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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1906.

WILL GEARIN SUPPORT ROOSEVELT?

Among the points which Mr. Hawley made in his speech at McMinnville one deserves particular mention. Referring to the fact that a Democratic Congressman may now and then agree with the President as an exceptional circumstance, he pointed out that as a general rule a Democrat must and will stand with his party, and since the Democratic party necessarily opposes a Republican President, the same is true of every individual Democrat upon the great majority of questions. Mr. Hawley illustrated his remark by referring to Mr. Gearin's record in Congress.

Before party lines had been drawn upon the question of rate regulation, Mr. Gearin, like many other Democrats, stood with the President; but the instant a partisan issue arose he deserted Mr. Roosevelt and sided with his own partymen. We do not wish to blame Mr. Gearin for this. Any other loyal partisan would have done the same; but we do wish to point out how vain and delusive the hope is that a Republican President can receive steady and reliable support from Democrats. Mr. Gearin, like Mr. Hawley, is a gentleman of high character, but his record is that of a consistent and unwavering partisan. When Bryan was a candidate for President of the United States Mr. Gearin was personally opposed to the doctrine of free silver, but, nevertheless, such was his party loyalty that he put aside his personal convictions upon this very important question and voted for the Democratic candidate. In this matter his record was less admirable than those of some other Democrats, for many of them in that crisis of the Nation's honor, deserted their party for a time and voted either for the Republican candidate or not at all. But Mr. Gearin did nothing of the sort.

His conduct at that time enables us to predict what it will be in all future emergencies when party loyalty conflicts with his personal convictions. The convictions will go by the board and the interests of his party will prevail. Those interests are from the nature of the case, hostile to the success of Republican measures, that is, to tariff reform, rate regulation and the control of corporations. Whatever individual Democrats may privately think about these questions, it would be fatal to their party to allow the Republicans to gain the credit of enacting them into law. Therefore they will oppose in the future, as they have in the past, every bill which is introduced with the President's approval as soon as party lines are drawn upon it. When the party whip checks they will jump into the collar and begin to haul away on the Democrat juggernaut just as Mr. Gearin has done with the amendments to the rate bill. The amendments which Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican members of the Senate approve the Democrats oppose, and Mr. Gearin stands with his party. He will do the same in every other case. It is the extreme of fatuity to expect him to do anything else. The plea that the people of Oregon ought to elect Democrats in order to gain support for a Republican President is a piece of empty sophistry. The dependable support which a Republican President receives must come from Republicans.

THE CALL FOR SYMPATHY.

The measure of Portland's sympathy for the distressed, homeless and hungry people of San Francisco is not to be taken in terms of mere money, yet the great multitude of our people have had no opportunity to show the depth of their feeling except by taking from their own bounty means to relieve the suffering and alleviate the immediate wants of their desolated neighbors. Portland has contributed in cash to the California relief fund the sum of $250,000. No other North Coast city has given so much; upon none other rested the obligation that impelled Portland to make this unparalleled response. The friendly relations of Portland and San Francisco are historic. They reach back more than fifty years. Portland and San Francisco were neighbors, companions and competitors before Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Los Angeles or San Diego had their real beginnings. Throughout the years there has been no interruption in the complete and enviable harmony that marked the onward progress of the two cities. San Francisco had in its population thousands of residents who had formerly lived in Portland and Oregon, and there were and are other thousands here who came from California and San Francisco. There is an abiding sentiment and a romantic interest about the early days when San Francisco and Portland were the two leading cities of the Pacific Coast, and the only cities, that no old-time resident of either place can ever forget. Portland has, therefore, been moved to unprecedented generosity not only in its money subscriptions but in the active individual aid and support many of its citizens have otherwise given to the people of San Francisco.

Portland rose to the emergency at the time of the disaster, and through The Oregonian, was the first of all cities to establish on behalf of Oregon a relief bureau in the devastated territory. The relief committee here began its labors with great promptness and has been the means, by its outright contributions and by the wide range of its personal service, of doing a great amount of good. Everybody in Portland and Oregon has done his share or has been willing to do it. There will yet be greater call upon Portland and Oregon to do for San Francisco, and The Oregonian is sure that neither city nor state will at any time be found wanting.

INFLUENCE.

The Hood River News Letter has this fable:

> It is common knowledge that one man, nominated in due form, was sent for and told: "These pages are open to you. What shall we say?" "I thank you, but you will do me the greatest kindness by saying nothing." To have The Oregonian for you is sure defeat.

The Oregonian gives this interesting incident, which, of course, never occurred, the wide publicity of its columns that many candidates for office who have sought in vain for its support may learn that it is really not worth while to bother about what The Oregonian says or does. Yet they all do bother. The Oregonian has learned occasionally of some person like this mythical candidate, whom the Hood River paper has discovered or materialized, that scorned its favor and courted its opposition; but it never actually itself came in contact with such a one.

It is The Oregonian's observation and experience that candidates for office, and all other persons much in the public view, are profoundly concerned about The Oregonian's attitude toward them. Why should it be so, if The Oregonian has no influence? Is there one of them who, if he needed newspaper support, would not go far to get it from The Oregonian—Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Prohibitionist, the whole caboodle? Of course there is none. Why? Because The Oregonian is the one independent and uninfluenced voice in Oregon, and everybody knows it. Because it seeks always and proclaims the truth, and everybody listens to it. Because it hews to the line, troubling itself not at all about the chips, and the public understands, appreciates and approves. Because it never bends its knee to the arrogant and domineering plutocracy on the one hand or yields to the clamor of the mob on the other, so that the plutocrats hate it and the mob denounces it; but they all read it.

It has happened at times that persons whom The Oregonian has supported have been defeated for office, and others it has opposed have been elected. But what of it? It was no great matter, for in the long run no principle advocated by The Oregonian has been rejected; and principle is everything, men nothing. Yet the only way to vivify and enforce any principle in government is to elect men to office who believe in it and are committed to it. Because it believes that the principles and policies of the Republican party are in the main sound and the principles and policies of the Democratic party in the main unsound, The Oregonian supports the one and opposes the other by supporting the candidates of the one and opposing the candidates of the other. No Republican, we think, will find fault with this course, and no Democrat will fail to regret it, or has failed, for all criticism of The Oregonian's present course is from Democratic sources. So The Oregonian is content.

A NEW SUBURBAN SAN FRANCISCO.

It is generally conceded that San Francisco will regain the commerce temporarily lost by reason of the great disaster. Revival of business in every aspect is only a matter of time, dependent more on personal energy and the get-together spirit than on general conditions of the Pacific Coast. But it may be pertinently asked whether San Francisco will be restored as a place of residence. Will the populace choose to build homes on the northern point of the peninsula?

It may be reasonably assumed that the large residential district which escaped fire will undergo no marked change. Damage by the earthquake, which was confined principally to broken chimneys and dislodged plastering, will be quickly repaired and the dwellings are not likely to be long without tenants. New alignment for business location may convert one or more streets of the Western Addition into shopping thoroughfares and it is possible that a new center for retail trade may develop; yet there is small chance for radical shifting of old lines. But what about new homes?

No one questions that they will be needed. The average American wants to live within easy reach of his shop, store or office. During the past fifteen years the trolley has so nearly annihilated distance that we figure in choosing a residence site not the number of blocks or miles, but the time consumed in covering the ground. For the rich and well-to-do the automobile equals the electric car as a means of quick transportation and this vehicle may be in a few years within reach of the man of moderate salary.

For the most part the Santa Clara Valley, south of San Francisco, is level. From San Mateo, through Menlo, Palo Alto and San Jose to Gilroy it is one of the most charming districts of the state. With the best present-day electric car service, San Jose, fifty miles away, is nearer to the City Hall, in point of time, than the outskirts of Oakland or Berkeley, and could be reached with a minimum of inconvenience. Cost of travel to holders of commutation tickets is reasonable throughout the country.

Under these conditions it is almost certain that a new suburban San Francisco will be created, the choicest spots for those with means and the less desirable for wage-earners. "South of Market," where the earthquake shock was heaviest, will not be so thickly peopled in the future as it was in the past. Sites for homes for millions are presented in farming lands of the valley at acreage prices now, though destined to rise in value as population pours in.

Dwellings can be made earthquake-proof at very little more cost than ordinary structures. Concrete, reinforced by steel rods, is less expensive than brick or stone and such construction will stand the severest shock. The one-story frame cottage of sound Oregon fir, well put together, is never in danger; the dwelling for the middle class, costing between $2000 and $5000, would in that mild, dry climate take one of the innumerable and varied forms given to the unclassified type nicknamed the bungalow and could not be demolished by such an earthquake as occurred April 18. California's redwood is well adapted to inner walls and ceilings. It lends itself to artistic and inexpensive decoration.

Better environment improves mankind. Children removed from crowded tenements into the pure air and wholesome life represented by the family home, however humble it be, will be healthier and happier for the change and more useful to the commonwealth. Here is the rare opportunity for building the model residence city of the world, not on the mechanical plan devised by George M. Pullman, but by an independent, enterprising people for themselves. Old San Francisco for trade, shipping and factories; new suburban San Francisco for homes.

A MULTIPLICITY OF DIVORCES.

On the docket of the five divisions of the Kansas City Circuit Courts at the April term, this year, there were 360 divorce cases. This record that would have been startling ten years ago creates little notice, either in Kansas City or any other Western city of similar population. It is simply accepted as a feature of American life as developed under the high pressure system of prevailing business, financial and social conditions—a part merely of the great whole. While divorce is not entirely an evil; while, on the contrary, it is in some, and, indeed, many cases a benefit to society as well as a relief to the individual, its rapid increase throughout the country tells of the multiplication of hasty, ill-considered marriages that are a reproach to a prudent, considerate people. Divorced persons who do not at once remarry are entitled to respect and in many cases to sympathy; but those who account selfcontrol, a virtue look with aversion upon men and women who, after airing their domestic grievances before the public, make indecent haste to marry again. Whether justly or not such persons are suspected of regarding the marriage obligation as something to be assumed and disregarded at will.

Between ecclesiasticism that forbids divorce except for the so-called "scriptural reason" and prohibits the subsequent marriage of a man or woman who has been divorced, and the wide open gate of privilege through which many persons enter as soon as divorce is secured to join a waiting confederate in another matrimonial venture, lies a narrow margin upon which reputable and conscientious people tarry, glad to be released from galling, unholy bonds and grateful for the opportunity afforded to make amends to society for their matrimonial mistake by leading quiet, circumspect and industrious lives. Such persons may marry after a proper time; they should marry, indeed, when suitable opportunity offers, since every woman is the better for being in a home of her own, and every man is the better for having a home of his own. But a woman or a man who secures a divorce from one husband or wife in order that he or she may marry another, perhaps already selected, is guilty of a sin against the fundamental institution of society that calls for public contempt and private reprobation.

NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS CONGRESS.

The annual meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will be held in Washington, D. C., from May 16 to 18 inclusive. The president of this association is Dr. Hermann M. Bigge, of New York. Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, St. Paul, New Haven, New York, Washington, Ann Arbor, St. Louis and Columbus contribute the best of their medical talent to the formation of the board of directors. There are also upon the advisory board physicians from the great Open-Air Sanitarium at Fort Bayard, New Mexico; Asheville, North Carolina, and Saranac Lake, New York, whose testimony as to the cure of tuberculosis by the methods prevailing in these institutions will be invaluable. A glance over the programme for the days designated shows the study being given to this widely prevalent, most fearfully dreaded scourge, in the hope of preventing its spread, and of dealing successfully with it in its early stages. Against the palpable fact that there is no cure for consumption after the third stage has been reached, no argument is attempted. The keynote to the hope of effecting a cure is sounded in the words, "Beware of the beginnings." Having sounded this note, which is one of alarm, as well as of hope, both physician and the patient must inaugurate a campaign, offensive and defensive, against the intruder—the weapons of which are pure air, such exercise as can be taken without exhaustion, quiet, rest and all the nourishing food that the system, thus invigorated, can assimilate. Other weapons of resistance are a mind free from anxiety and full of a determination.

Experience in hundreds of cases has proved that consumption thus given battle can be vanquished and its threatened victim preserved to family, society and the industrial world. In the second stage of the disease the outcome of the battle is less hopeful. In the third stage it is merely cruelty to the victim to force the fight, since it is without hope of a successful issue. The very appearance of the consumptive patient at this stage of the exhausting battle enlists sympathy and kindness, and these decree that going from place to place in the hope of relief is futile, while lack of rest and the comforts of home is an infliction that increases immeasurably the suffering of the weary patient.

Study of this malady has in recent years occupied the time of the most eminent pathologists and bacteriologists of the age, both in our own and foreign countries. It has covered all phases of the disease among all peoples and conditions. It has been shown that the medicines so widely advertised as cough remedies are not only without curative qualities when the germs of tuberculosis are present, but that, by disturbing the digestive functions, they weaken the subject at his strongest point of resistance. It has been shown, further, that change of climate is beneficial only when it is made early and becomes permanent, and is attended by conditions and surroundings that conduce to the general health and induce cheerfulness. And more than all, it has shown that the hope of conquering this disease lies in preventive rather than remedial measures.

To this end measures that will prove effective in educating the public upon vital matters pertaining to this subject are carefully devised and earnestly urged. Apathy on the part of those who most need to be alert is the most formidable opponent that physicians meet. Antipathy to fresh air, as witnessed in closing the windows of sleeping rooms, is another enemy to enlightened effort in this direction. The carelessness of families in which there is a tuberculosis inmate is another obstacle to prevention of the spread of consumption; stolid ignorance that does not desire to be enlightened and blind superstition that thinks disease is sent or withheld by divine enactment, are other obstacles in the path of progress.

Many of these obstacles have been measurably overcome. In completely overcoming them lies complete victory over a malady that, armed with dread and threatening death, is scourging a pale host literally around the world.

SOME SHIP-SUBSIDY CONUNDRUMS.

The Merchant Marine League of the United States, which, as has previously been stated, is composed of a number of fresh-water patriots in Cleveland, Buffalo, Cincinnati and other interior ports, is becoming anxious over the fate of the ship-subsidy bill. In its last weekly batch of ready-made editorials which "have never before been published and are offered for your use," there is a genuine note of alarm over the possible fate of the pet measure. A long list of queries regarding the ominous silence on the great measure is propounded, and from among them we cull the following:

> What are the influences that are being exerted upon the House merchant marine and fisheries committee to induce it to delay action on the Roosevelt-Congressional merchant marine commission's shipping bill? That has become the all-absorbing subject of wonderment among all of the friends of American shipping—among all of the friends of the bill. Are there sinister influences at work? It has been said, but it is unbelievable, that there are Republican members of the committee this year who voted to favorably report the bill last year who are now opposed to it. It may be true, but if it is, they will doubtless give what they regard as sufficient reasons for their change of faith.
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> It will be noted in the foregoing that the M. M. L. of the U. S. has weakened on the theory that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and in order to give the graft a semblance of standing in the public mind, this pernicious scheme for abstracting money from the Treasury now appears with the magic name "Roosevelt" attached. It would be interesting to have our fresh-water subsidy boosters answer a few questions on their own account. Why, for example, should the bill be tagged with the name of a man who "damned it with faint praise" while Rockefeller, Morgan, Griscom and other real sponsors for the bill are not even mentioned in connection with it? Why is the M. M. L. of the U. S. making headquarters way up on the Lakes, hundreds of miles from the seacoast, which is the natural place for merchant marine sentiment to develop? Why are these ready-made editorials boosting for the greatest graft of the day, all sent out under the patronage of a Detroit stove manufacturer, a Chicago lawyer, a Cleveland banker and a Cleveland newspaper man? Why do these "dummies" appear in the foreground while the real interests behind the bill skulk in the shadows?
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> But these are questions and the M. M. L. of the U. S. asked for answers. There is a burning desire to know what influences are delaying action on the bill. The paramount influence, and it is far removed from "sinister," is public sentiment. Not a corrupt, artificial, money-made sentiment, such as is promulgated in the literature of the M. M. L. of the U. S., but a healthy, honest sentiment that does not look with favor on the project of robbing the United States Treasury for the purpose of increasing the fortunes of the millionaire shipowners. Certainly "there are Republican members of the committee this year who voted to favorably report the bill last year who are now opposed to it."

It was ridiculous to presume that such a palpable fraud as the subsidy steal would remain undetected forever, and next year there will be still other Republicans who now favor it that will oppose it, because they will have learned its true nature. The ready-made editorial distributing agency at Cleveland should refrain from conundrums regarding the ship subsidy, unless it can propound something more difficult to answer.

CLEANING-UP DAY.

Yesterday was municipal house-cleaning day in most of the small cities and towns of the Northwest. By the date set by the Initiative One Hundred, May 18, Portland will be a week behind. Yet that need not affect the general result. If the Rose City needs cleaning to the extent that Mr. McKenna's committee says it does—and a person cannot gauge the need by looking into his own yard—the work will be done. For the committee has gone about it right to enlist the helpers. Schoolboys are enthusiastic workers for civic beauty if they are properly directed, and the suggestion of the committee that each school elect a captain of this industry is a good one. Then, mayhap the parents will catch a little of the spirit and give the boys a boost.

But what of the vacant lots and blocks, whose owners care for naught but the unearned increment that is not visible on them? Boys and enthusiastic grown folk can hardly be expected to clean them. The men who own them do not even try to curb the growth of the thistle, which will later be an eyesore as well as violator of the law.

Not to put a block in the way of the wheel, however, The Oregonian hopes the committee will have all the aid of all the people that day. Nature has begun to help by sending down the gentle showers that clean the atmosphere. Mr. McKenna and his associates are the right kind of men to assist her.

It is true that Dr. James Withycombe came to Oregon from England, and the Democrats are entitled to all the advantage they can get out of advertising that fact. Most Oregonians are glad that he came, and if England has any more men of this type we shall be pleased to have them come and make Oregon their home. When they have been here 35 years, as Dr. Withycombe has, we shall not object to their running for Governor, especially if they can get a nomination in the direct primary. This country was not built up by antagonism of every man who was foreign born. Some of the best, most industrious, most enterprising, most patriotic citizens of Oregon were born in the British Isles, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and other countries of Continental Europe. Many others, though born in Oregon, have parents of foreign birth. Many who have made Oregon their adopted home have the kind of stuff in them of which good governors, legislators and administrative officers are made. They were earnestly invited to come to this state and help develop its resources and share in the prosperity which they helped to create. The spirit of the people of Oregon has been misjudged by those who think that an aspirant for office can be defeated upon the ground that he was born in England.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, 80 years old and critically ill of that arch enemy of the aged, la grippe, in New York a few days ago, has rallied and is now in a fair way to recovery. Many will receive this news with gratitude, though it may be doubted whether the venerable woman herself is one of the number. Mrs. Davis has been true through all of her long life to an ideal—the ideal South. This fact should not occasion surprise, since to this ideal she was born and bred and to it she was wedded. A fast fading picture, it will perish with her and the few of her day and section, who will yet for a little time, survive. There is a halo about it that commands the admiration, even of those who in these latter years see in it but a passing glimpse of unreality. The old South has passed away; its traditions remain, but its energies are being rapidly merged into the practical things of life—things that are, not things that were; things of progress, not things of stagnation. With the passing of Mrs. Davis beyond human sight a dark slide will be drawn over a picture that her imagination has kept bright during all the waning years.

Congress is asked to pity the deplorable condition of Millionaire Beeman of chewing gum fame for his "total inability to perform manual labor," and to show this pity by increasing the disabled one's pension as a veteran of the Civil War from $8 to $12 a month. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," whose trembling limbs can scarcely bear his body to the private car that waits to take him to Florida in Winter and return with him to the White Mountains in Summer! He should by all means have the extra $4 to help him along on his pinched and painful way. Think what a sum it is under such pressing circumstances! Forty-eight dollars a year added to the ninety-six dollars that he already draws in pension checks will be quite a help to the aged man. He should have it by all means, if for no other reason than that it would serve to show the absurdity to which the pension laws of the country have been pushed by vote-seeking Congressmen.

There is a carping spirit in Congressman Hepburn's criticism of the Navy that the country will not approve. Great Britain knows something about operating warships and has had several centuries of experience; yet accidents happen to her vessels just as they do to ours, and quite as often. Maybe somebody's to blame for the Rhode Island getting out of the channel, but Mr. Hepburn perhaps doesn't know that steering 15,000 tons of steel is attended by greater uncertainty than driving a wagonload of corn over an Iowa road in daylight.

Mr. Bourne struck the keynote of the campaign in his Corvallis letter. The question to be decided by the people of Oregon in June is whether the National administration shall be indorsed or repudiated. A Republican defeat will be hailed everywhere by the Democracy and the other opponents of President Roosevelt as a distinct expression of disapproval of him and all his acts. This is in a peculiar sense an "opening gun" campaign—the forerunner of the Congressional and state elections this fall and of the Presidential election in 1908.

Thirty-five years really ought to be long enough to place a young English-born immigrant on probation before he is admitted into the sacred circle of American citizenship. The people who are finding fault with James Withycombe for being born out of this country would have made a lot of trouble for that fresh young Englishman, Alexander Hamilton, who came to this country at seventeen—as Withycombe did—and actually held a military commission under George Washington before he was of age.

If Senator Carmack had been present, he would have voted for a sea-level canal. The only reason Senator Carmack was not present was that he was down in Tennessee trying to still a loud and persistent demand that he remain at home indefinitely. Even in Tennessee the fact that the President wants something is not considered sufficient reason for opposing it, which is the Carmack idea of how to be a statesman.

Sixty per cent of the space of the San Francisco dailies is used by advertisers. Bay City merchants show faith as well as hustle. Which reminds one of the colored brother who didn't ask the Lord for chicken; if He would only point the way, he'd get the bird all right.

Notice by a labor union that it will fine a member for attending religious worship with a denomination which supports an unfair printing house, presents an interesting and unique phase of discipline.

Unless the Sultan changes attitude with unwonted celerity, the Associated Press will have need for a corps of first-class descriptive correspondents at Constantinople.

If Rockefeller had endowed the Institute for Medical Research twenty years ago, he might now be successfully treated for extreme baldness.

We might come a little nearer agreeing with Senator Bailey if he had accused Roosevelt of being uncommon clay.

Tomorrow is Olympia's clean-up day, which is about ten months ahead of time, as the third house figures.

The British fleet heading for Constantinople lacks one equipment. Richard Harding Davis is absent.

No doubt Senator Bailey took that delicate way of insinuating that Roosevelt is a brick.

The Czar also has on tap a few trenchant opinions about the muckrakers.

HAWLEY AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER

The political campaign of 1906 has brought to general attention the oratorical powers of a man whose talents in other particulars have been widely known for years, but whose effectiveness as a public speaker has been known by few. Spoken of in tones of derision as a mere schoolteacher at the beginning of this campaign, W. C. Hawley, the Republican nominee for Congress in the First District, has demonstrated his ability not only as an accomplished orator, but as a ready "mixer," a warm-hearted, companionable man, and, in short, an exceedingly good politician. His speeches since the general campaign began have confirmed the belief his admirers formed during the primary contest—that he possesses the intellectual attainments, the grace of style, the forcefulness of delivery, the width of resource and the understanding of human nature which entitle him to be ranked among Oregon's leaders in public speaking.

Those who may have regarded his aspirations with contempt have no occasion to do so now. He has proven himself a good vote-getter by personal work on the street or in stores and offices, wherever he may mingle with men, and a winner of votes by the persuasive force of his presentation of fact and argument from the platform in campaign rallies. His most successful address was that which he delivered at McMinnville Friday night, when, though last on the programme and limited for time, he held his audience until half-past 10 o'clock at night in such rapt attention that the drop of a pin could have been heard between his sentences. Men of experience who have heard many political speakers in Oregon pronounce him one of the best the state has produced, and predict for him a career of usefulness and honor to the state and credit to himself, if he should be elected to the seat in Congress for which he has been nominated.

Those who have known Professor Hawley for many years are not surprised at his achievements, though they admit that he has surpassed their expectations. His lifework has been such as to develop the powers he has attained. Born and reared upon a farm, where by hard work he built up a splendid physique, educated in academy and college while maintaining himself by his own exertions, pursuing industriously extensive investigations of economic problems while serving as a professor in Willamette University, mingling with men of affairs in the management of the business interests of an order to which he belongs, and in the management of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association, he has developed a well-rounded, substantial, energetic manhood fitted for almost any work to which he may be called. Known everywhere as a clean, high-minded man, honest in convictions and sincere in purposes, he has won the confidence and esteem of political friends and political foes.

A strong physique has been an advantage to him as a public speaker. Tall of figure, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with well-poised head an intellectual cast of countenance, his personal appearance upon the platform proclaims him a leader among men. A full, clear, resonant voice, which will reach the farthest corner of the largest public hall in Oregon, with scarcely an effort, adds to that sense of solidity and profundity which an audience feels when he rises to speak. In language simple and clear, without affectation or bombast, he presents his arguments, tells his stories and makes his appeals to the higher feelings of his auditors. His gestures are few, but appropriate, adding force to the initial earnestness of his expression. There is no attempt to "play to the galleries," no resort to the subtleties of rhetoric—only a direct, sincere effort to instruct, to persuade and to entertain. Though qualified to address an audience of people of high education, his style is accommodated to the average audience at a political meeting.

Special attention to constitutional and international law, political economy and American history has given him a wealth of varied resource in debate which few men possess. Habits of concentrated and orderly thought, careful analysis and rigid logic, together with quick comprehension, readiness at apt illustration and mastery of facts, make him not merely an elocutionist or a declaimer, but an orator in the broadest sense of the term. His ability to carry his audience with flights of eloquence is very pronounced. In the use of pathos and humor, he is a master. His perfect imitation of the characters in a story make his anecdotes irresistible, and his hearers are invariably convulsed with laughter when he concludes a story, of which he always has a good supply.

These qualities he has possessed and developed within a field of work which brought him very little before the general public. He has made political speeches in a number of campaigns, but has not heretofore been recognized as a man of unusual ability in that line. This contest has brought into prominence the powers which a few acquaintances believed were his, and has placed him among the best of Oregon public speakers.

This characterization, written without his knowledge or suggestion, by one who heard his address at McMinnville, pictures a man who has always been a hard worker, in the hayfield, in the schoolroom, in his library, or in his business affairs—a man whose worldly possessions, associations and interests give him a natural sympathy and affiliation for the common people. H. W. P.

Cat Plays a Church Organ.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Meo-o-o-ow" came in a prolonged wail from the pipe organ at St. Luke's Evangelical Church at York, Pa., as the water power was turned on and the organist started to play a prelude from Mendelssohn. The organist reddened and the members of the choir shifted about uneasily, but the former showed his pluck by pretending that he had not heard anything. He started in again, but as his fingers pressed the keys of the instrument another weird howl came from the depths of the organ. He stopped abruptly and turned appealingly toward the pastor. His confidence returned in a measure when he discovered that Rev. Albert Bell had heard it, too.

"We will dispense with the organ selection until after the collection has been taken," announced the minister, while a suppressed titter swept over the congregation. But when the organ emitted a bloodcurdling snarl on the third attempt to operate it the organist surrendered unconditionally and music was abandoned for the entire service.

At the close of the sermon the janitor screwed up his courage and crawled into the interior of the instrument. He found a big white cat pinned under the keyboard.

Wouldn't They Make a Great Team?

New York Commercial.

John L. Sullivan is alleged to have offered Dowie $1000 a week to appear with him in a vaudeville turn. It is suggested that they would do well as the Havebeen Brothers.

THE PESSIMIST.

After Creffield was thoroughly dead, it was discovered that a number of people wanted to kill him. It has been observed, however, with the exception of Mitchell, that they all managed to restrain themselves.

* * *

I once had a dog. He was a brave foxhound named Ponto. Ponto had a voice that was terrifying in the extreme. He made a specialty of frightening small girls who attempted to steal apples in our frontyard. In an inconsiderate moment, Ponto attacked a woodchuck. The woodchuck was an indiscriminate beast. He failed to note the awe-inspiring element in Ponto's voice. He licked Ponto in 3 1-5 seconds. Ponto was about to start for home, when he noticed that I had permanently incapacitated the woodchuck with a club. His ferocity was really terrible, the way he shook that dead woodchuck. Human nature is the same, no matter whether in a dog or a man.

* * *

A long time ago I read a story; it was a pathetic tale of how a noble young man carried out the wishes of a dying father. It had a moral, this story. All good stories have morals; I have forgotten nearly all of the story, except the moral, but I will do the best I can.

The young man was a stranger, newly arrived in a strange town. The young man did not drink, nor gamble, and the time hung heavily on his hands. He stopped before a brilliantly lighted place of entertainment. It looked good to him, so he went in. It cost him a lot, but he got a good seat. He did not enjoy the show. Before him, on the stage, were some foreign-looking people gabbling in an unknown tongue. The programme told him that the language was French. When the noise ceased at the end of the first act, he addressed an earnest individual who sat beside him:

"Stranger in town?"

"No, I live here."

"Do you understand French?"

"No; why?"

"Been in town right along?"

"Yes."

"Did you know what this was before you came?"

"Yes, I've seen the divine Sarah several times before."

"And you say that you do not understand French?"

"No; it is not necessary. Her living gestures, her overflowing magnetism, the modulations of her voice, her very gesticulations, make language an ignoble thing to convey a thought; her——"

"Stranger," interrupted the young man, "my father on his dying bed stayed his progress toward that bourne from which no traveler returns, he cast off by determined effort the approaching drowsiness that preceded the long sleep that claimed him forever; mustering the last remnants of his waning strength, he raised himself from his pillow. 'Son,' said he, 'somewhere in this world, helpless and uncared for, adrift, a derelict on the troubled sea of life, you will find a bigger fool than you are. Be good to him, son; he will need your help.'

"Stranger," solemnly continued the young man, "you win. You are it. I—I do not drink, but I would. Let us go out and drown our troubles in the flowing bowl."

* * *

One of the ways eminent scientists have of attracting attention to themselves is to predict the end of the world. It is only the most indifferent who disregard the voice of science when it speaks of the finish. Edison, who is something of a scientist, but mostly an inventor, has an easier way. When he feels a hankering for fame, he invents a new storage battery, one that will revolutionize the transportation systems of the world. "Revolutionize" is an excellent word. It indicates that, sooner or later, some one will write for a catalogue, and ask if the new contrivance can be bought on the installment plan—but we are forgetting the eminent scientist who tells us how the final thing will happen.

One noted astronomer, after reviewing the prophecies in the Bible and casting them aside as puerile, outlines several plans, one of which the Deity will probably follow when he gets tired of his works.

Luckily for us, the plan that is easiest of execution is the one that will take longest to do. The sun will get dimmer and dimmer, and our planet will get colder and colder; our coal bills will get higher and higher, until we shall all be dead from cold. That is surely a dreadful prospect, but it will be 15,000,000 years before we are all in.

A more speedy process, but one that requires some skill and care, is to hit us with a comet. The impact will not jar us much, as comets are known to be soft. It is the hydrogen gas, which makes up most of the bulk of the comet, that will do the damage. Ignited by a lighted cigarette which some smoker will carelessly throw away, it will unite with the oxygen of the air, go off with a big pop, and there will be nothing left of us but a memory of what we were.

Grand and terrible are the operations of Nature when in a destructive mood! Great and ineffable is the knowledge of the scientist who lets us know about such things.

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Answers to Correspondents.

LUCILLE—No, "Lese-majeste" is not the title of a French King. It is the symbol of divinity. It means that Emperor Willie is the perfect one; and if any one should happen to forget it, he is obliged to hie himself to some donjon-keep and stay there until he knows who Willie is.

VERITAS—"Is it necessary to have an inquest whenever a person dies?" Only when the deceased has been treated by a Christian Scientist. When a patient succumbs under the treatment of the regular physician, the cause of his death is so obvious that an inquest has been deemed unnecessary.

JESSIE—When Harold comes to see you again, do not be afraid that he will go away should you happen to stop talking. He will stay longer, because it will please him so, to see your sweet face in repose.

ETTA KETT—Every true gentleman takes off his hat in a hotel elevator when ladies are present, no matter how crowded the elevator is. Should there be no room for his hat when he takes it off, he must get out and walk.

RUTH—I think you will like George better when you get used to him. Young men have spent two years in England before, and have recovered. However, 'half' is not pronounced "haf"; neither is "laugh" "laf." You should not blame George for pronouncing his words correctly since he came back.

M. B. WELLS.

Twain's Green Bay Tree Life.

Exchange.

If Hon. Mark Twain expects to write an autobiography this Summer that will do for the rest of his life, his friends will hope that disappointment will crown his effort, and that ten years hence he will have a busy Summer in preparing a supplementary volume.