The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1908.

IT COMES TO THE POINT.

It must be taken as extraordinary that certain Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis are undertaking to discredit the prosecution of the municipal thieves of San Francisco. People ask what can be the reason, beyond the fact that Pat Calhoun and certain of his confreres are Catholics, and Abe Ruef is a Jew?

Our friends, the Catholic priest and the Jewish rabbi, know not what they are doing when they place themselves in a position of this kind. They do not think it out. The protest against the method does not disguise the purpose. Here these apologists are, still pretending to doubt whether the Schmitz-Ruef administration, and the franchise mongers, led by Calhoun, robbed San Francisco!

Father Yorke and Rabbi Wise, good, simple shepherds of the people, don't know.

Our people, undoubtedly, are all honest alike—Catholics and Protestants, Jews and men and women of no formal profession of faith. No need, therefore, of any ecclesiastical or other zeal in support of thieves.

A blatherskite known as Father Yorke, from San Francisco, has been holding forth in Portland, upholding the thieves in San Francisco and denouncing the prosecution of them. Rabbi Wise, of Portland, has been more considerate, but he, too, finds fault with the prosecution and tries to discredit its results.

Father Yorke says: "Mr. Scott (of The Oregonian), I understand, was accused by Lincoln Steffens of offering a bribe of $25,000 in some case or other. How would Mr. Scott like to have the Heney methods applied to himself?" Let this blatant political priest apply the Heney methods to Mr. Scott, if he will. But who is Lincoln Steffens, that he should "accuse" anybody? Is he also accusing Senator Bourne as a party to that "bribery"?

Men who pose as representatives of great ecclesiastical orders, which they may be unworthy to represent, may get a little attention, even from The Oregonian, which they would not get if they didn't appear as "fathers" and "rabbis," here or at San Francisco.

FORGING AHEAD.

Portland was hurt less by the panic, is in better financial condition and has a brighter outlook than any other city in the United States. Compare the situation four months ago, when New York had tied up the country's cash, with today, when bank clearings are only 8 per cent below normal, and judge for yourself. Portland has grown only at the same pace as the tributary region with which she does business.

Last year's crops are secure. The record-breaking product of wheat has been marketed at the highest prices in eleven years—say 25 per cent better than was reasonably to be expected. Its proceeds furnish the basis for this year's commerce with the Inland Empire. The North Bank road puts Portland into closer relation with that rich region and must augment the steadily growing trade. Taken far and by, the Pacific Northwest is the most prosperous part of the Nation.

To get Portland in clear perspective, look at the town from Seattle or Los Angeles—two cities approximately the same size, all three progressing at the same pace the last ten years. Portland didn't get wild over real estate. Very few men are into it more than knee deep; 99 out of 100 will wade out comfortably on dry land. Values haven't dropped. If you have such suspicions, try to buy anything for less than it was held last October. It will be surprising if it hasn't advanced 5 to 10 per cent. Lest you may have a sneaking doubt whether demand is genuine, read the list of building permits every day. Men don't build houses for fun.

In Seattle it is common talk that real estate drags; that most of the property on the market can be bought at prices scaled 10 to 25 per cent below the value one year ago. In Los Angeles there were never half so many vacant houses as right now and business prostrate. Too many men are up to their necks in real estate; some of them can't tread bottom. Of course, both these cities are going to recover, but it will be some time before the natural growth will restore real estate values to the 1907 figures. In Portland, because prices were kept within bounds, there was no backset. It is reasonably certain that there will be steady advance. While other Pacific Coast cities are striving to catch up, Portland will be forging ahead.

THE "COURTESY" OF EXCHANGE.

"The Republican," a paper published at the town of Union, Union County, Oregon, offers these remarks:

> The Oregonian has served notice upon the country press of the state that hereafter it will grant the customary courtesy of an exchange only upon the payment of half rates, in advance, and a blush of shame undoubtedly crept over the building with the tall tower, from cellar to turret, when the order was made. God in Israel. Has it come to this—in Oregon?

The demand upon The Oregonian for exchange has reached enormous proportions. This journal has not cancelled its exchange list; but a time has come when it is obliged to discriminate. Its exchange list costs it many thousands of dollars a year—large part of which is of no use whatever to it. "Courtesy" is fine; but there must be a limit to its cost. The demand for The Oregonian in exchange had reached an extreme which obliges it to drop some and to offer terms for others that might at least cover the cost of white paper—to say nothing of postage and other expenses. There are country papers with which The Oregonian willingly makes exchange. They are such as may be in the course of the year of some use to it—occasionally, at least. Every important newspaper is at all times beset with this demand for exchange. All of them are obliged to decline many.

The Oregonian is an expensive or costly newspaper. To publish it costs money. No such newspaper anywhere can be given away. Every such newspaper, wherever published, has almost unlimited requests, and even demands for exchange. And not only so, but for free copies to school, college and church libraries, for village lyceums and old peoples' homes and children's homes, and for no end of associations and institutions and even for private persons, who deem themselves entitled to "courtesy" and consideration. But no newspaper of the grade of The Oregonian can be published on this basis. The paper of no grade or value is not asked for on the plea of "courtesy," because it isn't wanted at all. The Oregonian declines the "courtesy" of exchange only with publications that are of no possible use to it, nor to anybody, not even to the communities in which they are published.

Doubtless the Union Republican is as good as many another, which is no good to The Oregonian. There are numbers of these papers which are printed in one place or another, merely for a show of occupation for persons too lazy to work in any calling, and the paper appears as an excuse. But there are earnest, industrious and vigorous country newspapers, which The Oregonian is glad to get in exchange. They say something; they represent activities about them; they lead the thought of their own towns. When they have news they supply it. And their comment, too, is often suggestive, stimulating and useful. Through such weekly papers The Oregonian has been accustomed always to keep in touch with the spirit and purpose of the Northwest. But it has little regard for the inanities of the lazy loaferism of the other sort, but will exchange even with them for the cost of the white paper upon which its one hundred and sixty pages a week are printed.

There ought to be some reciprocity in exchange of newspapers. "Courtesy" is a mighty good thing and mighty fine; but who knows of anybody who likes to give goods away year after year upon claim of courtesy set up by those who want something for nothing? "Exchange" should mean something. Let the plain speech be pardoned. There was and is need of it.

WHERE THE SIMPLE LIFE IS STRENUOUS.

Fred Lockley has in the current number of the Pacific Monthly an article on "Our Contemporaneous Ancestors" that, looking into domestic and social conditions which he declares still exist in the Central Oregon region, furnishes a glimpse of pioneer life which, according to popular belief the great Western world had entirely outgrown. The assumption that "the day of the pioneer is over, for no longer is there any frontier; that the last West is gone" is dispelled by the pen picture this writer gives of the home of a settler—typical, as he asserts, of scores of others that are scattered through the remote districts of the "interior country," i. e., the region that is yet devoid of modern transportation facilities. "Here, far from the beaten trail," he says, "time has stood still; here we may step back into the era that we thought existed only in books and see, perfectly reproduced the daily life of our ancestors."

How quickly around the nucleus furnished by this declaration the subtle forces of memory rally. With what fidelity to detail appears the tallow dip, flickering upon the rude table, the wood fire blazing upon the broad hearth, the rag carpet upon the floor, the blue and white crockery (carefully preserved from a wedding "setting out" of half a century ago) upon the table, the mud-chinked walls of the log cabin, its roof of shakes, its batten door and broad flagstone step, the bench just inside supplied with a tin wash basin, a bucket of water, a gourd dipper and a crock of home-made soap! A quaint picture truly, presenting a scene, and its details to which few would care to return except on a brief scout to gratify curiosity, but one that is instinct with much that is sacred in the home life of the past and thus sacred to memory or lighted with the soft glow of tradition.

Here we have the "simple life" in its very essence. Yet it is by no means the care-free life of which the sated dependent upon the bounty of civilization dreams. It is in the primitive sense the strenuous life, ever on the alert for the needs of the morrow. The chance Autumn visitor sees the well-filled barns, the high pile of pine knots stored for Winter's fuel, the flock of turkeys roosting in the trees, the sheep gathered in woolly fold, the store of fruits and meats and vegetables which betoken rude plenty; the home-made soap and candles and carpets and quilts and clothing—finished products awaiting use and enjoyment. But he can have no conception of the labor of months and years of which these assured comforts that wait upon the simple life of the frontier are the result. The traveler's tale is fascinating, but it merely skims the surface for incident and illustration. The effort of years, plodding, painstaking, strenuous, was necessary to bring this about. To the extent that this effort has been dominated by cheerfulness and contentment, and sweetened by family associations, it has lent its testimony to the proof that life is worth living, and that the simple life in its primitive state is the embodiment of peace and plenty.

FOR THE STOMACH'S SAKE.

Chinese, Japanese and Italian gardeners produce the major portion of all the green vegetables, except those of hot-house growth, that are consumed in the homes of Portland. The Oregon State Medical Association declares that it is customary for these people to use as a fertilizer very objectionable matter, which is productive of animal and vegetable parasites that become as it were, a part of the vegetable growth and being taken into the human system, produce enteric and other diseases.

Since many of the vegetables thus grown are eaten without cooking, as lettuce, radishes, cabbage, onions, etc., the admonition that follows the presentment of this matter is timely. A foul fertilizer, human excreta especially, alive with animal and vegetable parasites, may and does produce a rank growth of spinach, lettuce, onions and other green things so eagerly devoured in Springtime as table luxuries, but it is conceivable that these toothsome esculents may not be entirely purged, in process of growth of the foul matter that has stimulated this growth. Indeed, it is more than probable that this process has not been entirely a cleansing one, and that many of the uncooked vegetables served upon out tables have not undergone in this process a chemical change that makes them fit—from a sanitary standpoint, for human food.

Hence, the action of the Medical Association in regard to this matter is worthy of the attention of the health authorities, to whom appeal is made to investigate and report upon the condition under which vegetables in our truck gardens are grown.

It is easy to imagine that there may be found to be such as will cause the fastidious stomach to revolt and the practical sanitarian to shudder. On the other hand, they may be better than the alarming suggestion contained in the protest and resolutions of the state medical authorities plainly indicate. In either case it is desirable that the true facts in the premises be known. Therefore for the stomach's sake, which is to say for the sake of the health of the individual and the community, it may be hoped that this matter will be looked into by those who have authority to correct whatever abuses in the use of fertilizers in "truck" gardening may be found to exist.

MUSIC.

Since last Fall Portland has been favored with a rather generous share of excellent music. Three or four vocal soloists of great renown have been heard, a tenor, a basso and more than one soprano whose programmes included songs from Mozart down by way of Schubert to Grieg and living composers. All of them seem to have shunned the beautiful productions of Robert Franz; but next year someone may appear who will make up for the loss. We have had also some excellent violin and piano music; but not enough of either the vocal or instrumental sort for the ordinary playgoer to form the musical habit. Music is a language which expresses thought and emotion. Unless one knows its vocabulary and syntax he is as much at a loss to discern what the composer is driving at as he would be listening to a Greek tragedy. People of means who own musical instruments and have the skill to play them can, to a degree, overcome this difficulty. There is no good reason why they should not learn the language of music as they do French and go to hear recitals with full understanding of what is said by the singer or the violin or the piano.

The talking machines and self-playing pianos have made it possible for music to make a genuine appeal to a much wider audience than it could a generation ago. Say what one will about the defects of these instruments, their mechanical baldness, their lack of expression, nevertheless they use the language of music and use it correctly. A person can, with a talking machine or automatic piano, learn the structure of Beethoven's symphonies, memorize their massive sentences, gain some insight into the master's thought and therefore prepare himself to listen with understanding and rational enjoyment to performances such as the Portland Symphony Orchestra or the Chicago Symphony Orchestra gives, where music appears not as a mere skeleton of rhythmic phrases, but clothed with the beauty of passionate life.

People in most European cities of a hundred thousand population are provided with opportunities to hear good music at public expense. We teach our children to read English and cipher out of the general treasury; we even make an effort, not very successful, to teach them to appreciate Shakespeare and Milton. But thus far we have not thought it worth while to elevate their musical taste above ragtime. Has the thought ever occurred to our pedagogical leaders that it is just as ruinous to the mind to dissipate with bad music as with bad literature? Plato thought it was worse. We have probably got beyond that strange conception of art in general which looks upon it as a species of amusement. There was a time in our National history when we thought a novel was a book designed to be read when a man was too weary dollar chasing to use his mind, or when a woman needed a little relaxation after the ravages of bridge whist. The theater was deemed an excellent place to study anatomy, and music was created by Sebastian Bach and Wagner to lull one into refreshing dreams. What amusement is there in reading such a novel as "The Turn of the Balance," "The Iron Heel" or "Tess of the d'Urbervilles?" Who finds himself in any mood for slumber after seeing such a play as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell?" Is there anything funny about "Paradise Lost" or "Lear?"

Art is a serious matter. The great artists have appealed not at all to minds jaded and weary. Their creations are not designed to be pastimes for the frivolous or recreations for the exhausted money grabber. They call upon the intellect for its keenest insight and most wakeful energies. To go to a concert where the "Messiah" is to be played expecting to take in the music without any effort of attention is fatuous. One who does so may make believe that he has understood and enjoyed the mighty thoughts of the great oratorio, but his pretense will be just as silly as if he should sit down and pretend to enjoy Virgil without first learning Latin.

Very likely there is enough money wasted and peculated in every American city as large as Portland to support a good local orchestra. We shy at the idea of appropriating public funds to provide an education in music or any other art, but we abide with resignation the spectacle of waste, graft and extravagance in our city governments. Music is among the things which make life worth living, just as pictures are and noble architecture. By proper education it would be as easy to teach the public to understand and enjoy good music as it is to create the taste for good books. Silly songs are as demoralizing as silly stories. People shake their heads after a concert where Wagner has been played or Schumann, and say "Very fine, no doubt, but it was above me." They are mistaken. It was not above them. They were listening to a language which they had never taken pains to learn. That was the whole of the difficulty. When we have mastered municipal housekeeping somewhat better we shall probably perceive the utility of bringing the civilizing power of great music to bear upon the public, and shall find means to pay for it by what we can save from the claws of the grafters.

THE CALL TO THE ABORIGINAL.

A local item in a Valley paper says a number of boys escaped from the training school at Chemawa, but a telephone message overtook them and they were returned. It is to be hoped their punishment was not severe. The blame is not wholly theirs.

In the Spring the white man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love. But in the Spring, when every branch is running bankful; when the lark and the robin carol to their mates; when the pussy willows are ripe and the swelling buds are about to break forth into fragrant bloom; when the lords of four-footed creation neigh and bellow and prance and snort afield; when the young grass is mighty green and tender and the smell of the upturned earth is incense to the nostril—it is hard to listen to the call of Nature anear and afar and be confined within walls of brick, when by birth and inheritance, coming down from centuries of environment and custom, one should have the right to roam freely and unrestrained. Civilization cannot be laid on with a brush, even in many coats, and perhaps it would be just as well if the excellent men in charge of these copper-colored wards of the Nation allow an escapade or two of this kind occasionally as a harmless blowing off of the safety valve, always with watchful eye and kindly hand to aid in the return.

THE UNHAPPY MOSSBACK.

The Oregonian prints today a pastoral epistle from Millard O. Lownsdale, Apostle to the Mossbacks, giving ghostly counsel to his woebegone flock. The counsel is excellent. It ought to stir the souls of these children of wrath into repentance for their many sins and set the ax at work in every old orchard from Roseburg to Portland. But we fear it will not. Jordan is a hard road to travel. Broad is the way that leads to codlin moths, and many there be that find it. Once a mossback always a mossback, is a maxim which experience compels one to accept, however sorrowfully. It is easier to keep ninety and nine sensible orchardists in the path of righteousness than to retrieve one casehardened mossback from his wicked ways. As a rule argument is wasted upon him. It is not enough for him to be "Hair hung and breeze shaken over hell," as good old Lorenzo Dow used to put it. He must actually be dropped down into the brimstone.

It is remembered that when Mr. Stewart first set out his now famous orchard near Medford he was abhorred by his neighbors as a public enemy. They had been raising apples for many years and they knew all about it. They knew, for one thing, that no such apples could ever be raised in Southern Oregon as they used to pick in daddy's old orchard back in Missouri. After setting their trees out these devout pioneers had, with a beautiful and childlike faith, left the Lord to take care of them. The results rather tended to show that the Lord had not made a specialty of horticulture. And now here came this self-confident and intrusive Scotchman with a lot of newfangled and foolish ideas. They could have forgiven him for being foolish. What could not be forgiven was the sad fact that his ideas would compel people to go to work. They were an impious assault upon the sacred belief that in Oregon work was a sin.

One fancies that here, perhaps, lies the secret of the reluctance of the mossback to accept the plain truth. So long as he can shun it or argue it away he can continue in his old, shiftless, lazy courses with a good conscience. Hence he conjures up reasons to show that it is wrong to cut back the horrible old orchards. Pruning trees is a good deal like work, while to let them alone is no work at all. With these two alternatives clearly before him, which would you naturally expect a mossback to choose? He began life with the fundamental belief that work is wicked and the Government encouraged his faith by giving him for nothing more land than any man could cultivate. A premium was thus set upon thriftlessness and selfish exclusiveness, two characteristics which have persisted down to the present time and seem likely to survive for a goodly season yet to come.

While we admire, therefore, Mr. Lownsdale's enthusiastic missionary work among the mossbacks, and laud and magnify his energetic spirit, we cannot conscientiously say that we have much hope of his success. The most effectual remedy for the mossback is time, which ultimately seizes him with a grasp he cannot shake, and lays him away where he will cease forever to impede the progress of the world. In our candid opinion, when the mossback was shipped to this world a mistake was made by the clerk of the universe. He was created for some other sphere where work is not necessary. Here he finds himself entirely out of place, and the striving of his neighbor is a continual grief to him. We do not, of course, recommend to the mossback that he should take it into his own hands to remedy the mistake that was made in sending him to the earth to live; but if it should by chance occur to him to do so there are several very effectual and not unpleasant devices for the purpose which one would gladly suggest to help him avoid failure.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

The first breath of hard times brings in view the thousands of poor, but unfortunate people who, despite their best efforts, are forever hanging over an abyss of poverty. These unfortunates, who seem utterly unable to "grasp the skirts of happy chance, or breast the blows of circumstance," even in what we term good times, are unable to lay by anything for the periods of adversity, and accordingly must suffer the pangs of poverty, or, if they happen to be proud and high-strung, the still greater pangs of "charity." The problem of poverty is world-old. There were "poor people" when history first began recording the movements of man, and undoubtedly the predecessors of man on earth in their caves and trees found difficulty in an equitable distribution of what we term property. But it is in these ever-recurring periods of financial depression that the spectre of poverty stalks forth so promiscuously that its presence becomes painfully apparent to others than the actual sufferer.

A recent address delivered by William Allen White in Chicago has attracted much attention through its suggestion of a National pension system for poor people. "National responsibility," said Mr. White, "is toward the honest, hard-working man, who, at the end of a long, industrious life, through no fault of his own, finds that he has nothing to show for his labor and only charity upon which he may depend for support." But Mr. White fails to offer, nor can anyone offer, a solution of the problem that would meet the requirements of all cases, or even a majority of the cases of the poor, but honest people who have failed in the battle of life. In his address, he called attention to what the people of Europe have done in the way of age pensions, cheap government insurance, and savings banks under government control, as well as other measures devised for the interest of the laboring classes.

But the conditions which make old age pensions practically a duty of the government in Europe, do not exist in this country. In Europe all of the land is controlled by the landlord class, largely the nobility. The population of entire cities and even counties in Europe are but tenants of some enormously wealthy landlord, and all the life earnings of the people go to swell his treasure chests. The entire economic system of the European countries makes it impossible for a man to reap the reward of his labor, and it is accordingly but just and right, that the landlords, who are the "government" in most European countries, should provide old age pensions for those who have worn out their lives in service. But in this country, we have not yet reached that stage of servitude. All over the United States, and in Canada and Alaska, there are thousands and millions of thrifty people who have been crowded out of the cities of the old and new world, and, to escape the terror of old age poverty, have sought the forests, fields and mines, and wrested from them a competence which will render an old age pension unnecessary.

To a greater degree than anywhere else on earth, every man in America is "the architect of his own fortune." It is regrettable that honest, industrious men should suffer from poverty after their days of usefulness are ended, but it will be an extremely difficult matter to formulate an old age pension system that would not in many cases place a premium on lack of thrift. As no two men are exactly alike, there would be no two cases which could be considered alike, and society would find it impossible to determine how far it could go in providing for the poor soldiers who had fallen in the battle of life. We may, and undoubtedly will, accomplish much by legislation that will tend to equalize the opportunities men now have for amassing a fortune, but it would be impracticable at this time to adopt a system of old age pensions such as may be due the landlord-ridden countries of the old world.

THE WAR AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.

Effort by the officers of the International Congress on Tuberculosis, to reach the people on educational lines in regard to the cause, treatment and cure of tuberculosis is comprehensive and should prove far-reaching in its effects. This body meets once in four years for the presentment of data collected in the interval between sessions and for the general furtherance of the work indicated by its name. Its next session will be held in Washington, D. C., next September, at which time a vast fund of information in regard to the subject treated will be made available to the public. The question of sanatoria for the treatment of incipient and hopeful tubercular cases will be presented in a light which it is believed cannot fail to cause the multiplication of these institutions sufficient to meet the urgent demands of humanity and of industrial, social and political economy in the premises.

Among the prizes for treatises upon the various phases of this subject is one of $1500 offered by the Smithsonian Institution for the best treatise that may be submitted on "The Relation of Atmospheric Air to Tuberculosis." Other prizes of $1000 and less are offered for the best exhibit of an existing sanatorium for the treatment of curable cases of tuberculosis among the working classes; for the best exhibit of a furnished house for a family or group of families of the working class, designed in the interest of the crusade against tuberculosis; for the best exhibit of a dispensary for the treatment of the tuberculous poor, and for the best exhibit of a hospital for the treatment of advanced pulmonary tuberculosis.

Other subjects are presented, all of which are of more or less vital importance to the civilized world, facing as it does the growing menace of this insidous disease. Scientists have sounded the alarm; scientific research has justified in every instance the validity of the claim that the progress of tuberculosis, having already caused a decimation of population in certain districts, threatens to depopulate them if not speedily and effectively checked. The late report from Alaska by Government officials, relative to the growing prevalence of this disease among the Indians of that territory and the consequent menace to the white population, is in point. The alarum cannot be too quickly or too loudly sounded in regard to this matter. Science has discovered the cause of what is commonly termed "consumption." It has also discovered and prescribed a remedy for the disease in its incipient stage. Better than all (since the ounce of prevention is everywhere accredited as worth a pound of cure), it has discovered and prescribed preventive measures which, if followed persistently and intelligently, would practically blot this most prevalent, wasting and wasteful scourge out of existence in a decade.

The hope of civilization in this matter is in the intelligent dissemination of knowledge. The International Congress on Tuberculosis at its session in Washington next Fall will present the grounds for this hope and indicate the means whereby they may be worked with profit to the race.

Students at Ann Arbor who had to be handcuffed in order to be taken to jail after rioting in a theater, should join with the insurgents at Stanford in founding a new university dedicated to the principles of liberty as they understand the word. There are a number of eminent and wealthy men in the country who would doubtless join in establishing an endowment fund for such an institution. All men who deny the right of organized society to regulate their actions should enter into hearty co-operation in maintenance of such an institution. Harriman, Rockefeller, and all other beneficiaries of stock manipulation, rebates and similar unlawful transactions, might reasonably be expected to lend all possible aid to a college of that kind. And from every part of the country there should be a rush of students to the new educational institution where every young man and young woman would be free to exercise individual fancy and give free play to personal desire, regardless of the rights or wishes or opinions of others. Colleges with rules are all right for those who like them, but there should also be colleges without rules, or, rather, colleges with rules that need not be obeyed. It takes all kinds of people to make a world. We must expect to have the hoodlum in college as well as out of it. But since it is not fair nor wise to mix the hoodlums with the orderly and decent people, separate institutions should be maintained for those who belong to that class.

All over the United States public school authorities are investigating stairways, fire escapes and other means of exit from school buildings in case of fire. It takes a catastrophe such as that at Collinwood to arouse sleeping officials and spur them to performance of duty. A few years ago a similar disaster in a Chicago theater resulted in a general campaign against theaters that had no adequate exits for use of the crowds in case fire should break out or some other emergency should create a stampede. Other wholesale forfeitures of human life will be necessary to inform the people and their servants of other dangers whose existence is not thought of until the appalling accident occurs. Perhaps the next structure to claim its victims will be a steel bridge whose supports have crystallized with age, an insane asylum, a prison or an underground grill-room. If some superhuman power could give warning of the catastrophe the suffering, the loss of life and limb and the grief of the bereaved could be averted, but apparently the sacrifice must be made by the relatively few in order that the many may be taught how to avoid the danger. In the meantime, however, it is better to appear over-cautious than to overlook any preventive measures that can be taken.

A great lot of persons who have been voting for Governor Chamberlain and other Democrats these many years, now announce themselves as Republican candidates for various offices. That is amusing. Don't they know there is no Republican party? Don't they know they and their fellow "independents" have killed it? It has been decreed, during years past, by these people, that there shall be no Republican party in Oregon. Very well. There is some time yet ahead of us. We can wait.

If every Oregon farmer will resolve this Spring to raise twice as many chickens as he did last year, and will set twice as many hens, we shall have next year a more nearly adequate supply of poultry and eggs and the state will be that much better off. The producer will scarcely notice the additional cost of production, but will enjoy the increased returns.

The Irish master of a British steamship who refused to fly the American flag above the green emblem of Ireland will not be applauded by either Irish, British or Americans who are possessed of the usual amount of good sense. A fool is pretty much the same kind of an individual, no matter what flag he is sailing under.

Donbtless Father Yorke thinks Schmitz, Ruef, et al., are innocent. Everybody else knows they are guilty, and bught to be in the penitentiary, and any court procedure necessary to place them there is justified. Father Yorke doesn't want them there, guilty or innocent. That's what's the matter with Father Yorke.

The Democrats of Lane County formally agree to support no candidate "who is not for Statement No. 1." There is no disagreement among Democrats on that question. For that reason there are Republicans who will support no candidate who is for Statement No. 1.

What cares the Supreme Court of California for the protests and criticisms of the people. The judges have the approval of the men to whom they owe their position, and with that they are probably content.

Salem has a poundmaster whose duties include the catching of bicycle riders who violate the speed ordinance. The pound is a pretty good place for the "scorcher."

VERSE

BY HARRY MURPHY.

THE "STATESMAN."

Wears a formal solemn phiz,
As a nation's cares were his;
Stands upright as virtue's friend,
Says corruption's reign must end;
Lashes with a noble rage
A debauched and sunken age;
Hints of plots among the great
Boding ruin to the state;
Cunningly he knows to steer
For the thing he feigns to fear.
When benignest is his smile
Then beware his web of wile;
Hides his vile self-seeking under
Sanctity that make men wonder.
With a heart to fawn and flatter
Or to threaten—doesn't matter—
Both he'll do with equal will
So it but his end fulfill.
Greed or malice ever lurks
As the motive of his works.
Skilled to slay with nameless lie
Men of reputation high.
Like a snake he wriggles on,
Slime betraying where he's gone.
Cancer—plague personified—
Of such cause have nations died;
Judas, Janus, trickster, traitor,
He'll prove mortal soon or later.

SWEETER STILL THE HOPE.

Remembrance of the past is sweet;
To reunite links broken,
The friends of youth again to greet,
Again hear fond tones spoken.

The flow'rs of those departed days
Are brighter than before;
They bloom 'neath mem'ry's magic rays
Upon a fairy shore.

The commonplace, familiar things—
Once deemed scarce worth a glance—
The vanished time around them flings
What glory and romance!

Remembrance of the past is sweet,
But sweeter still the hope
Of future, when earth's task complete,
Beloved arms shall ope.

SPRING.

Beneath the step of maiden Spring
The blushing blossoms wake;
Her nimble-pinioned breezes bring
To bud each grove and brake.

Now sport the flocks o'er hill and plain;
The serpent's plight anew;
The blithesome bird its nuptial strain
Pours from the boundless blue.

'Tis as a loving call they heard—
Each thing—and promptly came;
Leaf, blade and flower, beast, bee and bird,
To answer to its name.

A PETITION.

Give me a cot by nature's side,
Aloof from rout and riot,
Where gentle bird and beast abide,
Amid the vernal quiet.

By stream and mountain be my lot,
I'm tired of towns and noise—
I'm tired of toils that lead to naught
And burdens misnamed joys.

A roof mid nature's pageantry;
To know a brotherhood
With wind-swept cliff and solemn sea
And venerable wood.

To be where hoary summits stand,
Where viewless waters flow,
By melody of fountain—and
An end of empty show!

EVENING.

The misty shadows waft around
The earth a curtain of repose;
City and field have husht their sound,
And shuts the rose.

A gleam from casement here and there
Lights up the gathering gloom. Afar
The townsman hears o'er tranquil air
The clang of car.

The tired toiler seeks his cot,
Where lowly cheer his breast rejoices—
With limbs relaxed and cares forgot,
Mid childish voices.

Returning steps make gentle hearts
Beat high, and bright eyes dim; a year—
A termless age—the day that parts
From one who's dear!

The evening breeze plays gently through
The old man's locks; a smile rests on
His face—the lowered lids renew
Life's happy dawn.

The pallid student, bending o'er
His page, peers 'yond the nightly flame
As though the darkness he'd explore
For deathless fame.

Despair comes with this peaceful hour
To knock upon the secret breast,
Where sins and wrongs forgiveless cower
And murder rest.

But sweet to him, with task fulfilled,
When earth enfolds her tired brood
In that dear lap where care is stilled
And hope renewed!

Spiritualism.

Grace Sorenson, in Omaha World-Herald

Of this weird, uncanny doctrine,
Much on both sides can be said,
But I see no satisfaction
In conversing with the dead.
When the spirit leaves the body
And attains a higher plain,
Why should we desire to bring it
Back to earthly woes again?

When I die and go to heaven,
There a while I'd like to stay,
Without feeling that the family
Wanted me to come away.
If I had to be forever
On the earth and heaven read,
I would find a half-way station
Where I'd take up my abode.

So when I'd receive a message
From my relatives below,
I could answer their queer summons
In a way that wasn't slow.
And if they kept on insisting
That around them I must prance,
I would give them all they wanted
Of a ghostly song and dance.

I would not, like other spirits,
On the chairs and tables tap,
As it seems so idiotic
On old furniture to rap.
It is strange how many people
Who contented lives have led,
Should become these constant knockers
Just as soon as they are dead.

And no mediums I'd talk through,
The' there was no other way.
When they asked me for my message
I would simply say, "Nay, nay!"
I don't like such go-betweeners,
Who can fall off in a trance
Any time they take a notion
Or are given any chance.

In this age, so fast advancing,
It's certainly worth while
To abandon old-time methods
And to do things up in style.
So in my communication,
If I am allowed a choice,
I will either send a wireless
Or I'll megaphone my voice.

The Plain Woman.

People's Magazine.

The world for me another face must wear
Than if I challenged it with beauty's eyes;
The deference, the smile of quick surprise,
The flatt'ring glance of strangers unaware,
Even the rude, appreciative stare
Which beauties while they chide do not misprize.
I must forego, affecting to despise;
These things be for my sisters who are fair.

So when one night beneath the Winter moon
(The evening to my poor pale looks grown kind),
You spoke the words that turned my night to noon,
I held them but as words; and thought to find
The candid day disperse them like spilt wine.
So late I was, dear Love, to know you mine.