The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

(By Mail or Express.)

Daily and Sunday, per year	$9.00
Daily and Sunday, six months	5.00
Daily and Sunday, three months	2.55
Daily and Sunday, per month	.85
Daily without Sunday, per year	7.50
Daily without Sunday, six months	3.90
Daily without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily without Sunday, per month	.65
Sunday, per year	2.50
Sunday, six months	1.25
Sunday, three months	.65

BY CARRIER.

Daily without Sunday, per week	.15
Daily, per week, Sunday included	.20

THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN.

(Issued Every Thursday.)

Weekly, per year	1.50
Weekly, six months	.75
Weekly, three months	.50

HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE.

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

KEPT ON SALE.

Chicago—Auditorium Annex, Postoffice News Co., 178 Dearborn street.

Dallas, Tex.—Globe News Depot, 260 Main street.

San Antonio, Tex.—Louis Book and Cigar Co., 521 East Houston street.

Denver—Julius Black, Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Pratt Book Store, 1214 Fifteenth street.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Howard H. Bell.

Des Moines, Ia.—Moses Jacobs, 209 Fifth street.

Goldfield, Nev.—F. Sandstrom; Guy Marsh.

Kansas City, Mo.—Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut.

Los Angeles—Harry Drapkin; B. E. Amos, 514 West Seventh street; Dillard News Co.

Minneapolis—M. J. Kavanaugh, 50 South Third.

Cleveland, O.—James Pushaw, 307 Superior street.

New York City—L. Jones & Co., Astor House.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Eli Taylor, 207 North Illinois ave.

Oakland, Cal.—W. H. Johnston, Fourteenth and Franklin streets.

Ogden—F. R. Godard and Meyers & Hartop, D. L. Boyle.

Omaha—Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam; Mageath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam; 246 South 14th.

Sacramento, Cal.—Sacramento News Co., 429 K street.

Salt Lake—Salt Lake News Co., 77 West Second street South; National News Agency.

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—Canyon Hotel, Lake Hotel, Yellowstone Park Assn.

Long Beach—B. E. Amos.

San Francisco—J. K. Cooper Co., 746 Market street; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter and Hotel St. Francis News Stand; L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel News Stand; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market; Frank Scott, 80 Ellis; N. Wheatley Movable News Stand, corner Market and Kearney streets; Foster & Orear, Ferry News Stand.

St. Louis, Mo.—E. T. Jett Book & News Company, 806 Olive street.

Washington, D. C.—Ebbitt House, Pennsylvania avenue.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

No class of intellectual workers in America is, as a whole, so eager for self-improvement as the schoolteachers; and it is the almost unanimous judgment of their leading spokesman that no class is so much in need of it. Leaving out instructors in high schools and colleges, who are numerically insignificant, the teachers in this country have not yet attained the status of a professional body. That is, they do not marry and rear families upon the earnings of their vocation, like carpenters, bricklayers and doctors. In the lives of the great majority of our instructors of youth, teaching is an incident. The calling is followed with enthusiasm and devotion, let it be conceded, but it is followed transiently. Why this should be so in a nation which feels, as America certainly does, the supreme moment of education to its welfare, is a matter for curious inquiry.

The ready answer to the puzzle is, of course, that the low wages of teaching make the vocation unattractive to men; while women, who alone can afford to follow it permanently, are eliminated by marriage and other causes after a few years of service. This explanation is pleasing, like many glib and shallow evasions of a real difficulty, but it does not satisfy the reason. We are driven to push the inquiry further. Why are the wages of teaching so low? One might suggest in reply that it has never been the disposition of the American people to pay their public servants of any rank adequately. We have always exhibited a singular parsimony in this particular. We have invariably preferred to be plundered clandestinely rather than to pay decent salaries openly. Saying nothing of his private property, the public allowance of the King of Prussia is $3,852,770; the Queen of Holland receives $250,000; the ruler of the insignificant kingdom of Portugal, $654,440. Beside these sums the salary of our President, who surpasses any European monarch in dignity and real power, is a ridiculous pittance. United States Senators, small as their allowance is, probably get more than they deserve, generally speaking; but our Cabinet officers and Federal Judges are all underpaid. The public is hardly expected to pay as much as men of their caliber could earn in business. The honor of high station counts for something. Great geniuses have been found eager to serve for that alone; but there is a certain petty figure of remuneration which signifies that the people hold in contempt the service for which they bestow it.

With that perversity which marks the judgments of men upon most matters of profound importance, they have held in contempt the calling of the elementary teacher through all time. In Rome he was a slave. Shakespeare ridicules him. Charles Lamb contemns him. Dickens rails at him. In America it has always been the common feeling, whatever orators and politicians may have said, that schoolteaching required no technical training and little ability. In spite of many hypocritical pretenses to reverence for their calling, we have consistently ranked elementary teachers with unskilled laborers and paid them accordingly; while, as a matter of fact, their business requires great technical skill and special ability. In general, a man who can teach well can succeed in some other calling which is more esteemed and better paid; and conditions in America have hitherto been such that other callings have been open to them, so that the business of teaching has reverted to women, and comparatively few households subsist upon incomes earned in the schoolroom. Our educational force, therefore, constantly shifts. A working force never becomes permanent, and hence professional as distinguished from mere amateurs, until families are established upon its earnings. Women would have advanced education more by marrying men teachers and stimulating them to strike for higher salaries without deserting their calling, than they have by displacing them.

We have thus in America the industrial phenomenon of a permanent force of teachers in high schools and colleges and a constantly shifting one in the elementary schools. Such a force has, necessarily, neither the will nor the ability to think deeply upon the true content and purpose of the elementary curriculum. Necessarily, also, it lacks the professional expertness to reach results surely and speedily. The textbook slavery which Wolf von Schierbrand has, somewhat violently, deplored in our lower schools is the least evil issuing from this state of things. There are two worse ones.

The first is that the elementary teaching force, having little initiative and purpose of its own, is made subservient to the high schools and colleges. Instead of exhibiting, as they should, a well-defined and complete educational aim within their own sphere and looking to that sphere alone, the primary and grammar schools exist merely as preparatory to the high schools and colleges. And this in face of the astounding fact that only one in twenty-five of their pupils ever enters the high school and only one in 130 ever enters college. For a nation which boasts of being practical, our management of this matter has been extraordinary indeed.

There is another evil chargeable upon our shifting, non-professional, elementary teaching force, and that is the failure of the lower schools to do well and speedily what they undertake, on the one hand; and, on the other, the omission of a large sphere of work which they ought to undertake. The latter consequence flows from the former. Our elementary schools have no time to teach agriculture, drawing and manual dexterity, because they waste time scandalously in teaching reading, writing and arithmetic. The latter branches are, of course, essential, and must on no account be omitted or curtailed; but with an independent and strongly professional body of elementary teachers all that is now accomplished could be done in half the time, and better done. The schoolday would then be long enough to admit hand as well as headwork. The public may clamor for better results from the lower schools, but it will clamor in vain until it gets ready to pay for them. Then they will come as a matter of course.

EXPOSURE OF HYPOCRISY.

Says the East Oregonian (Pendleton):

The Oregonian censures Mayor Lane of Portland for appointing Democrats to the various places within his power to fill. If this is not good politics, how does it come that Mayor Lane on coming into the office finds every appointive place filled by Republicans? On what grounds can these papers find fault with Mayor Lane for doing just what every Republican Mayor of Portland has always done.

The Oregonian has not censured Mayor Lane for appointing Democrats to office. It expected him to appoint Democrats. What it has censured and does censure is the insincerity and hypocrisy of the pretense of "no party in municipal affairs," which was used for election of Mayor Lane. Will the Pendleton journal be so kind as to read what The Oregonian said last Monday, specifically, on this subject, and then ask itself what excuse it has for total misrepresentation of the statement?—viz:

Last June the Democrats elected the Mayor of the City of Portland. What occasion for surprise that they should expect and receive all the offices he can give them?

There is a deal of humbug in the talk about "no party in municipal affairs." The worst of it is not continuation or change of party control, but the insincerity of the talk against party influence and control by those who wish to "get in."

Every person knew that Mayor Lane would make everything Democratic in the city government, as far as he could. The Oregonian took that for granted. It made no protest, and makes none. Parties contend, and always will contend, for power in government—National and state, district, county and city. And each will get all it can, just as the Democratic party in Portland is doing now, and just as all parties will do hereafter.

It is a duty to truth and to honesty to set the seal of condemnation on the hypocrisy that makes pretenses to the contrary.

THE NAVIES OF THE FUTURE.

It is probable that Russia now will give up the scheme to build a great navy—the scheme which called steel experts from the United States to St. Petersburg some months ago; or at least that she will proceed slowly with her project of a new navy. Indeed she needs no navy at all, unless she can use it with more skill and effect than she has displayed in her war with Japan. But other nations will continue to exert themselves to the utmost; in particular, Great Britain, France, Germany and Japan. Study of materials, study of construction, study of all methods by which speed and efficiency may be maintained and improved, will go on as never before. Nor will the United States be content to lag behind the rest in these branches of knowledge or in applying them—though we shall not now, if ever, endeavor to create so great a naval armament as some of the others.

It is believed that battleships may be constructed which, without being at all inferior in armor or ordnance, may, by lightness of construction, equal the present cruisers in speed and radius of action. By the use of the latest improvements in nickel steel, with its great tensile strength, it is conceivable that the weight of the structural materials might be so reduced as to allow, without adding to displacement, a great increase of motive power. Speed is of the first importance. If any nation should acquire a considerable number of such battleships, in addition to the ordinary equipment now commonly possessed by all the leading nations in the form of cruisers, torpedo-boats, destroyers, etc., it would go near to being the real mistress of the seas, for a time at least, and would certainly force every other power to follow its example. In a contest between battleships without speed and battleships with a cruiser's nimbleness, the former would be practically helpless. The Japanese had herein an advantage over the Russians which they used to the utmost. Since peace is now to be concluded, naval experts of all nations will take advantage of every opportunity to collect information as to the conditions of the great battle in the Sea of Japan.

Effort to improve naval armament will from this time proceed with redoubled energy, everywhere. The importance of power at sea has been brought with renewed force to the attention of all nations. Hence every nation that maintains a navy—and no nation can amount to much in these times that does not devote itself to the development of power at sea—must be alert to the advances that all the time are being made in naval architecture, in marine motive power and in gunnery; must be ready to take earliest advantage of every improvement and must be continually repairing the losses inevitable in the operation of vessels,—must, in fact, be liberal and even lavish in naval appropriations. Time and again the navies of the world have been reduced to worthless junk by the evolution of naval architecture. Since it would be preposterous to suppose that the limit of efficiency has yet been reached, it is practically certain that very many of the war vessels of the present day will follow their predecessors to the junk shop or scrap heap. For no nation that aspires to great place in the world can afford to ignore the necessity of maintaining power at sea.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE THEATER.

Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, a playwright, comes to Portland to present for the first time on any stage a brand-new drama, and incidentally to tell us that the commanding need of the times is a National theater, or an endowed theater. Mr. Rosenfeld has long been struck by the fact that the public doesn't know what it wants, and therefore won't pay for what it ought to want; so he and other ingenious dramatists have devised the happy scheme of effecting a perpetual divorce between the box-office and the greenroom. In this way commercialism, the bane of the theater, will be forever checked and forgotten, and no questions need ever be asked by anybody as to whether any given production will pay. All that any playwriter has to have is a sufficient pull with the management of the endowed theater and the philanthropists who are putting up the money will do the rest.

No one can really have any serious objection to the scheme of an endowed playhouse if any benevolent old gentleman with lofty notions of art or any prodigal young millionaire with unsatisfied desires about actresses wishes to endow it. There have been many theatrical ventures already launched on this basis, and doubtless there will be many more. What Mr. Rosenfeld wants, it may be assumed, is a permanent fund to be used solely for the benefit of the theater and the management thereof, and not for the theater and the actors or actresses thereof. Here is a distinction that is both vital and significant, and that is perfectly understood by the "angels" who have heretofore put up liberally for the endowment of some shapely showgirl who wants a play, a company and a private car of her own. This is the sort of thing Dramatist Rosenfeld evidently desires to get away from; but can he? And if he can, why should he? If the public doesn't want Shakespeare, it is not easy to see why it should be made to have Shakespeare. If it doesn't want Ibsen, or Sudermann, or Bernard Shaw, or even Rosenfeld, why should it be made to accept them? It is of little use to say that the public taste must be educated and the general theatrical atmosphere purified, for neither can be done by any cramming process. If what the public desires is a free show, it can go to church—or rather some churches. If it wants excitement, it can go to a baseball game. If it wants instruction, it can hear a lecture as often as it likes. If it wants amusement, it can go to the theater. And that amusement has become now almost the sole mission of the theater is attested by the fact that there are more theaters than there ever were, and that they are given up almost exclusively to vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy and the lighter forms of drama. What is more, the public pays for it. If you like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing you like—and pay for.

The only way to make an endowed theater of any sort of account would be to have one in every city and town in the United States, to say nothing of the yearning need of such an institution at every crossroads. This is the first essential to success in educating the mass of the public to the higher forms of dramatic art. The second essential is to make the admission free. That will be the only way to get the public inside the doors. Where is the Carnegie or Rockefeller who will convert his tainted money into a fund for the creation of an untainted theater? We say nothing about untainted actors and actresses for the untainted theater. There are some burning problems that we are discreet enough to leave to the future.

A HISTORICAL EXPOSITION.

On the borders of Hampton Roads, the Jamestown Exposition Company has already begun the real work of preparing for the exposition to be held in 1907 to celebrate in a fitting manner the 299th anniversary of the first permanent settlement effected by English-speaking people in America. The managers have planned an exposition for the large part original and different from any other. It promises to be the world's greatest naval spectacle.

Through the President and Congress the United States Government has assisted this design. By an act passed March 3, this year, President Roosevelt, after reciting his authority, proclaimed:

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, by virtue of the authority vested in me by said act, do hereby declare and proclaim that there shall be inaugurated in the year 1907, at and near the waters of Hampton Roads, in the State of Virginia, an international naval, marine and military celebration, beginning May 13 and ending not later than November 1, 1907, for the purpose of commemorating in a fitting and appropriate manner the birth of the American nation; the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent made at Jamestown, Va., on the 13th day of May, 1607, and in order that the great events of the American history which have resulted therefrom may be accentuated to the present and future generations of American citizens.

And, in the name of the Government and people of the United States, I do therefore invite all the nations of the earth to take part in the commemoration of the event which has had a far-reaching effect on the course of human history, by sending their naval vessels to the said celebration and by making such representations of their military organizations as may be proper.

This invitation, it is believed, will be accepted by practically all the nations having navies, and in that case there will assemble the largest aggregation of war vessels ever gathered at one time and one place in the history of the world. This is fitting, since the first battle of ironclads, from which modern naval architecture dates, took place in that harbor when the duel between the Monitor and the Merrimac astonished civilization.

Instead of an industrial exposition, the Jamestown Tercentennial will set forth the historical development of the country. To this end the co-operation of many of the chief historical societies and associations of the United States has been secured. Every state of the Union which has been asked to participate in the celebration has been invited to exploit its historical treasures and elaborate the incidents in its story which have helped in the making of the Nation. New York State has appropriated $150,000 for her part in the exposition. Other commonwealths which have already accepted and will be represented are: Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan and Wisconsin.

An innovation in fencing will be one of the most decorative features of the fair. Wires have been strung and interlaid between cedar posts around the entire grounds, and these will be overgrown with honeysuckles, trumpet vines and rambler roses. The general effect of the completed exposition will be an idealized Southern settlement, the buildings following the Colonial order, which reached its zenith in Virginia, and the trees and flowers carrying out the effect of old-time Southern gardens.

WHO CAUSES THE DELAY?

About all we can see in Mr. Wood's letter, printed elsewhere, is that the wagon-road company insists, and will continue to insist, that the Government shall put up the money for the Malheur project, and the company may put up as much, or as little, land as it pleases. The chief difficulty is that the Government wants the same control over the 25,000 land-grant acres that it will have over the land of the private owners. The land-grant people say that the Government must take just what they choose to give it. It is idle for them to add that they will give all they can. No doubt. But the wagon-road proposition, all the same, is that the Government must go ahead with large expenditure on the simple assurance of the wagon-road owners that they will give the Reclamation Service a square deal. Perhaps it is not good business for the land-grant people to turn over their property unconditionally to the Reclamation Service, although it is the sole purpose of the Government to make this and other land valuable; certainly it is not prudent for the Reclamation Service to place the fate of their entire scheme in the hands of the wagon-road owners.

Mr. Wood declares with some vigor that the wagon-road people are not causing the delay. Little else has been done except parley with them. What's the use of doing anything else? When the difference with the land-grant owners is adjusted, other things may be done. Until there is an agreement, nothing can be done, or ever will be done.

If the wagon-road people and the Reclamation Service can agree beforehand just what land shall be included, the rest will be easy. Mr. Wood hints that this may be done. If it can be done, then let it be done. The dispute would in that case transpire to have been over things more imaginary than real.

GROWING PRESTIGE OF ELECTRIC LINES.

Announcement comes from Chicago of the organization of a company to operate an electric line between that city and New York, and also between Chicago and Cincinnati. An enterprise of this nature a dozen years ago would have been deemed too visionary to be seriously considered, but so rapid has been the rise of the electric car that the feat at this time presents no features at all difficult. With large towns and cities strung along the route between Chicago and New York in such great numbers, and with suburban trolley lines stretching far out into the country from each of them, the matter of connecting the lines into one grand trunk system presents no insurmountable obstacles. Even were it impossible to form a satisfactory through line by filling up the gaps between these large cities and towns, the demands of a rapidly increasing population for fast and economical service would undoubtedly warrant the construction of a new line through the entire distance.

The trolley, wherever it has invaded the field of the steam roads, has almost invariably captured the lion's share of the business. The possibilities for developing and increasing a trade by this popular means of transportation are strikingly shown in the experience of the interurban electric line between Seattle and Tacoma. By reducing the fare more than one-half and cutting the time down in nearly the same proportion, the electric line has brought the two chief cities of Washington so close together that the residents of the two cities make most liberal use of the convenience even for the transaction of small matters, which, before the coming of the electric car, were permitted to accumulate or were handled by mail.

The success of this line has been so great that it will be but a comparatively short time before it is extended to Portland, and with a reduction in fare and running time to correspond with that which has built up such a big business for the Seattle-Tacoma interurban line, the big ports of Puget Sound will be drawn much closer to Portland than is possible by the slow schedules and high railroad fares now in force. Throughout the rich farming regions east of the Cascade Mountains there is also increasing interest in this modern method of rapid and economical transit. Lines have been surveyed to tap a number of points in the Palouse country, and there are numerous projects under consideration for Idaho and the Big Bend. From the standpoint of economy, the electric car in the West is certain to be more attractive for capital seeking investment than it is in the East.

The Pacific Northwest contains an abundance of water power to drive electric cars in all localities in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and there is no power on earth that can be secured at any less cost than that which is now running to waste in scores of streams in the Pacific Northwest. This portion of the country is still new, and electric railroading has not reached the stage of development that has been attained in the East, where routes are longer and the population much greater. There the sleeping-car has made its appearance on the electric lines, and the parlor and observation cars are equal if not superior to those which are hauled by steam locomotives. With the increasing mileage of these roads, in the West, where there is an abundant water power, the question of cheap fuel will be far less disturbing to the mind of the transportation men than it is at this time.

Yellowstone National Park, it seems, is just becoming known to American people who have been accustomed to go abroad for scenery. During the month of July of this year, more persons visited the park than during any whole season for the last ten years, and August has thus far kept up the record. The Yellowstone National Park Transportation Company has kept 1000 horses employed in driving Summer tourists through the park and every available vehicle suitable for the purpose has been purchased for their accommodation. This statement has more than a local significance. It goes to show that this great "Wonderland" is coming to the knowledge of the American people, who of all others indulge more extensively and expensively in the vacation habit and who spend more money than any other people in jaunting about in the Summer time. Snow usually falls in the Yellowstone in September. It is the purpose, nevertheless, to keep the park open until September 30, after which it will be relegated to the keepers and wild animals until next June.

Low water has caused the suspension of navigation on the Snake River between Riparia and Lewiston, and as a result the fruitgrowers along the stream will lose large quantities of fruit. The season has been exceptionally dry; in fact, never before since the fruit business along the river assumed proportions of importance has navigation been entirely suspended. There is unquestionably a sufficient amount of water in the stream, if it could be confined in a narrow channel, to float light-draft boats. This would seem to afford a good opportunity for an accurate survey of the river, with a view to its improvement as soon as funds were available. Fortunately for the fruitgrowers, the construction of the railroad along the river will prevent a repetition of the present disastrous situation.

The Central Railway of Oregon has just recorded a $2,000,000 mortgage in Union County in favor of the American Loan & Trust Company, of Boston, to cover an issue of bonds to be utilized in the construction of the railroad in the Grand Ronde Valley. The company filing this mortgage is not very well known in this city, but as it was responsible for the sudden activity of the O. R. & N. in that particular field, and may yet be the means of opening up the rich Wallowa country, it will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the people of Oregon. If some opposition company were to begin active operations on a road to Central Oregon, the activity of the O. R. & N. Co. in that direction would be fully as pronounced as it is in the Wallowa country.

One of the numerous blind beggars who make night hideous on our main thoroughfares will go into court for the purpose of satisfying himself that the city has the right to mitigate nuisances. The city is overrun with all kinds of beggars, some of them rich and some poor. They are suffering from all kinds of diseases and afflictions, and in begging on the street acknowledge themselves to be public charges. If they must be supported by the public, it is proper that they should be confined in the institutions provided for those who are unable to support themselves. More sympathy would be felt for these beggars as a class were it not known that some of their number have become quite wealthy by working on the sympathy of the public.

It would appear that the Johnson estate had not been administered for the benefit of the Johnson estate, but for the benefit of the Ladd estate. That, however, is nothing new. It is, was, and has been, by process of absorption of the property of others, that the great Ladd estate, starting from sale of liquors,—as advertisements in the old files of The Oregonian attest—has been built up to its present proportions. The way the Johnson property has been dealt with is not different, except in detail, from other instances, innumerable. There may be occasion for indignation; none for surprise.

The hop crop of the world is grown in much fewer localities than the wheat crop, but it seems to be nearly as difficult to work up a corner on hops as it is on wheat. A Grant's Pass grower has just closed out a large lot at 18 cents per pound, after refusing 30 cents last Fall, when they were ready for market. There is a limit in the price at which any commodity will move in normal quantities, and when that limit is passed the consumption is restricted and substitutes are used. Apparently 30 cents per pound was about the deadline between a normal demand and its curtailment by high prices.

The annual forest fires are wiping out of existence some big tracts of fine timber in the Willamette Valley, and, as usual, the trouble was all started by the burning of a slashing by some farmer. As a method of protection the fire warden system seems to be a good deal of a failure, and if this annual loss of timber is to continue, it might be a good plan to make the fire wardens personally superintend the burning of these terribly expensive "slashings."

There is an element of justice in the order from the Pullman Company instructing agents not to reserve berths. In Portland recently one party of tourists by sending different members to the booking office secured reservations for five successive days. If provision is made for exchanging or redeeming sold tickets within twenty-four hours of the leaving time, injury will be worked on no one. The company has a right to protect itself against imposition.

We ought to have good streets in Portland now, since the Asphalt Company has got its superintendent in as City Engineer. Our holy plutocracy always strives to use its own agents in promoting the cause of reform.

Marshall Field, aged 70, and the widow Caton, aged 46, are to be married and are to travel through Europe "on a honeymoon." There is one moon that never wanes.

Now that the Russo-Japanese War is off his hands, Roosevelt can get busy with the Panama Canal. There's a lot of office work to do before work on the grade begins.

Sam Busby's account of the visit he had with President Roosevelt reads like a chapter that might have been written by Owen Wistar.

A Life for a Life.

Exchange.

Edgar Wallace, of London, set a trap in his room for a mouse. After he had gone to sleep the trap snapped and he awoke to find the room rapidly filling with gas from a burner that he had left half turned on. He turned off the gas and then opened the trap and released the mouse—a life for a life.

OREGON OZONE.

The House Where George Washington Slept.

The house where George Washington slept is to be torn down.

But it doesn't matter. There are others.

This particular house where George Washington slept is the house where the commander-in-chief of the American armies spent the night before Lord Howe took possession of New York. It appears that encroaching commerce needs the site, for a cheese factory or something.

No matter what they do with this house, the house where George Washington slept will remain to the end of time. If you ever go East looking for historic relics, you can't escape the house where George Washington slept.

George Washington was a great man; but history does not allot to him his full measure of greatness. He was a much greater man than most of us suspect. He was the only man in history, so far as I know, who defeated a great nation while he was asleep.

The somnolence of George Washington is a thing not generally known. Napoleon Bonaparte slept only five hours a day, and yet he defeated Europe. We are wont to account that a considerable feat. But George Washington whipped Great Britain to a standstill, in his sleep. He was the greatest sleeper the world has known. He slept twenty-four hours a day; he never woke up; yet in his sleep he fought and won great battles and became the Father of His Country.

The first town I visited in the East, looking for places of historic interest, was in New Jersey—Morristown, I think—and the first man I struck at the depot was eager to pilot me to the house where George Washington slept. I did not ask to see this house, but he insisted that I see it. I was very glad to see the house where George Washington slept, and I made a note of it in my notebook.

The next day I went down to Freehold, where the battle of Monmouth was fought, and they showed me the house where George Washington slept. From there I ran over to Trenton, where George Washington crossed the Delaware, and they showed me the house where George Washington slept. I began to think that George Washington used the whole state of New Jersey for a bedroom; that he entered the state when bedtime came, hung his clothes on Sandy Hook and went to bed. New Jersey seemed to be a sort of state bed-chamber.

But a few days later I went up to New London, Conn., and they showed me the house where George Washington slept. They had not made up the bed since he slept in it. The very dent in the pillow was there. In New Haven I saw the house where George Washington slept—and I retreated to Hartford, looking for the Charter Oak, but I saw the house where George Washington slept.

Then I visited Massachusetts, in search of the Cambridge elm, but they took me to see the house where George Washington slept. Elm trees were too ordinary. I ducked across the Charles and invaded Boston, looking for the historic Common, but on the way I paused to read a bronze tablet set in the side of a house and learned that it was the house where George Washington slept.

Despairing of seeing anything new in Massachusetts that was old, I jumped up into Vermont, stopping at the town of Bennington, where General Stark remarked that, if he didn't whip the British by 4:15 P. M., Mary Stark could collect his life insurance. I wanted to see the battlefield, but they showed me the house where George Washington slept.

Then I made tracks for Portsmouth, N. H., to see if the port could keep its mouth shut about the house where George Washington slept, but the first thing they did to me was to take me to the house, and I took the next train for Providence, R. I. The house where George Washington slept was next door to my hotel. I went to Newport, and saw the house again. Two or three other towns in Rhode Island showed me. Rhode Island is not a very large state, and it didn't take George very long to sleep all over that state; so, after seeing the house where George Washington slept, in half a dozen towns, I returned to Massachusetts and tried Springfield, hoping to see the Arsenal celebrated in song by Longfellow. They told me that if I didn't get out of town on the next train they would show me the house where George Washington slept.

Buying a through ticket for New York with no stop-over privileges I arrived in the metropolis with fond anticipations of historic spots. The first man I met was an old friend from Missouri, who invited me to go up into Harlem with him and see some historic places. I went—and he showed me the house where George Washington slept.

Then I went to the Presbyterian Hospital.

During my convalescence a letter came from another old friend, who was spending the Winter at Valley Forge, Pa. He insisted that I should come out and recuperate at his home. I was about to accept, but just in the nick of time it occurred to me that Washington spent a Winter at Valley Forge, and I knew that if I should go out there and see the house where George Washington slept I would suffer a relapse.

From my early boyhood I always did admire George Washington, but since I saw the house where he slept I have worshiped him. A man who could win such victories as he did, in his sleep, impels me to doff my hat every time I think of him.

George Washington was first in war, first in sleep and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He slept all over the Atlantic seaboard, from Virginia to Vermont. He never did anything but sleep, so far as we are able to learn from his fond admirers who now inhabit New England, New York and New Jersey. No matter how assiduously you search, you never find a house where George Washington woke up, where he smoked a cigarette, talked through a telephone, ate ham and eggs, or did anything but sleep.

No doubt he walked in his sleep, for history tells us of his wonderful marches. If he was able to accomplish so much as a somnambulist, just think what he might have done if he had been gifted with chronic insomnia! He might have invaded Corsica, captured the infant Napoleon and forestalled the French frenzy of conquest. He might have annexed Russia and prevented the Russo-Japanese war. He might have robbed Portsmouth of its later glory and caused it to remain until the last syllable of recorded time chiefly distinguished as the location of the house where George Washington slept.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Jake, It's Up to You.

Yacolt Corr. Vancouver Chronicle.

Jake Jager has returned from Vancouver with a smile that won't come off. Tell us all about it, Jake.

SACRED DRAMA FROM OREGON

New York Evening Sun.

A decided contribution to the literature of the Pacific Coast has been made by George L. Hutchins, of Portland, Or., in his historical and romantic drama "Judarael," which he cautiously publishes himself, reserving all rights. The drama is built on the Elizabethan model, with frequent shifts of scenes. The author does not offer verse, or a mixture of verse with prose, but uses a lofty poetic prose, with original uses of the English language. It would not be fair to describe the plot, which is based as the name implies, on Biblical incidents. As the author tells us in a preface: "The beautiful story of Judarael is a Hebraic idyl, a classic of sacrosanct worshipers, and is familiar as a household word to those of Palestinian nativity. The story is told in dramatic figure to give it the strongest accentuation known to literature." He adds an interesting chronological fact necessary to the understanding of the play. "The Babylonian captivity covers a period of 70 years. As the year of the ancients was only a third as long as the year of latter days, Judarael at the end of his captivity was in the flower of vigorous manhood."

Three great Kings are involved in the action of the play, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar and Darius. They employ their undoubted prerogative over language. The first, who according to the story is ultimately turned out to grass, when excited exclaims: "I know now for a certainty thou art mountebanks. Thou art deceivers who would gain time." Later the villain addresses him thus: "I didst tell thee, oh King." And Darius asks: "Hath the children of Israel no understanding?"

The author has devised his scenery regardless of expense. Act I, Scene 1. "The walls of the city crumble beneath the long siege of the Chaldeans." Act II, Scene 2. "Idolatrous image of golden calf revealed upper center of stage by drawing draperies of the King's gorgeous tent. Festival of devotees. Dancing girls bearing palms and floral offerings." Then: "Electrical effect—Fiery furnace; captives walking therein unharmed; guards burned to death as they approach furnace to cast therein the prisoners; bodies of guards exposed about the furnace." Act III, Scene 1. "Hanging gardens of Babylon—Umbrageous trees—Bosky sylvan garnishments." Scene 2. "Belshazzar's impious feast; 1000 governors, nobles, princes, wives, concubines, dancing girls, et al. Draperies reveal the scene as they are drawn." The author leaves little to the stage manager's imagination. The reader may form some idea of the play from the scenario, but dramatic managers are warned that no performance of it can be given without the author's permission in writing.

All is not tragedy and high ideal, however. The author has read his Elizabethans and noted their counterfoil in comic interludes and the slang of the day. His sprightliness is shown in the discussion of the Jonah story between two jovial Hebrew soldiers:

Islachar—Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?

Haram Gur—Oh, yes. Jonah was very down in the mouth and the whale had to swallow him or be choked to death.

Islachar—Jonah was the father of all fish stories.

Haram Gur—Then thou believest not the tale of the fish and Jonah?

Islachar—I would have to be as big as ten whales before I could swallow all that story, tail and all.

And also in the banter between the hero and the heroine:

Judarael—Osara, will you bid me hope?

Osara—I must not longer trust my resolution. We will not cross the Jordan till we reach it. I must away.

Judarael—Stay.

Osara—There are other days. Adieu.

Where so much is in higher vein, however, it would be unfair to give no indication of what Mr. Hutchins can do when he tries. Here is a lyric strain:

Judarael—I am joyed that you are happy. The airs of this enchanted garden are heavy with the soft perfumes of Araby tonight, and the languorous lilies and sister roses have each a magic bell with fairy hands for clappers. I would that I were free as the flowers to love, free as the airs of heaven, free as falling waters and the soughing winds, and if I were free, Judah, how thy Oriflamme would rise to heights beyond the stars!

Salmon canning is not the one ideal on the banks of the Willamette.

A Plea for Sobriety.

Baltimore American.

The work of today demands men of clear brains for its performance. It matters not whether that work be in the office, the counting-room, the legislative hall, the store, the shop, the field, or the mine. The worker who each morning brings to his task a strong mind and a steady nerve will always find his services in demand, while the one who allows himself to become the victim of an unbridled appetite will soon discover that his place has been filled by one who can do the work better than he. Such an address as that made by President Roosevelt is always timely. While it is undoubtedly true that excesses in the use of liquor are not as common today as they were a quarter or a half century ago, there is still vast room for improvement, and every effort in that direction deserves the encouragement of all who seek the elevation and betterment of their fellow-men.

Paul Jones a Scottish Rite Mason.

Paris Cable to the New York World.

French scholars, digging among the archives to discover more about the life and personality of John Paul Jones, have found that the admiral was an enthusiastic Free Mason, belonging to a lodge of the Scottish Rite called the Lodge of the Nine Sisters. The occasion of his initiation was made a great fete; several orations were pronounced, a poem was read, the main point of which was that Jones when at sea was like a coquette, "seeming to be taken in order to capture the foe." The place where the lodge met was demolished in the construction of the new boulevard. The Count of Provence, afterward King of France, was a member of the same lodge.

Pleasures of Camp Life.

Roseburg Plaindealer.

About this time the campers return and tell what a great time they had, but they never mention—how the mosquitos bit them; how the ants crawled over the table and provisions; how the women were scared of the snakes; how the noises kept them awake at night; how disagreeable it was when they had to crawl out in the morning; how bugs made nests in the blankets; how they had to squabble over how the work should be divided; how the smoke from the camp fire got in every one's eyes; how inconvenient it was to wash; how they wished every day that they were back home; how they became disgusted with canned goods, and other incidents too numerous to enumerate.

Just Like Sunshine.

St. Louis Republic.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It linxers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!