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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DEC. 31, 1905.

A CHEERING OUTLOOK.

Let no surprise be felt that The Oregonian tomorrow will be devoted to certain main features of the new development of Oregon. This development, of an industrial and commercial nature—the two are necessary parts of the same thing—will give an impulse to growth which hitherto Oregon has not known.

The forces already planted and rooted in the state are powerful enough in themselves to produce a new and accelerated progress; and, reinforced, as they are now to be, with the powerful additions outlined in the promises of efforts newly begun, there is sure to be, in the next five years, greater advance than in any preceding ten, in the history of the state.

We shall not here attempt capitulation of the new undertakings, which are well assured. The present purpose is simply to offer remark on the new spirit and the new energy awakening in our own people. From this as much is to be expected as from the introduction of new forces from without, and more. To witness it is worth universal congratulation.

All over Oregon this spirit, and the energy that goes with it, are rising into notice. One of the forms of the growing movement is the co-operation of the people in general, concentration of effort, and the growing conception, everywhere manifest, that what is done for growth, advancement, progress, development, in one locality, is for the good of all.

This spirit of progress begins to expend its energies in solid and permanent investment, at a rate and on a scale hitherto unknown in our state. We shall not only have more railroads, but more mills and factories, more and better agriculture, larger lumber and mining output, more industry of every kind and better contentment, larger hope and less pessimism, improvements in educational work and better social and political morals. The outlook is the most cheering that Oregon has ever known.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

Let no surprise be felt that The Oregonian calls attention to the union of the Presbyterian Church of America with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, referred to in yesterday's dispatches, as a very noteworthy sign of the times. The usual and approved course had been followed. Committees of twenty-one each from the two churches concerned had met, debated and come to so harmonious a conclusion that the final resolutions for union were carried with only one dissentient vote. What remains is that this action be ratified by the General Assemblies, meeting on May 17, 1906.

Has, then, this act any deeper significance than the coming together of two religious bodies whose representatives had gone on record that such differences as had caused one to divide itself off and stand apart from the other, 100 years ago, had lost their acuteness or pungency? To answer this question let us grope a little in the records of these bodies in 1810. The Presbyterian Church of those days was standing on, and inside of, the ancient ways of the Westminster Confession and Discipline. Most of us have a more or less clear notion of the hardness, and to lay, one may say, of the intolerance, of that confession and discipline, as interpreted by the direct descendants in behalf of John Calvin and John Knox. But a wave of revival and religious enthusiasm was sweeping over the Southern States—Kentucky and Tennessee. Unlearned men, not having received commissions in the regular army of preachers, were exhorting and rousing the congregations from their rigid and technically bound forms of religious creed and observance, into a freer life. And they were cast out, after due hearing, when the three standard-bearers were held to account for irregularities in teaching and doctrine. From that small beginning the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has grown and "endured hardness." The churches have lived side by side for a hundred years, but amalgamation was impossible while original causes of difference swayed men's minds and actions. They come together now, and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church enters again the fold of the Presbyterian Church of America.

Can they do it and abandon the standards of liberality and individual conscience which their fathers bore? Yes, because the times have changed, and we are, with them, changed. The Presbyterian Church which they are now to join holds the confession of faith and discipline of their common fathers—but, as revised in 1903. That tells the tale. In revision are found the possibilities of willing and conscientious union. Are the minds of this generation less sensitive to the discords which drove apart the men of 1810? By no means. We see as clearly as our fathers, but the significance of the differences has gone. We are all, ministers and laymen alike, breathing the air of a century where the ecclesiastical, the churchly, the dogmatic, side of religion has lost its dominating power, and all are seeking the general grounds of a Christianity producing its evidence in Christly acts, rather than in the niceties of technical theology.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Why all this ringing of wild bells to the wild sky?" Thus reasons the scowling cynic. "It is comprehensible that mankind should see the old year slink into his deserved oblivion without regret, for he has dragged every one of the race, willing and unwilling, old and young, life hungry and life sated, a long way nearer to the grave; but why welcome the new one with all this jubilation, since he is sure to repeat the melancholy deeds of his predecessor?"

So he will. The old year did little to justify the gladness of his welcome. The new year will certainly bring sorrow to all of us in varying measure; to some he will bring heartbreak and to many, death. All the sad teaching of experience warns us that the world will go on for the next twelve months much as it has during those now finally slipping unregarded into oblivion; and yet the thousand times repeated lesson of disillusion and disappointment the human race refuses to learn.

As the whirling earth swings round its perihelion and begins again that enormous journey toward the vernal equinox and the resurrection through the black gulfs of insentient space, the bells ring just as wildly now as the Mesopotamian watchers shouted 5000 years ago. The hope that never dies breaks now the clinging web of disillusion; it denies the godless dogmas of despair; it asserts supremacy over death and sorrow and jubilantly proclaims that life and the world are good and that over all reigns the good God. Once at the vernal equinox, the New Year's prophetic joy was justified. Why not again?

Hope is the voice of God in the heart of man. When we hear it clear and strong the power of evil shrinks and the race marches to its victories. The maxim puts it not well that "while there is life there is hope"; the reverse is nearer true, and "while there is hope there is life" is a braver saying. Hope dwells in the coming time. Its eye is fixed on the divine event which, far off or near, is decreed in the eternity of God to come at last. Therefore hope rejoices in the new year and regards not the old one.

The new year brings sorrow, but hope gives courage to sorrow manfully. The new year brings death, but hope gives victory over death. Why should we not hope to the uttermost? Who shall fathom the benevolence of God? Why may not this New Year be that one sung by the poets and prayed for by the saints from the morning of time when the adamantine chains of evil law shall be loosened and the golden reign of love begin?

Physical law is the statement of what has been. It has no power to decree what shall be. The future abides in the will whose workings our laws of Nature hint at but do not bind. Perhaps that Will has chosen this year of all the years of the world to strike down selfishness and cruel greed and found on earth the kingdom of heaven.

The earth never traverses twice the same tract of space in its annual revolutions. The sun sweeps with all the planets yearly into unexplored realms. We are this day entering a portion of the universe where we have never been before. Perhaps we are just beginning to feel the radiations from some star, new to us, which shall start the human race upon a higher evolution.

Should our sun darken, we should degenerate and finally perish. A change in the nature of its ways would make us different and perhaps more admirable beings. It may be we are approaching some star which emits light of a nature strange and unimaginably beneficent. Science finds new emanations almost every day, with properties mysterious as the old dreams of the alchemists. Suppose the world were suddenly to plunge, as it traverses the vast unknown, into some cosmic shower of life-giving corpuscles; what would become of your cynic then?

It is a mistake to believe that the transformations of history are effected slowly. The preparation for them takes generations, it is true, but once begun they proceed rapidly. The rise of Japan, which will undoubtedly change the whole future of the race, has occupied only a few years. The greater part of all the machinery now in use was invented in a few decades. It cannot be doubted that we are today upon the verge of transformations, social and mechanical, more wonderful than the rise of Japan or the industrial use of steam. Science is following clews which seem to lead into marvelous sources of available energy. The world heaves with spiritual forces whose direction cannot yet be discerned, but in the New Year we shall learn whither they trend and unto what. Let the wild bells ring, then, to the wild night, for knowledge, power and happiness come with the new; sorrow, bitterness and disappointment go with the old.

SURVIVALS OF A THEORY.

Younger people generally throughout the country find difficulty in understanding why it is that voices here and there, especially in our Southern States, are so extreme in their support of the claims of state sovereignty against the authority of the United States, in such matters as regulation of railways, quarantine against epidemical diseases and uniform marriage laws.

The other day Representative Richardson, of Alabama, in the debate in the House on the proposed National quarantine, said: "While no man is more anxious to banish that dread disease from the South than I am, I would rather fight yellow fever for ages to come than sacrifice one of the fundamental principles of the state in its domestic and local control."

But this view is by no means satisfactory to the whole people of the South; perhaps to no more than a small proportion of them. The Houston (Tex.) Post is among the protesting voices. It says: "Judge Richardson either lacks comprehension, or he is not genuinely in favor of what the public understands to be the rights of a state."

But the Post proceeds to say that the states ought not to yield to the General Government their right over quarantine against each other; for it believes that quarantine (interstate) will be more effective in the hands of each state, acting in emergency for itself, than in the hands of the Government at Washington.

As a general proposition, very probably true; yet we think there was no protest last Summer, when the General Government, on invitation of Louisiana, took charge of the yellow fever epidemic that was spreading from that state into all the states around it.

Through such action by the General Government, in emergency, there could be no "sacrifice of the fundamental principles of the state in control of its domestic and local affairs." Nobody supposes, nobody fears, that the General Government will advance from action like this to general control of the local concerns of the states. The apprehension is a curious survival of the theoretical view of "state rights," which led up to secession and to the Civil War.

In the domestic affairs of the states the people have no wish that the General Government should interfere. But the help of the General Government, in flood, famine or pestilence, may be useful, and indeed may become indispensable. It is not necessary to worry over "loss of local liberty," through such interposition.

A MATRIMONIAL MISFIT.

The charming Mrs. Fitzsimmons, ex-wife of the pugilist, has broken the silence imposed by her attorney. Succinctly stated, Mrs. Fitzsimmons has spoken, and this is the reasonable deduction from her remarks: She married Bob for the fame, such as it was, that belonged to the champion of the prize ring, and when he, after the manner of husbands, entered her apartments unbidden and found some of her friends there, she was humiliated and mortified beyond measure at his uncouthness in speech, manner and dress.

In brief, he was not the man to whom she was proud to introduce her friends as her husband. She could not remain in her elegant apartments in Paris without incurring the danger that he would "run in" familiarly; she could not go out riding with the wife of a wealthy coal operator of Pennsylvania who had also as her guest one Mr. McFarland, without incurring the jealousy and anger of Bob, who, after the manner of his class, expressed himself under such circumstances by breaking the furniture at home and creating a scene upon the street.

She could not pose as "Mrs. Fitzsimmons" and live in splendor from the proceeds of Bob's many bruises and bloodshed in the prize ring without having Bob around. The situation was awkward—very.

Soon the relations between the husky prizefighter and his wife became strained; a little later explanations were demanded and refused, and now we have the spectacle of an outdated pugilist swearing vengeance in the round oaths of the prize ring against the woman whom, but now, he was in such haste to wed, while she—dear and willing creature—tells the world what a coarse, uncultivated brute he is.

The natural question right here is, What did this woman expect when she married Bob Fitzsimmons? And again, What did Bob expect when he married a woman with a "career" before and a "record" behind her?

If we are to judge from her babble she wanted a man of "artistic taste" for a husband, and was shocked and disgusted to find that the artistic abilities of Fitz consisted in the ability to paint the faces of his antagonists in the prize ring red and purple and bluish-black upon a distorted background.

Again, she wanted a husband who would keep out of sight when she was entertaining her friends; Bob was always on hand. She wanted to live in Paris; Bob felt more at home in Cork, perhaps—possibly in San Francisco.

As to Bob, he wanted a wife who was proud of him and of his achievements under all circumstances—drunk or sober, boastful in victory or blubbering in defeat—a wife who, when she went to ride with a man, would sweetly ask Bob to be that man; a woman who would esteem it a privilege to be known as Bob Fitzsimmons' wife, the proud wearer of his first wife's diamonds, the smug companion of his coarse revels.

The disappointment of both as the result of getting exactly what each did not want seems to be very great. Each is expressing this disappointment in characteristic style—he in coarse accusations, dire threats and frantic pursuit of the first wife's diamonds, which the fugitive wife forgot to return to her lord as a lure for No. 3; she in the half-plaintive, half-resentful tones of the woman who makes an absurdly gross marriage and essays a stupid defense of her action.

Mrs. Fitz is the more philosophic of the two. She is ready and determined to repudiate her bad bargain. The world is wide and its pastures of folly are still open to the gleaner. She proposes to hie her forth and try her luck over again. But Bob, noisy and disgruntled, is rending the air with imprecations, seemingly frantic, to abide by his incongruous and foolish bargain.

As a matrimonial misfit, the case is not peculiar. It is only Bob's big roar and the astonishing demand that Mrs. Fitz made upon him for artistic taste, gentility and good breeding, that calls attention to it.

THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

Those persons in touch with conditions in Russia through the writings of careful, conscientious, observant travelers who have studied the conditions at close range, can hardly think that the revolution, so long and carefully planned, will fail to make good its purpose. The present uprising is not the result of a sudden frenzy, but of a slow-burning hatred of despotism. The upheaval may be suppressed by force of arms, but the spirit of resistance to tyranny cannot by this means be quenched. A latent spark, perhaps a live coal, smothered for a time in the ashes of desolation, will remain and will again and yet again speak in tongues of fire—

> From hearts broken with losses,
> And weary with dragging the crosses
> Too heavy for mortals to bear.

Humanity is sick of the echoes of the French Revolution. But when it hopes that the Russian revolution will fail and those old echoes will die, it is rebuked by the humanity of a later era that sees in the bloody fight the hand of human progress and the knell of governmental corruption. The red hand of revolution, its finger tips dripping blood, is a sight from which men of peace turn with horror, hoping that it will be stayed. But the gentlest among them, if they live long enough, or their descendants of a century later, come to look upon the once-revolting sight as the means by which human liberty is won.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," sang William Cowper, gentle bard of liberty and of human feeling in a past age. History verifies this all along the line of the world's progress, and never more plainly than when revolution is the moving force by which the wonders of human and national development are performed.

THE SIN OF OFFICIOUSNESS.

The American people, acting upon impulse, are prone on occasion to be effusively officious. Their misdemeanor in this line not infrequently takes the form of giving or attempting to give somebody a thing which he or she does not want and the tender of which creates embarrassment or resentment. They have set up a standard of living in America, for example, to which they strive with intermittent zeal to bring the thriftless, and are chagrined to find that they do not in the least appreciate or respond to the effort.

The public school system of the country, in attempting to provide for the higher education of the masses, is conspicuous in this line, and the rebuke the effort receives is witnessed in the relatively few pupils of the grammar schools who take up work in the High Schools, and the still fewer graduates of the High Schools who push on to and through the college courses provided by state universities.

In the zeal to promote temperance we find men and women pressing coffee upon men who want beer, and Sunday school entertainments upon men who enjoy nothing else so much as the songs and laughter of a down-town resort.

Our good women, ransacking their closets, bring out garments which, with a little care and industry in "making over," would provide neat and serviceable garments for the mother and children in the wretched shanty around the corner, and are pained to learn that the clothing did not appeal to what was, in the eyes of the donors, an urgent need, but was sold to buy beer for the head of the house, or a long-coveted bull pup for the children. Everything depends upon the point of view from which the comforts of life are rated, and from which individual wants are reckoned.

These, however, are the little sins of officiousness. There are greater ones. A few years ago the American people, acting upon impulse, presented Admiral Dewey with a house that he did not need and did not want. The grizzled old sailor found himself in an embarrassing situation. He did not want to hurt the feelings of his gushing admirers, of whose kindly intentions there was no doubt, by declining the tender of the house, nor did he feel like accepting with thanks a house which he was amply able to buy from the proceeds of the honorable and successful work of his life. He married at this juncture, and, with the chivalry of a high-class American husband, and in order to escape from his own dilemma, he gave the house to her.

The howl of disappointment that followed this act reverberated from "Jersey to Japan," and, dying away, was succeeded by a silence in which the aspiration of Admiral Dewey to become President of the United States was engulfed and his grand achievements as commanding officer in the Navy were practically forgotten.

All of this is familiar history. Its lesson was an obvious one, and some optimistic people supposed it would prove lasting. Yet again the American trait appears in announcement of a plan to raise a marriage portion for the daughter of President Roosevelt by means of 10-cent subscriptions.

It is well known that Miss Alice Roosevelt is the heiress, in her own right, of the young mother who died when she was an infant; that her father is amply able, and more than willing, to provide generously for his daughter, who is soon to go from his roof; that the man whom she is soon to marry is possessed of more than moderate means and is amply able to supply all the requirements of home and maintenance. It is, moreover, a fair presumption that he proudly and affectionately desires to do this.

Then where is the excuse for the American people or the people of any state to raise a dowry for this amply-dowered White House bride? For her to decline the money would be difficult; to accept could be scarcely less than humiliating to three persons—the President, his daughter and her future husband.

Miss Alice Roosevelt will go from the home of her father to that of her husband attended by the good wishes of the American people. She has chosen, it is said, wisely. Of this world's goods she has an abundance; of the pleasures and opportunities of the world she has had a generous share. Let us all, as is becoming, in the simple words of the old-time marriage congratulation, "wish her much joy" and stop at that. There is in this a spontaneity of good feeling which happy brides the world over appreciate with full hearts and minds newly awakened to the possibilities of life and to the interpretation of the simple, expressive word "joy."

MORE WORKMEN, MORE WORK.

Commissioner Robert Watchorn, of the New York Immigration Bureau, discredits the statement that the arrival of immigrants in large numbers tends to decrease the pay of American wage-earners. This assumption, he asserts, has been disproved by the official records of the labor departments of the several states, wherein careful investigation of the subject has been made. In support of his view he submits that immigrants who are essentially laborers and wage-earners, also constitute a market and give rise to as much labor as they perform.

This view is approved by the most common experience all along the line, from domestic to commercial life. The housewife who, referring to the helpful girl who works for her board mornings and evenings, says "she makes more work than she does," voices this fact in its simplest form. The experience of the man of business or trade who, finding it necessary to hire additional help in his warehouse or store, finds in his increased sales proof of the fact that the increase in population, that rendered an addition to his working force necessary, represents an army of consumers as well as of employes. Human labor represents mouths to fill, bodies to clothe and families to shelter. Let us remember this when we stand aghast before the figures representing foreign immigration, and on behalf of labor and production, take courage, since it is a literal fact that these people "make more work than they do."

The official list of building permits issued in this city makes a very good showing. For weeks it has been breaking all records for a corresponding period, but even the satisfactory figures do not fully reflect the exact condition of affairs. This is due to the policy of some builders in taking out permits for a stated expenditure of about one-fifth to one-half the cost of the building to be erected. An instance of this kind was shown a few days ago when a prominent firm of real estate operators took out a permit for a $2000 dwelling which, according to the architect's plans, will cost $5000. The permit for the Filedner building, on Washington street, was for an expenditure about one-third the cost of the structure. Except in rare cases, the true probable cost of the buildings is never given. It is said that this is due to the fact that the parties taking out the permit save $1 per thousand in the cost of the permit by placing a low valuation on the intended structure. This has the appearance of very poor economy, especially on the part of big real estate firms interested in making as good a showing as possible for the town. There is no desire to pad or overestimate any of the statistics in connection with building operations, but it would seem that Portland ought to have credit for what it is actually doing in the building line.

Beginning with the New Year, The Oregonian makes a new rate for its daily and Sunday editions. Heretofore the daily and Sunday have been supplied at 20 cents a week by carrier, which amounted to $10.40 a year; by mail, $9 a year. In Portland and at all places where the paper is delivered by carrier, the new rate will be 75 cents a month, which will be $9 a year. By mail to subscribers at all places, $8 a year. For a less time than one month the rate will be 20 cents a week, as heretofore. The new rate will make a reduction of over 14 per cent in the general cost of the daily and Sunday to subscribers. Examine the new rates, at the head of the editorial page today.

Judge Frazer is very right in his insistence that responsible citizens ought not to shirk jury duty. But most of them will, when they can. One reason is that so many petty cases are brought before the courts, wherein jurymen are bored for days together about nothing. Contentious, litigious, spiteful persons "go to law" about the merest trifles; as Menenius says, in "Coriolanus," "you wear out a good, wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and faucet-seller, and adjourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience." Jurors, who have business, or don't like to have their time wasted, can't easily feel it their duty to do such service. It doesn't appear to them to be a call on their citizenship, and they are very willing to leave the service to the professional juryman, who appears to like it.

A National Waterways Convention has been called to meet in Washington, January 15, 1906, for the purpose of taking such action as will secure more attention to the river and harbor needs of the country. The convention is attracting considerable attention, and will probably be attended by representative men from nearly all parts of the country where water transportation is in use. The subject is of special interest to Oregon at this time, for there has never before been a period in our existence when the demand for liberal river and harbor appropriations was more urgent. Nothing has yet been secured for the Columbia River without hard work and the use of every opportunity for enlisting assistance. The National Waterways Convention would seem to offer an opportunity for the voice of Oregon to be heard on this subject, along with those of other states.

Not even the intervention of a double holiday prevented the New York stock market and the Chicago wheat market from showing strength again yesterday. Call money was easier, but still sufficiently high to prevent much strength in stocks under ordinary circumstances. The financial situation for the past few weeks, however, has been anything but ordinary, and the short sellers in stocks and wheat have seldom ventured far from shore. Their timidity in the face of the protracted holiday is another tribute to the underlying strength which is the backbone of the present era of speculation and high prices.

If Arizona and New Mexico shall be erected into one state and Oklahoma and the Indian Territory into another, not so many United States Senators and state and other officials will result, as if four states were created instead of two. This fact seems to be the main ground of opposition to the present state-making bill. It is confined chiefly to politicians, who want to invest in the greatest possible number of chances to get office. But the two-state bill commends itself to the average sense of a disinterested people.

"Aren't there two Republicans on the Civil Service Commission?" asks Mayor Lane, in extenuation of the methods practiced by that body. Yes, there are—J. W. Bialn and P. L. Willis. But there are two Democrats, also, on the commission—Mayor Lane and W. L. Brewster—and a secretary, O. L. McPherson, who does the bidding of the Mayor, in order to hold his job. The Mayor cannot disguise the truth that his influence dominates the commission and directs its workings.

Mayor Lane was elected to enforce the laws. All his pre-election pledges came to that, and it satisfied the reform forces which elected him. Why, then, has he not enforced the Civil Service law, which ordains that appointments shall be made by promotion and examinations shall be fair and open? If Mayor Lane expects saloonkeepers and gamblers to respect his example, he might teach them how to respect the law.

So it appears that Puter and McKinley are not "lost," but are to "turn up" at Washington as witnesses against Hermann. Statements by these men wouldn't go far with an Oregon jury. How far with a jury of the District of Columbia we shall see.

If party nominations were to be won by the candidates that make their platforms the shortest and the conciest, the candidates would save themselves a lot of verbiage and the people would know more about their principles.

Mr. Patrick Bruin is a reformer who has worked at the trade four or five months—long enough, Mayor Lane thinks, to entitle him to a share of the profits.

THE PESSIMIST.

Wit is the overflow of a full mind. That's why a full man thinks he's witty.

* * *

If at first you don't succeed, swear, swear again.

* * *

Wisdom for the erring: Everybody is struggling—and making compromises. Each compromise costs a future struggle.

* * *

The following letter and poem were handed in on Friday. I have omitted the young man's name and address, because Henneway has come in from the mountains to spend New Year's in Portland. He is a big man, and easily aroused. I am afraid of the consequences should the two poets come together:

Portland, Or., Dec. 30.—(To the Editor.)—I notice where you have given space in the columns of your paper to what I call "cheap poetry." Henneway, who styles himself the "Poet of the Cascades," seems to think he was first in the field with poetry, eulogizing the great sorrowing "Fitz." I have always admired Fitz, and immediately after the great tragedy that robbed him of life's most precious gift—his honor—I was seized with inspiration and produced some verses, which I respectfully submit herewith. I am an Oregon home-boy, and have had the advantage of city life only one year, but am ambitious, and if I may say so, will one day write something that will make me famous.

Now sound the melancholy lute,
The grief that's in us, show,
The mighty Fitz has passed away,
The champion lies low.
The pain of "laurels lost" is keen,
One's fullest woe to rouse,
Oh! think of this great one who's lost
His honor and his spouse.
Victory's badge he long had worn
Through years, with pride confessed,
The memory of this now can't soothe
The fallen king, distressed.
When Fortune smiled, his loving wife
Was always at his side.
Kissed from his brow the horrid frown,
And soothing arts applied.
But now, while shines the evil star,
She leaves him quite alone,
And with her guilty paramour,
To a mansion rich has flown.
Then sound the timbrel—wake the lute,
For glory's thrill is o'er,
Let's honor one whom Fortune's smile
Won't solace any more.

I am an Oregon-born boy, and spent three years at college. Kindly publish this in your paper. I played football with that school. Yours, etc.

* * *

The railroads are obliged to be careful as regards who rides on one of their tickets, particularly as their passenger rates are based on weight. They do not weigh the passenger when he buys his ticket, but they size him up quite accurately. He is either slender, medium, or stout, and he—the ticket, I mean, is punched accordingly. Now, if a slim man bought a ticket, and a fat man should get the ride, it would be manifestly unjust. When a slim man attempts to ride on a fat man's ticket, he is properly prevented from doing so. The railroads must make a little money once in a while.

The railroads throughout the country probably lose as much as $5000 a year on account of fat men riding on slim men's tickets. The millions of dollars that they devote annually to prevent this inroad on their receipts are exceedingly well spent.

* * *

The decision of Judge Leventritt of the New York Supreme Court that the sale of a railroad ticket carries with it the purchaser's right to sign it in the name of the man from whom it was bought is perfectly ridiculous in view of the fact that railway tickets distinctly say that to do such things is a forgery.

It is a well-known principle of common law that the rules and regulations devised by a corporation for its own internal government must be conformed to by the public whether they like it or not. "The public be damned!" said Justice Vanderbilt, the eminent authority on corporations, when the case came up to his department.

* * *

In connection with the above, it might be well to mention the celebrated case of the State vs. Scond, 2 Wash., 237. The facts as they were developed in the lower courts were as follows, viz.:

One A. B. Scond, of Brush Prairie, ex-treasurer of the Alaska Glacier & Iceberg Investment Company, was arrested and brought to trial before Judge Treecent of the Municipal Court of Vancouver, charged with assaulting a brakeman in the employ of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima Railroad Company.

Testimony was introduced to show that Scond bought a ticket from Vancouver to Brush Prairie and paid therefor the sum of 25 cents. This ticket, according to the testimony of the manager, entitled him to a first-class passage and a comfortable seat on the front logging-truck where the scenery was good when the weather was clear. On Wednesday, December 27, 1897, it was raining hard. Just outside of the city limits of Vancouver, beyond the Main street crossing, while the train was running, Scond climbed into the engine to get in out of the wet, on the day and year above mentioned.

The testimony of Richard Rumfort, the engineer, giving the details of the altercation that followed, had no bearing on the points that the Supreme Court was called upon to adjudicate.

At Keyes Junction, R. A. Pike, the brakeman, who lived in a house close to the track, where the cinders from the engine fell down into the garden, to the great disgust of the neighbors, whose chickens thought they were caraway seeds, and the eggs made the whisky punch taste like Scotch high ball on New Year's Eve in the saloons of Vancouver, was called into the engine cab to adjust the differences of opinion that had arisen. He (Pike) testified that he suggested that Scond go forward and sit down where the air was fresh, and that he gently took him by the arm in order to show him the way. According to the testimony of Scond, Pike seized him by the rear of the neck and the seat of his trousers and fired him through the door, to his great discomfort and hurt to his feelings. It was then, as the evidence shows, that Scond, in using a cant-hook to lend force to his remarks, wielded the same in such a manner that Pike was seriously injured.

Judge Treecent took the case under advisement. In a day or so he rendered judgment to the effect that it was against a rule of the road for passengers to ride on the engine; that the said rule was posted in a conspicuous place on the manager's desk, where all might see and read; also that the defendant pay the manager's salary, which had been for three months in arrears.

The case was taken up to the Superior Court, Judge Gloomfeel presiding, on a writ of restitution.

Evidence was introduced which tended to show that the railway officials brought undue pressure to bear while the case was under advisement. However, as that had no bearing on the points at issue, the lower court was sustained.

On appeal to the Supreme Court by Scond, the briefs of the appellant and the state each cited abundant authorities to show that the evidence introduced by the other was irreverent, incompetent and exciting.

It was the decision of the court, two judges concurring, one absent, and one dissenting, that the lower court be reversed and that the case be remanded for a new trial.

M. B. WELLS.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUTURE.

A Discourse of Interesting Possibilities.

Boston Herald:

The President's activity in the politics of his own state can be explained on no other theory than that he desires to control the party organization, with a view to his own future. Such "solicitude" as he has manifested in the factional contest in New York, the consultations he has held and the part he has taken, are not compatible with the state of mind of a President who is serving his second term and preparing to retire at its end. It is just what would be expected of a President, who has no intention of going into obscurity as a "has been," but who purposes still to take a controlling part in public affairs.

This view of the President's activity in party management in New York is generally accepted at Washington. That he will secure complete control of the organization admits of no doubt. Senator Platt no longer counts. Senator Depew has all that he can do to keep from resigning. Ex-Governor Odell is discredited and beaten. With the Governor, the speaker of the assembly and the New York City organization in alliance with him, or under his direct guidance, and with the vast powers of the federal patronage at his command, the President would be a far less bold and resourceful politician than he has shown himself to be for twenty years if he failed to secure the control which he is obviously seeking.

The purpose of this control is variously interpreted. There are plenty of politicians who think the President could be "forced" to accept a renomination in spite of his election night disavowal of any such ambition or willingness. The Herald is not among those who think there will be any overpowering popular demand for a third term for Mr. Roosevelt. We think it more likely that the Republican party and other citizens, whose votes helped to elect him in 1904, will have had quite enough of him as President before 1908. There is a suggestion in a Washington dispatch to the New York World which has some color of probability. The President, it says, has no intention of retiring; "that is most repugnant to him." "What he has in mind now," it is declared, "is a United States Senatorship at the conclusion of his present term." He has it "strongly in mind, too," it is added, and a cabinet officer said: "I was there when it was first suggested to Roosevelt that it would be a good thing for him to go into the United States Senate. He jumped at it like a trout at a fly. 'I would like that,' he said, 'if it could be brought about.'"

It could probably be "brought about" if the President has his heart set on it. Senator Platt's term will expire in 1909. The legislative apportionment of New York State has been so gerrymandered in the constitution that nothing short of a political earthquake and landslide combined can give to the Democrats control of the Senate or a majority on joint ballot. With the power in his hands as President, with the alliances he is making and in view of the death, decay or downfall of all the other state Republican leaders, Mr. Roosevelt could, without much doubt, bring about his own election to the Senate. That this was the ultimate goal of his ambition when he entered politics and sought office in New York City was well known to his intimate friends, the Herald has stated. That he should prefer this office to any other on his retirement from the presidency is natural to a man of his temperamental activity and love for the center of the stage.

As a Senator, Mr. Roosevelt would easily outrank in native ability, forcefulness and knowledge of public affairs, any man New York has sent to the upper house of Congress since Seward's time, with the exception of Roscoe Conkling. As a means of adding to the public interest in the proceedings of that body, Mr. Roosevelt's election to the Senate would be a great thing. He would again be in a position where his opponents can "talk back." Fancy the entertainment that would be afforded when Senator Bailey set out to give Senator Roosevelt a few easy lessons in constitutional law, or when Tillman poised his pitchfork against Roosevelt's "big stick" in the senatorial arena! No stories of the encounters of our redoubtable presidential Nimrod with bobcats, wolves or grizzly bears would equal in interest in the reports of proceedings in the Senate when Theodore Roosevelt shall take the seat of either of the "senile old men" who now so feebly represent the Empire state. Therefore do we heartily wish the President success in his long range ambition—and wish 1908 were even nearer!

"SMALL BARKING."

Article Under This Head Dedicated "To Whom It May Concern."

Portland New Age.

It is amusing and even astonishing to notice how many country papers and some little people take every possible occasion to find fault with and censure unreasonably The Oregonian and its editor-in-chief. Perfectly proper, true and even good-natured remarks of that great newspaper are distorted into expressions of malevolent ill-will, and broad-minded and clear-headed criticisms of sham, hypocrisy, cant, subterfuge and sophistry are made the basis of vulgar and virulent attacks. The simple fact is that while in matters political The Oregonian may sometimes show inconsistency, and on occasions bias—and where is the daily newspaper that does not?—it is, as it has always been, the most courageous, as well as the ablest exponent of truth in regard to all sorts of things and thoughts and projects, propagandas and "waves," and movements and trends in this part of the country, if not in the whole country.

For example, because The Oregonian commended the good work of a fruit inspector and some fruitraisers in one county to the attention and imitation of those of another county, a paper of the latter county accuses The Oregonian of spite and malice and misrepresentation. Or again, if with unanswerable logic and reason The Oregonian exposes the shallow sophistry and flatulent ignorance of some seventeenth-rate pulpiteer, he generally responds not with anything in real support of his nonsensical theories or his theological balderdash, but with a labored screed vulgarly vituperative of The Oregonian, whose editor knows more than a thousand like him rolled into one could learn in a thousand years.

But the great newspaper pursues the even tenor of its high, broad way, and if not always absolutely right on every proposition, is a great instructor and illuminator within its field, as it has been for half a century.

Abuse of Heney Is Abuse of Roosevelt

Pendleton East Oregonian.

Francis J. Heney, the land-fraud prosecutor, who has done more good for Oregon in the past year than all the dishonest politicians who ever held public office in the state, is a friend and confidant of the President and was sent to clean out Oregon at the direction of the President. The abuse of Heney which is now being printed in certain little partisan papers may indicate how fervently these little sheets love the President. Abuse of Heney for doing his duty is abuse of the fearless President who sent him to Oregon and will perhaps be considered as such by the President.

The Primary Law.

Sherman County Observer.

The disposition of the intelligent classes appears to be to give this law a decent show, to demonstrate whether it has any merit beyond overworking county officials and heaping unnecessary expenses upon taxpayers. Everyone is convinced of the necessity of trying out the hoodoo, giving the theorists who brought it into being opportunity to prove its practicability.