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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1912.

WHICH IS THE BEST REMEDY?

All the political doctors of the American people are of one opinion as to the diagnosis of the National disease. Republicans, Democrats and Progressives all agree that the trouble is special privilege in all its multifarious forms. It is therefore a waste of words for Governor Marshall to tell us once more, in no matter how eloquent language, that we must get rid of that disease and restore the healthy conditions of equal opportunity. We all know that; we are all agreed upon it.

The question now before the American people is: How? What is the remedy for this disease? Dr. Taft and his collaborator, Dr. Sherman, Dr. Wilson and Dr. Marshall, Dr. Roosevelt and Dr. Johnson recommend different medicine. The people, who are the patient, are now considering which pair of doctors to employ as their regular physicians and which remedy to take. Let Dr. Marshall show us wherein his and Dr. Wilson's medicine is superior to that of their rivals. Let him and all the other doctors cease their endless prating about what ails us and apply their minds to convincing us that they can and will cure us and that the other doctors cannot.

We know that we have an acute attack of plutocracy, whereof the symptoms are high living for the rich and high cost of living for the poor; perversion of the machinery of government to the point that, under the forms of democracy, we have been receding into an actual oligarchy. Now what are we going to do about it? For goodness' sake, Dr. Marshall, don't diagnose the case all over again! We have heard all that to the point of nausea. Tell us how your medicine will cure us.

Dr. Taft recommends a continuance of his present course of treatment with some modifications. He would reduce the tariff to a point which would equalize conditions at home and abroad; he would exterminate the trusts and provide the Federal Government with means of preventing growth of new trusts; he would head off oligarchy by stimulating more activity on the part of the democracy, holding that oligarchy has seized the reins because democracy was too lazy to drive.

Dr. Wilson would put our adult industries through a strict course of self-reliance, instead of protection, leaving them only as much protection as is consistent with our main purpose of raising revenue, but would increase the doses of his medicine gradually. He, too, would exterminate trusts, but would limit increase of Federal power out of respect to the states. Ignoring the people's indolence in not performing the duties they already have, he would impose more duties on them by means of Presidential primaries and direct legislation.

Dr. Roosevelt is a homeopath of the most advanced school. Paternalism having abnormally developed the rich, he would even things up by giving liberal doses of the same drug to the poor. He would administer the same tariff revision tonic as Taft, but would apply some new patent device for directing the life-giving fluid to the part of the body politic which most needs it—or thinks it does—namely, the workingman. He would exercise a nice discrimination in dealing with the trusts, exterminating only the bad, carefully nurturing the good and guiding them along the straight and narrow path of virtue—he to be sole good judge as to which are good and which bad. He would infuse energy into the apathetic electorate by keeping it everlastingly busy with direct primaries, direct elections, initiative, referendum, recall of anybody and everybody and retrial at the polls of suits decided by the courts. He would not give the people a chance to become lazy again, but would be a sort of political Billy Muldoon, guaranteeing by his own infallible cure to restore vigor to a frame enervated by a course of living which enlarges the stomach but relaxes the muscles and makes the head ache.

We are of one mind that the patient has a good, sound constitution, but that he is suffering from a complication of disorders of one general type. The doctors disagree only as to the correct course of treatment. Now, most learned gentlemen, tell the patient what you have to say in favor of your own particular medicine and let him decide.

There is one point which we have overlooked. Dr. Roosevelt contends that, having failed in seven years to effect a cure, he should be given another chance. Dr. Taft and Dr. Wilson agree that, after a fixed term, a change of doctors is in any case beneficial to the patient.

SOCIETY'S TENDER FEELINGS.

Mildred Green was a happy and beautiful child at Eugene, living a life of purity and innocence as the daughter of an itinerant preacher. She was too young to have come much in contact with the sordid problems of life, but she was old enough to have given promise of an unusually fine womanhood. Mildred said her prayers at her bedside the other night and retired in perfect consciousness that she was under the protecting eye of Providence and the physical guardianship of an anxious and loving father. During the night her sweet slumbers were interrupted by a being who murdered the child and polluted her pure body with an unspeakable atrocity. She suffered the same awful fate that ended the childish lives of Barbara Holzman and of the Hill family.

Who will dare say that the creature who did this monstrous thing at Eugene has not forfeited to society his right to live? What is proposed to be done if it be said that he should merely be sent to prison for life or for a term of years?

This murderer—this worse-than-murderer—would be fed and fattened at public expense, behind prison bars, to appease a mistaken public sentiment that society must not take the life of any human being. But there this leering monster is to remain, a reproach to the law, a terror to himself and a prey to his own beastly visions and horrible passions all his days. What a mercy to end the miserable career of such a wretch.

TOMATOES AND COUNTRY STORES.

The Christian Science Monitor, a periodical noted for its veracity, speaks approvingly of some wonderful tomato vines in Tennessee. They are said to be six feet high and to bear "vegetables" so large that "two dozen of them make a bushel." Our Boston contemporary pertinently remarks, touching these tomatoes, that the kind of gardening which produced them "is not necessarily confined to Tennessee." In almost any part of the United States there are conditions of soil and climate which would permit three or four times as much food to be raised on an acre of ground as we usually see.

One reason for our shiftless and unproductive agriculture has been cheap land. When a family could be supported upon a quarter section farmed recklessly there seemed to be no good reason for applying the knowledge, care and hard work which are essential to intensive farming. But now the era of cheap land is rapidly passing away. There are many parts of the country where it has already gone forever and it will not be long before the same thing will happen everywhere. When we have no more cheap land the practice of slovenly agriculture must be abandoned, and like the people of France and Germany we shall be obliged to get as much as we possibly can from every acre.

In preparation for this condition every step toward intensive farming ought to be encouraged by those who care for the welfare of the country. In particular no public man should forget that the problem of an honest and dependable market for the farmer is universal and pressing. Before we can expect him to produce more food he must be assured of an opportunity to sell it at a fair profit. As long as he cannot he will be satisfied with the old wasteful ways. It is common to say that the country store provides a market for the farmer. This is one of the great arguments against the parcels post. "The parcels post," we are told, "will break up the country store and so deprive the farmer of his best market." As a matter of fact the country store does not give the farmer a market except in the most limited and unsatisfactory way. It will usually take what eggs he has to offer, but it will not take his vegetables, fruit, veal, pork or milk. To sell these articles he must go to the city. Is it surprising if he finds it convenient also to make his purchases in the city? "Why don't you trade at my store and help support home industry?" inquired a country merchant of a farmer. "Why should I trade with you?" the farmer replied, "you never trade with me."

ABUSING THE INITIATIVE.

Here are three bills—three out of a long list of thirty-eight or more—that stand out prominently as examples of improper and unwarranted employment of the initiative and referendum:

For an act to amend section 20 of chapter 266, of the laws of Oregon for 1911, placing the State Printer on a flat salary.

For an act defining hotels in the State of Oregon, and providing for the use of fire escapes, gongs, ropes, standpipes and hose, and chemical fire extinguishers therewith and therein.

For an act to protect purchasers of stocks and bonds and to prevent fraud in the sale thereof (Blue sky bill).

The sole purpose of the State Printer flat salary measure is to advance from January 1, 1915, to December 1, 1912, the date of the legislative act of 1911 placing the State Printer on a flat salary and otherwise regulating the public printing. The title of the bill is a gross misnomer, in that it is designed to convey the impression that the voter is now called on to settle the long-disputed issue over the State Printer's pay. The flat salary bill is now law, and it will take effect at the close of the present printer's term. There are a lot of busy fellows at Salem who cannot wait; so they have imposed again upon the electorate as a whole a matter already well out of the way.

The other bills are meritorious enough, doubtless, or rather, they are suitable subjects of legislation. But how can the initiative or the referendum be made a vehicle for the determination by the people themselves of important questions if the ballot is to be cumbered with bills that belong strictly in the class of ordinary legislation and that therefore should go to the state Legislature?

When you are in doubt vote no. When you are not in doubt about the overuse or abuse of the sacred office of the initiative and referendum, vote no.

GENERAL BOOTH.

Within the memory of men still young, the Salvation Army no sooner attempted to hold a religious service on the streets than its members were hooted and hounded by mobs and were dragged to prison as disturbers of the peace. So great a change has its good work wrought in the public attitude that its aged commander is mourned not only by an organization which has become world-wide, but by men and women of every creed and race.

General Booth has taken a place along with Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Loyola, Xavier, Wesley and the Tractarians as a religious leader, but he holds a place apart from them. His purpose was to apply Christianity to the remedy of social evils, to lift up men physically as well as morally and spiritually. He organized his army under the rule of implicit obedience which governs the great Catholic orders, to feed the hungry, to house the homeless, to give work to the idle, to heal the sick, to lift the socially fallen, to introduce the castaways of the city slums to new life on the farm. He was not content with awakening souls to repentance and to profession of religious belief. He went farther and taught men to put their belief into practice. He went farther still and awakened in the under dog of modern civilization the slumbering instincts of manliness which prompt to honest labor, clean living and good citizenship. He taught that to be a good Christian one must be a good, self-supporting, self-reliant man and he started men on the road to practice his precepts. His was no misguided charity which gives support as a reward for mere lip-profession of religion. Booth regarded his work as only begun when he had obtained such a profession; Booth went on to set the man on his feet, spiritually, morally and socially, and, having done so, kept watch over him lest he fall.

In saying that General Booth did all this, we do not err, for he made the Salvation Army a great machine in his hands to carry out his noble purposes, just as surely as Grant made his army a machine to win the battles of the Union. Booth's army was imbued with his spirit, was trained to execute his plans, not only without murmur or cavil, but with enthusiastic confidence in its commander and in his noble purposes. Such obedience is only yielded to such a commander and the great danger which besets the army at his death is that another so rare a man may not be found to succeed him.

A WHITE LIGHT.

People who like to read in bed will be pleased to learn that some German and English scientific men have simultaneously invented a "daylight lamp" which shines with a ray as white and pure as sunlight. The reason why most lamps are injurious to the sight is not their dimness. The eye gets along passably well with no brighter illumination than comes from a tallow candle. Our forefathers read many good books by that feeble flame and distilled as much wisdom from them, perhaps, as we do with our electric bulbs and acetylene. A tallow candle which is dutifully snuffed so that it does not flicker gives a pretty fair light to read by. A wax candle is better, and no doubt a clear, steady kerosene flame is the best of all. There is far more danger of injuring the eyes by an excessively bright light than by a dim one. Lincoln, who retained his sight in perfection, as far as we know, to his death, used to study at night in his boyhood, by the light of a pine knot which must have been pretty dim and not very constant.

It is the red rays in candle flames which make them irritating. Red, like the other colors, has its own psychological as well as physical influence. It is excessively stimulating not only to the eyes, but also to the nerves in general. Persons who live many years continually in rooms with red hangings and furniture are apt to become violently insane. If that does not happen their tempers grow choleric. In the end they are pretty certain to suffer with neurasthenia from incessant over-excitement. The newly invented lamp gets rid of just about all the red rays, while it provides a superabundance of blue and green. There is so little red, in fact, that some has to be introduced artificially in order to obtain the exact constituents of sunlight. This has been accomplished so effectually that delicate colors can be distinguished as well by lamplight as in the sun. Art classes can now work at night and picture galleries provided with the new illuminant may be visited as profitably after sunset as in the daytime.

MR. MERRICK'S DEATH.

The Reaper, in claiming Charles B. Merrick as untimely toll, abstracts from Portland an efficient Postmaster, an invaluable worker in the cause of civic betterment, and an agreeable personality. There are few men who would be more widely missed or more sincerely mourned in this city.

Comparatively a young man and a newcomer to Oregon, he nevertheless impressed himself firmly upon the public mind and affections because of an inexhaustible energy expended in the public good plus an inherent kindliness and wholesomeness of personality. During the two years he served as postmaster Mr. Merrick found time not only vastly to improve his department, but to participate most actively in a score of campaigns for a greater and better Portland. He was the leading spirit in the Greater Portland Plans Association, as well as in several lesser improvement organizations. His leisure hours went to the planning of means to provide parkways, boulevards and public playgrounds. In carrying on these undertakings his methods were effective and served to overcome opposition without creating friction or resentments.

In its several aspects his life, cut short in its prime, was a worthy and useful one. He was a useful citizen, a useful soldier in '98, a useful official, and in his death is found irreparable loss.

NIGGARDLY NAVAL POLICY.

The grudging consent of the Democratic House majority to allow the construction of one dreadnought this year, even though the same policy is continued, will not avail to maintain our position as a naval power. The Democrats are blind to the fact that the building of dreadnoughts has put our old-style battleships and cruisers as completely out of date as were the old wooden ships from the day the Monitor proved the superiority of the ironclad. The only warships which count nowadays, in the opinion of naval authorities, are dreadnoughts and battle cruisers, called capital ships. Our older ships would be crumpled up in a few minutes by the fire of the modern battleship.

In number of capital ships, we are now tied with France for third place among the naval powers, as the following table, presented to the House by Representative Hobson, shows:

	Dreadnoughts.	Battle cruisers.	Total.
England	14	6	20
Germany	10	3	13
United States	6	..	6
France	6	..	6
Japan	4	..	4
Brazil	2	..	2
Italy	1	..	1
Austria	1	..	1
	44	9	53

Other nations are building so rapidly that, even should the one-dreadnought-a-year policy be adopted, and should the ship we lay down in 1914 be completed in 1915, we should only hold our own with France in the latter year and should fall still farther behind Germany. This is apparent from the following table, which credits us with ships now building, but does not include any which may be laid down in the interim:

	Dreadnoughts.	Battle cruisers.	Total.
England	25	11	36
Germany	17	6	13
France	13	..	13
Russia	7	4	11
United States	10	..	10
Japan	5	4	9
Italy	8	..	8
Austria	4	..	4
Brazil	3	..	3
Argentine	2	..	2
Chile	2	..	2
	96	25	121

If the no-battleship Democrats should later prevail, we should, as the foregoing table shows, fall behind not only France, but Russia, and should definitely sink to fifth place among nations.

Unless we cast aside party considerations and adopt a definite, continuous naval policy, which shall be pursued unswervingly, no matter which party controls the Administration and Congress, we shall fall still farther behind and shall be classed with such minor powers as Italy, Austria and the South American republics. In other countries parties unite to adopt and carry out a naval programme extending through a number of years. Their building programme is capable of expansion to meet the action of other nations. If Germany builds two ships next year, Britain will build four; if Germany builds three, Britain will build five. The building programme is laid out so far ahead that it is already possible to give the following statement of capital ships to be ready after 1915:

	Dreadnoughts.	Battle cruisers.
England	14	12
Japan	8	8
Germany	7	5
France	10	..
Italy	2	..
United States (No programme.)	—	—
Totals	41	25

So rapidly is the building of ships of the new type proceeding that, taking into account only ships now completed or authorized, the number of dreadnoughts in the world's navies will have increased by the year 1920 from fifty-two to 137 and the number of battle cruisers from nine to fifty.

It is useless to object that an attempt to keep up with other nations in naval expansion is folly. Admitting the truth of that statement, it is the kind of folly which we must practice in self-defense. It is folly for two men to fight, but it is not folly for a man to be trained and prepared for a fight when he knows that he is liable to be attacked. If we are ready to abandon the Monroe doctrine and the broader interpretation given to it by the Lodge resolution and to entrust the safety of the Panama Canal to international comity, then we can afford to let our naval strength remain stationary. If we intend to uphold the Monroe doctrine, we must remember that it is no stronger than our power to maintain it by force. The only nation which is likely to set that doctrine at naught is Germany, which is restrained only by the superior naval power of Britain. But for that, Germany could now defy us, for she has thirteen capital ships to our six. Not only is it unsafe, it is undignified, for us to rely on the aid of another nation for the maintenance of this cardinal point of our foreign policy. If we rely on our own strength Britain will the more readily back us in upholding our supremacy in the Western Hemisphere and no other nation will dare to attack us.

If the ordinance closing saloons at 1 A. M. is rigidly enforced and if the police and Sheriff adhere to their purpose of arresting as vagrants all joyriders found on the streets after that hour, there will be no danger that owl cars will become an aid to dissipation. They will then answer only their legitimate business—to furnish means of transit to night workers and to those who arrive or depart on trains in the small hours of the morning. This latter class should not suffer inconvenience, when the sole reason is that law may be violated through neglect of the proper authorities to enforce it.

Endless are the possibilities of artificial daylight, which English and German scientists profess to be able to produce. Ballrooms may be so lighted that each color of the women's gowns will be as easily distinguished as in daytime. All the hues produced by the painter's talent will stand out as clearly at night as by day. The artist will no longer protest against his work being "skied," but will only insist that the rays of the new arc light so fall upon it that all the variations of coloring shall show. When this discovery is practically applied, we shall indeed be able to turn night into day.

Did Arnold Winkelried say his feet were sore and he was tired when he gathered an armful of Austrian spears to his breast at Sempach and opened the way to victory for the Swiss patriots? Did the Light Brigade question the wisdom of the order which sent it on that senseless charge at Balaklava? The men of Oregon's second battalion need to learn from the fame which enshrines these men the true spirit which should inspire a soldier.

Vacation trippers must remember one important fact if they wish to return to town in good health. Living conditions are far less hygienic in the country than in the city. The water is apt to be polluted. The food is not likely to be well cooked. The plague of flies is unremitting. Flies breed in filth and around many country places the accumulation of filth is stupendous. The direct consequence is typhoid fever.

Friends of education will rejoice to learn of the encouraging outlook for Pacific College at Newberg. It is a Friends' College and represents the sound Christian principles of that denomination. The prospect for an adequate endowment is now good and the institution will probably enter upon a period of great prosperity.

The new logging railroad up Silver Creek will add to the network of roads which is covering not only the valleys but the more remote mountain regions of Oregon and bringing them in touch with the cities. Such roads will in a few years lift Oregon into first place among the lumber states.

What is this we hear about a steam roller being run over the candidates at the Spokane Bull Moose convention? We had been led by one Roosevelt to suppose that the steam roller was an exclusively Republican implement of warfare, abhorred by all good Progressives.

Many of the Bull Moose wish to enjoy the pleasures of bolting without sacrificing the pleasures of the old party's pie counter. They suffer the tortures of those who are divided between two desires.

When a mining promoter attacks a man who proposes state inspection of his properties, he proves that the inspection is necessary and that a "blue sky" law would be useful in California.

The moving picture people must not miss a spectacular production in the march to the gallows tomorrow and its abrupt termination by the most tender angel of mercy.

Possibly a reason Son-in-law Nick is not a Progressive is that he knows his father-in-law very well.

Is there not an alienist in this broad state who wants to be superintendent of the new asylum?

Has the speeding fever run its course and the speeder reformed, or has vigilance relaxed?

So Cornelius G. Murphy had no lead pipe cinch on his job after all.

Stars and Star-Makers

By Leone Cass Baer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis, the former co-manager with Frederick Belasco at the Belasco Theater, in San Francisco, have gone to New York. They are accompanied by their niece, Eleanor Haber, who is known to Portlanders through her work here in stock and more recently featured in "The Barrier." While in New York Mr. Davis will select new company members for the Belasco stock next season.

* * *

The children who are rehearsing with Cathrine Countiss at the Heilig for the birthday party scene in "Her Own Way" next week were immensely excited when informed that real ice cream would be served. There were long faces and wails of protests when a waggish stage-hand suggested that cotton batting in the saucers would look "just as well from the front," and they could pretend to eat it. But Miss Countiss averted a strike by tactful assurances that the ice cream should be just as real as the champagne sipped by the grown-ups in the supper scene of "Divorcons." Little Mayo Methot, who has the soul of an artist, was the only one unconcerned. "It seems to me," she remarked scornfully to one of the discontents, "that it is a matter of acting, and not what we have on the table."

* * *

Katherine Grey, lately here in vaudeville and for many seasons a California stock actress, has been engaged to open a new stock house, the St. James Theater, of Boston.

* * *

And this is what the Dramatic Review of San Francisco furnished in the way of news items. Probably it's only another press story, however, for even when she isn't acting Mrs. Illington Bowes keeps in the public eye:

"That part of Margaret Illington Bowes' dream of sweet dreams is to come true, for the long-legged bird follows in the wake of the famous star's itinerary. Before the passing year has turned the corner the motherhood that she has so exalted and prated of to the joy of the scribblers of newspaper hysteria, when she was separating herself from Daniel Frohman, is to be hers.

* * *

For the first time in many seasons, Manager Harry Bishop has seen his Summer season in Oakland turned into one of large profit, and the magicians have been Franklyn Underwood and Frances Slosson, who have extended and could stay for a third extension if their time permitted. But they are under contract with John Cort to open in a new play, "Ransomed," which will be given its premiere on September 23 in New York.

* * *

The Ferris Hartman Opera Company has sailed for the Orient for a six months' tour. They will play three weeks in Honolulu and make appearances in Japan, China and Manila.

* * *

Carleton Chase has gone to join the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company.

* * *

Ann Swinburne, a Portland girl, is to have the leading feminine role in "The Count of Luxembourg," which Klaw & Erlanger are to produce at the Tremont Theater in Boston next Monday. The music is by Franz Lehar and has the usual waltz, without which no Viennese musical comedy seems to be complete. The cast includes also Frances Cameron, who comes out here occasionally with the "Prince of Pilsen."

* * *

Lillian Crosman, another Portland product, is playing at the Colonial in Chicago in Max von Wegern's production of "The Merry Widow Remarried," an operetta.

* * *

Chester Sutton, who was two years ago manager of the Orpheum Theater here, has joined the Willard Mack-Marjorie Rombeau stock as company manager in Salt Lake City. Since he left here Mr. Sutton has managed the Orpheum Theater in Butte and later at Salt Lake. Rosa Roma, the violinist, is Mrs. Sutton in private life, and is ingenue with the Mack company.

* * *

Edmond Hayes appeared in Portland for the first time at the Marquam Grand as Romeo to Martha Mathew's Juliet 17 years ago, and now, after that long lapse of time, is seen at the same theater (now the Orpheum) as the boss of a "bonehead" pianomover. Hayes styles his big change in Portland roles as "a jump from Romeo to 'rummy.'" When Hayes was here nearly one-fifth of a century ago with Martha Mathew, besides "Romeo and Juliet" he appeared in "The Lady of Lyons" and in "The Egyptian." One year later he was here with Robert Downing, playing leads in "The Gladiator," "Virginius," "Othello" and "Damon and Pythias." Still later he visited Portland with Maud Granger, for whom he was leading man in "The Crust of Society," "Article 47" and "Camille." Then he went to San Francisco, where he played in stock for three years. Eight years ago he returned to this city in the burlesque, "The Wise Guy," the role for which he is noted particularly. He has also appeared in Portland with Rose Coghlan in "Masks and Faces" and "The Magistrate."

* * *

Joe Dillon, who comes out here every season ahead of something worth while, keeps up his reputation professionally by heralding the coming of the Gilbert & Sullivan Festival Company, and is arranging preliminaries for the revivals of the "Mikado," "Pinafore," "Patience" and "The Pirates of Penzance," which are to be given at the Heilig the week of September 1. The cast includes DeWolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Cowles, George McFarlane, Arthur Aldridge, Viola Gillette, Arthur Cunningham, Alice Brady, Louise Barthel and a host of others who have helped make these revivals a sensation in the history of present-day theatricals. So great has been the success of this organization since leaving the New York Casino, which playhouse was the birthplace of all these revivals, that arrangements have been completed by the Shuberts and William A. Brady with Manager Calvin Heilig by which this same company will play in Portland again next season. On that occasion the present repertoire will have added "Iolanthe" and "The Gondoliers."

* * *

Norval McGregor, a well known Coast manager of small companies, is convalescing following an operation in a Pasadena sanitarium.

GROWING POLITICAL HONESTY.

Roosevelt Took Grave Liberties With Truth, Says Mr. Atchley.

PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—The frank editorial acknowledgment by The Oregonion to Mr. Sidelinger, of Raymond, Wash., that "the bosses—Murphy, Ryan, Belmont, Taggart, Sullivan, Hearst—were to a man arrayed against Wilson" at the Baltimore convention, deserves commendation, since The Oregonian is supporting one of Mr. Wilson's opponents.

It is encouraging to note the rapid advance of political honesty and political independence as evidenced by the great newspapers and voters of the present. Not so very long ago voters wished to read only what they believed, and newspapers were excused if not encouraged in satisfying their intolerant political prejudices by evading the truth, suppressing favorable news, or deliberately lying about opposing political parties and candidates.

It is surprising that so great a politician as Roosevelt, noted for his sagacity and progressiveness, should overlook the present-day demand of voters for political honesty. He is opportune in founding a new political party at a time when political prejudice and rank political partisanship are rapidly melting—giving way to political progress and independence. This, together with Roosevelt's great popularity, will give him millions of votes. But why did he throw away the votes of that vast multitude whose distrust for a man who deliberately and unnecessarily lies about the nomination of Wilson is stronger than their great admiration for Roosevelt?

It is generally admitted that Roosevelt can do many things that would kill others politically and remain popular, but it is certain that he will lose many votes by insulting the intelligence of the people, when he assumes that they don't know the facts—that Bryan ran Wilson rough-shod over the bosses at Baltimore. Nor does it add to the voters' estimate of Roosevelt's veracity when he claims to oppose the big interests, for everybody knows that the steel and harvester trusts are financing and backing him.

GEO. T. ATCHLEY.
627 East Couch street.

PERKINS VIEWED FIRST HAND

Traveling Men Who Know Roosevelt Angel Give Version.

ROSEBURG, Or., Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—Would you kindly give space to this letter, which is written in response to Mr. A. K. Ware's eulogistic letter upholding Mr. Perkins as an anti-trust advocate, and whose relations with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company and Wall street in general are severed once and for all (?). The acquaintance existing between Mr. Ware and Mr. Perkins is evidently from newspaper origin. Mr. Ware, like the majority of all "Bull Moosers," has a deck seat on the good boat "Sycophant." The personal pronoun is so evident in Mr. Ware's letter that I, for one of a dozen traveling men in Roseburg today, wish to congratulate him on the success of his undertaking in bringing the name of A. K. Ware before the public in so ably a written letter. But it would have been better for Mr. Ware to have known what he was writing about than it was for him to fly into print in the manner he has. My home is in New York. I am in that city six months in the year. I know Mr. Perkins personally and have known him for 25 years, and I do know as a positive fact that Mr. Perkins is still a partner in the house of Morgan & Co., which not only includes J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., of New York, but also includes the house of J. S. Morgan & Co., of London; Drexel, Harjes & Co. of Paris and Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia. Mr. Ware says the editor does not mingle with the common people to learn their ways and doings. I venture to say there is no one set of men who mingle with the common masses more than the traveling man. And right now there are 12 of us at the McClelland Hotel. Eight of the 12 are Republicans and four Democrats. Nine of the 12 are going to vote for Taft, and three say they will vote for Wilson. The 12 represent all classes of business and the combined capital of the 12 different houses we represent runs into the hundred millions. We meet all classes of men in all kinds of conditions, and the general opinion among the people we meet is that either Taft or Wilson is good enough for them, but that under no circumstances do they want a third party, or a third term. Roosevelt may be all right in his way, but his way and his party start with an I and end with a Me. So, Mr. Ware, get busy and look up your newspaper friend's New York City connections.

Indorsed by:

J. C. HODGMAN,
E. S. WALKER,
F. F. THOMPSON,
HARRY STUBBS,
F. G. BROWN,
G. W. RUNKIN,
ALEX HOWELL,
S. H. NEWMAN,
C. M. MORGAN.

MET LOTHARIOS IN UNIFORM.

Experience With Winking Policemen on Streetcar Is Recounted.

PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—This letter is for the benefit of the people of Portland and the surrounding community. It has to deal with the very efficient and courteous, as well as polite, police that do duty in your most wonderful city. Now do not think for an instant that this is a letter knocking the City of Portland; not at all—simply the police.

On Sunday morning, some few minutes before 8 o'clock, two young ladies took a North Portland car for the North Bank station, evidently to catch a train. One of the ladies had a youngster about 4 years of age which would seem to signify that she was a married woman; which she was. As they entered the car they noticed four large and stout policemen also in the car, men whom the taxpayers of Portland pay to watch over their city.

Mind you I say there were four in this particular car and every single one of them tried to flirt with these two young women that had just entered the car. One of these policemen just simply stared and winked at one of these women until they left the car. I won't give his number here. I will just keep it until some other time.

It seems as if one of the ladies had a suitcase and naturally she left it in the car vestibule until she arrived at her destination. Well, sir, it was laughable to see all four cops jump together and offer to set the bag outside when the owner was getting ready to leave the car. It is alright to be courteous and polite to some people, but to carry it too far is altogether something that these policemen should know better than to do.

I have wondered since whether they had a game, if they were trying to draw some innocent people on in order to arrest them. I want to say that I am in possession of all four of the policemen's numbers and if they ever so much as try it again they will surely hear of it. It seems a pity nowadays that even the guards of the cities cannot resist doing what they are paid to prevent others from doing. Trusting you will publish this letter for the public's benefit I remain. Yours very truly.

C. D. G.

Quite a Bit of Nerve.

Boston Transcript.

"What are you writing, old chap?"

"An article entitled 'Advice to Graduates.'"

"Eh! Advice to grad——. Well, of all the presumption!"

Experimental Judiciary

By Dean Collins.

A Daniel came to the judgment seat,
In the sorrowful session when
The guardsmen gathered and 'gan to repeat
The tale how they marched on their blistered feet,
But wouldn't march back again.

And the captains raised their sorrowful wail,
And this is the way it ran:
That, thinking the march of no avail,
They stuck—and lo, so they tell the tale,
The court-martial tied the can.

"I'll not decide," quoth the Daniel grave,
"On the matter that you repeat,
Until, equipped as a soldier brave,
I've hiked eight miles in a warm heat wave,
And found if it hurts one's feet."

A Daniel come to the judgment, yea,
A Daniel beyond a doubt!
And shall it come to the wondrous day
When never a judge shall sentence say
Until he has tried things out?

May I hope to see, ere my life depart,
The vision beyond belief,
Of a justice grave, in the public mart,
Swiping a loaf from a baker's cart
Before he will sentence a thief?

May I see a judge sedately go
Out from the court to bang
At maybe a dozen men or so,
Returning when he has laid one low
To sentence a man to hang?

The age of wonders is surely here,
And now we have struck the dawn
Of a day when the court, it doth appear,
Shall judge a deed, without favor or fear,
By trying the said deed on.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian of August 22, 1862.

We are in receipt of a copy of a general order issued by General Wright, announcing that the rebel force from Texas has been driven out from Arizona.

An Eastern correspondent says: "There is one very noticeable feature in the rebel press. The papers which in every issue used to call Abraham Lincoln an ape, a baboon, an imbecile have utterly stopped it. I have not seen a specimin of those pleasant Southern compliments for six months. The ability and integrity of our first Republican President have fairly conquered the respect of his enemies."

Garibaldi has issued a proclamation for voluteers to assemble in Sicily, announcing that the time for action has come.

Lieutenant Merryman, of the revenue service on Puget Sound, took passage on the last steamer from Victoria for Washington City, in all probability to make report upon the actions of Victor Smith relative to the Custom-House at Port Townsend. Victor Smith, as soon as he learned that Lieutenant Merryman had left Port Townsend, immediately started in pursuit with the steamer Shubrick and will probably overtake the Lieutenant at San Francisco.

We accidentally happened in at No. 2's engine-house on Wednesday evening last, and from what we saw and heard, we immediately came to the conclusion that the boys were having a good time. Soul-stirring (we mean boots, shoes and pump soles) music filled the pleasant hall, while the boys whirled fairy-like forms and sweet, smiling faces gaily round the room.

Messrs. Bennett and Quimby are the proprietors of the Pioneer Livery Stable, on the corner of Morrison and Second streets, and as such they have become very popular with the traveling public.

BULL MOOSE ANTICS AMUSE.

Onlooker at Pow Wow Gives Views on Local Exponents.

PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—An account in The Oregonian of the meeting of the "Progressive party of Multnomah County" was in no small degree amusing and by no means incorrect. It would take the pen of Dickens to depict the scene and the chief actors of this and other gatherings of the same crowd. I was profoundly impressed with the unselfish loyalty of some of the principal shouters for political purity, and knowing them pretty well felt like rising in my place and shouting, At one of the previous meetings, and prominent in the demand for a complete state and county ticket, was one of most persistent little candidates for justice of the peace. I know this chap very well. He is a progressive from the bottom up and has flopped in politics, as well as other matters, until he is as agile as a mandrill. I have noticed his name as a lawyer in connection with suits wherein the rights of the laborer were being tested, the laborer seeking to collect his wages for himself and not for the attorney to use, our perennial candidate being the defendant in these suits and making a fine figure as such. He must have a county ticket, and then who will be nominated for Justice of the Peace? The mental processes of genius are certainly hard to fathom. A great lawyer like our perennial candidate certainly sheds luster if not glory on this group.

My feelings were shocked at the rude assaults and innuendos pointed at my dear friend H. Coe, M. D., a person of less rotundity of figure and experience in handling lunatics would have been nonplussed but not so H. Coe. He believes in the Oregon System, and having nominated himself by a clear majority proposed to stick to his constituted rights. I suggested to a neighbor that he call out as delegates his Alaska "Jabberwocks," penned up in his neat little Dotheboys Hall, but my friend knew them not, so I explained that our peerless leader was the Squeers of a fine little lunatic asylum wherein are immured by contract all persons who the Government gathers from Alaska and who being weak-minded are turned over to "Squeers" Cot. It is a Government contract, made, I believe, during the reign of Theodore the Omniscient and yielding large and pleasant revenues.

I certainly was angry at Kellaher, that champion of the people, when he said he was to guard "Theodore the disinherited," and had arranged to "lend" him to Vancouver. The ideal Here sits Squeers and is forced to listen to some one talk in that manner. He ought to remand him to the padded precincts of one of his chambers de luxe. Right won out, however, when a gentleman declared Dr. Coe the rightful leader of the Progressives of this state. Who will lead the Colonel is not yet settled, but no one can deny that H. Coe was insulted. I shall leave the party if this occurs again.

JOHN BROWN TABOR.

A Fashion List.

Judge.

Behold! The cotton Summer gown
Of Turkish toweling
For followers of Fashion's fads
Is now the latest thing.
It opens to a thoughtful eye
A vista wide and new,
Where opera cloaks may all be made
Of bath rugs white and blue.

The sponge, when it is not in use,
May deck a modish hat;
The dish cloth be a handkerchief,
Or flowing long cravat;
The laundry bag an auto hood,
With cakes of soap to trim it—
But let me not prolong the list,
For, lo! there is no limit.