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whatever among results, producing pain with the same facility as pleasure and destroying as eagerly as they build. The fight for perfection as a conscious end has always been waged against Nature and does violence everywhere to her law. What Nature produces is "adaptation," which is a totally different thing from perfection. The best adapted thing is frequently the most evil thing. The tiger and the rattlesnake with all their cruelty or venom are exquisitely adapted. The lion's mane is adapted, and is the ideal parasite which which can do nothing but suck. The Bowersy tough is adapted, but he is far from being perfected. Adaptation sometimes coincides with perfection and sometimes not. Often it degenerates. It is produced by the method of indiscriminate slaughter, which spares races no more than individuals and cares nothing for either. Perfection is what we reach by progress and all progress has been an incessant struggle against adaptation.

What is a race? Plato taught that it is a mystery, something relating apart from individuals. According to his notion there would still be a human race even if all men and women were dead. He called this curious figment of fancy an "idea." It seems sometimes almost as if Mr. Wood still cherished the same superstition. He speaks of individuals as being independent of the individuals who compose it. But, in all candor, is there any such thing as a race, in that sense? Is it any more than a common noun designating a collection of individuals? How, then, can a perfect race be produced except by producing perfect individuals?

The proposition that Nature cares nothing for the individual and everything for the race is a contradiction in terms. It is one of those patches of heavy moonshine which soothe the indignities of people who will not face the facts of the world. The word "race" is an empty concept when we take it to mean anything else than "many individuals." Individuals are the only tangible facts in the universe. It is in them alone that reality manifests itself. Nothing can be done which is not done to individuals. No perfection can exist except in individuals. No sin or crime can be committed except by individuals. And all talk about the perfection of races amounts simply to an attempt to shirk our responsibility and duty to individuals, and to evade the gloom about perfecting the human race while to relieve the needs of a brother at one's side is not only difficult, but oftentimes exceedingly disagreeable to a refined taste. For—

Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes; 'Tis praisè to praise her, penance to perform.

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ports that they had on an average one blizzard a week from November 16 to April 5, while in Summer they suffered from hot winds. For weeks in Winter the trains were stopped and there were no mails or news of any kind from the outside world. Many people were without coal during the worst weather, and some were even without wood and were compelled to burn straw and foweposts. But the writer adds: "This is a great big uncracked country, and the finest wheat-producing country ever seen, but when you think of coming here you must be prepared to shovel snow, chop ice and buck up against the real thing, for this is Canada." And insects during the hot season are so numerous and fierce that cattle are teased and tortured to the limit of endurance by them, and horses are so reduced by their attacks as often to be too weak for effective work. Wouldn't it seem from these recitals that our own states, and especially our Pacific States, had merits enough to hold our people, and that the motto "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" were about the thing to be placarded all about?

Success to the Effort. The labor unions of this city, it is said, are going to fight the fuel trust. This trust has tightened its grip upon the public, causing the rich consumers to wince, the consumer of moderate means to writhe painfully and the poor to cry out in alarm and misery. Has anyone, other than the labor unions, and, if labor unions succeed in breaking it, hold, they will have given legitimate reason for their existence, even if this were the only count to their credit.

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Car shortage and trouble in the coal mines explained, with some show of reason, the high price of coal during the past winter, but it is an insult to common intelligence to urge a similar cause for the exorbitant prices asked for cordwood and slabwood. Midsummer, with a threat of still further advance in the price in the Fall. Allowing a fair margin for the alleged increase in choppers' wages and the wages of the wood-handlers who work in woodyards and elsewhere, the sale of four cords of wood for more than \$150 or \$15 a cord delivered at homes in this city, is sheer extortion, made possible by the combination known as the "wood trust."

If the labor unions can break into this camp of plotters and mercenaries and bring fuel down to the market price, they will deserve, and will no doubt receive, the plaudits of an erstwhile shivering and still boldly-fleece community. Success to the effort.

Some Man Heads the Plunder. Upon the whole, probably, the annual harvest of Fourth of July orations yields as much wisdom as folly. Some speeches are so good, and some are so bad, that they are worth more than \$150 or \$15 a cord delivered at homes in this city, is sheer extortion, made possible by the combination known as the "wood trust."

Mr. Woodrow Wilson made short work of this fallacious concession, which renders crime safe for the predatory manager, and the law deals with the corporation and gang, and not reach after the man behind it, he smiles with satisfaction and serenely continues to grab his plunder. "Every corporation," said President Wilson, "is personally directed, either by some one dominant person, or some group of persons. Somebody is particular is responsible for, or doing, or sanctioning every illegal act committed by its agents or officers; and therefore, when such an act is committed somebody ought to go to prison for it."

The clear common-sense of Mr. Wilson's remarks is refreshing. It contrasts pleasantly with the fine-spun sophistries of the lawyers and shows that we still have educationists, who seek to instruct rather than to mislead us. Did Colonel Harvey know what Mr. Woodrow Wilson held these opinions when he nominated him to succeed Mr. Roosevelt?

An Interesting Report. The annual report of Colonel Roessler, United States Engineer in charge of this district, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, is of interest to the entire district covered, and especially, perhaps, to that portion of it which "Portland" is the active center, and the Columbia river, the great highway leading to the sea. It contains, in every detail, the reports issued from time to time by the commercial and trade bodies of this city in regard to the large increase in business of the port and of the substantial growth of the interior, and the great interior, which create this business.

Very appropriate is the suggestion that one of the statues of the State of Washington in the Statuary Hall at the National Capitol should be that of Dr. Marcus Whitman, the other that of the first Governor of the Territory of Washington, Isaac I. Stevens. Whitman deserves the recognition as a pioneer, whose energy was a force in the first period of the settlement of the Oregon country. Stevens deserves it because of his energy in the development of the territory, and his skill in the selection of the sites for the great interior, which create this business.

The detailed statement of Colonel Roessler, of the expenditure of the Government appropriations upon the waterways of this State, will be of special interest to the farmers and shippers of the interior, both of the Columbia and Willamette Valleys. Residents of Western Oregon have ever been loyal to their river and resentful of its neglect. While they appreciate railway facilities (or would, if they had facilities more in keeping with their needs), they turn with confidence to the river as a surety against the exactions of railroad managers in handling the staple products of their farms.

There has been expended upon the Willamette river, according to the report recently made public, something less than \$24,000 in the past year—not a great sum, considering the importance of the waterway as an auxiliary to the commerce of the Valley, but a sum that has insured a considerable right movement of the water, at a time when it was greatly needed. The work done upon the smaller rivers and more important ports of Southwestern Oregon will facilitate greatly the commerce of those sections, since they depend wholly upon shipping as a means of reaching the markets of the world. Coos Bay, Siuslaw, Yaquina and Tillamook Bay have each received such aid as the appropriations available for that purpose would permit.

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