The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as Second-Class Matter.

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DAILY, SUNDAY INCLUDED.

Twelve months	$8.00
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Delivered by carrier, per year	9.00
Delivered by carrier, per month	.75
Less time, per week	.20
Sunday, one year	2.50
Weekly, one year (Issued Thursday)	1.50
Sunday and Weekly, one year	3.50

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1906.

MISTAKEN ANALOGIES.

Between the present conditions in Russia and those in France at the outbreak of the great Revolution there are certain analogies; but they cannot be pushed very far, because certain necessary conditions that gave life and force to the Revolution in France are wholly absent in Russia, and therefore it is impossible to expect or to imagine that the revolution threatening in Russia will follow the course of the great movement in France, which was the starting point of changes that have transformed the modern world, or at least is the greatest of all its series of striking events.

The analogy attempted between France and Russia holds closely as to comparisons between the miseries of the people of the two countries—France in 1789 and Russia at the present day. As to poverty of the people, exorbitant and unjust taxes, arbitrary government, total denial of popular liberty, oppression of the masses by the nobility and the church, favoritism and corruption in high place at the expense of the body of the people, and bankruptcy of both government and people through the incorrigible maladministration which such a system produces—the analogy holds good almost throughout. But revolution, in a vast state like Russia, composed of many nations and races widely separated, having little knowledge, certainly no sympathy, with each other, and nearly all sunk in an ignorance that has not yet learned the simplest definitions in the catechism of liberty—in such a country revolution presents very different aspects and problems from those present in France in 1789, and still more different from those presented in Germany in 1848, when people and army went together against kings, princes and potentates, to secure the reforms promised upon the overthrow of Napoleon, but by the rulers forgotten or denied as soon as they were rid of the power of the mighty man.

Upon the army rests the oligarchical system of Russia. The army is drawn from the people, of course; but a people not prepared for liberty do not want it. The army, therefore, the instrument of Russian despotism, its prop and support, is like the people from whom it is drawn. The revolutionists, the men who are striking for liberty, are of the more enlightened classes, in a few centers of the empire. But even there the people are not all revolutionists. Though the uneducated masses are ill content, they see no way of escape from the tyranny that oppresses them, know nothing of history, nothing of the achievements of liberty elsewhere throughout the ages, and therefore are immovable. Education has not penetrated the people, and therefore has not penetrated the army. Again, the subtle policy of a prudent and watchful despotism draws bodies of soldiery from vast distances to overawe the people of the revolutionary districts—thus assuring itself that there shall be no sympathizers in the army, or fewest possible, with the spirit of revolution, in the particular localities where it is so active as to be at all dangerous.

Till some degree of enlightenment can penetrate Darkest Russia, till the people can get some knowledge of each other, some knowledge of history and of the world beyond their own narrow horizon, there will be no chance for success of revolution, for mitigation of the despotism that bears them down, for change in the disposition of the army, for combination of the people for any great common object. A country so vast as Russia, embracing so many races and nations, may never approach any degree of homogeneity. The body of an empire so constituted can scarcely be expected ever to be actuated by a common purpose. It is possible, probable, indeed, that the first great step towards freedom in Russia will be taken through dismemberment of the empire. That would give opportunity for progress towards liberty in the more enlightened parts of Russia, since there would no longer be a barbarian soldiery in their midst, drawn from the distant parts of the empire, to hold down an unarmed population. But as conditions are, and likely long to continue, it is not possible to expect revolution to succeed. Analogies drawn from France, though true in part, are not true in the main features, and therefore are fanciful or imaginary. Before revolution can have any hope of success in Russia the people must take the army away from the Czar; and this will be impossible so long as the masses of the people remain untouched with the spirit of freedom, or a foreign soldiery can be precipitated on a disaffected but unarmed province. In Russia freedom's battle is likely to last for centuries. Either the people throughout the vast empire must be educated to liberty, so that the army will come to their side, or dismemberment of the empire must offer opportunity. Each or either is a remote result. Had Napoleon succeeded he might have broken Russia and opened a way for liberty. But there is small probability of the appearance now or hereafter of a conqueror to do what he might have done, had the ambition of the modern Caesar been tempered by the prudence of his great prototype.

THE ANSWER OF EXPERIENCE.

In New York there is a statute which attempts to restrict the hours of the work of women in a particular station or place in the economy of life, in order that such may bear children who will become strong and useful citizens. Judge Olmstead, of one of the higher courts of New York, says the argument is not sound. It is not sound, he says, because it is to apply only to a particular class. We do not depend wholly on the wageworkers, in particular employments, to bring up children for the state. There is the wife of the teacher and the preacher, of the lawyer and the physician, of the writer, salesman and clerk; of the merchant and the lumberman;—above all, because more numerous, than all the rest, the wife of the farmer. Are the children of all these and of other multitudes of no consequence, and is their progeny to be neglected by the state? Are not these wives to have the eight-hour law, too? And then the multitude of women who never marry, and the other multitude, who, though married, have yet no children. Any general statute must apply to them also, for they may become the mothers of citizens. On what ground can they be exempt from legislative interference, injunctive or mandatory? It is troublesome, indeed.

The question has been discussed in Oregon. Judge Sears, of our District Court, is led through a query offered by the Evening Telegram to recall a decision by the Supreme Court of our state under a statute in which it is held that the state may interpose in such matters, because "it is the interest of the state to have strong and healthy citizens, and the physical welfare of the citizen is of primary importance to the state."

Altogether true. Then it becomes a matter of opinion, as to the conditions under which sturdiest children may be brought into the world and reared for their duties. Or rather a matter of experience. Whose children are the sturdiest? Whose best equipped for the work of life? The children of women living in ease and luxury, or the children of women who work longest hours at hardest toil, and bear children also? Do we not all know that all the healthiest and most hopeful children of the world are born of mothers who have fewest luxuries, work hardest and put in longest hours?

All experience, of all times, teaches this one lesson, namely, that hard conditions of life produce the strongest and sturdiest and most efficient progeny in the world. The mothers of such are hardest workers, work longest hours, and bring up their children to work. Such mothers and such children command the inheritance of the world.

Looking at the argument, or at one side of it, we should like to see relief come to the mothers of the land; but the other side unfortunately is the picture of a degenerate progeny. We fear statutes will never be able to deal with this problem. If the heritage of all the future were not to those who do most work, there would be no hope for mankind. The human race, on one side of its nature, is tied to earth. Over the progeny of mothers who are protected from labor and who live on sweetmeats, the aggressive offspring of working mothers will always prevail. That is the reason why the first families long since did not inherit the earth.

The meek, of course, are to inherit the earth. But to their meekness they must add a mighty capacity for work. You are not likely to find either quality among those who inherit riches. In the first generation there may be exceptions; but in the long run the sons and daughters of mothers who toil every day in the duties of life, unrelieved by any eight-hour law, will walk off with the prizes. You will see the few curled darlings of our sheltered or protected women playing for a time on the streets about our boarding-houses. But you never will see them more. Grown up, they disappear, pushed off the stage of action by the sons and daughters of our working women.

USE AND ABUSE OF MOTOR CARS.

In one issue of the New York World, just at hand, we note in the crowded news columns much space given over to automobile accidents. At Munich, Prince Eugene Marat was killed by the overturning of his car. At Middletown, Conn., a mad auto driver caused a runaway which resulted in fatal injuries to an aged couple. At Winsted, in the same state, a cool-headed driver whirled his machine into a ditch to avoid collision with a train, injuring all the occupants. At Oceanic, N. J., a wealthy cottage owner was appointed special policeman, without pay, to enforce the law against fast driving—a task that he promises faithfully to perform.

As evidence of growing sentiment against your-neighbor-be-damned spirit among many motor owners and drivers, it is gratifying to note that a Manhattan judge after sending the chauffeur to jail also sentenced a rich automobile owner to two months' imprisonment in the Kings County Penitentiary for exceeding the speed limit. In passing sentence the court said:

> It is an unsound statement of law to say that if the owner of an automobile should direct his chauffeur to drive the machine to a specified point at a highly excessive and dangerous rate of speed, and if the latter, acting upon these instructions, should do so, thereby endangering the safety and lives of all others using the highways, that the employer could escape from the consequence of his command and of his participation in the violation of the law. . . . It is intolerable that the public highways should be seized upon by reckless, and in many instances, incompetent drivers of these machines, to the exclusion or imperilment of other vehicles, and pedestrians. Fines have proven to be ineffectual. It therefore becomes the duty of the courts, the lesser penalty having failed as a deterrent, to apply the more stringent.

The automobile has come to stay; it may be for years, or may be longer. With increased population and wealth, to say nothing of better roadways, the machines are certain to multiply in and about Portland. Unfortunately the self-propelling wagon, unlike the hoofbeats of a horse and the rattle and whirr of a trolley, does not convey automatically a warning to the ear. As a rule it travels faster than the roadster or the electric car. Temptation to excessive speed is almost irresistible among the immature of either sex, while no small class of city dwellers, intemperate in vice as well as in all forms of recreation, have no thought of the danger to themselves or others on the highway. Because these reckless folk do most of their fast driving late at night, when normal people are abed, manslaughter by mangling has not been common in Portland. No doubt the arrest, imprisonment and indictment of one professional driver for killing a child has served to check the reckless tendency in other men who run machines for hire, and this may account in a measure for the small number of accidents the past two months; still the evil accompanying the general use of the automobile has by no means been eradicated, nor will it ever be removed so long as men and women flagrantly disregard the rights, life and safety of the majority.

Portland has fairly effective police patrol. Further vigilance should be encouraged. Every safe and sane automobile owner and driver—and they are, of course, the majority—ought to aid the police in running down lawbreakers, thus safeguarding themselves and the general public. No one protests against rational use of the motor car, but all law-abiding citizens may, in no avenging spirit, demand wholesome punishment for the next man caught exceeding the speed limit. It is far better for all hands to make a resolution now to observe the ordinance than to wait until the next victim is carried to the hospital or the morgue.

CITY FRANCHISES AGAIN.

It may be that the Common Council will regard the ordinance proposed by Councilman Vaughn for treatment of the franchise held by the Southern Pacific on Fourth street as not the proper measure for dealing with that subject. If so, some other proposal for an ordinance should be brought forward, affirming the ownership of the franchise by the city and requiring just compensation to the city for use of it.

It should not be concluded that since nothing has been paid for the use of the streets of Portland hitherto by the various individuals or corporations that have held franchises covering the use of them, through long periods, therefore these franchises are the property, in perpetuity, of those who first obtained them. Every franchise thus granted should be recovered by the city at the earliest opportunity, and the opportunity should not be waited for, but created.

It is impossible that such use of the streets of Portland should go on, without regulation or compensation. Therefore it is incumbent on the Common Council to affirm the principle of Mr. Vaughn's ordinance, and apply it not only to the Southern Pacific, in its use of Fourth street, but to every other corporation using the streets of Portland under similar conditions.

Our great franchise mongers "got from under" by selling out—having first made their bunch of franchises immensely valuable, through secrecy, trickery and political corruption. It was their game, that they might sell the franchises for a big sum. The city got nothing. But it is not to be taken for granted that this sort of business is to go on forever. To reclaim and to recover the wasted franchises of Portland is one of the first of duties to the city; and The Oregonian fully believes that the great street railway franchises, juggled through the charter and through operations in the Common Council and Legislature, could yet be recovered to the city, if intelligent and vigorous action were taken and steadily pursued. In other words, that the first families might be compelled to disgorge the booty.

ON SOCIALISM.

Readers who have the resolution to peruse Mr. Pye's letter on Socialism, which is printed on another page this morning, will be rewarded with the correction of some false conceptions, very likely, and a goodly store of useful knowledge. Socialism is a fact in the modern world which it is folly to ignore. To refute Socialism one must direct his arguments against what it teaches; to overthrow what it does not teach may be an agreeable diversion, but it fails of the object sought. While many of our writers and politicians are industriously refuting one dogma after another which they are pleased to call socialistic, the real socialistic propaganda goes on unchecked. Nor can it ever be checked until it is understood, if it can be understood, and perhaps not then. It is based upon earnest thought and behind it is the impulse of gross injustice running through all time. It proposes to the world a solution of the problem of human misery and undertakes to eliminate injustice from the relations of men. It is worldwide in its appeal. It is profoundly intellectual and at the same time addresses its arguments to the most elementary of the passions.

To think to overcome such a propaganda by ridicule or by arguments which patently miss the point is folly. The refutation of socialism demands the highest exercise of our best intellects. It requires full knowledge of the subject and something more than mediocre power of thought. A creed which is spreading underground, so to speak, captivating the mind of the electorate while those who are our chosen guardians and leaders will not take the pains to find out what it is and what it means may well startle us with its possibilities for good or evil.

PROTECTION IN USE OF WATER.

The appeal made by a number of farmers in the vicinity of Wamic, Wasco County, to the Governor for assistance in protecting their rights to the flow of water in streams passing through their farms, points out a need for regulations which will afford the relief they demand. There are certain rights, such as those growing out of contracts, which it is not the duty of the state to enforce by criminal proceedings. The burden of protecting his own rights and bearing the cost of a civil action in the first instance properly rests upon the person who alleges that he has been injured by breach of contract. But there are other rights, such as that of peaceful possession of property, which it is the duty of the state to protect and secure by proper criminal laws. When a man steals a horse or burns a barn or destroys property of another, the state undertakes to capture the offender and punish him if he be found guilty after a trial by a jury of his fellow-citizens. Why should not the criminal laws in like manner provide a remedy for the man whose water has been shut off by some other person who wrongfully takes it? Theft of water in an arid region is as serious a matter as destroying crops, for it amounts to the same thing in effect. It is as serious a matter as stealing a horse, for the settler in the arid region cannot keep his livestock without water.

In what is here said there is no attempt to pass judgment upon the particular case under consideration. The farmers say that when they bought their lands from the Government and the state, streams of water were flowing over them. Since then an irrigation company has put in dams that stop the flow of water entirely and leave the settlers without water for household and livestock. Whether the charge thus made is true can be decided only after the evidence has been heard, but whether it be true or not in this particular case, recital of the circumstances shows the need of some regulations which will provide the owner of water rights the same protection under the criminal laws that are enjoyed by owners of other classes of property. When there is a controversy as to the right to the possession of a horse or the possession of water, the disputants should be left to their remedies in the civil courts. But when any class of property is taken wrongfully and without a bona fide claim of right, the criminal laws should provide relief to the injured person. If every man from whom property is stolen were left to his civil remedy for the recovery of it, robbers would be safe in the pursuit of their calling. The state owes every man a reasonable degree of protection, and this it should assure him, regardless of the character of property he may own.

IMMORTALITY.

An esteemed communication which is published this morning contains, among other interesting thoughts upon religion, one to the purport that certain tribes have been discovered which have no conception of God or a future life. The writer infers from this fact that man is not by nature religious. Were the alleged fact undisputed, which is not the case, it would at most prove merely that these particular tribes were not by nature religious. Other communities of men which do believe in God and the future life need not share in the reprobation of their less-favored fellow-beings. In fact, wherever we find religion existing we are confronted by the dilemma that it is either natural or supernatural. If man is not religious by nature then he has been made religious by some power external to Nature. There is no way to evade both these conclusions, though a person may adopt either one he chooses.

Whether the belief in God and a future life is essential to religion may be regarded as fairly open to discussion. Some of the most religious men of our times accept the dogma of immortality in a manner exceedingly elusive, to say the most for it. Those who have followed the Ingersoll lectures, which were founded expressly to inculcate the belief in immortality and find reasons for it, must have been somewhat disappointed at the vague results it has achieved. The lectures get no further than a recitation of the hopes for continued existence which great men have in all ages cherished, the aspirations of poets and the dreams of philosophers; but not one reason for the belief has been advanced for which even the lecturer himself claims full validity. It remains, so far as they are concerned, rather a longing than an article of faith. Nor can there be any doubt that the Christian world as a whole has lost the ardent faith in a future life which in the first ages was its inspiration and consolation. Of the present reality of heaven, with its supreme joys to the protomartyrs we in this day have no conception. They no more doubted it than they questioned the facts of everyday existence. Probably it was more real to them than the fire which consumed their bodies. To many nowadays it is a hypothesis and nothing more.

But are we less religious than the early Christians? It may be doubted. The Jews, whose religious genius nobody would presume to question, may have had some inkling of the dogma of immortality, but it nowhere appears in their earlier literature. The dramatist who composed the book of Job knew nothing of it. The famous text, "And though worms consume this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," is a mistranslation, as all scholars now admit. When correctly rendered it has not the slightest reference to the future life. The teachings of Ecclesiastes are baldly materialistic. There are no more depressingly pessimistic utterances in all literature than those of this world-weary writer. To his apprehension there was a common end for men and beasts, and the fate of one differed in no respect from that of the other. "As the one dieth, so dieth the other. Yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity." The common misunderstandings of the Old Testament fall little short of the ludicrous, both in respect to the idea of immortality and the fancied prophecies of a Messiah.

Since their ignorance of the real or imaginary future life did not prevent the Jews from being the most religious of the peoples of ancient times, we may safely infer that its gradual fading from the modern consciousness will not diminish our essential religiosity. May we say the same of the belief in God? The concept of a Supreme Being is one of the most changeable of all our mental products. Without accepting the impious dictum of a late infidel that God is made in the image of man, one cannot help observing that every modern nation has a deity of its own. The Russians have a God to whom they pray for success against the Japanese, and he rewards their faith with promises, though he does not always fulfill them. In our war with the South the Yankees had a deity who was in complete sympathy with their cause, while the Southerners had another who was equally devoted to slavery and states' rights. To say that these two beings were the same is to ignore the power of the mind to discriminate. The Gods of the nations are concepts built out of the national ambitions, desires, sympathies and passions.

Not only are the national deities radically different beings among themselves, but it may be added that each individual builds up a concept of the Supreme Being which is essentially unlike his neighbor's. Will anybody presume to assert that Mr. Rockefeller's God is the same as Washington Gladden's? The two are totally unlike in all their attributes. That behind these diverse concepts there may be a being whom they all adumbrate it is not our purpose to deny; but it must be remembered that men are influenced not by what God really is, but by what they think he is; so that, in respect to influence upon conduct, things are precisely the same as if there were a separate deity for each nation. Every war brings the national deities into the quarrel just as it did in primitive times, though we agree to ignore the fact as we do so many others which are contrary to polite convention. Still, we recall Kaiser Wilhelm's "God of the Fatherland," who overthrew France. That men of high intellect have a common conception of God all over the world is a truth which we may admit; but their ideas affect neither the multitude nor the ecclesiastical machines. Every such machine adopts the national God unreservedly, and when war breaks out it sets up incantations to awaken his zeal with all the fervor of the priests of Baal.

Whether the mass of mankind would not be more truly religious without the false ideas of God which they cherish is open to question. It has never been observed that these ideas have softened their manners, made them less cruel to each other or more merciful to their enemies. All the cruelties of every war and every religious persecution have been sanctioned by some God. Every act of national perfidy has been blessed by some ecclesiastical machine. In fact, laying aside illusions for the moment, one is almost driven by the facts to believe that the principal use of the popular conceptions of the deity has been to sanctify conduct which the true God must reprobate and abhor. On the other hand, there is no doubt that Kings and ecclesiastics have used the popular fear of the imaginary divinity to hold the masses quiet under oppression and reconcile them to wrong. "Due bills on heaven," to use an undesirable expression, have always played a great part in the interest of tyrants. Would the world be worse or better off if everybody should learn to estimate them at their true value? The imaginary deity of the multitude has always been in bitter conflict with the true God of the intellect. The gradual prevalence of the latter has marked the spread of democracy in government, mercy in war and justice in the relations among men. We may say, therefore, that without the belief in false Gods we should be more religious than we are, for justice, mercy and equality of right are the essentials of religion; but without the belief in the true God whose temple is the enfranchised intellect and the ritual of whose worship is the expression of brotherly love in kindly deeds man would degenerate and religion would disappear.

KIPLING'S STINGY MISTAKE.

When report comes that a noted man of letters has produced a new bit of work, it is disappointing, not to say exasperating, to be forbidden access to it. This remark anent Kipling's indictment of Great Britain's policy toward South African colonists, published by the London Standard. When we get by cable one stanza of virile verse, as—

> Back to the ancient bitterness
> Ye ended once for all;
> Back to oppression none may guess,
> Who have not borne its thrall;
> Back to the slough of their despond,
> Helots anew held fast
> By England's seal upon the bond,
> As helots to the last.

we naturally want to read the remainder, but it is copyrighted and so few of us are subscribers to the Standard. We shall have to wait for the next book by this brilliant worshiper of military might, the apostle of hot lead and able friend of the adventurous in every land.

And herein our former fellow-citizen errs. America not less than England is entitled to the fruit of his fertile brain. On the banks of the Thames he has not more admirers than dwell on the shores of the Hudson; San Francisco enjoys him as much as Calcutta, despite the fierce lambasting the Bay City got fifteen years ago from the creator of Private Mulvaney.

Let us on this side of the water have your stuff promptly, Kipling. True, and shameful 'tis, 'tis true, we robbed you of a fortune by stealing your earlier products, but that was the law's fault. You deserve a many times bigger bank account than George Ade. However, that is past. Any one of a dozen American publications will pay you more handsomely than the London Standard. Next time let your vigorous editorial be spread simultaneously among English-speaking peoples. Don't be partial.

Despite your minor faults, America likes you, Kipling. You showed not only good taste, but sound judgment, by marrying one of our women. Don't you remember when you were at death's door in a New York hotel and were saved by American skill and your own marked vitality, the whole country sent out the tendrils of its sympathy to your bedside and then joyed when danger was past?

Don't regard us as a negligible quantity. Our publishers won't, because they can't, rob you again. Let us hear from you often; the oftener the better. There is only one of you in the world, and you are too valuable to English literature for one nation alone.

"THE GOAL OF LEISURE."

The six little rocky states honorably known in history as New England have of late years been given over chiefly to tradition. The crop of rocks which they are said to have produced three times a year for generations is still there for the gleaning; but the gleaners have grown weary and decamped for fields more responsive to the efforts of the husbandman. Long the home of dyspepsia and ideals, it has latterly been noted chiefly as the place of abandoned farms and quaint country resorts.

In this latter line the Saturday Evening Post sees New England's opportunity for resurrection. It is suggested that these states may profitably and pleasantly become the common home, the pleasant recreation ground, the goal of leisure for our people. Other sections of the country are more fertile but none is more picturesque; other sections lure the descendants of early New Englanders to the pursuit of gain, but to no other does their thoughts revert with such affectionate remembrance.

To attract the new generation, however, the wildness of its estate must be in a measure subdued and in a measure protected. That is to say, good roads must be built, its forests must be preserved from the rapacity of lumbermen, its fished-out ponds and rivers must be restocked and its beauty spots made into parks through which it is possible for the traveler or sojourner to make his way.

William Hamilton Gibson, in his delightful book "Highways and Byways of New England," wove into his daily record of jaunts about old familiar places a quaint spirit of romance that is now humorously, now pathetically, attractive. Ellen R. Rollins, in her sketches entitled "New England Bygones," has brought a multitude of readers in touch with the incidents that made New England life tender and pathetic in the past. Whittier has sung and Rose Terry Cook told in her folklore tales of the spirit and the characteristics that make New England a rallying point for the memory of thousands of her sons and daughters of a later generation.

It remains now for sagacious legislators of these memory states to take means whereby the natural beauties of the section will be preserved and heightened, and some devices for the comfort of rural travelers may be secured, in order to bring about what the Post calls the "resurrection of New England" as an inviting goal of leisure—a place where world and work weary men and women of the nearer West may dream and rest during the vacation period.

Two boys—Ernest Evans, of Roseburg, and Ray Espey, of this city—escaped from the State Reform School, near Salem, last Sunday night, celebrated their freedom from restraint by breaking into and robbing a general merchandise store at Jefferson, a few nights later, and gave a severe beating to two farmers who tried to capture them the following day. The enterprising lads were captured Friday and have been returned to the Reform School, where no doubt the authorities, finding milder means for subduing their peculiar proclivities a failure, will try what virtue there is in the old-fashioned means designated by Solomon as "the rod for the fool's back."

In the report of the state convention of North Dakota Democrats we read the names of B. S. Brynjolfson, Siver Serumgard, F. M. Negge, A. E. Berg, Terry McCosker, William Schulz and William Schuett. In fact, the names of foreign appearance outnumber those plainly American. The hardworking Scandinavians and Germans made North Dakota, as they also made Minnesota and helped to make other Middle Western States. We need more settlers of that kind in Oregon.

Must we wait till hard times, when men will be willing to work, in order to get the labor necessary to build our railroads and harvest our crops and get our logs out of the woods and load our vessels and cars? It would seem so. But when men must work or starve there will be poor wages. Now is the time for willing and industrious and far-seeing men to lay a foundation for future independence.

Now if Portland didn't have more postoffice business and more school population, and other indicia of growth and importance and magnitude than Seattle has, it would be sorry and silent. But Portland knows Seattle is a fine city, and wouldn't brag for a moment, only the thrasonical brag of such newspapers as the Seattle Times forces us now and then to throw in a word.

Middlemen are to be cut out in the latest scheme for marketing the hop crop, and the hops will go almost directly from the grower to the brewer. Now if the same scheme can be extended to the prune industry, there will be some show for the grower of this healthful fruit to get a living price or for the consumer to get the fruit without being a millionaire.

The Emperor of Russia, it is said, does not comprehend the gravity of the situation in his empire. The indications are that he will yet hear something drop that will arouse him to the fact that something is going on, the impulse of which is not a desire for continuation of the Romanoff dynasty.

In the Coos Bay Railroad—the railroad from Drain to Coos Bay—all Western Oregon, including Portland, feels more interest than in any other of the promised undertakings. Can it go on, or can it not? The question is up to the Southern Pacific, which has promised, through Mr. Harriman himself, to build this road.

For the Bryan reception the railroads have made an excursion rate lower than has ever been made before, except in the case of the Dewey reception, on the Admiral's return from the Philippines. Perfectly proper. Colonel Bryan went to Cuba the same year Admiral Dewey went to Manila.

Mr. Moore, who was going to build the Lake Washington Canal, is pouting because of possible legal obstacles. All Mr. Moore wants to carry the project forward to a triumphant success is for King County to furnish the money and the property-owners the right of way.

The German editors know precisely how the Kaiser should run the empire, and the Emperor knows how the editors should run their papers. It would appear that honors ought to be even in Germany, but evidently they won't be until somebody goes to jail.

The New York papers appear to be surprised to learn that Uncle Joe Cannon swears profusely, eloquently and impartially. Didn't they know that Uncle Joe runs a bear garden at Washington?

The insidious cigarette, it is said, is undermining the young manhood of the South—physically, mentally and morally. There are those who think that this state of affairs is not confined to the South.

The dissatisfied relatives of Russell Sage say that he was not competent to make a will. But he was competent to amass a vast fortune. Were they? And if not, why should they have it?

"Astoria's Plain Duty" is the title of an article in the Astorian. It means that Astoria's plain duty is to build a modern hotel. Astoria never will show for what she is worth till she does it.

Secretary Elihu Root is having the time of his life in Brazil. Incidentally his wife has been made happy by the gift of a Brazilian diamond of first water and big, no doubt, as a pea.

It cannot be imagined that the recent absence of a part of the Supreme Bench on a campaign tour of the state has anything to do with the present congestion of the court docket.

San Francisco water is pure, but the flies are blamed for spreading the typhoid contagion. More tanglefoot is evidently the great sanitary need of San Francisco.

Speaking of gunshot accidents while the victim is crawling through a barbwire fence, one is led to wonder if he was after Chinese pheasants before the lawful date.

Pendleton farmers who serve beer to hired hands to hold them to the job are outdone in the Palouse, where the daily bill of fare is chicken.

The boarding-houses of the Nation ought somehow to be equal to the great emergency that confronts the prune market.

New York City reports a shortage of chorus girls. Probably Mr. Corey has cornered the market.

THE PESSIMIST.

The funniest story is the one you tell yourself.

* * *

The most brilliant feat of your friend's dog is the merest commonplace compared with the performances of your own dog.

* * *

Really, the most offensive person is the man who comes and borrows a nice, bright, new saw before you have had an opportunity to use it yourself.

* * *

Another one is the individual who plays an imaginary accompaniment on a table when someone else is singing. She—it is generally a she—is pretty bad, but not quite so sickening as the would-be coy, sweet young thing who dances a little dance all by herself whenever she sees a smooth uncarpeted floor. With one hand pointed toward the zenith, the other placed in a graceful position about 45 degrees north of her equatorial protuberance, she takes two or three turns, and hums a fragment of a waltz. The humming is far from being entrancing, but it is seemingly a necessary part of the performance.

* * *

Speaking of disagreeable people, the largest variety is composed of those who talk at the theater. It requires a conceit of more than ordinary magnitude for a person to imagine that anything she—this one is quite often a she—has to say could by any possibility be as interesting as what is going on on the stage. She is an exceeding disagreeable object to think about, even after the performance is over. Not the least exasperating feature of her wondrous assurance is the idea involved that one is paying to hear her talk, whereas one would pay almost any price not to hear her talk.

* * *

ORTHOGRAFI.

Mr. W. S. Varnum, a local scholar of some repute, is inclined to "thinc" that the prevailing methods of spelling are open to vast improvement.

"Dhe best way to spel," says Varnum,
"Is tu ignore awl rools, consarn 'em!
Yu kan bee poetik
In langwej fonetik;
Let dhe printerz protest, gol darn 'em!"

* * *

One important and instructive event in our weekly lives is the arrival of the Saturday Evening Boast. How glad we are to know that bright-eyed, active Jimmy succeeded in selling 300 Boasts in two days, and we glory in the discomfiture of little Willie, who only disposed of 10. The discerning reader may well imagine the joy and pride of Jimmy, but we cannot help feeling sorry for Willie's ma. In the department devoted to advice as to how to get rich without work, we learn of the success of John Henry, who sent in his application for a job. John Henry was not satisfied with a single presentation of his many attributes, so he wrote 200 letters to his future employers, and mailed them all at once. This exhibition of perspicacity and industry won the admiration of the firm, and they placed him in the fabrication department. "How doth the busy liar improve each shining hour." Some great man has said: "Be good and you'll be lonesome; be truthful and you'll get left."

Then there was George—what a noble sound has the name George—George thought that he was entitled to a raise of two dollars a month. This conclusion he imparted to the head of the firm. The head of the firm carefully explained to George that the firm was running on a very close margin, and that really the firm could not afford to pay him the two dollars he desired. He showed him the firm's expense account, and it was even so. George, however, was not disheartened. He noticed that the firm was spending too much for wrapping paper and string. He thereupon began a campaign of retrenchment. At the end of the year the firm had saved $12.13. Part of this they gave to George, who immediately bought an alarm clock, so that he could get up earlier in the morning, and save more string. Thus it is that earnest endeavor is the surest path to ultimate success.

M. B. WELLS.

This Oregon of Ours.

Albany Democrat.

It is a year since the Lewis and Clark Fair was doing business as a Summer resort. A year ago things were humming down at Portland. The Democrat was always optimistic on the subject and declared that Portland's prosperity would continue, and it has. There is more business in Portland today than there was a year ago, take the whole business interests of the city into the accounting. Portland is enjoying a prosperity that is marked. The price of real estate is much higher, the postal receipts more and the bank clearings greatly increased, all of which tell their own story of progress.

In this connection it may be said that the whole of Oregon is going ahead, with a splendid outlook ahead. Albany will move with the rest of the state and its best growth and development will be seen during the coming five years. It will not go back, it will go ahead, a clean, enterprising city. The building of the Corvallis & Eastern into Crook County will mean much for Albany, and there will be attendant improvements which will add materially to the progress of the city.

Did Mr. Harriman Take the Census?

Albany Democrat.

The Democrat said Mr. Harriman probably took the Salem population of 5000 from the census, the last one giving it 4258, and added 742 to clear his conscience. This makes the whisky editor of the Journal mad and he howls in plain letters as follows:

"A Presbyterian Prohi Democrat who never was outside of his own town can't be expected to be fair or honest in his treatment of other towns."

As a matter of fact the population of Salem, with its enlarged boundaries, is probably somewhere near 13,000.

This Tells It.

The Dalles Chronicle.

The advocates of an unreasonable high protective tariff may cry "free trade," but it will make no difference for there are thousands of good Republicans who believe in the protective system, but are opposed to a prohibitive tariff that makes the rich richer at the expense of the people.

Homily of Slang.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Yes, this is a hard old world, my son,
And awfully hard for the chap
Who goes through life with a fear of strife
And looks for a "nice, soft snap."

The race of life is a killing race,
And the runners a brutal pack,
It's true, my son, if you strive to run,
Always on the "inside track."

It's hard to get a "square deal," you say
In this game all seek to deceive;
Well, maybe it's so—but will you show
The cards you have up your sleeve?

Yes, this is a stupid world, young man,
For, how it appears to you,
Whether good or bad or glad or sad,
Depends—on your point of view.