on this point as impartial as he is distinguished:

"Camp at ——, Va., October, 1861. To show the refinement of Virginia gentlemen I enclose to my friend, the Rev. B. N. Martin, professor New York University, a piece of the skin of the thigh (tanned by these gentlemen), of the son of John Brown, who was killed at Harper's Ferry.

"This is a fragment of the skin which, thus prepared, was distributed in pieces over the Southern country, and was presented to my present aid in Richmond last April by a Captain Sommers, of the Confederate States Army, and a friend of the doctor who has the skeleton and who flayed and tanned the skin.

"My friend informs me that every preparation was made to treat the remains of John Brown in the same way by having them thrown from the cars before reaching Baltimore and substituting a false coffin, but that the plan was frustrated by the sickness or flinching of the railroad conductor."

It is customary every two weeks at the Portland Academy for the pupils to have exercises in reading, composition and declamation. We paid this institution a visit yesterday afternoon and spent an hour or two very pleasantly. The institution is under the direction of Professor Hall, as principal, and Mrs. Johnson and Miss Pentland, as assistants. Space will not permit us to do justice in speaking of the pupils, but we will say that we have never seen a better conducted school, better order—the first requisite in a school—anywhere. It is right that we should encourage scholars by noticing their qualifications and for that reason we especially commend Misses Elvina Holman and Leonora Blossom for the ability shown by them in writing and reading essays; also Masters Dufur, Cardwell, Aiken and McNamee for their recitation and Mr. Cornell for a remarkably well written essay, which was read by him. The Academic Journal, edited by the young men, was read, followed by the reading of the Wreath, edited by the young ladies.

The river at this point is now frozen over from shore to shore. We noticed quite a number of men and boys yesterday walking over on the ice, some with skates and others with long poles in their hands. Several farmers brought produce over on sleighs and one man pulled over about 400 pounds of beef on a sled.

The services of the ferry boat, usually so requisite for the accommodation of passengers, are now dispensed with by the bridge of ice. Is this an infringement of the ferry charter?

A young man employed in this office proposes to go to Oregon City today on skates. He desires company. Who will go with him?

Establishing Line Fences.

PORTLAND, Jan. 16.—(To the Editor.)—Please give advice on the following: Two houses are built on lots on the town plan. Nothing is between, neither fence nor hedge. One tract is sold and the new owner decides immediately to put up a fence. He does not consult or inform the next-door owner, nor does he have his newly-acquired lot surveyed. Merely has the wire fence builders measure off what he thinks is his width and puts up the fence. One year after a question of opening a street arises and the City Engineer surveys lots for the viewers. They place their stakes and tell one owner that the later buyer has placed his wire fence a foot over on the other's ground. When the owner of the fence is informed of this he merely laughs and says it is nothing of the kind, nor does he then have it surveyed. How long would it be before he could legally claim that foot of ground, and what redress has the injured party? If injured party gets it surveyed and his surveyor agrees with City Engineer and he wants to build, can he take down fence so builder can build over to what is legally his line?

Is there a stated time in the laws of Oregon after which it is impossible for an owner to get back his ground after it has been bodily taken away from him in this manner? What is the best procedure? Would it entail an expensive law suit? H. W. K.

Adverse possession is not acquired until the lapse of 10 years. Lot lines in such cases can be permanently and legally established by agreement between the parties in interest. If this is not possible the best plan is to consult a competent lawyer. There are too many legal complications in such controversies for The Oregonian to give more definite advice.

Identified by an Old Habit.

London Tit-Bits.

"It was a clever job," said the chief. "How did you spot him through his woman's disguise?"

"I happened to see him sit down," replied the detective, "and noticed that he gave his skirt a little twitch with both hands, as if to keep it from bagging at the knees. Then I nabbed him."

The Thankless Foster Child

By Dean Collins.

(Popular song; model 1912; style X; No. 987,543,247)

Beside the Boulevard of Politicians
The Harpers Weekly sat. With eager eye,
She scanned the faces of the passing people
And looked for Woodrow Wilson to go by.
At last surrounded by a bunch of stylish
Young men, who ranked in Presidential class,
She saw the object of her adoration
Upon the Dem. bandwagon slowly pass.
"Muh foster cheelid," eagerly she shouted,
"I raised you right and hoped your pathway led
Where you are now—a Presidential prospect."
Then Woodrow frowned and unto her he said:

Chorus: "Can't you see you'll spoil my prospects?
I'd rather that you don't shoot off your face.
If I should openly dare recognize you
My candidacy might come to fell disgrace.
You injure me by butting in and boosting,
I hate to wound your pride and make you sore,
But when you see me with this bunch of fellows,
It's best you don't address me any more."

"Those are harsh words" the Harper's Weekly answered,
"And I've a right to be a little riled.
Oh, sharper than the tooth of any serpent
It is to have a thankless foster cheelid.
But though you scorn me, still you may remember
That even I may keep my humble pride;
And so I'll never, never more address you,
When by me in the band wagon you ride.
To think, when I had done my best to raise you
To move where high society spread,
That you should turn around and cruelly scorn me
As you did now, when harshly thus you said:

Chorus: "Can't you see you'll spoil my prospects
It may queer my chance of nomination
If you butt in the swell crowd where I travel
And tip it off that you are a relation.
I'm traveling with Presidential Prospects.
Don't hang around and make yourself a bore;
But when I drive by in the Dem. bandwagon,
It's best you don't address me any more."

Portland, January 17.

Country Town Sayings by Ed Howe

A woman will do a thing all her life because her mother did it, but a man never has much confidence in the ways of his father.

A fool cannot find out much, but he can find out when you are busiest.

Never bother a busy man, unless it is to tell him his house is on fire.

The more talk of culture there is around a man's house, the fewer good things he has to eat.

No one should worry because he does not understand all that is going on in the world.

There is only one thing that pleases a woman more than to be referred to as a dove: to hear a man referred to as a hawk.

It is pitiful to hear old people talk about their ages. "Why," they say, when told that any one is 65 or 70, "he is young yet."

Keep any letter you write long enough, and you will want to burn it.

No man ever went without anything he wanted very much, if it was possible to borrow it.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who carried his school books home at night to study?

Sale of Film Scenarious.

PORTLAND, Jan. 15.—(To the Editor.)—1. Can you publish the address of firms who buy scenarios for moving-picture plays? 2. Should scenarios be copyrighted before offered for sale? 3. Do you think a $3 correspondence course worth while?

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. Nearly all manufacturers of moving-picture films buy scenarios. Consult magazines devoted to this industry for lists and also read articles contained therein regarding. 2. It is not necessary. 3. No.

Yes.

PORTLAND, Jan. 15.—(To the Editor.)—If a man with a grown family deeds real estate to his wife, then after his death, without leaving a will, does she have a right to dispose of or mortgage the property without the consent of the heirs? Does the deed take the rights and privileges away from the heirs?

SUBSCRIBER.

Yes.

PORTLAND, Jan. 15.—(To the Editor.)—At an annual meeting of a club when its directors are to be elected may proxies be voted? The bylaws of the club do not mention or provide either for or against. The club is a corporation, but no stock.

F. H. V. A.