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; Empire News Stand.
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.—Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut; Yoma News Co.
Minneapolis—M. J. Cavanaugh, 50 South Third.
Cincinnati, O.—Yoma News Co.
Cleveland, O.—James Pushaw, 307 Superior street.
Washington, D. C.—Ebbitt House, Pennsylvania avenue; Columbia News Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Fort Pitt News Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Ryan's Theater Ticket Office; Penn News Co.; Kemble, A. P., 3755 Lancaster avenue.
New York City—Hotaling's newsstands, 1 Park Row, 38th and Broadway, 42d and Broadway, and Broadway and 29th. Telephone 6574. Single copies delivered; L. Jones & Co., Astor house; Broadway Theater News Stand; Empire News Stand.
Ogden.—D. L. Boyle; Lowe Bros., 114 Twenty-fifth street.
Omaha.—Barkalow Bros., Union Station; Megeath Stationery Co.; Kemp & Arenson.
Des Moines Ia.—Mose Jacobs.
Fresno, Cal.—Tourist News Co.
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; Steipeck Bros.
Long Beach, Cal.—B. E. Amos.
Pasadena, Cal.—Amos News Co.
San Diego.—B. E. Amos.
San Jose.—Emerson W.
Houston, Tex.—International News Agency.
Dallas, Tex.—Southwestern News Agent, 344 Main street; also two street wagons.
Ft. Worth, Tex.—Southwestern N. and A. Agency.
Amarilla, 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; Worlds N. S., 2025 A. Sutter street.
Oakland, Cal.—W. H. Johnson, Fourteenth and Franklin streets; N. Wheatley; Oakland News Stand; B. E. Amos, manager five wagons; Wellingham, E. G.
Goldfield, Nev.—Louie Follin.
Eureka, Cal.—Call-Chronicle Agency; Eureka News Co.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1908.

OUR DEPLORABLE CURRENCY SYSTEM.

There is a fundamental error in our monetary system. It is the parent of all other errors that beset the system.

This error is the fiat notion of money. It had its birth in the credit notes of the Treasury, commonly called greenbacks. But these notes are not money. They are merely substitutes for money, whose value depends on their redeemability in gold or in their prospect of it. During the Civil War their value fell to less than 40 cents on the dollar, because of the doubt whether the Government would ever be able to redeem them. After the war, as prospect of redemption grew, they slowly advanced in value, and after several years they became redeemable in gold. Then, of course, nobody wanted gold. The notes were good enough.

But this fiat notion of money lingers. A multitude still remains, which insists that all currency required should be issued directly by the Government. That is to say, more and more treasury notes, or greenbacks. This, it is asserted, is cheap money, for it costs nobody anything; while bank currency is dear money. The banks must make a profit. But the Government's fiat money is dearest of all forms of currency. It requires gold to be banked up in enormous sums, for its protection. Again, this fiat currency is permitted to be held as reserves by the banks. The system throws upon the Government the whole burden of maintaining the gold standard. The other day in the House of Representatives Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, congratulated the House and the country on the fact that the gold held in the Treasury now exceeds one thousand millions of dollars; and there was exultation over the fact that it was the largest aggregate mass of gold in the world. Yet it should not have been applauded. It is no matter for exultation or pride. On the contrary it is an impeachment of the intelligence that tolerates such a financial or monetary system.

The Government has so much paper outstanding that it is obliged to maintain this enormous and wasteful reserve. Instead, it ought to have a system which would throw upon the banks of the country the burden of maintaining, or of assisting to maintain, the necessary gold reserve. It can be done through change of the system and enactment of the Fowler bill.

The Treasury is simply warehousing gold, against its own obligations. It is a stiff, rigid inflexible system. Currency is hoarded, on every pinch, because there is no force to make it move. But if the currency of the country, instead of being secured on bonds bearing interest, and on gold hoarded in the Treasury, were based in large part, as it should be, on securities moving in the channels of commerce, on bank resources and bills of exchange representing commodities all the time in active movement in trade and commerce, with legal gold reserve moreover in every bank for protection of the notes of issue, absolute security and ease of movement would be secured, and business wouldn't "go off its base" as it does so frequently now, necessitating clearing-house certificates and closing banks against which suspicion would direct a "run."

Just look at contrasts. With this enormous sum of $1,000,000,000 in gold held by the Treasury, under our inelastic and immovable system, we are unable to keep circulation afoot. Every now and then it congeals, freezes up, simply stops. But the Bank of Germany and the Bank of France make their gold support a paper currency twice in excess of the proportion of our own. The Bank of France makes 590 millions of gold support 910 millions of paper circulation, and the Bank of Germany makes 211 millions of gold carry 420 millions of paper. But under our system we are forced to warehouse gold equal in amount to all the paper in circulation; and then often the banks and the Treasury are forced to unite, on the one side by the issue of clearing-house certificates, on the other by loans from the Treasury to the banks, to keep the system from total collapse. Commercial securities, always in movement, are the best basis for bank circulation. Fixed securities, as Government bonds or other bonds, are bad for an emergency. They are scarcely better security than land, which notoriously is good for nothing for obtainment of money in any real stringency. The debtor is pushed to the wall before he can get money.

But it is strange how difficult it is to make any part of this subject understood. Here is an Oregon paper saying: "It is gratifying to read in The Oregonian something clear and unprejudiced on the money question. For years it has indulged in a howl for the maintenance of the gold standard, and abused those who took exceptions to it. Now we have a change from the absolute advocacy of the gold standard to that of a currency that would insure safety, expansion, freedom from panics, and one commensurate with the demands for growth, development, industry, business and progress." Here is misconception of all that The Oregonian has said, and of all that every writer has said who has urged the substitution of a currency based on commercial assets, all the time in active movement, for a currency based on fixed securities, which has its fits and spasms and paralytic strokes, then lies in a condition of suspended animation a long time, till it slowly comes to life again.

Maintenance of the gold standard is, of course, the basis of the change required for the new system. There can be no stable currency which it does not require and presuppose. Yet the criticism of The Oregonian, given above, is based on the notion that The Oregonian proposes a change that would do away with the gold standard and with need of measures to maintain it.

It is going to be very difficult to get a campaign of education on this subject; for people will keep talking about it who refuse to think upon it. But the campaign will come; because one panic after another, forced by the present clumsy and stupid system, will compel it, soon or late.

ELEVEN DIVORCES.

"Eleven wives secured divorces in Judge Bronaugh's department of the Circuit Court yesterday." This item of news appeared in The Oregonian Saturday morning. Ought we to be scandalized at it or edified? Eleven homes broken up in a single day look pretty startling, but is that exactly the right way to put it? Were the homes broken up in the divorce court or somewhere else?

The truth is that most or all of these divorces were simply the legal recognition of an accomplished fact. The homes were gone beyond redemption before the parties sought Judge Bronaugh's intervention. All that he did or could do was to release the parties from the formality of a bond whose reality had already disappeared. Refusal of a divorce to any of these couples would have amounted in all probability to the preference of shadow to substance. It would have been a sort of fetich worship where an empty convention would have triumphed over common sense.

The thoughtful and unprejudiced student of current events discerns no social danger whatever in the increasing freedom of divorce. Does any one suppose for a moment that family life was more permanent or happy when divorces were difficult to obtain than it is now? If they do they are very badly mistaken. Before the law became liberal in this direction dissatisfied husbands deserted their wives and passed the rest of their days in vicious cohabitation. Dissatisfied wives followed much the same rule when they had the courage to do it. When they had not, they lived in miserable subjection to a brute, and brought children into the world for lives of poverty and disease. With liberal laws most of this evil is avoided, while no home worthy of the name is in the least degree impaired.

Leaving purely theological considerations aside, what advantage would be gained by making marriage legally irrevocable? The argument that it would strengthen family ties and provide better nurture for children is nonsense. It would do nothing of the kind. What it would really do would be to help populate the world with children who ought never to have been born and involve thousands of adults in hopeless misery. The philosophic spectator can watch the operation of the divorce courts, therefore, with complacency. He will not be frightened at a daily grist of eleven. He will probably wonder at the innate goodness and tolerance of human nature which keep it from being a hundred and eleven.

DISCIPLINE BY THE ROD.

The New York City Board of Education has refused, by a vote of twenty-one to seventeen, to permit the reintrbduction of corporal punishment in the public schools. Sentiment in favor of using the rod on unruly pupils is, however, growing. A few years ago this educational board of New York was a unit against it. Now it lacks but four of a majority on a vote of thirty-eight.

The wisdom of Solomon, as expressed upon this subject, has stood the test of ages. Those who think they can improve upon its precepts are dwindling in numbers year by year. With our penitentiaries full of youthful criminals, the Juvenile Court busy with boys guilty of misdemeanors, and an indefinite number of lads in training for the discipline of the law, as shown by extraordinary efforts that the principals in our public schools are forced to make, to keep down the spirit of malicious mischief and wanton insubordination in the classroom, it is about time that the tactics that were employed in maintaining discipline upon Her Majesty's ship "Pinafore" were abandoned in the government of public schools.

In nine cases out of ten the annoyances that teachers suffer and the time they waste in furtive police duty, could be saved by giving the leader of "de gang" that is constantly on the alert to create a disturbance a good, sound whipping—not one with velvet hands, but with a good, stout birch, wielded by a sturdy arm. An epidemic of snuff-scattering and red-pepper throwing, of petty thievery and wholesale prevarication, could be quickly stamped out by the old Hebraic remedy intelligently and judiciously applied to the body of the mischief breeder. All boys do not need this remedy, but the few who do, need it badly, and to withhold it is to spread the contagion of malicious mischief, distract the teacher's mind from the legitimate work in hand, and render much of the effort put forth in the name of education futile.

MR. EDISON'S ILLNESS.

Thomas A. Edison's serious illness has been a matter of concern to the whole country. Born in 1847, Mr. Edison is now past 60. Therefore, while by no means in his old age, he has come to a time of life when disease is to be dreaded. His illness was one of those singular ailments which the progress of science brings into the world apparently to temper our gratitude for its many blessings. It seems that Mr. Edison's long experiments with violet light have affected both his sight and hearing.

It is a familiar fact that violet and ultra violet light possess the power of producing chemical reactions. Photography depends upon this principle. The reader will recall also, though incidentally, the newly-invented microscope, which employs only the ultra violet rays. If light of this character is liable to affect everybody as it did Mr. Edison, some protection will have to be devised against its deleterious influence or else scientific men must pay a heavy price in suffering for their discoveries. The violet rays almost blinded Mr. Edison by throwing his eyes out of focus; then they seem to have destroyed his hearing. Three years ago a surgical operation gave him partial relief, but the trouble has recently recurred with complications which required heroic treatment.

Mr. Edison himself says that the violet rays caused disturbance in his body by destroying the white blood corpuscles, the so-called phagocytes, which are said to defend the system against disease by devouring hostile germs; and there is no reason why his theory should not be true. The fact is that modern science has ventured into realms quite as mysterious and awe-inspiring as those of Oriental fable and inhabited by powers whose potency we can thus far neither understand nor measure. We have set forces at work which may turn out to be beneficent, but it is just as probable that some of them will be incurably destructive. Who would venture to guess what final consequences to human health and happiness will flow from all these rays and vibrations and emissions which recent discoveries have brought to knowledge?

In nature they were intermingled with one another and thus for the most part neutralized, but now we have to deal with them in isolation and we must expect to undergo their unmitigated influence, whatever it may be. That it may prove to be baneful Mr. Edison's case sufficiently warns us. Still the investigations into these occult spheres of knowledge are so fascinating that they will never be given up, no matter what the cost may be. Plenty of men will be found in every succeeding generation to sacrifice life and health in the cause of truth. The past has never lacked them nor will the future. Science has always been a dangerous pursuit. The form of the danger changes from one age to another, but not the reality. A century or two ago the scientist had to encounter the terrors of the inquisition, the laws against magic and witchcraft, the frenzy of mobs who believed that the progress of truth was a peril to their God and his religion. Bruno, Galileo, Priestly, Averrhoes, the line is long of the martyrs to scientific truth. Mr. Edison suffers in heroic company and his name will not be the least among those who have given their lives that mankind might live longer and better.

KILLING ORIENTAL TRADE.

The Oriental trade out of every American port on the Pacific Coast has been demoralized by enforcement of two apparently innocent-appearing provisions of the Hepburn bill. One of these provisions compels the railroad companies to give thirty days' notice of a change in rates. The other makes it unlawful for any company to make a lower through rate from rail points in the United States to the Orient than the regular rate to tidewater points on the Pacific Coast. Between these two impossible provisions the trade out of Pacific Coast ports has dwindled to such insignificant proportions that the largest liners on the Pacific have been departing from Seattle and San Francisco without enough freight to keep them in good ballast trim, and the business out of Portland has become so small that practically nothing but local freight is handled.

The immense Oriental traffic which, prior to passage of the Hepburn bill, was carried across the continent by the railroads, has been diverted to the Suez route, which is beyond the reach of the American laws. The freight solicitor anywhere east of Chicago who attempts to secure business for a trans-Pacific line is powerless to meet the competition of the Suez lines, for, while under the Hepburn act he must give thirty days' notice of a change in rates, the solicitor for the Suez lines can, if necessary to secure business, change the rate half a dozen times a day. This insurmountable advantage in favor of the Suez lines lies in the fact that the great Oriental traffic-producing territory lies adjacent to or within a few hundred miles of the Atlantic seaboard, and the local freight rate from the point of origin to tidewater on the Atlantic is so small that it can easily be absorbed in full by the tramp steamers which fight for the business through the Suez.

From Atlantic ports to the Orient the rail haul is the small end of the trip. From the Pacific ports the 2000-mile haul to tidewater is far and away the most costly portion of the route. Prior to passage of the Hepburn bill the railroads found it advantageous to meet the competition of the Suez, so that they might bring loaded cars westward to load back with California fruit and Oregon and Washington lumber. The rates quoted in order to meet the Suez competition were necessarily lower than the regular rail rate, but the right to make these rates enabled Pacific Coast shippers to have a frequent steamship service at low rates on flour and other local products, brought more cars to the Coast, and in many other directions was advantageous to the Pacific Coast ports.

With the diversion of Orient-bound freight from the Pacific Coast ports to the Suez route there has also naturally followed a change in the routing of tea, matting, etc., the tramp freighters, unhampered by such restrictions as interfere with the routing of freight by Pacific Coast ports, taking the cargo at low rates, which cannot be met by the trans-Pacific liners. The Hepburn bill has undoubtedly accomplished much good along certain lines, but the two features mentioned have served to turn back to the Atlantic ports the great stream of traffic which had been diverted westward by the transcontinental lines. The effect is already seriously felt, but it will be still more felt when the Panama Canal is completed. The matter is one in which the entire Pacific Coast is interested and a concerted effort for repeal of the objectionable features of the law should be made by the commercial organizations of the Pacific Coast.

ARE WE ALL CRAZY?

The North American Review has achieved the impossible. It has added a new terror to politics. The common belief has been that the tribulations and martyrdoms of his life who would serve the people by courting their unstable affections and alluring their elusive votes were about as severe as they could possibly be, but this is an error. Henceforth every man who goes into politics must expect to be called a maniac as well as a thief and murderer. The North American Review has introduced the fashion by applying the epithet to the President, indirectly but unmistakably, and since that periodical is eminently respectable and accurately representative of plutocratic opinion, its example is sure to be widely followed. It is through the instrumentality of Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton that Mr. Harvey's monthly attempts to affix the title of maniac to Mr. Roosevelt.

Dr. Hamilton is an alienist of great eminence. He is an expert of vast expertness in the realm of mental therapeutics, and, knowing the common venality of this erudite tribe, the unthinking public will be inclined at first to class his opinion with those of other insanity sharps employed for special purposes, wonder how much he was paid for it, and give it no further thought. But this would be a mistake. Dr. Hamilton's opinion of the President's sanity is worth reading, not for its learning, which is enormous, nor for its gravity, which is equal to that of a drunken judge, but because it is funny. His article will be treasured as a contribution to the gaiety of the world in spite of its portentous dullness. Your colossal alienist is necessarily dull, for if he were clever, he would not be dignified, and if he were undignified he would not be ranked with the experts. A doctor of any sort without his dignity is like a washerwoman without her soap. He cannot get results.

A fatal lack of dignity is perhaps the most damning fact which Dr. Hamilton adduces to prove that Mr. Roosevelt is insane. We glean from his carefully guarded innuendoes that in his opinion a perfectly sane President would be a marble image of imperturbable serenity, wrapped in an icy mantle of etiquette, with no opinions upon any subject under heaven and no desire to have any—like Mr. Fairbanks, for example. His sole function would be to sit immovable on his throne and be calm and beautiful. He must not try to influence Congress, he must make a certain number of salaams daily to the majesty of the Supreme Court, he must above all things avoid every effort to arouse public hostility to plutocratic thievery. If the President does not obey these rules, Dr. Hamilton says he is insane. How terrible to reflect that Mr. Roosevelt has broken them all, not once only, but frequently. He must therefore be insane a dozen times over.

The strenuous passion for righteousness in public and private life which the President displays shows that he is a psychopath. So Dr. Hamilton delicately hints. A psychopath is a person whose mental machinery is out of order. One whose mind is perfectly sound and sane had as lief see the world go wrong as right. Perhaps he would rather prefer to see evil in control, since evil as a rule is a little more dignified than righetousness. It is especially psychopathic to feel disposed to meddle with other people's affairs. Measured by such a standard, how many sane people are there on earth? Very likely we are all crazy except the alienists, and the only unmistakable sign of rationality which they display is their zest for their fees. According to Dr. Hamilton's rule, of course the Hebrew prophets were insane, and so were Socrates, Savonarola, Calvin, Voltaire, Abraham Lincoln and William Lloyd Garrison, for all these worthies were animated by a consuming zeal for righteousness, together with an irresistible passion for meddling with other people's business. Indeed the reformer is necessarily a meddler. Is not the rule an odd one which makes all the heroes and prophets crazy and all the insignificant scamps sane? Dr. Hamilton's reasoning tempts one to propound a conundrum to the judicious reader: Which would you rather be, insane with Mr. Roosevelt or sane with the Standard Oil magnates, from whom Dr. Hamilton perhaps draws the pay for his expert opinion?

There is not a vestige of originality about Dr. Hamilton's article. He cribs every particle of his thunder from Max Nordau, who long ago proved to his own satisfaction that almost every distinguished man of the nineteenth century was a degenerate by the same rules which our eminent alienist applies to the President. In fact it is the easiest thing in the world to make out by these rules that the Savior was a psychopathic degenerate. That he was undignified is shown well enough by his assault upon the money-changers in the temple. That he was a meddler we infer from the hatred he inspired in the Pharisees and other privileged classes among the Jews. That he had an insane passion for righteousness needs no proof. His whole career exhibits it. That he lacked respect for the dominant plutocrats of his time and had small veneration for vested rights is demonstrated not only by the scene with the money-changers, but also by the permission to the disciples to pluck and eat grain as they passed through the fields, and by the irreverent remarks which he was constantly making about the rich and their slim chances of getting into heaven. Dr. Hamilton must find many things to deplore in the behavior of the Lord as well as many evidences of insanity. No doubt the scientific rules and principles which show that every really valuable character in the world has been a psychopath, not excluding our Lord himself, are exceedingly precious in Dr. Hamilton's estimation, but what is that sort of science and the results it leads to worth to the rest of us?

MORE PRESS CENSORSHIP.

Among the radical and "advanced" papers of the country more or less uneasiness has been excited lately by the "Penrose bill." Introduced by Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, this bill proposes to confer upon the Postmaster-General authority to exclude from second-class mail privileges "any issue of any periodical which has been declared unmailable by the Postoffice Department." There is nothing in Senator Penrose's character or record to convince one that he introduced this bill with a good purpose. He is a boss of the old-fashioned predatory type. Intimately allied with the grafting corporations of Pennsylvania, he uses his political power to further their schemes of pillage, and doubtless shares the spoils. The capitol grafters who are now being tried, the abject ring that rules and robs Philadelphia, every putrescent politician in the Keystone state, have all looked to Penrose for countenance and aid ever since Quay went to his reward.

Through his flaccid creature, Governor Pennypacker, Mr. Penrose had a law enacted in Pennsylvania not many years ago which set out to abridge the freedom of the press. It was a thoroughgoing statute, fiercely vindictive in its penalties. The immediate incentive for its enactment was the caricatures of the grafting Penrose ring, which the papers printed. Had the law been enforced, no Pennsylvania publication would have dared to print another political caricature, nor would it have been safe to criticise a thieving politician, no matter how much he stole. Imagine the delights of such a law to men like Pennypacker and Penrose. But alas, it remained merely a pious aspiration. They never dared to enforce it. The papers openly defied the law and the baffled gang could only grin with helpless rage.

The present bill is more ingenious. Its enforcement will require no machinery of the criminal courts. There will be no indictments, no trials by jury, no publicity, none of those things which your slippery politician holds in agonizing dread. It will all be done in the dark, quietly, smoothly, without alarming the public; but it will be done effectually. The bill puts it in the power of the Postoffice Department to exercise a despotic censorship over the press. Exclusion from second-class mailing privileges means death to a newspaper, and this bill confers upon the Postmaster-General authority to exclude any paper whose principles or policy he may happen to dislike. The law as it stands confers authority to exclude vicious and obscene publications; the Penrose amendment extends the censorship to all publications whatever.

Were the bill to pass, its first employment would be, of course, to ruin the labor and socialistic press. Were the consequences to stop with the suppression of papers like the Miners' Magazine and the Appeal to Reason, many persons would rejoice as if a good work had been accomplished, and perhaps they would be right; but The Oregonian is inclined to the opinion that truth is abundantly able to fight its own battles and that nothing is ever gained in the realm of politics by stifling free discussion. But, passing by this consideration, the disagreeable fact is that the consequences of the Penrose bill would not stop with the destruction of the radical press. Tyranny invariably grows with what it feeds on. From the suppression of papers which the majority of American citizens disapprove to that of papers which differed in any respect from the policy of the administration would be but a short step. When the bill had worked out its legitimate effects, no paper in the country would be safe from the censorship except those which were full of praise for the Postmaster-General and the man who gave him his office.

Is it the desire of the press of the United States to pass under an irresponsible censorship such as no country except Russia tolerates? Is it the desire of the American people to see free discussion abolished, criticism of the party in power penalized, the progress of thought made conditional upon the approval of a politician in Washington, and all ideas suppressed which do not happen to be pleasing to the censor?

There has been an evident purpose to slip the bill quietly through Congress without arousing the public to its significance. Had it not been for the vigilant North American, of Philadelphia, perhaps few would have heard of the Penrose amendment until it had become law. Happily it has been haled into the light while there is still time to defeat it, and no person who is capable of writing a letter to his representative at Washington should fail to let them know what he thinks of this reactionary measure.

HARD TASK FOR A BOY KING.

Manuel II of Portugal, though a King, is by no means to be envied. The conditions to which he has succeeded are those of a poverty-stricken kingdom and a restless, dissatisfied people, ready for revolt, but temporarily restrained by the atrocity of the act that made him King. Even before his father came to the throne Portugal was in desperate straits financially. Its debt is now within one hundred millions of that of the United States, while its population is less than 6,000,000 and its resources, by comparison, pitifully small. The situation grew steadily worse during Don Carlos' reign. A dictatorship charged with initiating reforms was formed a year ago. The dictator, Premier Franco, took an arbitrary course in the hope of bringing about official reforms that were hoary with age and intrenched in the traditions of corrupt officialism. Discontent grew into unreason and anarchism found its opportunity. The world heard with horror of the assassination of lazy King Carlos and his imperious heir, the dictator fled for his life, discontent was mute for a time, and Manuel II, a boy of 19, became King. He has promised to do his best to still the warring elements of his kingdom and bring order out of chaos, but his best will scarcely suffice for the gigantic task.

An intelligent, affectionate boy, wholly unprepared for his sudden elevation to the throne, Manuel's position is one to excite pity rather than envy. His success in his new role depends wholly upon the wisdom and loyalty of his advisers. His youth appeals to the rulers of the world for sympathy, and in itself may tide his country over its present crisis because of the loyalty that it invokes from his people.

The Custer massacre, though a third of a century old, is yet of weird interest to those especially who knew the Indian of the great plains as he was when active warfare was being waged against him by Howard and Miles, Canby and Steptoe, Crook and Keogh, and others whose names appear and reappear in the annals of those heroic years. Hence when the death of Thomas J. Cullan, whom General Custer sent for reinforcements when he found how sorely he needed them, and who led a relief corps back to the field of slaughter in the Little Big Horn when all that could be done was to collect the scattered bones of the regiment and bury them, took place a few days ago at Yonkers, N. Y., the announcement of the event sent memory scouting back to the June day in 1876 when the "Chief of the Yellow Hair" led his regiment in its last charge against the allied forces of Sitting Bull in the mountains of Montana. "Brave Custer," said even those who censured him for his rashness. And "brave Custer" echo the readers of history today, who shudder over such meager details of the battle of the Little Big Horn as have been gleaned from the Indians' accounts of the bloody contest.

Six inches of snow in the Condon country will make fine top dressing for the greatest acreage of Winter wheat ever sown in Gilliam County. The building of the Arlington branch of the O. R. & N., like that of every other feeder constructed by that company, opened up for development an immense territory, and the stream of traffic now coming out will show a steady increase from year to year. But the Condon country, in spite of its richness and great possibilities, has an area small in comparison with that which will be opened up as soon as the pressure of some rival company forces Mr. Harriman to build into Central Oregon.

There is in Bellinger and Cotton's code, section 1979, the following provision:

If any minor over the age of 16 years shall for the purpose of inducing any person to give or sell to such minor any intoxicating liquor, represent to such person that such minor is 21 years of age or upwards, such minor upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $150. It is hereby made the duty of District Attorneys, Sheriffs and Police Officers to see that this law is enforced.

It would appear that here is abundant statutory authority for the punishment of young Helliar, who represented to Saloon-keeper Kline that he was not a minor, and persuaded that worthy to sell him liquor.

With an advance of 3½ points in Union Pacific and from 2 to 3 points in other prominent railroad shares, the New York stock market yesterday bore resemblance to the old days before the slump. Recovery is quite pronounced in nearly all branches of business, but there will be no such activity as we have known in the past until the railroads again have their idle equipment working and are earning dividends. For that reason any advances in railroad stocks will be joyfully noted even by those who have none of them.

More than 30,000,000 bushels of wheat have been shipped from the Argentine in the past five weeks, the average weekly shipments for that period being 1,000,000 bushels larger than the best previous record made by our most active competitor in the Southern Hemisphere. These big shipments seem to have had a bad effect on the Chicago market, for it declined with a rush yesterday, the loss being more than 2 cents per bushel.

"Buy A. O. T.," said John W. Gates when the stock market was booming two years ago, and, on being asked for an interpretation, said that he meant "any old thing." The Gates family seems to be playing the system, for press dispatches announce that Charles W. Gates has just paid $610,000 for a farm in Texas. With Oregon farms available, a man who would buy in Texas would certainly display contentment with "any old thing."

In the new indictments against the bankwreckers great care has been exercised to set forth that the crime alleged was committed in Multnomah County. It is needless to mention that no such hair-splitting technicalities were observed in the methods by which Mr. Ross and his friends relieved the depositors of their money.

Out at Montavilla an inquisitive citizen tried the experiment of ringing the school fire alarm to see if the children's fire drill was perfect. It was. That man will soon be seeing how the Portland fire department works, between fires.

Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, who thinks Roosevelt crazy, is the expert who testified that Thaw was crazy, or wasn't crazy—we forget which. We could tell if we knew which side got to his office first with a fat retainer.

Any little adverse influence on Bryan's prospects that may have resulted from the action of the Minnesota Democratic Committee is more than offset by the publicly declared loyalty of Milt Miller.

The genial glow of yesterday's warm sunshine was enhanced by a perusal of the news dispatches, which announced that trains in Michigan were being abandoned on account of a blizzard and snow storm.

Possibly it will be as well if the Title Guarantee officials get a change of venue. We know of no county in Oregon where there is an overwhelming prejudice in favor of bankwreckers.

Wynne, who killed Dupuis in a saloon row, pleads both self-defense and temporary insanity. What's the matter with proving an alibi, too?

It seems a little premature for Mr. Bryan and Mr. Johnson to quarrel over Minnesota. Some one else has a string on that state.

Dr. Day regards his accuser as a joke. We hadn't suspected the chancellor of so keen a sense of humor.

Now Emperor William has joined the "Burn this letter" class of statesmen.

STANDARD VERSE

For a' That and a' That.

Is there for honest poverty
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  We hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
  And a man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though o'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye' see yon birkie ca'l a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
  Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that!

—Robert Burns.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves
  Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
  Hatred, battle and strife;
  Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
  Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
  We reap, with toil and pain,
  Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
  No veil to screen the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
  We find, sadly, at last,
  Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
  Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
We stand before him, humbled, mute;
  Waiting the words he breathes—
  "Nothing but leaves?"

—Anonymous.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
  The moments flying;
Come, tell the sweet amount
  That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles? a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
  For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
  And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
  The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
  Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same;
  We love—forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
  The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
  Are thine forever!

—Barry Cornwall.

MARCH.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
  The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
  There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
  And now doth fare 'ill
On the top of the bare hill;
  The plough-boy is whooping-anon-anon!
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
  The rain is over and gone!

—William Wordsworth.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
  In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
  And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
  "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
  One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
  Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
  For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
  Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
  They shall never sound in slavery."

—Thomas Moore ("Irish Melodies).

Bryan and the Negro.

There is criticism of Mr. Bryan in the South because he does not handle the negro question to suit the white people of that section. This is from the Nashville (Tenn.) American:

"Is the South to get frantic about a man who teaches that it fought the greatest war in history and made sacrifices which have never been equalled to preserve the institution of slavery? If it is true that it will hurt Mr. Bryan in the coming campaign to make himself clear on this question, let it be known now. We want no double face in the White House, and we do not want to be goldbricked.

"The destiny of Mr. Bryan is in the hands of the South, and if he is not in sympathy with the South on its greatest question, why should it support him? It is no injustice at all to Mr. Bryan to ask him to speak out on this question. Let him say simply, 'The views of the Southern people on the negro question are in my judgment correct.' That will not be difficult. That is a short and simple sentence. Why should he be afraid to say it?"

Bargain-Day for Husbands.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Well, madam?" inquired the floor-walker.

"I wish," she said, "to get a birthday present for my husband."

"How long married?" the man asked.

"Eleven years," was the reply.

He pointed to the left.

"Bargains down that aisle," he said.

Contentment All Around.

Irrigon Irrigator.

Our "lawgiver" told Steffens that he would be willing to go to hell for the people of Oregon. As the people of Oregon are also willing, there is nothing standing in the way of an early departure.