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Atlantic City, N. J.—Ell Taylor.
Oscien—D. L. Boyle, W. G. Kind. 114

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Pine Beach, Va .- W. A. Corgrove. PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUG. 18, 1897.

IMMORAL LITERATURE.

An exciting discussion has arisen among our literary pontiffs and arbiters of tasts over the question why the Americans of today prefer to read American books. Formerly it was not o. Not many years ago the best selling books in this country were invariably written in England. The with an apology, if they were read at The English despised our writers and we, as in duty bound, followed their example, though it was felt that patdemanded a more or less shamefaced patronage of home talent." Now all is changed. The best selling books in the United States are written on this side of the water; it is even said that the tables have been completely turned and that our literature, tions has been diligently sought. Springfield Republican thinks that it is kind of literature that we produce in tor may require." appreciable quantity or quality, has eased to be a dominant literary form. The universal vogue which it enjoyed Thackeray has passed, and fiction is now devoted to the discussion of the minor questions which interest particular cliques or to the description of the life of particular localities. Hence its appeal is circumscribed. English novels interest little circles in England and our own novels interest little circles at home, while none of them appeals to humanity at large. This explanation leaves two things

unaccounted for. It does not tell why one American novel after another though ephemeral, crude in style and arid in thought, nevertheless pleases the whole Nation instead of a local audience; nor does it tell why the English are beginning to read our fiction instead of their own. A theory more soothing to our vanity than the Republican's is that our novels are displacing the British, both at home and abroad, because they are more pure. The Republican admits their purity. It conedes in so many words that the great, indeed the only, striking merit of American literature is its purity; but cannot see why this virtue should lish literature, according to this theory, has degenerated from the immaculate delicacy of the Victorian period. has begun to occupy itself with the discussion of risky matters like marital infidelity, free love and physiological phe nomena. These things are abhorrent to the sanctified souls of the great midclass, which composes the British market for books. Turning with repugnance from this gross intellectual food, they seek the chaster productions of American writers. The English mind is naturally extremely delicate. It will tolerate nothing in literature which savors of indecency. Continental writers are notoriously neglectful of the proprietles in their novels and plays; Americans are notoriously proper. Hence the popularity of our authors in Britain, a popularity which seems to indicate that once in a while, if not always, virtue receives its due recompense this side of

The trouble with this theory is patent to anybody who knows the history of English literature. The British intellect, while ravenously avid of virtue In all its forms, is nevertheless consistently indelicate. Most of the great works of English literature are shockingly plain spoken. The Victorian period stands alone in its freedom from seness. Chaucer revels in naughty tales. Shakespeare does not hesitate to call a spade a spade. Pope is lewd. which is a great deal worse than being indelicate. Fielding is unchaste. Even Goldsmith permits a fallen woman to return to respectable society in "The spicuous for their "simple faith in and erations next Spring.

Wear of Wakefield." Evidently the loyalty to the God of our fathers." Not

o discuss risky subjects is not a transient lapse, but a return to an inveterate national habit. The same habit is grafters all the same. noticeable in all the literatures of the world except our own.

Of all these literatures ours is the authors, is not necessarily immorality. Daily, Sunday included, one year..... 9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month.... 75
HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state. bidden topics actually fasten the reader's attention upon them. The reader perceives that the author's mind must have been preoccupied with indecencles; otherwise he could not have shunned them so deftly. To be prepared at all points against sudden accusation is one of the well-known signs of guilt. It is the fox which can never be caught napping. If this is true, then we can easily understand the growing popularity of American books in England. The gross British mind discovers its natural food in their extremely suggestive pages.

What goes by the name of American iterature is afflicted with a decadent neurasthenia which is vastly worse than indelicacy. It is so preoccupied with what it must not say that it fails to say anything worth while. Its crowning achievement in this generation has been a thin, chill, nervously dyspeptic form of the short story. This literary disaster is elaborately wrought, euphulstic and disingenuous in style Philadelphia, Pa.—Ryan's Theater Ticket painfully self-conscious and to the last degree immoral. It is immoral, in the first place because it is diseased, and the universe is so arranged that virtue Atlantic City, N. J.—Ell Taylor.

Ogden—D. L. Boyle, W. G. Kind. 114
Twenty-fifth street,
Omnha—Barkalow Bros., Union Station;
Mageath Stationery Co.
Des Moines, Ia.—Moss Jacob.
Sacramento, Cal.—Sacramento News Co.
123 K Street; Amos News Co.
Salt Lake Moon Book & Stationery Ca;
Rosenfeld & Hansen.
Los Angeles—B. E. Amos, manager seven street wagons. and health travel in company. Worse which is gullty of sins like these may boast of its purity as much as it pleases, but it has little else to boast of, and its doom is as certain as the triumph of life over death.

TRUTH AND GAS FINANCES.

The reason why the Portland Gas Company didn't make an intelligible and correct report of its financial condition to the City Auditor is, very likely, that it doesn't know how. It doesn't know how because it never learned how, and it never learned because it hasn't had to learn. The public was for years apparently indifferent to the aggressions and exactions of the gas comcany. But it was aroused, about eighteen months since, to an active surpose to "do something" by a series of particularly grievous offenses on the part of this public-service corporation The light was turned on and its secret operations exposed, including the interesting details of the scheme of fren zied finance that led to the organization of the present corporation. The Legislature was appealed to for relief works of our own authors were read but the public got no relief. The gas monopoly was well protected by the legislators at Salem, whose chief business it was to look after the "inter-

Now the public may want something done again. There is a city charter provision which requires that holders of franchises in Portland shall "make stated quarterly reports in writing to and known as Keliy's Butte, where the Auditor, which shall contain an ac- the guests ask for pie and are like our tobacco and kerosene, is con- as well as in detail, of all receipts from troubling and the wicked get no rest. the British market. The rea- all sources and all expenditures for all This is the one eleemosynary instituson for this startling reversal of rela- purposes, together with a full state- tion that shows a balance in the profit The ment of all assets and debts, as well as column. Heretofore it has had all the such other information as to the costs blessings of home-that is, nearly all, because the novel, which is the only and profits of said service as the Audi-

The false and ridiculous report of the gas company would seem to be in accord with the charter provision, unless n the times of Scott, Dickens and the City Auditor should see fit to require something else. If it should occur to him, as it has to everybody else who is not tied up to the gas company. that the public is entitled to know the facts, he would seem to have sufficient powers under the charter to require the ompany to render a truthful and accurate report. It is the City Auditor's

THE OLD GOD.

"Why is it that we are hearing so nuch of graft, of political and business trickery and dishonesty, and general social corruption?" This question Dr J. R. Straton asked and answered in he course of his recent sermon at the White Temple. Here is his answer: "It is because so many men have lost heir faith in the true God and the realities of the Christian religion."

By "true God" Dr. Straton means the God of the ancient Jews, who, through Elisha, cured Naaman the Syrian of his leprosy and wrought other miracles of the same sort. We learn this from other parts of his sermon. The preacher make it so attractive. Virtue in gen- argued that a return to the "simple eral is anything but attractive. Eng- faith of our fathers" in this deity would remedy all our social and political ills The only way to ascertain the value

of an alleged panacea is to try it and see how it works in particular cases. Give the cat a dose first, then the pig. If these patients survive, test it on the family cow, and finally on the hired man. Only when its virtues have been proved by some such process as this can we safely admit the panacea to a place among household remedies. This rule holds good for spiritual medicines as well as a material one. Their value depends altogether upon their practical greatest steel capital in the world. Purresults. No matter what anybody says they will do; the important question is some time ago appropriated \$75,000,000

person who tries them?" graft, corruption and business dishonesty has already been abundantly test. The scheme, both of the manufacturing ed. Nothing is left to guesswork. We plant and city-building, is being carknow exactly what it will accomplish, ried forward on the most extensive and He says that faith in the God of the an-Very well. Mr. John D. Rockefeller constructed for a distance of three possesses that faith. He is full of it. miles, lined its entire length with conhim upon his pastor, his neighbors and each side with business blocks. tubfull every time he makes a speech. | mains have been laid all over the city, Certainly the full power of faith in the and an electric lighting plant is now ancient Jewish duty to cleanse from in commission. graft and corruption ought to be than fifty superior homes are now near shown in Mr. Rockefeller, if any such | ing completion, and houses will be in power exists. Has it cleansed him?

cea Dr. Straton says it is?

the highest concept their minds could facturing business; who will be housed of New Bedford will rest most secure that American literature, in spite of its edge and deeper experience we can be known at the hustings, the great to the uttermost ends of the earth in careful delicacy in language and sub- frame a higher one and it is our duty steel city will be more than a marvel the pursuit of the most fascinating and Too much dwelling among to do so. as the discreet fig leaves on our nude the ideals of the past is no cure for graft and corruption. We must fight our modern evils with modern weapons if we hope to slay them.

"AT SHERAR'S BRIDGE." The recent passing of Mrs. Sherar, of who have passed that way during the past thirty-five years many acts of kindness that marked a "stoppingplace" on a weary journey. The hospitailiy that is typical of the frontier was a feature of the life of this woman, all of the active, helpful years business in which they embarked together more than a third of a century traveler who sought rest and refreshment under her roof, and went his way. Years ago a young girl-very young and without experience in the worldride, a solitary passenger on the mail each, on her way to the farther interior to teach a little country school. She was to walt there until "some one from the settlement" came for her. This escort she expected to find at the crossing of the Deschutes, but he had not reached that point when she arrived, and, alone and with but a small confronted what to her was indeed a forlorn situation. But the good landlady, morning she had left to get breakfast for some herders who wanted to get an early start to a distant range. tucked the tired, shivering girl into it and bade her go to sleep and not worry. The advice was heeded, and toward evening a neighbor from the settlement, nearly fifty miles away, came by, and the girl, rested, refreshed and omforted, was sent on her way.

This was but a simple act in the selpful life of a good woman that covered a period of many years. But its memory has distilled through the years a gratitude and an appreciation that ave in turn prompted many a deed of kindness to perplexed travelers stranded on life's highway. That it will bring tribute from a distant home to the worth of a good woman when the event of her death becomes known there cannot be doubted. And it will be but one of many offerings that gratitude will lay upon this bier, since to the simple record of her passing it is added that no pioneer of Eastern Oregon was more widely known or more highly respected than was Mrs. Sherar, who for thirtyfive years was mistress of this famous stopping-place, adding kindness, good beer and charitable deeds to the neverfailing hospitality extended to the traveling public at Sherar's Bridge

THE DAY OFF AT KELLY'S BUTTE. There may be joy unconfined today in that delightful suburban conducted and of some homes, and if the sojourners did not see anything they wanted and asked for it, they got it-perhaps. Their material welfare has been looked after by the man with the 32-32 and by sordid industry they have thriven. But as a spiritual vineyard the retreat has been sadly neglected. No brands have been plucked from the burning and no one seems to have cared.

Now all that is to be changed. That excellent humanitarian, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, who delights to go into the highways and byways and stir up things, having eliminated slot machines, put a stop to gambling and shut off Sunday booze, and thereby re-formed this hitherto wicked city, will oday hie himself to the Butte and in his kindly, pleasing way show the un-fortunate wielders of the hammer the to better things. If anybody do this, Dr. Wilson is the man, and the plain truths and teachings of the better life will be shown in a manner that will give no offense to those who cannot well resent.

Yet many who hear him will, while espectfully listening, think of the place and its surroundings, and wish the zealous doctor had supplemented his mental and spiritual feast with the more carnal things of life and brought along "somethin" fillin"." And therein lies the essence of the whole job of reorm. A man with a well-fed stomach an assimilate much better than he whose mind is constantly making comparisons that show him he has the worst of it. He knows it is his own fault, to be sure, that he is there, but that troubles him little. The hunger gnawing is a few degrees west of the heart, and no more need be said.

THE NEW STEEL CITY. The United States Steel Corporation has decided to make Gary, Ind., the suant to this object the corporation What is their actual effect upon a for the establishment of its great steel plant at that place. It has now decided Happily, Dr. Straton's remedy for to give \$45,000,000 to meet the demands of the construction of a model city. elaborate scale. Broadway, the princi-Jews will cure all these evils, pal thoroughfare of the city, has been ull to overflowing. It bubbles out of crete sidewalks, and for two miles on his Sunday school. He spills it by the sewer system has been constructed and rendiness for 50,000 workingmen by the

current disposition of British writers a man of them is tainted with heresy. Ing sand into a great industrial city, with the wonderful clipper ships which not one of them cherishes a single modern in every detail, in the short were built for the Califor doubt of a single dogma. Still they are space of a few months, is one of the There was not much in Why has not marvels of corporate enterprise. Backed tween the "tubby," stockily-built whaltheir faith cured them if it is the pana- by millions and with other millions lng craft and the clean-limbed, symcertain to accrue as profits, this city The simple fact is that the formulas was launched with a confidence and carried them along at steamer speed, of growth-it will represent a miracle of industrial acumen.

> LET THE FACTS BE GIVEN. The brutal whimping alleged to have been inflicted in the penitentiary on a convict who had escaped, been retaken and returned to that institution, barks Sherar's Bridge, on the Deschutes, in back to the dark days of human slav-Wasco County, will recall to hundreds ery. The subject of this discipline, which, according to the story that 'leaked out" and was repeated by our correspondent, consisted of forty-eight lashes, heavily laid upon his bare back -was a half-witted, hunchback youth who had been sent up for robbery. The story as detailed is scarcely believable. of which were spent on the border. A It is necessary, of course, for penalty diligent assistant to her husband in a to be inflicted upon a convict in such circumstances. But the lack of discrimination shown in this case, and the ago, Mrs. Sherar was also a friend shocking brutality of the punishment when a friend was needed to many a administered, discredits the management of the Oregon State Prison and the administration under which this

> management is held in power. Oregonian does not think that halted at Sherar's Bridge after a night life in the penitentlary should be made attractive to wrongdoers. It is possible, indeed though enlightened public sentiment is loath to concede this point. that there are desperate criminals, big. burly, robust and vicious, who, having been retaken after escape, might with salutary effect be punished at the whipping-post. Such castigation, however, while it might act as a deterrentsum of money, the youthful traveler and this is all that it is expected to dowould certainly have a further demoralizing effect upon even the most hardthen a young woman, took her in, re- ened criminal. This being true, a wise assured her with kindness, made up her and prudent superintendent would reown bed which in the gray dawn of the sort to the whipping-post only in the

most extreme cases, if at all There are men whose sensibilities become blunted and whose natures beome hardened to the simple appeals of humanity through associating in the role of master with criminals. There are other men whose judgment is tempered and whose sense of justice is stimulated by responsibility and power in a realm the government of which is, to all intents and purposes, that of an absolute monarchy. A man of the latter type would have small use for the whipping-post as a part of the equipment of a penal institution of which

e was the ruler. The story to which reference is above made is probably exaggerated, though under the secret system of management of this institution that seems to prevail and in the hands of men whose sensibilities have become blunted through long contact with the criminal class it might easily be true. Our humane Governor will doubtless look into the matter. Dignified silence will not avail to purge his prison administration of the odium that attaches to brutality. An interested public would fain know the facts. Stories that "leak out" may or may not be true. Let us have an official statement of the case, together with an outline of the policy. punitive and corrective, that governs the penitentiary.

The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury has just celebrated its 100th anniversary by issuing a handsomely illuscurate statement in summarized form, given rocks, where the weary keep on trated edition giving a complete history of the whaling industry. a husines which has made the little New England port famous the world over. The story of the whaling industry, as told by the Mercury, is not embellished with those touches of sentiment which made Frank T. Bullen's "Cruise of the Cacheso entrancingly interesting for those to whom the breath of old ocean always appeals, but, in plain, ordinary language and figures, it records the rise and fall of a business which half a century ago carried the American flag on every sea. In the year in which the Mercury first appeared but a single whaler entered New Bedford, but in the years following the business swelled into such magnificent proportions that in 1857, when it reached high-water mark, there were sailing out of New Bedford alone 329 whaling vessels, carrying 10,000 men and representing a apital of \$12,000,000.

In 1845 the seagoing tonnage of New Bedford was double that of Philadelphia and the port was fourth in the list of great American seaports, being excelled only by New York, Boston and New Orleans. That fleet of more than 300 ships has shrunk to but little more than a score, and of these some have not appeared in New Bedford in twenty years, their outfitting all being done at new ports many thousand miles nearer the whaling grounds than New Bed-

The great fleet which for more than half a century made the name of New Bedford famous wherever men dwell or ships sail has gone forever, and the forest of masts has been replaced by a forest of smokestacks. The sturdy New Englanders who pioneered the whaling industry were driven to the sea because hostile redskins made development in the interior a precafious calling. Their pursuit of the leviathan was so relentless that it is estimated that in a period of fifty years the fleet captured a total of more than 290,000 whales. This war of extermination had the effect of lessening the profits of the dangerous calling to such an extent that development of land industries followed, and New Redford the manufacturing city of today, is a vastly more important and wealthier city than it was in the palmiest days of the whaling industry

But with the passing of the whalers here disappeared from earth a race of American seamen such as the world may never again behold. The fascination of the pursuit of the sea's largest nonsters drew into the service of the New Bedford whalers a "breed of the oaken heart" in whom fear was unknown, and skill and daring were developed to the highest degree. very nature of the calling which took them beyond the pale of civilization barrel as he runs away from the United a water system established on the basis and in constant peril of death for years States subpenas. It slops out by the of serving 300,000 inhabitants. Gas at a time banished from their natures all imagination and sentiment and supplanted these traits with a phiegmatic To crown all, more calmness which not even tragedy could

It was from the ranks of these whalers. "to whom no land was distant, to whom no sea was barred," that were recruited those matchless navigators and seamen who made world's records

were built for the California gold rush metrical racers whose clouds of canvas dangerous branch of our maritime industry.

The uncontrollable fury of a dry grass fire must be witnessed to be un derstood. The settler's menace and dread, the horror of the wild creatures of the plains, from the lordly buffalo of bit, the prairie fire has passed into song and story as the most thrilling, terrifydry grass on a single neglected city iot, when ignited, gives evidence of this in the fierce heat engendered, carrying with it apprehension and dismay to residents in the vicinity. Commendable effort has been made by the authorities to have the owners clean up these lots in different parts of the city, but waterfront from Montgomery Gulch to Weidler street Friday afternoon showed that the order to clean up vacant lots boyhood reading of Nick Carter literature on the East Side had not been fully asked: obeyed. There are still places that are under the menace of a grass fire, and as these localities are somewhat distant from fire protection, it would be well for the order to be enforced at

Old Yambill is going to give a good account of herself when apple-picking time comes. Aside from the fact that Millard Lownsdale lives there and proclaims that he has Hood River growers beaten out of sight when it comes to the color and flavor of the reliable old Spitzenbergs, there is a multitude of porticulturists about McMinnville, Amity, Sheridan and Newberg who are in the race to prove that Willamette Valley apples are the finest on earth, Good. The state cannot have too much energy and effort expended in friendly rivalry between fruitgrowers. The best is none too good either for home consumption or for export, and "the best" is what Oregon produces in apples when properly cultivated by intelligent, enterprising growers. This is said without distinction in the apples of Southern Oregon, the Willamette Valley. Hood River or the irrigated orchards of Eastern Oregon. All are fine -none finer.

In the announcement of the death at his home in California of Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, U. S. A., retired, a sad leaf from a tragic chapter in the past is turned. Colonel Robinson saved the life of William H. Seward, Secre tary of State, on the night that President Lincoln was assassinated. The circumstances of this event are, even after more than forty-two intervening years, recalled with a shudder. The passing of Colonel Robinson removes one of the few remaining actors in a bloody drama, the staging of which shocked the civilized world. For his services on that fatal night he received the special thanks of a grateful people through their representatives in Congress, and was awarded a gold medal. We are conscious of a feeling of surprise that Colonel Robinson was but 75 years old when he died-so long ago, as it seems, the tragedy with which his name was connected was enacted.

On April 29 last, The Oregonian published special industrial edition devoted exusively to the exploitation of Gregon, obably contained more special and i incoming contained more special and mis-cellaneous information about Oregon than may one publication that has ever been is-ned. It is peculiarly useful and calmable to the homeseeker, because it gives the assess and most reliable information about to many different subjects that the home-seeker is naturally interested in. Almost every department of industry is specialized. seeser is materialy interested in. Amost every department of industry is specialized, and both statistical and descriptive information of a highly valuable character is given extensively and in entertaining form.

—Baker City Democrat.

A belated but nevertheless a complete and handsome tribute to the merit of The Oregonian's special Homeseekers' Edition. It was the Baker City Democrat that complained that the edition was not sufficiently representative of all Oregon, and especially of Eastern Oregon. It was, and it is pleasing now

William T. Stead is not less outpoken or more conservative in his esimate of public men than he has been in former years. In evidence of this he says of the British representatives at The Hague: "As members of a conference striving for peace ideals, they are about the most incompetent set of beings that ever achieved an unmitigated failure."

They are now complaining in Seattle that the postmaster is inefficient. What's the matter? Couldn't he carry out his beautiful scheme of swelling re celpts by selling stamps to all the neighboring towns?

After consideration of the matter calmly and judicially for four straight months, the conclusion is overwhelm ing that the Beavers are not as good a eam as the 1906 champions.

Seattle boomers are probably lying wake nights concecting a scheme to stand off" Tacoma's \$6,000,000 skyscraper, which has been started-in the iewspapers.

Another Pittsburg millionaire defendant in a French divorce court, usual cause, of course, helps to keep the steel trust town well advertised abroad. The strike appears somehow to have

aided Mr. Heney to get on the first page again with the old-time regular-Now it is Pennsylvania's turn to go

after the big grafters. And yet Montana, the worst of the whole lot, has done nothing. No wonder the lumber manufacturers are deluging J. J. Hill with letters. They want him to get their protests

promptly. By way of reminder of blessings, be it said that Portland had only two days uncomfortable heat this Summer.

The strike is also beginning to worry hose people who never send or get a

Harriman is to have a diplomat for on-in-law. He needs one for a mentor

COMMENT ON SUNDRY OREGON TOPICS

In Defense of Powell Valley Girls - Wonders of Travel - Aunt Polly's Philosophy-Lies and Fishes-Fame on Two Benches-Race Suicide Question-Several Views of Rockefeller-Buttermilk and Idiots-Poem From the Santiam-"Mister" in Disrepute.

For example, somebody in the Gresham Herald writes:

The actions of the occupants of at least two huggies on the Powell Valley road last Sunday afternoon proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that they were not married. She was holding his head on her shoulder in one buggy and in the other the young lady was sitting on her beloved a lap and he was giving both hands to the occasion.

How does the writer know but that the pair were just coming from the preacher's or were on their honeymoon? Besides. we don't think it gallant to "bowl out" the girls of Powell's Valley region in such a past era to the timid deer and rab- fashion. We always defend the girls up Johnson Creek. One of them cooks our mush every morning, and acts like the ing experience of the great plains. The girls mentioned by the editor, although we came from the parson several years ago.

Oregon's Retort Courteous.

A CITIZEN of The Dalles, attending a dinner in New York recently found himself called upon to answer many questions about the West, One New the fire which menaced property on the Yorker, who had never traveled beyond the Alleghenies and had evidently imbibed his knowledge of the Far West from

"Don't you fear the Indians out there? This amused the sharp-witted Oregonian and he replied:

"My dear sir, if Columbus had discovered America on our side, you fellows would be wearing blankets yet."

Wonders of Travel.

A Portland youth, having heard of the many strange sights to be seen in travel, recently took a trip to neighboring cities. When he returned be described the wonders he had viewed as follows: TVE come back from my vacation,

Traveled over many places, And I find in every station Wonders in astounding cases,

Buildings are erected upwards, Pierced with windows facing streets, And the lifts shoot up and downwards, And one's friends one never meets.

Streets are long and hot and asphalt, Autos snort and on you glide: If they strike you it's not their fault; Coppers never can be spied,

Proffey cars go whizzing by yo

Poor relations seek your lodge. All these wonders I have witnessed, Since I took my trip away. And should go another day

Hacks and wagons make you dodge. Everybody tries to bleed you;

Aunt Polly's Philosophy.

HARD customer is one you can't cheat, while an easy customer is one who has cheated you after the burgain. Selected from the Rockefeller axi-

oms: Whether a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush depends on whether you have plucked it or not. It's pretty hard for a wife to convince her husband that half the weight of the sultanse is the suitanse itself.

Honesty might have been the best policy when the scramble used to be for morals instead of dollars. To be sure, the law of compensation rules. There's love and hate, joy and grief, always together. After the bon-

net always comes the bill. If a man didn't have to put up the stovepipe in the new house, perhaps the old spirit might not move with it into

the new house. After wearing long gloves, we fine out how much our arms need washing.

Not the bird that roosts and rises early catches the worm, but the one that stays up all night and waits for it.

No Grandstand Plays Then.

"GIVE me liberty or give me death," erled Patrick Henry. But that was before the days of gal-

cries and grandstands.

Consequently, Mr. Henry was acclaimed N old man looked upon the yellow grain and sighed. leries and grandstands. a patriot and was glad he didn't live in the 20th century.

Let the Ants Work. "G o to the ant, thou sluggard." How some morn, alas! Four thousand years went by; then up a short of green, short of green,

idling son of a rich trust magnate. "That's what father says he's been doing all his life," answered the youth, and he's teaching me how to do ft." Whereupon everybody within carshot knew how the magnate had become so rich and so great a man, and was able to endow colleges and foundling asylums.

Fame on Two Beaches.

Down at Clatsop Beach is a tyro poet, comewhat of a cynic, who, after seeing the tide wash out the manes of Salle and Harry on the sand, wrote the following: O N sands of Father Neptune Are many marked.

Who on the Summer beaches May have larked.

On sands of Father Time Are others writ, Who in this life toiled long Or mayhap flit.

To you I leave the question To be guessed: Of these two, which the longer Fame possessed?

Lies and Fishes.

A CLACKAMAS editor laments that though it may be easy to catch fish : Clackamas River, Rogue, Nehalem or Grand Ronde, it is easier to tell lies about them. We dun't believe it.

Clackamas, for example, before the tales "Hop." turned our less respectable. His of politicians came into discredit. He- name was James White. He looted a sides, it is absurd to say that Hes are bank and ran away from his family with more abundant than fish in Oregon. We an actress. The title "Senutor" was believe far more fish bite the hooks of adorned and unaderned in turn; likewise cruthful men than of false-tongued ones. Otherwise, why should salmon be getting scarce in Columbia River? So many salmon are taken from that stream that could not abstain from forging checks few are left to spawn. Now, we cannot believe the lies equal the number of fish lors have been guilty of sundry misdecaught (though some Eastern folk de- meaners and even crimes. Other trades clare the tales of 40 and 50-pound chit have had many bad Misters too. nooks falsehoods); not while veracious men like Ed Rosenberg, Henry McGowan, is the only title not fallen into disreput Grant, Frank Scufert and I. H. Taffe en- only cite that when boys, we called every gage in the fishery business. Then there man, to whom we wished to be respectful, is R. D. Hume, king of the Rogue, To be Mister, but when he passed out of sight, sure, these gentlemen are said to tell called him any old name. The fact is, if fibs about each other and each accuses names or titles were the test of charachis fellows of destroying the fish indus- ter, we should all be tainted.

Some persons jump at conclusions try, but the files are wholly innocent and do not concern the fish at an open and beyond our creduitty that fishery men are liars. And to keep our good opinion about them, we shall reject their testimony about one another.

"You Can't Always Tell."

66 WORK for the people," exclaimed Billionaire Rockefeller, between two meetings of his Sunday school lass. "The people can't get along without me." These words borne to the cars of

others brought forth varying comment The doctors pointed to their forecads dublously, feared Mr. Rockefeller might live the last of his 95 years in an institute for the feeble-minded However, the presidents of the steel

trust, the beef trust and the sugar trust smiled approvingly, saying: That's what we're doing, too, Mark Twain thought Rockefeller's words a huge joke.

But the people couldn't see the joke To quote a modern proverb: "You can't always tell from where you sit."

Buttermilk and Idiots.

B UTTERMILE craze has no charms for a certain editor in the wheat belt. who rather thinks the high merits of that beverage disgraced by "all the idiots in the country guiping it down like champagne." Nor does he think those merits appreciated by the "idlots," for, in his pinion, they gulp it down not because they like buttermilk, but because they must imitate a craze. They would take down corn husts or swill quite as readily. If the fad commended it, says the grouchy editor. Listen to this indictment of the "Idlots:"

Thank God, the editor enjoyed butter-milk and wreferred it to beer and wine long before the modest, unassuming, countriled beverage was made famous & set all the lidits of the country guiping it down like champagne. Clabber next, now, & then

Isn't it enough to make us jealous of the diots, too-those of us whose mothers on "churn day" used to turn out buttermilk for us and the bogs to drink? That fluid is too good for idiots, especially when they make a fad of it. But fads seem to use good objects and otherwise without discrimination. The Indians had a habit of picking minute termenters out of one another's hair and cracking them between their teeth like nuts. White women used to wear hoopskirts, and at the beach they still dress in bathing cosumes that would be considered "perectly awful" anywhere else. The Indian bride of a certain white man at Astoria n 1812, was so smeared with notsome fish grease, according to the custom of her scople, that the groom had to scrub her before receiving her. Right now the whites are chasing each other in autos, and but yesterday the women were atraddling bleycles in bloomers.

We sympathise with the Starbuck editor, out would like to ask him what he is going to do about it. Still he might refuse to vote for the buttermilk candidate for President. And what do the dairy people of Tillamook think about It? And Dalry Commissioner Balley?

Not Sleep Eternal.

From the focks of the Santiam. nes of verse have soring, but harfly ere r serious sort. It will be remembered tha illie Johnson, some time ago, came forth rhmyss of burnor. This time, however med by a person who confesses himself ad-ranced in years, and somewhat near life's swilight. He expining that after the oncomis light. He expining that after the encom-ing night he expects dawn again. Hereto-

"Tis thus," said be, "all things upon the earth are vied:

To grow, to flower, to ripen, to fall and

That long with Pharoah's clay the grain had fain unseen.

And now again the morn. And how with Phareah's night? It still may end; what mortal knows an end of light?

"Mister" in Disrepute.

A N Oregon editor rejoices that "Mis-ter" is the only title not fallen into liscepute. We cannot agree with him, although we do not see much weighty conern in the question.

In our earliest recollection, "professor" was the most dignified prefix. Professor Smith was principal of our school. In his office upstairs in the shadow, he had a mystic machine for dusting the jackets of bad little boys. A lion-tamer came to town, then a dog trainer, both entitled Professor. We marveled at the title but said nothing. We had too much respect for Professor Smith.

There was a Doctor Jones, also regarded with respect, since he brought brothers. and sisters to our house. But there came to town another doctor, who paraded the streets with a brass band and gave a minstrel show to convince sick persons that he could cure them. We could hardly reconcile those two doctor litles, either, Then there was the "lion." John Brown, who was treated with great deference, since he gave money to un orphun's home It is not so easy to tell lies as one might The Hon. John Brown deatt in mortgages think, nor so easy as it used to be, as in and foreclosed when he could. Another "count" and "duke"; also "mister." An editor is always Mister. We have seen some of them good and others had. One though imprisoned frequently. Other edi-

Therefore, we cannot agree that mister Frank Warren, Sam Elmore, Tallant & In fact, if final proof is wanted, we need