The Oregonian

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year......$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months... 4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months.. 2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month.. .75
Daily, without Sunday, one year....... 6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months..... 3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months.. 1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month..... .60
Sunday, one year.......... 2.50
Weekly, one year (issued Thursday)... 1.50
Sunday and weekly, one year......... 3.50

BY CARRIER.

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.

POSTAGE RATES.

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.
10 to 14 Pages..........1 cent
16 to 28 Pages..........2 cents
30 to 44 Pages..........3 cents
46 to 60 Pages..........4 cents
Foreign postage, double rates.

IMPORTANT—The postal laws are strict. Newspapers on which postage is not fully prepaid are not forwarded to destination.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE.

The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York, rooms 48-50 Tribune building. Chicago, rooms 510-512 Tribune building.

KEPT ON SALE.

Chicago—Auditorium Annex; Postoffice News Co., 178 Dearborn street.
St. Paul, Minn.—N. St. Marie, Commercial Station.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—Bell, H. H.
Denver—Hamilton and Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Pratt Book Store, 1214 Fifteenth street; H. P. Hansen, S. Rice, George Carson.
Kansas City, Mo.—Rickecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut; Yoma News Co.
Minneapolis—M. J. Cavanaugh, 50 South Third.
Cleveland, O.—James Pushaw, 307 Superior street.
Washington, D. C.—Ebbitt House, Pennsylvania avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Ryan's Theater Ticket office; Penn News Co.
New York City—L. Jones & Co., Astor House; Broadway Theater News Stand; Arthur Hotaling Wagons; Empire News Stand.
Ogden—D. L. Boyle; Lowe Bros., 114 Twenty-fifth street.
Omaha—Barkalow Bros., Union Station; Mageath Stationery Co.
Des Moines, Ia.—Mose Jacobs.
Sacramento, Cal.—Sacramento News Co., 430 K street; Amos News Co.
Salt Lake—Moon Book & Stationery Co.; Rosenfeld & Hansen; G. W. Jewett, P. O. corner.
Los Angeles—B. E. Amos, manager ten street wagons.
Pasadena, Cal—Amos News Co.
San Diego—B. E. Amos.
San Jose, Cal.—St. James Hotel News Stand.
Dallas, Tex.—Southwestern News Agent, 344 Main street; also two street wagons.
Amarillo, Tex.—Timmons & Pope.
San Francisco—Forster & Orear; Ferry News Stand; Hotel St. Francis News Stand; L. Parent; N. Wheatley; Fairmount Hotel News Stand; Amos News Co.; United News Agency, 14½ Eddy street; B. E. Amos, manager three wagons.
Oakland, Cal.—W. H. Johnson, Fourteenth and Franklin streets; N. Wheatley; Oakland News Stand; B. E. Amos, manager five wagons.
Goldfield, Nev.—Louie Follin; C. E. Hunter.
Eureka, Cal.—Call-Chronicle Agency; Eureka News Co.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1908.

OUR MEDIOCRE LITERATURE.

In a speech at Harvard the other day Owen Wister dwelt upon the melancholy truth that America has failed to produce either scholars or scientists of the first rank. Wandering through the fields of physics, chemistry, biblical criticism and what not, he failed to find more than one or two of our countrymen anywhere near the foremost files; in the vanguard not a single man. Asaph Hall, who discovered the satellites of Mars, is dead. Simon Newcomb, our greatest living astronomer, labors industriously in his old age, but his contributions to science bear no marks of genius. Our mathematicians are but echoes twice or thrice removed of the great Poincare and his European collaborators. We have Burbank in botany, but he is, like Edison in electricity, a mere artisan. He does not stand on the mountain tops among the pioneers of thought. With reflections like these Mr. Wister pursued his sad way through the kingdoms of the mind, finding Americans everywhere playing the part of followers and imitators, but never leaders. With all the millions our captains of industry have thrown to the mendicant sciences, they are still beggars and still lean.

In literature our achievements have been more pitiful yet. Norwegian, French, Russian and German writers in the last half century have revolutionized the literature of Europe. Aims, methods and ideals have been transformed. The spirit of the crucified Galilean has swept in tidal waves upon creative thought, producing the iconoclasts like Ibsen and Nietsche, the humanitarian realists like Zola and Tolstoi, and literary prosecutors like Hauptmann and Sudermann, who summon human institutions to the bar of justice and compel them to vindicate their existence or vanish from the world. The modern revolutionary movement in European literature is nothing but Christianity throwing off ecclesiastical formalism and returning to the vital truth of Jesus. But our Christianity remains aridly formal through it all and our literature escapes the tumult of genius. Why have we no Hauptmann, no Ibsen, no Tolstoi?

No matter why, some reader may answer, let us be thankful that America is free from such wicked characters. Our literature may be mediocre and dull, but it is thoroughly respectable; it is pure and it has the tone of good society. With these transcendent merits, what difference does it make if we have no geniuses? None whatever, perhaps; but for all that, why have we no geniuses? As an intellectual diversion it is pleasing to inquire why these singular plants do not flourish in our soil. It might help us to the answer to remember that neither Tyre nor Carthage left a literature when they were destroyed. Like America, these cities, very great and powerful in their day, had formally a republican government. As with us, all social distinctions among their people arose either from politics or wealth. And again, as with us, the main interest of life was commerce, the principal motive for activity was what Dr. Day calls "incentive" and other people call greed, the leading purpose was the amassment of riches. The Carthaginians were as regardless of human life as are our courts and railroads. Everything and everybody were subordinated to the race for gold; and therefore when Carthage fell and its gold went to a stronger and better people, there was nothing left of it in the world but a name. It is worth while to remark in this connection that no purely commercial nation has ever been able to hold its own in the struggle for existence. Business competition may do much for a people, but it fails to supply the essential element of vitality.

Greed controls a great many things in this country, but not everything. It is a danger to our literature because it causes every first faint sign of genius to be capitalized and ruined by hasty exploitation; but there is a more lethal factor. That is our formalism. We see this formalism in our theology, which adheres to empty creeds long after they have dropped out of sight everywhere else in the Protestant world. We see it in the way our preachers teach the literal inspiration, the historical inerrancy, the scientific accuracy of the Bible, although these dogmas have been utterly discredited by the scholarly religionists of Europe. More disastrously still this deadly formalism is apparent in our courts which have ceased almost to pay attention to living justice and occupy themselves wholly with arid casuistry. Since the courts assume the power to veto legislation on the one hand and enact new laws on the other, the result is that we are governed by sterile scholastic formulas which bear no relation to life. Judges have ceased to be a terror to wrongdoers. They spend their days in wrangles over the niceties of Aristotleian logic while murder runs riot.

Whence arises this worship of dead formulas and withered conventions in America? Why is it that we stand still while all the rest of the world sweeps forward in literature, art, science and humanitarian legislation? Why are we throttled by the ghost of the past while Europe rises on free pinions to the new life of the Christian future? It is because of our inflexible written constitution which we worship as the image of unchangeable perfection. Before we can ever hope for that accomplishment in art and literature which comes only to the free we must emancipate ourselves from slavery to those formulas of the Constitution which are alien to the spirit of the times we live in.

"WHAT YE GWINE TO DO?"

Republicans of Oregon, during the last few years, having abandoned their party, out of pique and enmity towards each other, and having elected Democrats to the principal offices, for the sake of personal and factional revenge, Oregon may now go Democratic, all along the line. A further provocative is the primary law. This law has intensified factional divisions. Men who fight each other for party nominations under it never will unite in support of the candidates who may win the nominations. It is not in human nature.

Again, after an active and eager and violent contest in the primaries, the members of a party have no spirit left for the following election. Their spirit has been exhausted in the primary. This will not apply, under present conditions, to the Democratic party of Oregon; because, since it has been a minority party, its members will not fight for nominations. Democrats do not even care to appear at the primaries. A self-named committee, a machine, a ring, will make their nominations, and all Democrats, and a lot of Republicans who are trying to "make even," will vote this "anti-ring" ticket.

Now, brethren, do you think The Oregonian is going to burn its fingers any more to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the Republican party, when its members behave in this way, leaving it to hold the bag for the snipe? It rests with you, not with The Oregonian, to determine whether Oregon is to be a Democratic state. As the colored brother asked at the campmeeting, "What's ye gwine to do?"

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.

The following extract from Judge Harlan's recent address to the Navy League has attracted a good deal of attention in the East:

> We refer to the people of Asia as the yellow race. There are 400,000,000 Chinese, as strong physically and mentally as we are. There is over there another nation whose people are progressive and ambitious. We may some day see a skilled army in Japan of 5,000,000 to 10,000,000. They will say: "You claim Europe as your country. This is ours. Get out!" I don't think they have any such idea now, and we have no hostility toward them. But there will be a conflict between the yellow race and the white race that will shake the earth.

History teaches us that Judge Harlan's prediction is by no means groundless. In past conflict between the white and yellow races the former has managed to save itself from destruction, but generally with extreme difficulty. We know of no territory where whites have permanently displaced Asiatics, while on the other hand there are large sections of Europe which the latter have colonized after dispossessing Caucasian inhabitants. But it is likely enough that Judge Harlan overlooks a danger to white supremacy in the world which is far more serious than the possibility of military conquest. Mr. M. J. Dee has pointed out this danger in the Pacific Era.

He shows that in a peaceful struggle for existence between Chinamen and whites the former will necessarily survive because they can flourish in conditions where the others would perish. They relish food which the white man loathes. They keep their health in filthy lodgings, where the white man would rot. They have no longing for expensive pleasures which the white man cannot live without. Briefly put, the Chinaman can live at less cost than the white man; therefore in free competition he will survive.

This cannot be denied. It follows, therefore, that if the white man thinks his civilization worth preserving he must manage to prevent an economic struggle for existence between himself and the yellow race. Let nobody hastily assume that it means cowardice to shun such a competition. It is not cowardice to avoid a struggle with typhoid microbes, with wasps, or with the white ants of Africa, which form an endless chain and devour the traveler by reason of numbers, no matter how many he may kill. It is not cowardice to protect oneself from a struggle where the higher qualities of manhood must be sacrificed in order to fight on equal terms. There is nothing essentially noble or even valuable in the mere struggle for existence.

Every advance in civilization has been an emancipation from some phase of the struggle for existence. The accumulation of capital retrieves us from the hand-to-mouth fight for bread and sets us free for other achievements. The man who sends his boy to college aims to raise him above the struggle for existence and equip him for a more generous rivalry. Houses, banks, churches, schools, all our treasures and institutions, have been invented and established to free us from the bare struggle for existence. Hence the exclusion laws by which the white man tries to protect himself from ruinous competition with Asiatics are entirely in harmony with those measures by which the race has advanced from savage poverty to the civilized status.

It is gratuitous superstition to suppose that the struggle for existence is elevating. In most cases it is degrading. It produces "fitness" indeed, but that fitness means merely adaptation to surrounding conditions. If the conditions are vile, so is the fitness to them. Since the Chinaman can live in conditions viler than the white, and since unchecked competition between the races will result in a victory for the one that can live at the less cost, or the more vilely, it is easy to see where unlimited Asiatic immigration would end. We should have on this coast a servile yellow population of laborers dominated by a few aristocratic whites for a while; but finally the baser breed would complete their triumph and the Western United States would become virtually a province of Asia.

CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The New York World doubts whether the President shot wide of the mark when he predicted the nomination of Mr. Taft on the first ballot. Evidently Taft has a growing strength. The Foraker opposition in Ohio has about faded out. In New York the active Republican forces, inspired by the Administration, have been able thus far to prevent any real demonstration for Hughes. In Massachusetts the President's lieutenants, Senators Lodge and Crane, and their supporters, are pushing Taft, and committing their followers to his cause. Delegations from the Southern States will be organized in the same behalf. It is predicted that Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois will not be too thoroughly organized for favorite sons to prevent them from yielding to Taft, perhaps even in advance of the balloting in the convention.

But the World holds that Taft, before the people, will not necessarily be a strong candidate, and that there would be probability of defeating him, could Bryan be pushed out of the way. But Bryan can't be. He and his following will "stay in." It is believed there will be no difficulty in forcing his nomination over such opposition as may appear; and yet if he were set aside and another Parker nominated, the Bryan voters, by tens of thousands, would fall away from the candidate.

Taft, however, is handicapped in various ways, thus summarized by the World: He would enter the campaign with the opposition of a large element of Republicans who are tired of Roosevelt, of Roosevelt's policies and of a Rooseveltian government. The Brownsville affair has turned the negro vote against him, and there are half a dozen states where, under normal political conditions, the negro vote all but holds the balance of power. There will be a strong labor opposition to Taft, despite the skill he shows in discussing the question of injunctions. He will have against him the business interests that are afraid of Roosevelt's policies, while a very influential high-protection element would prefer a Democratic President, handicapped by a hostile Senate, to a Republican tariff revisionist who could force a reform of the Dingley's schedules. The Protective Tariff League is frankly against the Secretary of War. Both the beet-sugar and tobacco interests are beginning to work in the open against him.

These are formidable groups of opposition; but the World holds that Bryan, in the great states where the election will be decided, cannot obtain for himself the benefits from them that would accrue to a "conservative" candidate, say Johnson of Minnesota. But the Louisville Courier-Journal answers that while Johnson would get more votes than Bryan in certain debatable states, yet no one could be elected without Bryan; whose supporters will vote for no one except Bryan, or, in default of Bryan, for some one heartily approved by him.

THEOLOGICAL BOYCOTTS.

According to reports from Italy, the Pope has excommunicated a certain monthly review published in that country. Unless the account is exaggerated, the ban is thorough-going. The subscribers of the review are forbidden to read it, the printers to print it, the contributors to write for it, and the news-stands to sell it. The offense of the unlucky publication is a taint of modernism. It holds advanced views upon science and the higher criticism. Of course the result of the excommunication, were it obeyed by everybody, would be to ruin the business of the review.

With the religious aspect of this affair we are not concerned. What interests the lay mind is the legal question whether or not such a bold and sweeping boycott is lawful in Italy, or in America either, for that matter. How far may the Pope or any other religious personage go in boycotting publications which he does not like and compelling others to join him in the act? The reasons which are advanced for the boycott in this case are irrelevant so far as our point is concerned. Every boycott, either by a labor union or an Italian society, is supported by excellent reasons, excellent in the judgment of those who offer them. The question is, Does Italian law permit the Pope to destroy the business of one who differs from him in opinion by declaring a boycott against his goods?

That an excommunication is nothing less than a boycott under solemn forms and an ecclesiastical name must be admitted by every fair student of the subject. In former times it was exceedingly effective. An excommunicated person was then shunned by all his fellow-men, was deprived of food and shelter and might be slain by any one who wished. Now the sentence cannot be enforced quite so harshly, but that it may affect a person's business disastrously is not to be denied. Does the law permit it? Of course the Pope himself is not subject to the laws of Italy, but his agents who have published and who will try to enforce the boycott are amenable to prosecution in that country. If the legal difficulties of the matter puzzle Italian jurists, they might borrow light from English history. The British Parliament never sought to punish the Pope himself for offenses against English polity, but it was made a felony to import or publish certain forbidden bulls.

The spirit of the modern world will not permit theological quarrels to proceed to the extreme of outlawing men or ruining their business. So long as these differences are exploited by words merely, the state should not interfere, but when they flame out into breaches of the peace and lead to boycotts it is time for the law to step in and cry halt.

THE INSURRECTION OF WILLIE.

Willie Hoskins, of Echo, has been found guilty, by a jury of his countrymen, of the crime of thrashing his teacher. Whether the laws of Oregon make it a more heinous offense to thrash a teacher than a common citizen we are not informed, but we gather that it savors of sacrilege, high treason, or some such enormity, especially if the teacher happens to be a woman. We are left in the dark about this point also, but, judging from his name, Willie is a boy of Anglo-Saxon lineage and it is inconceivable that he would thrash a shoolma'am, however extreme the provocation might be.

Willie's misdemeanor is not so common now as it was once. Time was when every Winter term of school in the rural districts opened with a set-to between the teacher and the big boys, to see who was the best man. Those were the good old days, before the fairy-formed schoolma'am had driven her sterner competitor out of the business of education, when the hickory gad played a leading part in cultivating the intellect. Whoever won the battle between teacher and scholars nobody thought of going to law about it. If the schoolmaster was whipped he quietly retired and sought another job, where his muscle was better proportioned to his task. If victory smiled on the teacher the boys settled down for the rest of the term into obedience and docility. Upon the whole, the business was not so badly managed. Human nature dearly loves a master and the boys were pardonable, perhaps, for seeking to discover by actual experiment whether their teacher was a genuine man or a sham.

These were the charms of the country school, but all those charms are fled. Except in remote places like Echo there are no big boys on the benches during the Winter term. Much more are they absent in Summer. School has nothing to give them which they think worth while, so they find a job in the city or hire out to work for a neighbor. The district school parted company with life long ago. By the separation it has gained in peacefulness. The brain and muscle of a man are no longer needed to rule over it. But it has lost in usefulness and power. When the schools begin to offer a substantial education instead of shadows and chimeras the big boys will come back again for the Winter term and perhaps, for the Summer, too. Then there will be more incidents like the insurrection of Willie Hoskins and we shall have to hire men of muscle for teachers instead of golden-haired maidens with fairy forms. The pitch of the schoolroom will be bass instead of treble and education will become a power in the land, instead of a mild form of popular dissipation.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. CORTELYOU.

Although Mr. Cortelyou retires—if he does retire—from the Secretaryship of the United States Treasury under some semblance of compulsion, he by no means bids a long farewell to all his greatness. If the reports about him are true, he may become greater than ever. Instead of falling like an exhalation, he seems likely to rise like a skyrocket to the serene realms of New York high finance. If he becomes the president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, can we truthfully say that he has suffered an eclipse? Ought we not rather to write of him, "Gone to his reward"?

The excellent stenographer who seems to have been unceremoniously dismissed by the President will not become an object of compassion. The kindly gentlemen of Wall street whose necessities Mr. Cortelyou has unfailingly remembered in the plenitude of his power will not forget him in the day of his adversity. These gentlemen resemble Satan in many particulars perhaps; but not in all. The adversary of souls will lead a man into the fire, but never show him the way out. Mr. Cortelyou's friends in Wall street have many mansions at their disposal, and there is always a vacancy when one of Mr. Roosevelt's official family is moved to flit out into the world. Whatever their sins may be, the magnates are not guilty of ingratitude.

To sever the ties which united Mr. Cortelyou to the President must have required something of a shock. He has been of the royal household for a long time. As private secretary, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Treasury, to say nothing of the chairmanship of the National Republican Committee, he has had a long career of official intimacy with Mr. Roosevelt. His successive promotions indicate that the intimacy was pleasing to both men; nor has Mr. Cortelyou shown in any emergency a conspicuous lack of ability. Why, then, the rift in the lute at this late day? The sweet-toned flute has kept in tune with the big bassoon for these half dozen years through good report and ill; why does a discord now suddenly make itself heard?

Mr. Cortelyou is humble in origin, gentle of demeanor and mediocre of merit; but Theodore says he is ambitious, and Theodore is an honorable man. As George Bruce was a skillful typewriter, Theodore loved him; as he was a supple suitor at the throne of power, he promoted him; as he was ambitious, he slew him. Not literally slew him; heaven forfend that we should hint at such an enormity; officially slew is what we mean. 'Twas e'en at the foot of Mr. Taft's statue, which all the while ran blood, that great Cortelyou fell. "How like a mounting devil in the heart rules the unreined ambition." Though but a humble slave of the palace, he dared aspire to the heirship of the throne. The caliph discovered his treachery, the bowstring twanged and now he lies there with none so poor to do him reverence. Or he would lie there were it not that he has laid up for himself treasures of merit in Wall street to whose celestial mansions legions of ministering magnates now bear him safely home.

What ever betrayed Mr. Cortelyou into the astonishing belief that he could become President of the United States one can only conjecture. Everything that a Presidential candidate is supposed to need he lacks. He has no popular constituency. He has accomplished nothing of striking importance. He is not even known to the public except half jocularly as a successful collector of campaign funds from the syndicates. Certainly no aspirant for the chief magistracy of the Nation ever set out on his quest so poorly equipped. To make a bad matter worse, he could not push his hopeless campaign without practicing secret arts which came dangerously near disloyalty to the chief who had made him almost literally out of nothing.

There was a savor of meanness in Mr. Cortelyou's clandestine campaign. His quarrel with the President for preferring Mr. Taft was pettish. Is the retiring Secretary of the Treasury the spoiled child of the Cabinet? Has his facile career made him believe that he can have everything he wants merely by asking for it? Unless the signs are all deceptive, Mr. Cortelyou thinks he is a much greater man than anybody else thinks he is. The illusion is not an uncommon one with men of small capacity. They advance rapidly to a certain point and are there astonished to find themselves unaccountably checked.

Mr. Cortelyou's long residence in Washington has destroyed his political judgment. He has lived for years in an atmosphere of flunkeyism, official insincerity, social hypocrisy, and the consequence of it all is that he has lost his sense of values. He has come to believe that the plutocratic magnates are everything in this country and the people nothing. Acting on that insane assumption, he thought he could become President by securing the support of Wall street and the phantom Southern delegations. Now he sees the result of such calculations. The people whom he contemns will have nothing to do with him. They gladly relinquish him to the grateful arms of his Wall-street friends. Nobody thinks enough of him even to rail at him. An evanescent phenomenon of politics with no substantial hold on the life of the people, he vanishes into nothingness as from nothingness he came, and there will be no mourning for his disappearance.

ITALY WRESTLING WITH ITS OWN.

King Victor Emanuel of Italy has a job of "home rule" on his hands. He is said by a London dispatch to be forcing a grave crisis. A factor of this disturbing situation is found in the return, since last Fall of an immense number of his subjects from the United States, ripe for sedition. He is confronted by the usual large army of the unemployed, recruited from the ranks of partially Americanized Italians—men who have learned just enough of liberty to misconstrue its meaning, and who are clamorous in their unrest for—they know not what. Unlike Japanese who return to their native land, they do not take an equipment of loyalty and devotion to sovereign and country back with them. Italians from America do not constitute the chief factor in the agitation that threatens the government, but everywhere throughout the kingdom, and particularly in the southern part, the repatriated Italian is prominent in the socialistic and anarchistic movement.

The press of Rome declares that some of the most dangerous of the anarchists who beset the kingdom and cause Italian statesman the gravest concern are men who have come back from New York and Chicago since November 1. Be this as it may, there is reason for the discontent that covers Italy as with a dark mantle and reaches even to the foot of the throne. Over the whole earthquake area—a thickly populated region—poverty and famine prevail. In the manufacturing towns adjacent to this region the peasantry, ignorant, wretched, superstitious and homeless, huddle together and listen eagerly to the presentment of their wrongs by the fiery tongues of the enemies of the government. Socialistic and anarchistic doctrines have permeated the army, and altogether Italy presents the most serious economic problem offered today by any European state.

The people of the United States view with satisfaction the fact that these hordes of discontent and violence took their grievances home to air them, instead of remaining, as the Japanese do, to voice them on American soil and, mayhap, to brew from them international broils.

HOMEBUILDERS' FEVER.

Real estate values in this city show no sign of a general decline, while building activity, especially in the line of moderate-priced, modern homes, bids fair to equal and may surpass that of last year. The fact is, the "homebuilders' fever," which became epidemic a few years ago in this city, still prevails among the masses. Its symptoms are well known. A desire to own something is expressed in the anxious scanning of real estate advertisements and the haunting, by women as well as men, of real estate offices; the development of an interest in roses and shrubbery; the wistful inspection of houses under construction, and the growing dread of rent day, are among the most noticeable and the most unmistakable signs that an attack of this fever is imminent.

Seeking and finding encouragement of thrift; touching hands with emulation; moved by the spirit of competition, a fever heat is soon engendered which abates only when the home—the very best that the subject can afford—is evolved by desire and becomes a reality.

It takes little argument to convince the sober mechanic that rentpaying is a wasteful and unnecessary drain upon his earnings; less to convince his thrifty, economical wife that the ownership of her home is the first step toward a family competency and one of the surest elements of defense against the emergency of sickness or industrial depression. The desire to own a home thus based soon develops into a very fever of determination and home ownership passes quickly from the realm of possibility to certainty.

Encouraged by every principle of political, social and domestic economy, it is not strange that the homebuilding fever becomes epidemic in a prosperous community. It literally ran riot in this city in 1907, and, in the opinion of many, well qualified to judge, its progress will be unchecked during the present year. Others even more sanguine, and perhaps with a broader outlook and keener insight into financial and industrial cause and effect, confidently predict a further spread of the homebuilders' fever during the coming Spring months.

It were to be wished the thought might occur to Brother Thorburn Ross that the public is little interested, or, not at all, about the manner, the time and the methods by which, or when, or where, or how, District Attorney Manning collected the statements upon which he has presented his information against Mr. Ross and associates for their mismanagement of the Title Bank. The matter in which the public is concerned is the inquiry as to the correctness and truth of the information. But Mr. Ross is unwilling this inquiry shall be prosecuted. Who, he hotly demands, told the District Attorney these things, and when and how and where? Now, the public judgment is that these objections are mere subterfuges, and wholly irrelevant. The facts are wanted, and it will be useless to try to defend by obstructing or concealing them. It grieves Brother Ross, no doubt, to find that he must encounter such sinners on his journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion; but he himself, of his own choice, loitered a long time in Vanity Fair, and has no just right to complain.

The Brooklyn tunnel, which was opened to traffic on the evening of January 9, carried approximately 27,000 persons home from their work between 5:09 and 6:30 P. M., the "rush" period of afternoon traffic. The public that has taxed Brooklyn bridge to its utmost capacity twice a day for years; the police who have had to wrestle with the vast crowds nightly, and the transportation men, who have striven mightily with the problem of getting the homeward-bound thousands across the bridge in safety, experienced long-needed relief. There is no other force so insistent, none so relentless in purpose, as that represented by a great mass of human beings, each one of whom is pressing toward a common goal and each seeking to be first in line. The distribution of this force caused a relief to all concerned which was celebrated by a great demonstration of joy in Brooklyn, accompanied by the music of brass bands, the explosion of bombs and the hoarse shouts of the multitude. It signalized the delight of the public over the beginning of the end of the nightly bridge crush that for years has been the wonder of all who have seen it.

Evelyn Thaw's testimony this time will be kept from the public. It should have been so withheld in the first instance. It is enough for the jury to hear it. But it will very surely prevent the conviction of Thaw. It would be mighty hard to assemble twelve jurymen anywhere who would agree on the penalty of murder against any man who should kill a lecherous scoundrel like White, if any chance brought the one in contact with the other. Insanity is but a plea. Of course, murder is murder; yet there are extremely few persons, and their suffrages not the most considerate, who do not agree that White got what was due him, and long overdue. The worthlessness of Thaw and wife makes little difference.

Fire losses in December, 1907, in the United States and Canada aggregated $17,976,125. Contributing to this aggregate were a total of 2480 fires. Of these, 341 caused individual losses of $10,000 or more, these latter aggregating a loss of $125,356,225. This record closes that of a year of average rather than excessive waste of property, and a minimum loss of life from fire. The first half of the first month of the new year beheld in the theater fire at Boyertown, Pa., a loss of life that appalled the country and caused lamentation and mourning throughout a populous community. It may be hoped that the casualty record in this line will end as it began, with this shocking entry in the year-book of 1908.

The members of thirteen women's clubs of Chicago have compromised with the Audubon Society on the matter of wearing the plumage of birds on their hats, by agreeing to confine the feathered decorations of their headgear to the quills and wings of the crow. Abandoned even by the society that stands for humanity to birds, this predaceous, garrulous and now utterly friendless bird faces for the first time the danger of extermination, since women must and will wear feathers on their hats. Fly high, old fellow, and be wary of snares! The milliners' agents—those ruthless destroyers of bird life—will be after you in force, providing Chicago clubwomen are able to set the fashion in this matter.

Dun's report for 1907 schedules the commercial failures of the year at 11,725, and the amount of defaulted liabilities at $197,385,225. As compared with the record for 1906, there was an increase of 1043 failures and of more than $78,000,000 in the amount defaulted. The comparison is not altogether fair, however, since 1906 was an exceptionally prosperous year, and failures and losses were below the normal. Comparison of last year with other years of financial stress and commercial disturbances—1878, 1884, 1893, black years of our financial and industrial history—reveals plainly the fact that our trouble in the closing months of 1907 was only a bad and more or less unreasoning fright.

An interesting contribution to the history of horticulture in Oregon was the paper, read by Dr. J. R. Cardwell before the State Horticultural Society in this city last Tuesday. The paper is of unusual value, since its data will serve in later years to rescue from oblivion many of the details of the subject-matter which would otherwise be lost in the mists of the years.

Ownership or no ownership, the Oregon Electric will be a feeder to the North Bank road; not directly, perhaps, but in the same way that every Oregon transportaton line except the O. R. & N. will furnish traffic. Even the Southern Pacific cannot escape helping to feed.

Candidates for local as well as district offices will save time by writing to the various Oregon newspapers for their schedule of advertising rates. Sweet words don't go in payment of publicity; no, not this year.

What an admirable exhibition of the brotherhood of man we should see if Bryan volunteered his services as peacemaker between Taft and Foraker.

But there's going to be no depression of business and of industry this year—however helpful such a condition might be to the Democratic party.

There's a good chance for some live man to establish in Oregon a candidates' advertising agency.

ODDITIES OF VERSE

The Power of Short Words.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!
Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts:
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick-beds lie;
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread.
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

—Dr. Alexander, Princeton Magazine.

Revolutionary Verses.

The author of the following Revolutionary double entendre, which originally appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, is unknown. It may be read in three different ways. 1st. Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. 2d. Then the lines downward on the left of each comma in every line, and 3d. In the same manner on the right of each comma. By the first reading it will be observed that the Revolutionary cause is condemned, and by the others, it is encouraged and lauded:

Hark! Hark, the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine;
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast;
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart.
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part;
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

Chain Verse.

Long I looked into the sky,
Sky aglow with gleaming stars,
Stars that stream their courses high,
High and grand, these golden cars,
Cars that ever keep their track,
Track untraced by human ray,
Ray that zones the zodiac,
Zodiac with milky-way,
Milky-way where worlds are sown,
Sown like sands along the sea,
Sea whose tide and tone e'er own,
Own a feeling to be free,
Free to leave its lowly place,
Place to prove with yonder spheres,
Spheres that trace althrough all space,
Space and years-unspoken years.

Ingenious Cypher.

The following was written by Professor Whewell at the request of a young lady:

U 0 a 0, but I 0 U,
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me;
O let not my 0 a 0 go,
But give 0 0 I 0 U so.

Thus deciphered:

(You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for you,
O sigh for no cypher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cypher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so.)

Enigma "E."

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
The end of every place.

Hexameters in the Bible.

In the Psalms.

God came | up with a | shout: our | Lord with the | sound of a | trumpet.
There is a | river the | flowing where | of shall | gladden the | city.
Halle- | lujah the | city of | God! Je- | hovah hath | blest her.

In the New Testament.

Art thou he | that should | come, or | do we | look for a- | nother?
Husbands, | love your | wives, and | be not | bitter a-gainst them.
Bless'd are the | poor in | spirit, for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.

Women.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He pronounced her woo-man.

But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whim,
The people call them whim-men.

Whiskers Versus Razor.

With whiskers thick upon my face
I went my fair to see;
She told me she could never love
A bear-faced chap like me.

I shaved then clean, and called again,
And thought my troubles o'er;
She laughed outright, and said I was
More bare-faced than before!

An Addison Echo.

Echo, tell me, while I wander
O'er this fairy plain to prove him,
If my shepherd still grows fonder,
Ought I in return to love him?
Echo—Love him, love him.

If he loves, as is the fashion,
Should I churlishly forsake him?
Or, in pity to his passion,
Fondly to my bosom take him?
Echo—Take him, take him.

Thy advice, then, I'll adhere to,
Since in Cupid's chains I've led him,
And with Henry shall not fear to
Marry, if you answer, "Wed him."
Echo—Wed him, wed him.

The Limit in Politics.

Warsaw (Mo.) Times.

An aspirant for office was talking to an old farmer on one of the bank corners the other day. The aspirant is a chronic officeseeker, and was heard to say in a subdued tone: "The office should seek the man." The old farmer seemed a little surprised at first, but remembered that he had heard the remark before, and said, with a wink: "Well, yes; but it shouldn't run after him more than thirty or forty years."