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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1906.

THE WAY OF NATURE.

In Nature there is no such thing as a final cause. In other words, nothing is ever done with a purpose or design. Each event has its consequences, but Nature is entirely indifferent to them. They may be beneficial to men and animals, or they may be destructive; it is all the same, Nature does not care what happens. It takes no pains to further good or to hinder evil, valuing one of them no more than the other. It is quite as complacent over the San Francisco earthquake as it is over an abundant harvest. It produces a pestilence with the same relish as a rose. As a matter of fact, it neither knows nor cares either about causes or consequences; but this is not meant as a complaint or a reproach. It would be as futile to reproach Nature as any other machine. The wheels turn, the knives cut, the teeth gnaw, with no intent either to injure or benefit. This blind process which begins nowhere and moves to no end we call evolution.

Evolution could not have produced mind because it never adapts means to ends. Results flow from the evolutionary process, but they are not foreseen and worked out. They happen solely as unavoidable consequences of what has gone before. On the other hand, the foremost characteristic of mind is its intelligence, its invincible tendency to adapt means to ends and to work out calculated results. Nature could never have produced what it does not contain, and since it has no power to adapt means to ends, it could never have evolved an agent like the mind, which has that power. The history of the world is made up of the interaction of these two contradictory factors, blindly working Nature on the one side and intelligence on the other. The sum total of the victories of intelligence over Nature makes up civilization. To say that human institutions are products of evolution is utterly fatuous. They are the fruits of thought, while evolution is thoughtless.

Civil institutions aim at thrift, while the processes of Nature are invariably wasteful. There is no such thing as economy outside of the human brain. Nature's favorite method of reaching results is by wholesale slaughter. She kills a hundred animals to produce a single perfect one. She wastes a million seeds to get one that will grow. How many thousands of salmon fry perish to one fish that comes to maturity? If there were a vestige of intelligence in natural processes, some less wasteful way than this would be thought out to get results. If there were a vestige of pity, some less cruel way would be found. Any one who will look at the processes of Nature with an eye blinded neither by superstition nor credulity must perceive that, if they had any moral quality, they would be stupid and cruel almost beyond belief. Mercy, gentleness, charity, are inventions of the human mind. There is no trace, no germ, of them to be discovered in the external world; nor does it contain anything like morality. The concept of right and wrong is entirely foreign to what goes on in natural processes. Evolution does a wrongful act just as readily as a rightful one; though, more properly speaking, it does neither. A machine is neither moral nor immoral, and Nature is a machine.

So far as human advancement and welfare are concerned, the natural way of doing things is almost invariably the wrong way. The first tool that man ever invented showed him to be a creature radically different from other living things, for none of the rest makes use of tools. Nature intended man to catch his food with his hands and tear it with his teeth. He thwarted this benevolent scheme by inventing weapons and knives. Nature left him without other fruits than the scanty and bitter products of the woods. Thought taught him to prune and graft. The natural way of living is to go without clothes, to enjoy only such shelter as caves and dens afford and such food as can be obtained by hunting without weapons. Natural conversation consists of howls and grunts. Natural manners are those of swine and cattle. Man left solely to the influence of evolution would have done as the beasts do, or worse. It is his intelligence that has elevated him above them. The legitimate course of human development is away from Nature, not toward it. The normal condition of man is to be at war with Nature both in himself and in the outer world. Every step upward in his personality is a triumph over some low natural tendency. Every gain he makes in agriculture or transportation is achieved against the vigilant hostility of a host of foes. Every social betterment is a further departure from the state of Nature.

The old economic and political doctrine of laissez faire held that the laws of Nature were perfect in their workings and should never be interfered with. Its adoption in manufactories led to child slavery and starvation wages for the workingmen. Its application by the beef trust has led to results which need not be detailed again. In industry, laissez faire, which is Nature, means pestilence, bestiality and crime. In art it means the degenerate productions of a Zola. In politics it means the reign of bosses and universal corruption. Americans have applied the principle that Nature doeth all things well in their political life with a generous confidence never before shown in the history of the world; and we are now learning of the tremendous ruin which impends over us in consequence. To return to Nature in social affairs of any sort is to surrender the high prerogative of humanity and step downward toward the beasts.

The processes of civilization go on well only under the impulse of perpetual thought. These processes are the highest products of the mind; they are all contrary and hostile to Nature, and when left to their own protection they are as quickly overwhelmed as a clearing in a tropical forest. Laissez faire means the banishment from the world of morality, mercy and justice and the adoption of Nature's method of systematic slaughter in place of them. It is the apotheosis of cruelty, and he is the real pessimist of our generation who maintains that the human intelligence can work out nothing better in the way of a social scheme.

DIVORCE AND MORALS.

By many divorce is believed to be too easy; and the fact is cited as proof of a growing laxity of general morals. But the tendency of the time is certainly towards increasing facility of divorce; whose effect, which has now been legalized in the greater part of Europe and America, has been to transform, within the area of its actual operation, civilized marriage into a casual bond essentially indistinguishable from that which formed the basis of what Morgan, the historian of the Iroquois Confederacy, has described as belonging to those savage tribes and to other Indians of North America,—in other words, "pairing," merely, the connection to continue only as convenience might serve.

The legal forms, the technical procedure, the solemn plausibilities of court and altar, unessential and subsidiary as they really are, have done good service in covering the essential object to which these are but convenient instruments; but the whole is undermined by the growth among us of a sort of ethics admitting casual unions and separations of the sexes, under legal sanctions, with the same facility and frequency, and with as little loss of respectability, as is wont to obtain among uncivilized peoples. It would doubtless be considered paradoxical to declare that we had become converts to Milton's celebrated "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce"; but as matter of fact we have both in practice and in legislation gone far beyond it. Every day's newspaper supplies fresh examples. And, with an inconsistency not unusual in most matters of life, and blind to the havoc which divorce is making in the old family system, we alone apologize for our manners by embodying the principles of our fathers in denunciation of the Mormons.

It is silent movements of this kind that effect very great, though often unnoticed, changes in the basis of ethics; and not only in ethics, but in manners and morals. For the moral consciousness of a people is but the reflex of particular social conditions, and its progress always has a history that needs to be traced. Nor is it, at any stage of its development, exactly the same as another moral consciousness, under other skies, at other latitudes, in different environments and within different civilizations. Yet ethical science is still hampered by the assumption that its subject matter can be found in the moral consciousness of the individual alone. It belongs to a people, and may have its prophets, who may or may not be able to save it. What we are saying here is that this moral consciousness, on the subject of divorce and the relations in general of the sexes, is undergoing great changes in our own time, with no probability of arresting them.

CONCERNING WHITE.

What greeting passed between Richard Grant White and his son when they met on the evergreen shore? Did the spirit of the great man of letters lead his offspring around among the shades with pride, introducing him as a worthy successor to his name and fame on earth, or did he hide his face with his wings and slink away to some spot where he might digest his shame in solitude? What must have been the salutation between such a father and such a son? What has been lost to the world by the death of this degenerate heritor of a famous name? There is one architect less, but architects are plentiful; and to balance the loss we may remember that there is also one example less of bestial living ornamented with the insolent pomp of wealth. Such a life as White's is a continual defiance of the moral law. It is a source of poisonous contagon attracting the young of both sexes to their destruction. Women become the victims of his vices; men, of his example.

The bestial manner of White's life cannot be described in decent literature, nor would it be worthy even of condemnation if it were a solitary instance. If there were no other men like White, one would turn the eyes away in silent shame from his career and hasten to forget it; but there are others, many of them. There is reason to believe that his career of degenerate lust is accepted as the fashionable, the elegant and manly thing among a numerous class in high society. To live apart from his wife, to devote his time and money to the pursuit of young girls, to make it his pastime to assault them when they are stupefied with drugs, to lead his student son into the same vile practices, to resort to other means of vicious pleasure which, among men of healthy instincts, no matter how gross, are nameless and detestable—these are the diversions of the clique of the idle rich to which White belonged.

Concerning the exposure of their infamous practices we shall hear again the plea of besotted cowardice that conniving silence were better. It were better to throw a veil over the cancer and allow it to gnaw its way from tissue to tissue in the social body until the vitals are attacked and death ensues. For such a doctrine of despair the optimist has no tolerance. He holds that no evil is beyond remedy, and the first step toward remedy is complete exposure. There is no safety in building on self-deception. However bad the truth may be, it must first be fully confessed before repentance and reformation are possible. "Let in the light" is the only motto that is absolutely safe in all circumstances under democratic institutions. Whatever pertains to their welfare the people have a right to know. Whoever is afraid of knowledge has something to conceal. Truth is strong medicine, but it cures all social diseases. Our most dangerous quacks are those who preach concealment and falsehood. They are Belial's chosen apostles.

As to the manner of White's taking off, it is inexcusable. While we do not regret his departure, we dislike the way he went. That the world is the better for his absence is undeniable, but it is unfortunate that the law does not offer some regular method of facilitating the departure of such creatures. It should not be left to private initiative. The exit of Oscar Wilde, whose fame is somewhat similar to White's, was managed better. Two years in jail, followed by a decent funeral, are preferable to murder—if the slaying of a person without a vestige of manhood can be called murder. There are few men, however, who would not have done Thaw's deed under the same provocation.

Great results sometimes flow from small beginnings. The present movement of the country toward financial and political reform began with events less startling than White's murder. That regrettable incident may be the beginning of an impetus toward cleanliness in morals which shall carry the whole Nation toward better things. It might carry part of us a long way and still stop short of perfection.

TEACHERS AND BOUNTY.

The Evening Post, of New York, in a recent editorial alludes to the "wise and gracious plan" of the Carnegie Foundation, unquestioning approval of which it takes for granted. Though it may seem ungracious to indulge in dissent from the Post's enthusiastic praise of this "form of old-age pensions," The Oregonian is not prepared to admit that the Carnegie Foundation offers a happy solution of a vexing problem, nor yet that the retirement fund of the Carnegie Foundation confers upon the recipient of its bounty "a badge of honor." As a result of the first selection under the terms of the Carnegie Foundation, about fifty professors and teachers, who will be retired at the end of the college years, will receive approximately $70,000 a year. The names of Professors Rees, of Columbia; Baird, of New York University; Young, of Princeton; Ladd, of Yale; Bowditch, of Harvard; March, of Lafayette, are given as among the beneficiaries of the first award.

Whether this solution of an awkward question shall be accepted as happy or not depends in turn upon the answer to two related questions. First, ought a college or university teacher to receive any stipend or pension from the institution which he has served for a long term of years after his usefulness as a teacher is ended by reason of age or impairment of strength? Second, assuming that provision ought to be made for maintenance of a teacher, who after years of faithful service is under the necessity of ceasing his teaching labors, ought not such provision to be made by the institution which he has served? These questions require not to be answered, for certain theses may be held to be self-evident. But the objection may be urged, whatever may be the duty of college and university in the matter of granting a pension to aged or incapacitated teachers, we are confronted by the condition that few universities have established a practice in fulfillment of this theoretical duty. Moreover, the failure of college and university to provide for teachers, no longer young and strong enough to teach, is due not to any want of appreciation of the value of teaching service, but to the lack of funds, which is as chronic a woe in the richest as in the poorest university in the land. While college and university are wrestling with this problem, though not with the zeal with which funds are secured to meet every imaginable need as well as to supply every unimaginable luxury, including barbarically expensive stadia, comes the expansive Lord Bountiful of our day, Andrew Carnegie, and with his magic wand summons "the happy solution" upon the scene.

In order that this solution deserve the title of "happy," which the Post appears to employ without hesitation, it must in a high sense serve the various interests at stake. Surely not even the most hardened beggar of tainted money, with the possible exception of Chancellor Day, will hold that the Carnegie Foundation of ten million dollars is a "happy solution"; if, though, it relieve college and university of a burden rightly resting upon them, it will serve the interest of university, of teaching staff, or the general public. But here it will be found that the three parties in interest are alike disserved. The ancient teachers held that an acceptable offering upon the altar of the sanctuary brought blessing to the altar and to the giver. This offering blesses neither him who gives it nor him who receives, for the giver, chance possessor of a vast fortune, becomes by virtue of his gift the patron of a noble band of men living in another world than his; and the recipient is not alone, nor yet chiefly, the college professor, but the people, whom this large Foundation tends to free from the obligation of decently maintaining its always underpaid and, in the end, disabled servants. The crux of all wise giving lies in avoidance of the peril of pauperizing such as are adjudged in need of help. Institutions may be pauperized as well as individuals, and the measure of evil wrought by the pauperizing of an institution, in this case all the higher educational institutions of the land, is correspondingly enlarged. It ought, perhaps, to be pointed out that, if the fund had been divided among the colleges and universities, the evil would be lessened, for in that case the money would be vested in the universities, would be expended by them, and would be received by the pensioned teachers from their funds. In that case the beneficiaries would receive their pensions from their respective universities, and not from the Carnegie Foundation; that is, from a fund the very name of which is a reminder of the dependence of recipient upon giver.

If, we contend, it be the duty of college and university to make provision for supoprt of such of its teachers as are disabled from teaching, any plan which looks to the transfer of this obligation to a fund, especially created by one individual, who stands in no relation to institutions of learning other than of patronage and "economic furtherance," injures the morale of the university. Apart from the question of tainted money and the fitly named Prudential Committee has spoken the latest rather than the last word in this matter, there is such a thing as tainted giving. The Carnegie Foundation is a case in point, in so far as it undertakes to relieve college and university of a burden which ought to be borne by them, in so far as it accustoms the people to look for the pauperizing dole from an individual, even assuming his right in morals to his possessions legally held, and by so much tends to stifle inquiry into the methods by which the fabulous fortunes of our generation have been piled up, and, finally, in so far as it places upon a whole class of our citizenship, including some of the wisest, noblest leaders of the Nation, the odium of dependence upon the generosity of one man, however graciously and wisely administered.

Ignoble indeed seems such a close to an honorable career as teacher of youth—to be reduced to the necessity of accepting a pension at the hands of a stranger, who is under no special obligation or indebtedness to the recipients of his bounty. If Congress had enacted a law providing for the support of aged college teachers, a storm of disapproval of such benevolent, busy-bodying paternalism would have gone up from the land, and the overworked specter of socialism would have been invoked once more. Shall no protest be voiced against this benevolent paternalism—the pate being not the impersonal government but one of the moneyed patricians of our own creation? If government bounty be odious, shall we flatter ourselves that the teachers of the Nation, when aged, may accept private bounty without shame? Are we to become a nation of beggars? If we are, perhaps it is well to let our leaders go before. If we are not to become a nation of beggars, why single out our teachers for the badge of honor awarded by the Carnegie Foundation? Would the active teachers in college and university be content to receive their wage at the hands of Mr. Carnegie's agents? Why inflict this ignominy upon those who ought to be dealt with most tenderly and reverently?

The natives of this Western land were accustomed to desert the aged and helpless of the tribe, and suffer them to die alone. To be compelled to live on ignoble terms is to suffer little less cruel a fate. Have the college and university teachers protested against the spirit and methods of the Carnegie Foundation? Not audibly, perhaps, as yet. If they do not and will not protest, so much the worse for us.

THICKER THAN WATER.

The Kelly clan reunion, held annually in this city, is one of the events that serve to remind the people of a changing, restless age of the almost forgotten saying that "blood is thicker than water." The ties of blood, so close and sacred in old New England and in an equal degree in the early settlement of the Middle West, seem to have become weakened by time and distance, and are too little regarded in the old, home ways so dear to the hearts of our forefathers. It is not a good thing to be "clannish." But it is a good thing to regard tenderly the ties of family, of relationship, and to stand by our own loyally.

The Pioneer Association is the most far-reaching organization of the family type in this Western country. It is not narrowed by blood or bound by family name, but recognizes as brothers and sisters, in the wider and scarcely less sacred sense, all who are pioneers. The spirit is that of fraternity, from which the element of blood is eliminated, and for the time being it stands in the place of the family tie, so dear to our elders, so lightly esteemed by the young of the present day.

"Thicker than water" is written in the lines of anguish upon the mother's face as she makes plea for mercy for her dissipated, criminal son. "Thicker than water" is written between the lines of the father's appeal to the wandering, heedless son to return to his home and his duty; to "make a man of himself for his mother's sake." "Thicker than water" is the record that trembles upon the mute lips of the mother who braves the world with her wayward daughter at her side. And "thicker than water" is the attestation of love and pride that quavers in the voice of the grandparent who finds all that is lovely and full of promise in the child that comes to renew his youth and perpetuate his name.

But beyond these closer ties the family tie is not as strong now as in the days before travel came and whirled the world about on ways of steel; before adventure came and called for still another land to explore and settle. Families were separated by distances that were prohibitive of return, or broken up by change of location or cirlcumstances. Brothers became strangers, cousins did not count, and second cousins were an unknown quantity—unless, perchance, one became famous and therefore a magnet for an otherwise unremembered host.

It is as well, says the cynic, absorbed in his immediate surroundings; it is better, says the mercenary to whom "relatives" are a possible menace of expense. But down deep in the hearts of those growing old a tender note is ever sounding, the low refrain of which is "thicker than water—blood is thicker than water."

TRAINING THE HANDS.

Manual training as a feature of public school work has closed its second year in the public schools of Portland. A review of the work appears in another place in The Oregonian today. This review gives a very fair and comprehensive idea of the work—its purposes and its results, not only in this city, but in other cities throughout the country in which it has been on trial for a number of years past. Portland is rather a conservative city in matters of this kind. Its people are not in haste when it comes to fastening fads and fancies upon their school system. They do not indorse clay modeling as an essential or even desirable part of the general educational plan, nor as yet have they seen fit to engraft the kindergarten upon the public school system. This last will come to pass some day, say those who are supposed to know, but as yet it is not in sight. Manual training has, however, been added to our free educational facilities, and, after two years' trial, it has made a record that not only justifies its retention, but encourages its extension. The object is not, of course, to make carpenters and other craftsmen out of the boys in attendance upon the public schools, but to teach them to use their hands in connection with their brains for good and creative purpose.

The great need of the age, so far as boys are concerned, is that of learning how to do things. Once a boy knows how to use his hands, he will find something to do, and the more skillful he is in the use of his hands the higher will his ambition rise and the more certain will he be able to make a place for himself in the world and to fill that place with credit to himself and to others. The idle boy, awkward in the use of his hands, generally possesses a brain fertile in expedients for mischief. Give him something to do and teach him how to do it and the safety valve of his restless nature is opened and he is transformed from an engine whose energy runs wild into an engine that finds vent for its increased energy in channels of usefulness.

In this view it has been well said that "manhood is being formulated in the basements of our public school buildings, where busy hands are moving and youthful brows perspiring." And since manhood—fine-grained, self-helpful, well-grounded manhood—is the great need of the age, the effort that encourages its development cannot be too highly estimated or too greatly valued. Self-control, self-reliance, responsibility—these are the virtues that lie at the foundation of true manhood, and for their development no cost or care is too great a price to pay.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

The labors of the session of Congress just adjourned have been heavy. Few Congresses have exceeded its sum total of important achievement, and none has enacted a greater variety of interesting and far-reaching legislation. The record includes the following great measures:

The railroad rate bill.
The pure food law.
Meat-inspection law.
Naturalization law.
Denatured alcohol tax law (repealed).
Lock canal at Panama.
Consular service reform.
Appropriation bill reform.
Largest battleship authorized.
Employers' liability bill.

The extraordinary feature of the course of legislation has been the direct personal effort of the President to secure enactment of great measures which he especially favored. The whole session was marked by a sensational series of struggles between Congress on the one hand and the executive on the other. The President told Congress plainly and directly what he wanted, and Congress gave it because it knew that what the President demanded was what the country demanded. This is not to say that Congress is hostile to the best interests of the country, or that it would not have enacted legislation for the common good in response to the loud and continuous demand for drastic industrial and social reform; but it is to say that the executive was the avenue through which public sentiment reached Congress and the executive was the instrument by which these reforms were achieved by Congress. A very influential minority in Congress, besides, was strongly opposed, first, to legislation directed at the railroads and the trusts; and second, to interference in the legislative function by the President himself. But even this minority was not able to withstand the persistent sentiment for a change in the official attitude of the Government towards the corporations and monopolies, and after a futile contest it yielded as gracefully and as easily as it could.

The record of Congress is a monument to the courage, tenacity, independence, vigor and statesmanship of the President himself and the patriotism and sagacity of Congress itself. It all makes for the square deal.

ALWAYS IN THE LIMELIGHT.

One sacrifice is demanded by the American people of the man they choose for President, namely, the notion that he is entitled to any privacy in his life. He must keep constantly in the sight of the people. Washington chafed under the sacrifice and asked guidance of his Cabinet as to the propriety of going to a quiet tea party. He belonged to the public, they declared, and advised against the gratification of his longing to turn to old friends whose quiet companionship he craved. From Adams to Roosevelt this precedent is the social law.

Of course, every President has chafed under the restraint, and much of the publicity given to their movements must have been annoying. A man of Roosevelt's good sense and democratic spirit could not enjoy an Associated Press dispatch the other day telling 75,000,000 Americans that he and his wife had been caught in a shower and drenched to the skin, while no mention was made of the fact that his garments were sent at once to the basement to be pressed. Whether he likes it or not, he can't get away from the limelight.

And it is in questionable taste for a President to deny through the press the many highly-colored stories that space-writers, using fact and fiction, offer to a confiding and eager public. Yet President Roosevelt last Sunday sent for a reporter of the Washington Post to correct the statement that he and his family ate elaborate meals. The White House steward had given out this simple menu for breakfast: Oranges, cantaloupes, cereals, bacon, eggs, lamb chops, hot cakes, waffles. His employer asked the reporter to say that the regular White House breakfast consists of hard-boiled eggs, rolls and coffee. Instead of an apochryphal five-course luncheon, the President, when he is alone, satisfies himself with a bowl of bread and milk, but if Mrs. Roosevelt and the children are at home, they have cold meat, tea, bread and fruit. The ten-course dinner he reduced to two, and he showed some temper.

The President has a right to be put out by a false tale of his habits of eating, but he should not take the gossip too seriously. This curious interest of the ruled in their ruler, or the people in their chief public servant, will not cease so long as government lasts.

In the July Cosmopolitan may be read an interesting three-handed argument between Ambrose Bierce and two others not so well known in the West. Like most arguments, it ended in no definite result, because, as usual, they disagreed with each other all the way through. Bierce, among other things, contended that the rich man is rich because he is smart, and the poor man poor because he is foolish. Many a brilliant argument can be destroyed by bringing its contentions to a legitimate conclusion. Doing this with Mr. Bierce's idea would bring us to the necessary inference that John D. Rockefeller is the smartest man that ever lived, and that Jesus the Nazarene was one of the most foolish. This conclusion requires no argument to combat; its untruth is apparent on its face. Mr. Bierce furnishes an escape from the difficulty, inasmuch as he refused to admit that Rockefeller was smarter than himself. He admitted that he could get the money if he wanted it, but he had no use for it, so he refrained. Lucky Ambrose!

Up in Union County the strawberry-growers were compelled to pay 40 cents a crate for picking in order to get help enough to gather the crop. If the Willamette Valley hop crop turns out as large as present indications promise, there will be some lively skirmishing about the first of September to find men and women and children enough to pick the hops. Oregon is fortunate in having many crops that must be gathered by hand, thus furnishing employment to large numbers of people at fair remuneration.

Over in Montana a man who carelessly let a revolver drop out of his pocket, with the result that another man was injured, has been arrested and fined for carrying concealed weapons. All gun accidents are the result of carelessness, and, while punishment after the accident has happened will not serve as a remedy in that particular case, it will tend to make others more careful. Here in Oregon we have a law which makes it a crime to point a gun at another, but the law is never enforced unless the pointing of the gun results in an injury or death. A few prosecutions when the unlawful act does not result in an accident would have a restraining effect and save many lives and limbs. There are some fools who will learn only through punishment.

A record-breaking hop crop, a bumper prune crop, an immense grain crop, building of new electric lines and extensive improvements on the Southern Pacific, will create a large demand for labor in the Willamette Valley this Fall, and there will be no excuse for able-bodied men to be short of funds to carry themselves and families through the Winter. The harvest will be great and the laborers comparatively few. Men, women and children will find plenty of work in the hop-yards and orchards at remunerative wages. Unless some misfortune now unforeseen should occur, money will be plentiful in the Valley at the close of this year. Every producer has something to sell, and in larger quantities than usual, with prices above normal.

Oregon would not be Oregon without the State Fair. True, that festival and show was omitted from our catalogue of delights last year, but this omission was solely in deference to the state's great guest, the Lewis and Clark Exposition—not from any lack of loyalty to our home institution. But it will be called on time this year, and its attractions will be many. In fact, the best fair ever held by the State Agricultural Society is promised, and there is no reason why the promise may not be fulfilled.

Since the enactment of the free-alcohol bill a California firm has commenced erection of a plant for the manufacture of alcohol in that state. The plant will be ready by the time the law goes into effect, in January, 1907. The company expects to use refuse fruits and the molasses from the beet-sugar factories, as these products are excellent for the manufacture of alcohol. Doubtless there is room in Oregon for a plant for the manufacture of denaturized alcohol.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser, the timber king, has discontinued the Sunday schedule of one of his California railroads because he did not wish any of his employes to work on Sunday. If the principle is applied along the line of labor until it reaches cooks, some of the Weyerhaeuser "lumber jacks" will either take cold "vittles" or go hungry on Sunday.

Dairymen rejoice over the prolonged rainy season, which keeps their pastures green, but mourn over the cool weather, which creates no demand for ice cream. The weather man has a hard time pleasing these dairymen, but perhaps he makes up by receipts of gratitude from the young men who don't have to pay for the ice cream.

There should be a large attendance at the midsummer meeting of the State Horticultural Society at Salem July 6-7. There should also be a good exhibit of cherries in competition for the valuable prizes offered. The cherries that take first prize in Oregon must be the best in the world.

White's physician is authority for the statement that the murdered man was suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart. It took an autopsy to determine that fact. White's wife could have testified that he had some kind of degeneration of the heart, without an autopsy.

Nature seems to be out of harmony with public affairs in Oregon. Eight counties have gone dry, and now we are promised the biggest hop crop on record. Of course Oregon hops are used only for making yeast and hop poultices.

The discovery by the gratified stockholders of Wells, Fargo & Co. that there is in the treasury a surplus of $20,000,000 ought to help some in paying that Oregon gross-earnings tax. And Oregon doesn't want it all.

New York millionaires who insist upon sowing their wild oats not only in youth but in old age should sow them in a back field somewhere, so that the general public will not be compelled to witness the harvest.

Licentious millionaires and lecherous Holy Roller prophets are alike in one respect—they get little sympathy when they meet death at the point of a revolver. And the world moves on as before.

There are a number of people in Portland who are of opinion that the $250,000 San Francisco relief fund was contributed by Portland for the relief of San Francisco.

A Salem saloon-keeper had five acres of clover hay cut and Thursday's rain soaked it. The saloon-keeper gets the worst of it whether the county goes wet or dry.

Even the milkmen advertise in the Grant County papers.

Pretty soon the cows, too, will go dry in Linn.

Dog Hero of Novel Dead.

New Haven (Conn.) Dispatch.

Edgewood Cold Steel, the famous bull terrier that Richard Harding Davis made the hero of his story "The Bar Sinister," recently died at the writer's home, at Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Frank F. Dole, of this city, who bred the dog, has received a request from Mr. Davis to get him the best bull terrier he can, though he says that no other dog could ever take Cold Steel's place in his affections.

Edgewood Cold Steel won 40 prizes at leading bench shows in this country, and captured the famous Harris Nixon cup four times before it was finally won by his cousin, Edgewood Biddy.

The story of the dog's rise from an outcast to a prizewinner is pathetically told in "The Bar Sinister."

Oregon's Example.

Springfield, Mass., Republican.

The difficulty encountered in securing an amendment to the Federal constitution expressly conferring upon the people of the respective states power to elect United States Senators renders the device adopted in Oregon highly attractive. While the Senate stubbornly continues to oppose this change, notwithstanding that 31 states have at different times called for it, the people appear to be working out the problem for themselves in a way that defies successful legal assault.

THE PESSIMIST.

After January 1, 1907, the pure-food law will be in force. Those who like to eat tomato catsup made of ground carrots, sulphuric acid and mustard will be obliged to get a physician's prescription.

* * *

It might not be a bad idea to round up all the prophets, seers and clairvoyants who make a specialty of predicting tidal waves and then stake the bunch at the water's edge at low tide on some convenient ocean beach, so that the breakers would roll in and cover them up. By this method we would not only furnish them with an opportunity of witnessing the fulfillment of their own prophecies, but thereafter we would have peace in the matter of tidal waves.

* * *

So far no one has insinuated that the San Francisco relief finance committee intends to distribute the funds on hand among its members, but if the excitement keeps up there is no telling what somebody might say.

* * *

In Portland—Oregon, not Maine—
The Mayor's a scrappen named Lane,
Said he to R. Hoge
This crowd I prorogue,
Those funds I'll not let you retain.

* * *

"Quick profits and a sure thing," some one has said, "is a safe path toward business success." If you can find a sure thing who is easy money, your progress will be more rapid.

* * *

The first sensation experienced by Machnow, the Russian giant, when he landed in America, was one of thirst. He was provided with six glasses of lemonade. These he drank one after another without taking a breath.

* * *

"I'm dying," said Machnow, "of thirst. Of all the thirsts I've had it's the worst.
Some vodka, or gin!
Oh, let me begin!
Oh! give it me quick, or I'll burst!"

* * *

And then they filled him up with soda water.

* * *

Speaking of giants, if a man who is nine feet three inches tall can drink six glasses of lemonade, eat eight cuts of roast beef, sixteen potatoes, three loaves of bread and a quart of strawberries at one sitting, how far could he kick a dog, and what salary does he pay his press agent?

* * *

Automobile Notes.

At the regular semi-monthly meeting of the Trans-Willamette Auto Club on Wednesday, the committee on tire troubles reported that the contemplated improvement of East Twentieth street from Morrison to the Base Line road was under way. Six loads of crushed rock had already been placed at that point, and it is expected that the rock will be covered with mud and rolled not later than October 15. In the meantime members were advised to cross on the Burnside bridge and go up East Couch street.

The committee on crosswalks and thank-ye-mums reported that East Burnside was impassable from Union avenue to Twenty-eighth street, except in broad daylight, when the driver could see the holes in the crosswalks. The committee also reported that the popular subscription raised to fill the thank-ye-mum on the Base Line road at Twenty-first street had reached the sum of 37 cents. Subscriptions were coming in slowly, and it was thought best to use the funds on hand to purchase and maintain a red lantern at this very bad spot.

The club poet said that he had completed his annual production, and asked for time to read it. By a vote of 18 to 19 it was decided to allow him to read one verse, which was as follows:

Beware the Pine-street electric car!
Beware the car track's awful jar!
But, answering, sounded the auto's horn
From 2 A. M. till early morn,
"Honk! honk!"

The committee on membership reported that the application of John Doe would have to be refused on the ground that he had once driven a laundry wagon, the same being contrary to section 13, article xxiii of the by-laws, which declares: "That no owner of a cross-eyed cayuse, or any one who aids or abets him, shall be eligible for membership in this club."

The report of the committee on classification that a steam traction engine was not a "runabout," and that a gasoline woodsaw was not an automobile in the accepted sense of the word, and that neither of these vehicles should be obliged to carry lamps, was adopted by unanimous vote.

* * *

Answers to Correspondents.

GRADUATE—"I have just received my M. A. degree, and I have concluded to take up literary work. I would appreciate it very much if you would offer some suggestions as to how to get a start."

If you are a poet, and have in mind the intention of submitting a sample of your work, I would advise you to take up your position near the door of the editor's room and make your start from there, because it does not take an editor long to read a poem, and he is always a good shot with a paste-pot. However, if you are not a poet and biting, withering sarcasm is your long suit, I would advise you to start a 10-cent magazine. It is easily done and only costs $10 a throw. Besides the $10 you will have to provide yourself with a few alliterative phrases such a "pifficated peacocks and pestiferous pinks," and a burning desire to reform society. Your greatest difficulty will be to select a name for your publication. Nearly all of the good ones have already been used and copyrighted. Much of your success will depend upon getting a good name. For example: There is "The Little Red Devil." That is a good one, at least the editor seems to think so. Then we have the Pessimist, of Seattle. These are two most excellent titles, but, of course, they cannot be used by any one else. You might call yours the "Scrunch." The name has not been used before, and I think that it will attract attention. If you should be obliged to suspend publication after the first issue, you might take a course of ad-writing in a correspondence school.

ARCTURUS—"Last week, in describing the position of certain heavenly bodies, you placed the constellation Scorpio in the south, while Arcturus was rising in the east. At the time Venus was sinking in the west, Arcturus was not rising; it had already passed the zenith. Perhaps your 'man with the cigarette' had been smoking too much, and couldn't see straight."

Perhaps he had. At any rate, it was not my fault. When the article you refer to went to press Arcturus was where I said it was. If it isn't there now you can't blame me. Some miserable individual with no regard for poetic and astronomical license must have moved it.

M. B. WELLS.