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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1906.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

In a world like this, where most things worth having seem to be got by strenuous combat or not at all, the doctrine of "passive resistance" has never found much open favor among the friends of progress and the great vogue in England in the days of the Stuart Kings, who were mean and tyrannical monarchs, but were supposed by many to have been expressly chosen by the Almighty to rule over Great Britain. Why the Lord should have made such a choice was never explained, nor was any attempt made to reconcile it with his general intelligence. The fact that Stuart was on the throne was taken for proof that the Lord had put him there. The much more likely hypothesis that the devil had done it was never entertained; and it was preached from royal pulpits and believed by the royal party that active resistance to the King, no matter what he did, was wicked. One might as well defy the Lord himself as his appointed viceroy.

Still there was a refuge for tender consciences. Although it was sinful to resist the King, it was permissible to disobey him when his commands were wrong. It was conceded that a subject might decline to execute an illegal or immoral order, without calling down the wrath of God upon his head; but if it brought the wrath of the King upon him he must patiently submit. This was the famous doctrine of passive resistance. It was scouted by the English people, who cut off the head of one Stuart and banished another. Its validity depends upon a falsehood, for the Lord never made any man a King. It is not, since it makes one man, often a very wicked and foolish man, more important than a whole nation; and it is immoral, since its acceptance would seem to put an end to all liberty of thought or action. Still, there is something to be said for the doctrine of passive resistance.

Imagine a King as wicked as you please, who has no conscience, and nobody would obey him? He could not slay many people with his own hands. He could not collect unjust taxes without agents to execute his orders. No matter what laws he made, they would fall flat; people would do exactly as they did before. He could not wage war without officers and soldiers. He would be utterly helpless. In fact, although the English rejected the doctrine of passive resistance in the time of Cromwell, they have since embodied it in their constitution, and it is now the actual principle of their dealing with the phantom they call their King. Nobody resists him, but on the other hand, nobody obeys him. Edward VII might issue bloody commands, but he would be black in the face without doing the slightest harm, for none of his subjects would pay any attention to them. The English theory that the King can do no wrong is thus made correct in practice by taking away his power to do anything at all.

The doctrine of passive resistance has been adopted now and then by different religious sects, but it has never been popular among his followers, who have for the most part been famous fighters. No sect was ever more bitterly persecuted by their fellow-Christians than the Quakers, whose most conspicuous principle is that of passive resistance to evil. Their numbers do not increase very rapidly, but their worldly prosperity is proverbial, and they have obtained modifications in the laws both of England and America to suit their consciences. No Quaker need fight or take an oath. If such a victory for peace can be won by a small sect against the whole world, what would happen if all the professed followers of Christ were to unite as resolutely in the same cause? It is not likely that they will do so very soon, but, if they should, it is difficult to see how there could ever be another war.

Passive resistance would be the most efficient of all agencies for abating injustice and wrong if only enough people could be persuaded to apply it. The labor unions make more use of it than the churches. A strike is nothing more nor less than the old orthodox Christian practice of overcoming evil by suffering, and, in proportion as strikes have been peaceful, they have been successful. If the whole body of workmen could be taught to apply the principle consistently they would always be successful. If no man would accept low wages, strikes are broken by laboring men all over the world.

The actual value of the output, however, only faintly represents the true importance of the industry to all other lines of trade. Nearly every dollar paid out to the fisherman for the raw material is turned over many times, and, in the course of its wanderings, pays debts or purchases commodities which in the aggregate would reach a total several times as great as the original sum. Another especially valuable feature of the salmon industry lies in the fact that, aside from the comparatively small expense attached to hatchery operations, the raw material is obtained by the fisherman practically free of cost, and is available for any man who cares to engage in the work.

A close second in importance to the salmon industry is the wool and sheep business in Eastern Oregon; in fact, with the present high prices for both wool and sheep, it is probable that the aggregate value of the output for the present season is in excess of that of the salmon fisheries. While these great industries flourish in different parts of the great state, and are prominent in their respective fields, both are flanked by other interests which make liberal contributions to the wealth of the state. Along the Lower Columbia, logging, lumbering and dairying aid in the prosperity of the people at a time when the close season for fishing is in effect. The woods of the mountains, in the wool districts, there is an increasing amount of diversified farming, and the general stock business is a contributing factor to the country's prosperity the year round.

It is this ever-increasing production of new wealth that is making this country immune from the hard times which so often threaten older and more thickly settled commonwealths. The wool clip is good, and prices are high. Prices for salmon are satisfactory, and the outlook is favorable for a good run. This money, coming in at a time when our grain business is over for the season, and the movement of stock is light, will be appreciably felt as a reinforcement of our mighty sheep industry, which has reached a stage where it knows no seasons.

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THE RETIRED LIST. Now and then announcement of the death, at the home of a son or daughter, of an aged father or mother, or in his own home of a soldier who won his epaulettes in a past generation, reminds us of the fact that there is among us still a small army of men and women who, having completed the active career of life, linger yet for some time on the "retired list," awaiting the serene call that all must answer. We know that there are a large number of men—fine, well-disciplined, thoroughly taught men—who have given what is termed their effective years to military or naval service, living in retirement throughout the country. Looking at some of them, as they pass along the streets, erect, active, strong of limb and straight of line, we cannot concede that their retirement was made necessary through disability. We know, indeed, that they have simply stepped out of the ranks to make positions possible to their younger, but still not young, comrades, weary of long detention in the lower grades of the service. We know, moreover, that many men just stepping out of active service are glad to walk humbly among those to which they are not learned in schools, but comes from the tutelage of long experience, and that in an emergency they could and would give to their country service not second in effectiveness to that which won them honor in their earlier years. Just now, however, they are on the "retired list." Touching this matter, a recent writer in the New York Post says:

It is well that the old make way, and that they who are most in touch with the marvelous revelations of modern science should bring them to the proof, but he who carries to his grave the knowledge and experience of that which is incontrovertibly proved, has no need to feel that he numbers the ground, and that he has no more to say among those for whom his country has no use. His rather has reason to be proud that he has earned a real title honorable and honored. Keeping himself to himself, he will find that he is able to solve many a so-called new problem already worked out under old conditions, and his judgment will strengthen many a weakly opinion. It is in the man himself how far retirement means uselessness.

This much for the official retired list. But there is another and a larger one, less conspicuous, but not less deserving, the members of which, sad to say, are not always recognized as such. They are to which their past endeavor entitles them. This list is made up from domestic life, through those inevitable revolutions which arise in our homes that are the products of nature and of growth. Upon this list are the names of women early widowed, whose children have gone, one by one, out into the great world to become and occupations of their own; of men similarly situated, who can no longer maintain among men the active business interests of life. These are placed by Nature on the retired list—the waiting call is delayed for many of them, they form a pathetic contingent of an army that has fought the good fight and bravely and is now resting upon its arms.

The change that placed these upon the retired list was a gradual one—not abrupt, as in military life. One child after another goes out from the old home; one year after another saps the strength and diminishes the ability of father and mother to care for themselves; and finally one drops out of the well-worn harness and the other shifts position to another home, clinging to the last faded mementos of former years—the child's cap, the broken toy, the old cradle, the little shoe, the outdated school books and the thousand other things that accumulate in the home in which children have been brought up.

"She has a home with her daughter," is the verdict of the community when a funeral pyre has been made of the little belongings of the old home that held no significance to any one but "mother"; and there, in seeming contentment, dutifully ministered unto, but with tender yearnings, the gentle woman remains upon the "retired list" until she passes to the realm of the unseen. Sympathy, tender participation in the joys and sorrows of the new home; counsel, when sought, in perplexity; open arms and a loving heart—these are the attributes which father or mother, who has ceased to control, brings to lives that are toiling along the upward way, and for their own good, attachments were looked after. At first he burdened himself with accessories and settings, but of late he has merely indicated them, and his pictures have been widely carried for their exaggerated, brush-harp scrawlings. Some diffidently professed to see an ultra-artistic gleam in his very forehead, and always he is not into insincere transports at the one-direction shading, which was strengthened at desired points by cross-lines, and indulged in attenuated ecstasies over some of Gibson's worst work. His earlier drawings are unquestionably his best, although later on his mind developed many more mature and forceful conceptions, and he is not to be judged by the work of his youth, which he appreciated and valued his contributions to the joy and instruction of the world have even great things for him.

As we musingly and contentedly peer along the corridors of time, we note the various types that have stood the test of the centuries, and live as the representative of the successful, the reigning schools. From Raphael to Gibson, from Davelport to Davenport, from Murillo to Murphy, we may consider and understand the multi-sided forms of shape, and line, and idea, and ideal, that have caught the people's soul and lived to tell their essence to unborn generations. It is not so much the amount of reason each type has for its current and subsequent appreciation as it is its fundamental genuineness. Inasmuch as a Davenport in New Jersey, or a Routledge or a Murphy here in Portland, are earnest, and represent truth in art, they need not bother themselves with classic canons or venerable tenets of any period, except to enlarge and perfect their culture by extracting what is best from the myriad luscious types, unsoftened typical, awful types, lurid types, what-ever typical creations that have emanated from the leading artistic brains of the years that are past and gone.

But it is not a cause for rejoicing that our American Gibson, after his triumphal conquering of the people who have money, by a process of carnation or second advent, as it were, is now regenerating and sanctifying the ranks of American breadwinners. The superabundant wholesomeness, the ever-nourished vigor, the purity, the well-groomed, manly, unperplexed sleekness of Gibson's girls and grown-up youths are to become the ideals to which the masses are aspiring. They represent the ideal American in his, and her, pristine optimism and blooming, matchless health. Their beauty is idealized, but to win our hearts and our soaring, day-after-tomorrow spirit, this idealization is indispensable. As China dreaded, then worshiped, the Dragon, and afterward adored it as its governmental symbol, so, in a measure, yet by a more beneficent and salutary metamorphosis, the limitless brotherhood and sisterhood of laboring Americans, through love of cleanliness, usefulness, bold vigor, comely attire, and a sort of every body, may come to hold aloft on the household the ideal types of Gibson as our National emblem.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN ZION. It is only a question of time when credulity that leads to the blind following of a self-proclaimed prophet or revelator in religion gives place to a public scandal caused by the awakening of his dupes. This time has come for Zion—Alexander Dowie's Zion—and, with all his hosts in arms against him, his wife, broken in health and spirit, and his son estranged, the latter-day saint bellows his rage impotently from afar, and then starts back to possess his own, hitherto darkly "bloodshed" if his erstwhile dupes do not yield to his demand for reinstatement.

If Dowie had been a meek, mild-mannered prophet, railing through assumed humbleness and gentle persuasiveness, the revolt would not have come so soon. The assumption that is encased in velvet and makes merit of seclusion; that takes refuge in the "soft answer" when his dogmas are questioned, and quickly withdraws from the firing line when assailed, is relatively much harder to meet and disprove than is the bold, avowed, and carries on its schemes with noise and posturing and takes no pains to conceal the fact that its rule is absolute—its word law.

Dowie's assumption was of this latter nature. He was a self-proclaimed prophet, religious dictator, domestic tyrant, financial boss. He said to his followers, "do this, and they did it; or, failing after their best endeavor, they carried out his schemes with noise and posturing and takes no pains to conceal the fact that its rule is absolute—its word law. Dowie's assumption was of this latter nature. He was a self-proclaimed prophet, religious dictator, domestic tyrant, financial boss. He said to his followers, "do this, and they did it; or, failing after their best endeavor, they carried out his schemes with noise and posturing and takes no pains to conceal the fact that its rule is absolute—its word law.

Names given out in connection with the proposed interurban railway centering at Walla Walla carry evidence of ample financial strength. The region which the system intends to serve is admirably adapted to such an enterprise. For a successful future, there need be no misgivings. Therefore, it is incumbent on the towns and cities to provide for some little share of the profits. Let no franchise be given in perpetuity. New railways should be encouraged, yet so restricted that they cannot become tyrannous.

THE WASH LADIES' UNION. The "wash ladies" of New Brighton, Pa., recent on a strike the first of April for \$1.50 a day; against the old rate of \$1. The housekeepers stood firm—the Wash Ladies' Union weakened, and in the old rates prevail. If there is a just demand in the whole realm of labor, it is that represented by the demand for \$1.50 for a day's toil at the washbasin. Housekeepers need reforming on the basis of equity and humanity when they resist this demand.

Japan again denies any purpose or desire to purchase the Philippines. Judging from the appeals for help for their starving subjects, the Island Empire has use for all the spare cash that the government can control, without investing in some thousands of malcontents, fitly characterized by Kipling as— Our new-found aullen people Half devil and half child.

Because a railroad dislikes to pay a tax until compelled, the roads in Michigan are this month putting money into the school treasury. An ad valorem tax law passed in 1901 was disputed, but the highest court sustained it, and one railway company has just paid over \$600,000. The Detroit public school fund will receive over \$600,000.

The Baker City man who shot his brother-in-law last Thursday says it was an accident. He is sorry, and perhaps will be more sorry if he should be the victim of a rope accident at the penitentiary a few months hence. Such accidents will happen once in a while, though perhaps not so often as they should.

Between preachers who theorize and Circuit Court Judges who practice by dissolving the bonds, although occasionally withholding a decree, one turns with pleasure to the statistics column to read of the licenses taken out. And in the proportion that the one exceeds the other lies the hope of the world.

The Oregonian prints today the respective platforms of Hon. E. L. Smith and Hon. Stephen A. Lowell, Republican candidates for the United States Senate. It invites to each the careful and considerate attention of all voters.

They do things differently across the line. In Winona, where there has been a street-car strike for a week, the possible importation of strike-breakers from the United States is met by threat of invoking the alien labor law.

Every genuine sportsman in Oregon will rejoice over the conviction and punishment of three Ormatilla pothunters who cornered and butchered a band of deer. This is a good season for other game wardens to get busy.

Solomon succeeded because his organization was perfect. Brigham Young died in time to "escape." But Dowie is a cheap, senile imitator.

In the length and breadth of Oregon lie opportunities awaiting brainy development. Think what the corncock has done for Missouri!

THE PESSIMIST. What we save in coal bills is spent in ice cream sodas, and the deficiency in gas consumption is evened up by the beneficent protestations of the candidates for office.

It speaks well for the culture and Christian forbearance of the people of the Northwest that no one has been rude enough to suggest that the preacher who contended that marriage was a failure took up that position because he knew from personal experience what he was talking about.

Of course, the debate on marriage between two of our worthy ministers was intended as a joke—and a good joke it was, too—yet they touched upon a serious matter, a matter serious to young people who are about to be married, and one that in most respects still, after they are married, however at the White Temple, Friday evening, it was enthusiastically decided that marriage is a success. Nevertheless, almost any day, one of the judges of our Circuit Court, under circumstances totally devoid of the elements of humor, is called upon to decide that marriage is a failure, or is it a success?

The Solution. (With apologies to Schopenhauer and the San Francisco Examiner.) If, instead of asking the entrance a failure? some one should inquire, What is the purpose of marriage? a great light would begin to dawn on this problem of the ages. A great philosopher has answered the question, and gently intimates that by marriage the coming generation achieves its existence. No doubt that view is wholly unpopular with the dispensers of the Word, yet, looking at it that way, marriage is success. If the purpose of marriage is to make us happy, marriage is a failure. Of course, some married couples are happy. They are not happy because they are married; they are happy in spite of that fact. Some people are happy when their house is burning up.

The ladies of the first families in the East are objecting to the vulgar red color of our two-cent stamps, and it is on account of Mrs. Thompson that the Government regulate the amount of postage and the color of the stamp in accordance with the value of the contents of the letters. The ladies could then send three letters for a cent and pick their own color, as any color would be good enough.

The candidate whose election card was tacked on the post of the entrance at Lone Fir Cemetery probably tore it down because he did not want to be classed with the dead ones.

Did anyone ever notice the aristocratic Mrs. Thompson? Mrs. Thompson is not an individual; she is a type. Mrs. Thompson is the supercilious creature who calls on people who live in large and costly mansions.

When we invite Mrs. Thompson to dinner we set before her costly viands, instead of feeding her face with the kind of grub that we are used to when we are alone.

When we go to the theater we buy expensive seats, so that Mrs. Thompson will see us there.

Taking it all in all, the aristocratic Mrs. Thompson is an expensive luxury. But for her we could live the simple. She is a nuisance.

To Seattle with Mrs. Thompson! I hate to see a big fire, but when there is one I like to be around to see it.

Architectural Terms. Architect—A cold, heartless individual who acorns your most cherished ideas. Contractor—The one who gets the most of your money.

Architect's Commission—The rest of it. Lien—A sworn statement that the contractor is a liar. Bondman—One who knows that he is a liar.

Frize—A decoration on your wife's face when you insinuate that the stairs and a fireplace cannot occupy the same space. Den—A place for sofa pillows and women. Parlor—Where we sit when we have on our good clothes, and the room is more expensive. Drawing-Room—Where we can't smoke. Inexpensive—The architect's estimate. Outrageous—The lowest bid. Hardwood Floors—An antidote for tears when you would not have leaded-glass windows in the basement.

Wood Hole—A thing that is in one corner of the basement, and the woodpile in the opposite corner. M. B. WELLS.

WHERE DEPUTIES ABOUND. John D. Rockefeller at Lakewood in a "Low Voice." (Apologies to Herbert Johnson.) I know not now how soon 'twill be When I shall leave these parts un-known; I cannot see how he'll get me, Unless by some one here I'm thrown. Alas, alack, 'tis better so. For all moves with him face to face. But this I know, if I must go, I'll hate to meet him face to face. I'll hate to meet him face to face. And leave, all those I love so well. I do not like this fearsome page. I wish that he would go to-blazes.

For sheriffs come and marshals go, In Time's fast pace the feet fill grow; And tho' the joy have much alloy While thinking of the new-born boy, It matters not a few days more, For this I fear, on Erie's shore I'll meet a deputy face to face. Yes, I shall see him face to face. And be with those whom I can't buy; Yes, I shall see him face to face. And I'll not win, tho' hard I try.

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