

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1906.

WHY A REPUBLICAN VICTORY?

The Portland Oregonian, in anticipation of the state and Congressional elections to be held next month, has published a special issue. It is an important document to the people of Oregon, and it is one that no citizen should fail to read. It is a document that is full of wisdom and insight, and it is one that should be read by every citizen of Oregon. It is a document that is full of wisdom and insight, and it is one that should be read by every citizen of Oregon.

No one in Oregon now dares to say that the President did not do a good thing for Oregon and for the Nation when he laid the scourge so heavily on Oregon. No one here now dares to say openly that he is not with the President. No one here now dares to say openly that he is not with the President. No one here now dares to say openly that he is not with the President.

The Boston Transcript, which is an important and influential newspaper in a community noted for many virtues, appears to be surprised that there is no movement in Oregon because of the charges against the President. Why should there be? Does the Republican party purpose to take revenge upon the President of the United States because of his fearless course he has sent to jail, or started on the road to jail, a few of its so-called leaders?

What, then, are the people going to do in the June election? Are they going to advertise to the world at large that they are not with the President, when he seeks out against great odds and under many difficulties those public officials who have debauched the public service and stolen the public patrimony? The Transcript makes it clear that in the opinion of the East, a Democratic victory in June would be a declaration that Oregon is opposed to the President for the particular reason that the President has given unpleasant attention to citizens of this state. It is not true that Oregon is against the President. It is true that nearly every person in Oregon is with the President, or says he is. It is true, too, that the Democratic pretense that Democrats are for Roosevelt is very well understood here. Few persons will be misled by it, or inveigled into contributing in June to a Democratic victory that would every day, even here, be held as a distinct rebuke to the National Republican Administration.

A Republican who does the same? Democrats want the votes of Republicans, but have they any respect for the Republican whose vote they get? The Republican who supports Chamberlain gets the glad Democratic hand up to election day, but after that he receives the grin of contempt which the Democrat feels down in his heart. Leaders of the Democracy are now urging loyalty to their ticket, but is that plea for loyalty more appropriate for Democrats than for Republicans?

MEMORIAL DAY AND ITS LESSONS.

"We take no note of time, save from its loss," said or sung the gloomy author of "Night Thoughts." This sentiment is recalled by the coming, but two days hence, of the day dedicated, while yet the memory of the Civil War was young and its wounds were unhealed, to the memory of its unreturning brave. But yesterday, as it seems, our people went flower-laden to the cemeteries, and the living left the graves of their loved ones sweet with all the flowers of May; and the time for this tender offering to memory, this tribute to patriotism, is again at hand, with its warning, to those to whom it appeals in that way, of the rapid flight of the years.

The services, or exercises, of Memorial day in this city the present year will not differ greatly from those of past years. There will be one notable exception—that of unveiling the monument in the Plaza that has been raised in honor of the dead of the Second Oregon. Completion of this monument marks the fulfillment of the purpose of citizenship of the state, while the enthusiasm that was created by the war with Spain was unabated, to set in granite the names of the boys who stepped forward to the front, and whose names were called. Built by public subscription, this monument belongs to the public. Standing in a place near the center of the city's business, and in a pleasing park with a high and wide view for thousands as the years go on and on—a fitting tribute to the memory of her young sons who perished through the accidents of war.

There will be beyond this little out of the ordinary in the exercises of Memorial day in this city. In the nature of the occasion, the program will change in the regular programme. Lessons of patriotism, as is usually, will be given on the preceding day to the pupils of the public schools, with the Civil War, its trials and its triumphs, as the subject, by gray-haired veterans who still survive in our midst. Schoolboys will be exhorted to cultivate the patriotic spirit, and be ready to respond to military duty when their country calls, and woman's part in war will be detailed to schoolgirls who, it may be hoped, will never be required to practice the precepts given. And throughout the day, the spirit of the festival spirit that is the sure accompaniment of crowds, and music, flowers and bright attire, song and story.

Let our people come to the observance of Memorial day, not with unabated sadness, but with loyal, grateful thanksgiving. The nation and world face a task with a necessity forty-five years ago. It met the requirements of this situation, loyally, sufficiently, through four years of blood and tears. That it was able to do this, even at this bitter cost, is cause for rejoicing. Through all of the eulogies of Memorial day runs the spirit of the festival. It rings in the tone of the old soldier as he recounts to the ears of listening boyhood the valor of the charge at Gettysburg, the saving of the Army at Chancellorsville, the stubbornness of the siege of Vicksburg, the triumph of the Union, and the glories of the war, let it be with the living principle of gratitude that, since it is appointed to all men once to die, it was given to these to die for their country and be embalmed in her history as patriots who knew their duty and dared to die in its performance.

HAHNEMANN'S TEACHINGS.

The Oregonian has published a letter from Dr. P. L. McKenzie touching upon certain controverted phases of Hahnemann's theories of disease. Though the subject is a little abstract, it may be worth while to consider it again with especial reference to what Dr. McKenzie has to say. He objects to the Oregonian's statement that Hahnemann assumed the disease and its symptoms to be identical, that we cannot know the causes of disease, and that if we could know them the knowledge would be of no advantage to us. To refute our view of the matter Dr. McKenzie quotes a passage from his "Organon of Medicine." We are quite willing to rest the case upon this quotation, which, we contend, means precisely what the Oregonian has said. Here it is as given in Dr. McKenzie's letter: "The symptoms 'are the outward reflections of the disease; that is, of the affection of the vital force; and the totality of these symptoms must be the means whereby the disease can make itself known that remedy it requires. And thus the totality of the symptoms must be the only thing that the physician is to take note of in every case of disease.'"

Here Hahnemann, as quoted, plainly states that the disease itself is an affection of the "vital force" and that the symptoms are its picture. Now all scientists are agreed that there is no such thing as a vital force. It is the chimera of the imagination, something that never did and never can exist. To say, therefore, that a disease or anything else is an affection of the vital force is to talk nonsense. There can be no affections of nothingness. Hence, according to Hahnemann, the symptoms of a disease are the outward picture of an inward nothing. This amounts to the assertion that the symptoms are all there is of the disease, just as the Oregonian stated. Dr. McKenzie does not attempt to controvert our statement that Hahnemann taught the search for the causes of disease to be vain. His idea that back of the symptoms lay nothing more tangible than an imaginary metaphysical entity of course made such a search ridiculous, for would have done so if it had been true. His whole theory is of the a priori type, metaphysical and abstract. It was built up by the fruitless Aristotelian method of laying down a hypothesis and then torturing the facts to fit it; whereas all progress in medicine as in other sciences has been made by the method of induction.

some careful workmanship, here and there a flicker of imagination, but of genius not one solitary spark. Where are the great poets of the next generation to come from?

What doctors call the "sequela" of a disease are often more dangerous than the disease itself. Scarlet fever counts among its sequelae a disarranged discharge from the ears, for example, which only disappears after many years in some cases. Once in a while it remains with the unhappy patient through life. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures such ailments as well as diseases. They drag in their train a long array of exasperating consequences harder, perhaps, to bear than the original catastrophe. If earthquake, plague and famine could do their deadly work and make an end of it, life would not be so burdensome to those who have been spared. "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well. But 'tis not done when 'tis done. There is always a disastrous series of sequelae to follow. Who shall say whether the San Francisco earthquake or the poetry it has inspired have wrought more woe in the world? It is a case where the sequelae are certainly as bad as the disease, and probably a great deal worse.

At the first news of the earthquake the Pegasus of the Pacific Coast, a fearsome beast even in his moments of quiescence, arched his mighty neck, and with a roar that was heard in the distance, he dashed his hooves and prance in his state. He longed for some daring rider to come and lead him out of the stable that he might scour. He was eager to pierce the empyrean, to scale the mountains of immortal song. His dark eye flashed, his proud brow beamed with desire, and his nostrils untrammelled by in prose or rhyme. His desire was gratified in part. Riders were plentiful. They brought the fiercest steed out on the racetrack and took turns at soaring. If they all fell off a long way below the clouds it was not their fault, but because as poor riders as Mr. Perkins, when he absorbed the funds of the New York Life, were excellent; and really, according to the decision of the Supreme Court of New York, it is the intention and nothing else that counts. "No matter what you do if you fall, you are as poor as the fish in the sea," said the old adage. Mr. Perkins' heart was true to his pocketbook and Jerome's to Mr. Perkins. It is no crime to shoot a man, according to this latest legal illumination, if you form some pious resolve to punish a scoundrel in such places and to end their wrongdoing. At the time of the recent trial there was indeed complaint that the President and the Secretary of the Interior had malicious and improper motives in singling out for chastisement important and even distinguished persons in Oregon. But we are not to be misled by these charges. The President and the Secretary of the Interior had malicious and improper motives in singling out for chastisement important and even distinguished persons in Oregon. But we are not to be misled by these charges.

Some may doubt whether this can be done. Earthquake poetry is in itself a monster of so hideous a nature that one might suppose it could not be manufactured by a poet, and that it is a mistake to make. Earthquake poetry is in itself a monster of so hideous a nature that one might suppose it could not be manufactured by a poet, and that it is a mistake to make. Earthquake poetry is in itself a monster of so hideous a nature that one might suppose it could not be manufactured by a poet, and that it is a mistake to make.

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ery, now more than forty years dead, has been wiped out and the breach between the two healed. The vital principle in religion deals with the present, not with the past. If the injunction "Wise men improve the present, it is better," is heeded, the dead past will be allowed to bury its dead and future happiness will be sufficiently assured.

A minimum wage scale of \$2.25 per day is announced at some of the Valley sawmills, but even at that figure a sufficient number of employees is not available. In the long-departed boom days in the Pacific Northwest a minimum of \$2.50 per day might not have proved especially attractive, and to the native Oregonian it still presents no features of generosity. But to the new arrivals from the East and Middle West, where wages of \$1 to \$1.50 per day are the prevailing rates for common labor, it is quite alluring, and well it may be, for the purchasing power of a dollar is just as great as it is east of the Rocky Mountains, where wages are but little more than half those paid in Oregon. While the great activity in lumbering and logging, railroad building and other industrial enterprises, the farmer in search of harvest hands sixty days hence will experience more difficulty than in any previous season in recent years.

The citizens of Rainier who are grieving over the publicity given sundry recent violent doings there think their town is neither worse nor better than others in Oregon. We hope it is not worse, and we think it is not better. But the way to improve moral or physical conditions anywhere is to be conscientious in that far-away land, worse than it should be. There are some citizens of Rainier who think that there are few places so bad; and they have been the cause, or rather the occasion, of all the trouble. It does any community good to be shaken up and to have its eyes opened, and Rainier is not an exception. It is at least sensitive to what others say and think, and that is a good sign. When Rainier is regenerated, others may profit by its example. And we agree with Rainier that others—perhaps not all others—are not as good as they might be.

Great Britain seems to be again facing serious trouble in Africa. It has become necessary to call on the British regulars to put down the Zulu rebellion, which has got beyond control of the colonial forces. The rebellion is led by the wily Bambata, who is said to be receiving considerable assistance from the Boers. The subjugation of the Zulus is making slow progress that it is becoming quite apparent that England's only hope for peace in the Dark Continent lies in extermination of the original owners of the land. A great many British soldiers made and lost reputations in that far-away land, and there are still opportunities for others.

In New South Wales the government is planning to purchase wire netting to the amount of \$5,000,000 to be sold to farmers upon the deferred payment plan. The wire to be used in fencing rabbits, which destroy the crops. Wouldn't it be cheaper for the government to secure a few Eastern Oregon peyotes and turf them loose on the island after enacting a law protecting them from slaughter? But then, it would be only a question of a few dollars' worth of peyotes, and it would not be necessary to appropriate \$5,000,000 for every sheep's bounty.

John D. Rockefeller and his cohorts had a lot of fun running the independent oil dealers out of such places as Canton, Mission and Oberlin, O., until they got against William H. Vahey of Youngstown. They understood him and finally gave all way by the barrel and tankload, but still Vahey held on. The dispatches contain no information as to William's nationality, but it's ten to one he's Irish. Here's to Vahey as the logical candidate for President on the Democratic ticket. Vahey and Bryan is the battery.

It is noticed that a group of prominent business men on Second street have completed arrangements to convert that thoroughfare into a cabbage farm. East Couch street from Twenty-second street is also lying idle, and might be profitably used for market gardening. The contractors have it all plowed and harrowed; and it is in excellent condition for a nice crop of onions.

H. M. Street, who prefixes the title of "Reck" and goes about the country lecturing against prohibition, says he has rotten-egged at Olex and that when he met three armed desperadoes who approached to attack him out on the plains he knocked two of them down with a rock and the other fled. Good joke on the desperadoes.

Because the scales were alleged to be fifteen pounds out of balance, the Nelson-Herrera prizefight did not come off at Los Angeles. That is not all. The scales of justice down in that part of the country are about 1500 pounds out of balance, or the fight would never have been advertised.

THE PESSIMIST. "Just think! Only \$6 for gas."

It is a pity that Princess Ena and King Alfonso cannot go to Vancouver and be married without all this fuss. Speaking of Vancouver, it is quite a sight to see the mounted police of that place going down the street on a bicycle, followed by his dog.

Such as it was, the weather was made in Oregon. The Fire Department occupied a strategic position in the parade. It was placed so that the burning glances directed at the sweet-things following along behind could be cooled down before they became dangerous.

Give 'Em the Glad Hand. Don't freeze out newcomers and capital by making them feel that they are intruding upon you and have no business here, simply because you happened to be here first. That is the Indian spirit and does not belong to this age of progress and advancement.

When Interior Oregon Blossoms. Blue Mountain Eagle. It occurs to those who have "pioneered it" in the Northwest that the great interior of Oregon will come to the front with greater rapidity than any section of the West. It has greater advantages, with less development, than any undeveloped territory of any of the adjoining states.

Sex of the Tepeeany Nail Established. Myrtle Point Enterprise. Tramps are becoming plentiful in this neck of the woods. A recent specimen of the genuine tramp had evidently been a married man in his time, as his pants were held together with safety-pins. He presented a formidable appearance as he approached the back door of the residence and asked for a bedstead.

Glanders in Yakima. Republic. Glanders has appeared in Yakima and there is considerable excitement among the owners of horses. A team belonging to John Herrington was shot by order of the State Veterinary Inspector. This is the first appearance here since some time. The number of horses that have died is one of the dreaded ailments and is hard to eradicate.

The "Sneak" Game. The Indian Tribunes. From Governor down, they (Democrats) are disavowing their party. The reason is simple enough for a schoolboy or a schoolgirl. Chamberlain does not mention the word Democrat in his entire speechmaking. He is a Roosevelt Republican to beat the band in the campaign, but you know what he is the rest of the time—a dyed-in-the-wool Mississippi Democrat. Read, if you please, the Democratic posters throughout this county. Not one of them employs the word "Democrat." Not a speech is made in appeal to Democrats to stand by their party, but they all will. The Democratic candidates want the Republicans to be "independent" and the Democrats—well, they'll vote straight anyway.

Answers to Correspondents. HENRY.—"Will you please explain the difference between a Christian Scientist and a 'Mental Scientist'?" The difference is largely one of opinion. The Mental Scientist says that the Christian Scientist is foolish; and the Christian Scientist says that the other is an ass. A scientist is one who says he thinks that they are both right.

Motor "Chauffeur" is a French word. In America it is pronounced "shuffer." He is supposed to be a regularly employed mechanic and experienced driver, but more often he is the owner of the car himself. He is readily distinguished from the rest of the party, as it is he who is seen putting around the machinery, cursing fearfully in a low tone, while the others sit at ease and sing: "Oh, we won't go home 'till morning."

LIFE IN THE OREGON COUNTRY. According to the Myrtle Point Enterprise they are spraying the cows on Coos Bay to increase the flow of milk.

Growing Tobacco in Idaho. A local tobacco company at Orofino has started 10,000 tobacco plants in hotbeds, which will be transplanted on to acres this week. The project includes setting out 30 acres more.

Tenderfeet on Coos Bay. North Bend Harbor. Some bad faces recently from the East have been putting up fly screens doors to their houses. The next thing we know we will be having flies on the bay.

Give 'Em the Glad Hand. Don't freeze out newcomers and capital by making them feel that they are intruding upon you and have no business here, simply because you happened to be here first. That is the Indian spirit and does not belong to this age of progress and advancement.

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