The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1908.

JUST A FEW REMARKS.

The Oregonian supported the primary law, but never approved Statement No. 1. It favored the initiative and referendum, but has expressed its disapproval of many of the methods and measures employed in use and misuse of it. This is sufficient answer to the following diatribe and all similar ones:

Why does The Oregonian rage at the Initiative and Referendum, the Direct Primary Law and Statement No. 1? Because the editor is disappointed in the action of these laws. Evidently Mr. Scott believed what so many people feared, that these laws would make a new boss for Oregon, greater than Mitchell or Lotan, Simon or Carey, and that this new boss would be H. W. Scott, because he controlled the great Daily Oregonian. The Oregonian counted that under the new system its opposition would defeat any law, no matter how meritorious, and its support would insure the success of any law, no matter how bad; also that every Republican aspiring to any public office must conciliate The Oregonian or be sure of defeat. . . .

H. W. Scott cannot send himself to the United States Senate. He cannot defeat a strong candidate for the Republican nomination. He cannot defeat a good law. He could not defeat the Recall. He could not defeat Statement No. 1 candidates for the Legislature. He has been utterly unable to restore the auction-block method of making United States Senators.

Therefore The Oregonian editorially condemns the initiative and referendum and the people's nomination of candidates and selection of United States Senators by the direct primary law and Statement No. 1. Therefore The Daily Oregonian editorially and by its cartoons condemns the people of Oregon for fools, cranks, and geese, and applies to them much other billingsgate. The Daily Oregonian cannot govern the people of Oregon, and therefore the weeping and wailing, the lamentations and gnashing of teeth in its tall tower . . .

In the tall tower of The Oregonian all is grief and sadness, woe, sorrow and misery, all because the people choose to govern themselves instead of accepting the dictatorship of H. W. Scott.

The above is from the Oregon City Courier. Never has The Oregonian imagined that it could control political parties or the making of laws. But it has supposed that it was at liberty to utter some voice about public matters, and this it has often done. It is likely to continue to do so.

The primary law is right in principle, but practice under it is fraudulent. This is one feature that The Oregonian has condemned. It permits and even invites false statements in registration, so that voters of one party may control the nominations of another. Of the consequences there has been abundant proof through experience. In the operation of the law a "statement" that was purely voluntary and might be accepted by the candidate for the Legislature or utterly ignored by him if he should see fit, has been interpreted by many as the cornerstone and essential principle of the whole law. Nobody could imagine, when the primary law was before the people, that such a thing would be done.

Nor, as to the initiative and referendum, could it have been supposed they would be invoked for any of the numerous wild schemes, such as single tax, overthrow of the state university and the abortions known as proportional representation and recall. The truth appears that many persons of the present day have lost the old sense of the necessity of constitutional limitations, on which our whole system was founded by our ancestors, under long experience with representative government.

It is the misuse, therefore, of the primary law, and of the initiative and referendum, that The Oregonian has criticised; and the spirit that has, as it believes, misused them.

As to this newspaper. It has had a good deal of experience—quite enough to have learned long ago that it wasn't, isn't and never could be "the boss of Oregon"—even if it wished to be. It is content simply with its supremacy as a newspaper. It always has known that it couldn't "govern the people of Oregon," and never has tried to govern them—though it has had something to say on certain important topics, as our devotees of silver, and others, may remember. Nor has the editor ever expected to send himself to the United States Senate, and he has "a job" in every way superior to that one. To the serious man the Senatorship is a mighty sacrifice of time, labor and money—endless drudgery and no thanks for it. Nor is the honor great, unless one has the peculiar talents necessary for a great Senator—"the applause of listening senates to command." It is thought some of our Senators have not been highly successful that way. In all kindness, then, men and brethren, let this humble editor (now growing old, God help the while!) urge you to give yourselves no concern about him on this subject. Senators will come and go; but no man again will hold the primacy in the journalism of Oregon for fifty years. This editor is fairly content therefore with his achievement and success. Since he doesn't worry about either, his critics need not—though they think it perhaps their only way to notice and fame.

Go to the beaches, brethren; it is the hot season. Pull off your socks, roll up your trousers and wade around till you reduce that superfetation of intellect with which some of you appear to be overburdened. We must have serenity of mind in Oregon. Don't let The Oregonian make you unhappy all your days; for even you must realize, however you may feel about it, that—to use a favorite expression of one of your distinguished members—"we are here to stay."

Eastern newspapers comment jubilantly over the fact that 50,000 men in Pittsburg and its environs returned to work last Monday after a long layoff. Three of the Carnegie mills which had been running on half time returned to full time and a number of other iron and steel concerns put on additional men. Another encouraging feature is that railroad companies having headquarters at Pittsburg ordered repair shops on double time to keep pace with the demand occasioned by the resumption of business. Of itself, standing alone, Pittsburg's renewed activity would not be particularly significant, says the Baltimore News, but reports sent out from there are duplicated in many other cities. With the assurance of good crops, there is every reason to hope for a steady increase in business activity. The railroads will have all they can do to haul the great wheat crop already made in the West and the great corn crop that is promised. It takes time, of course, to recover from the tremendous backset caused by the financial panic, but unless all signs fail, the country is rapidly getting back to its normal condition.

WHY KERN WAS NOMINATED.

John Worth Kern, candidate for Vice-President with Mr. Bryan, was a gold Democrat, but not thought to count for much or for anything. When his party was carried away by the free silver craze in 1896, he went with it, and there he has been since, as he was before. It made no difference to him what mistakes the party made on any subject at any time. He stood for them all. Nothing would be wrong done in the name of Democracy, or, if wrong, Democratic regularity condoned everything. That's the kind of Democrat Mr. Kern is. He knows better, and proclaims it, but still he's a Democrat.

Kern was nominated because he is a thick-and-thin Democrat and because he comes from Indiana, which in the present circumstances the Democrats think may again be a doubtful state. It gave Roosevelt nearly 100,000 plurality over Parker in 1904, but the Democrats justly think that a Roosevelt vote is no true criterion of the probable Taft vote in 1908. Indiana Republicans are supposed to be greatly dissatisfied because Fairbanks was beaten at Chicago, and his candidacy and representatives treated with positive disrespect. Besides, there is a large colored vote, perhaps 30,000, in Indiana, and the colored vote is this year "available" to the proper influence from the right quarter. The labor vote, too, is large in some parts of Indiana, and the Democrats are naturally hopeful. But they have to contend there with a growing conservatism that has in recent years taken the state out of the Democratic or doubtful column and placed it on the Republican side. But will there be a change this year? Perhaps. The Democrats think that they have at least a good chance, and they are letting New York and other Eastern states slide and going for the Middle West, of which Indiana is a part.

REGULATING PRIVATE PROPERTY.

If natural resources make a country great what is to become of the United States when its coal, iron and petroleum are exhausted, when its forests have been cut down and shipped to China, the land where the trees grew burned over and the streams which flowed from the sylvan springs have dried up? Supreme Judge Bean seems to have been meditating upon this question with wholesome results. It would be well if other judges and statesmen would pay some attention to it. Better still would it be if every farmer in the country would inform himself of the true relations between the forests and the soil of his farm, the water in his well, the navigation of streams and the existence of water powers. Judge Bean has learned a lesson, he says, from the state of things in the East. He remarks that "the people there did not realize until too late what would be the consequences of the policy they were pursuing" in destroying their forests. What they did was to attack their timber supply without a vestige of forethought, cut down the trees and leave no opportunity for renewal of the growth. Now in place of tree-clad mountains which afford perennial refreshment to the lowlands and wealth to the producer they have bare and unprotected slopes down which, Judge Bean tells us, "the water from rapidly melting snow pours in torrents, overflowing river banks, destroying farms and flooding cities." The yearly damage from floods in the East exceeds the entire commercial value of the original forests whose destruction accounts for them. And who received the benefit from the death of the trees, small as that benefit was comparatively? Did the people receive it? By no means. It went to a little band of grabbers who stripped the land and migrated to some happier clime to batten upon their plunder. They have played the same game over and over from Maine to Oregon, leaving destruction behind them in a wide swath across the continent. The spoiler has gathered his booty in New England, in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, all the way to Oregon, and the farmer who humbly follows him is left to make the best he can of a country treeless and forlorn.

Judge Bean points out that it is the duty of the State of Oregon to see "that only mature timber is cut, that young trees are permitted to grow and that burned over areas are protected, so that new forests may spring up." But has the state a right under our constitution to dictate to the private landowner how he shall use his property? Is it not his privilege to cut his timber as he chooses and to set fire to what he does not sell? This question came up in Maine. In that state the matter of forest preservation has become of more pressing importance than it is in Oregon, for the major part of the wealth of Maine has been in her trees and now the trees are almost gone. Since something must be done to protect the new growth on private land, as well as upon the public domain, the Legislature asked the Supreme Court how far it could properly go in the premises. The exact questions which were submitted are quoted in the New York Independent of July 2. The first was whether the Legislature had power under the constitution of Maine to enact a general law "to regulate or to restrict the cutting or the destruction of small trees growing on wild or uncultivated land, by the owner of the land, without compensating him for the restriction." The second question was whether the Legislature had the right to restrict the cutting of small trees when it was "not required for the improvement of the land" or other purposes like mining and agriculture. To both questions the Supreme Court of Maine replied that the Legislature had full power to make the restrictions specified. The court reasoned that the preservation of forests fell properly under the police power of the state, since it was essential to the general welfare. No man, it was said by the judges, had the right to make any use of his property which would curtail the equal right of others. And since the deforestation of the state injures every inhabitant either directly or indirectly therefore the Legislature may interfere to check it, and may regulate the use of private property to that end.

If the Legislature may do this in Maine of course the same thing is possible in Oregon. Even if it should be found that our constitution stands in the way the difficulty is not insuperable. There is no valid reason why this state should not forthwith set about the duty of preventing further forest destruction and assuming effectual control of its waterpowers, as Judge Bean so forcibly recommends.

It is usually taken for granted in forestry discussions that the United States Government must limit its regulations to the National forests. Private owners must be left to do as they will with their own. The Maine decision throws new light upon this assumption. If a state may regulate the cutting of trees on private land why not the Nation do the same? One of the principal purposes in adopting the Federal constitution was to provide for the general welfare. The truth seems to be that we are approaching an era when the use of all private property which is affected with relations to the public must submit to regulation and restriction.

WICKED PLAYS.

The bankruptcy of Arnold Daly, the New York theater manager, is an instance of what may be expected by the man who tries to drive the public instead of following it. Mr. Daly's financial troubles began when he deserted the good old system of feeding the public with salacious plays adapted from the French and began to admit to his stage the works of modern moralists like Bernard Shaw. The public, with its usual exasperating inconsequence, called morality indecency and stayed in its wallow. Mr. Daly could not entice the creature out of the mire. So it still lolls in the mud of French licentiousness and syndicated idiocy while Mr. Daly is bankrupt.

His fate will cause a shout of exultation to ascend from every person in the country who prefers to grin rather than to think when he goes to the theater, and from every one who likes the nasty French drama better than he does the moral plays of Bernard Shaw. Nobody who ever read Shaw's plays or saw them intelligently acted could possibly speak of them as indecent. The same accusation might as well be brought against the ten commandments or the Prophet Amos. The ills of society will never be corrected until they have been faced courageously and studied. This Shaw in his plays urges us to do, and he presents us with object-lessons of what we should discover if we did it.

All this may be badly adapted to the stage. Very likely it is, but it is not immoral nor is it indecent. Even in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" there is not half the suggestion of licentiousness that there is in the play "Divorcons," from the French, which was acted in Portland and other cities last Winter without one word of protest from any critic or the slightest interference from the highly moral and intelligent police. The fact is that we go to the theater and sit out a genuinely indecent play without a tremor if it happens to be conventional in its wickedness, while we hold up our hands in horror at many a genuinely moral play which shows us what miserable sinners we are. We like to sit in smug enjoyment of our sins, and we hate to be compelled to see what monsters they are.

SUMMER READING.

From the advice of women librarians as to our Summer reading, good Lord deliver us. It is hard to think up a worse list of books than the one which Miss Roberts, of the Newark, N. J., library, has contributed to the New York Sun. It is long enough, providing at least one book a day for the most extensive vacation, and it contains no "problems, tragedies or harrowing scenes," just as Miss Roberts says; but we doubt her statement that the perusal of her list will leave one "in a genial glow." It is much more likely to affect us as Milton said a diet of the east wind did sheep.

"Flaccid" is a word which describes the list very well, although "mushy" would be better if it were permitted in polite circles. Miss Roberts clearly assumes that nobody cares to exercise his intellect in the least degree during the months of Summer. No book is to be taken up which contains a ray of thought. No story is to be read which makes the faintest demand upon the attention. The mind is to float about placidly in a sea of skimmed milk or tepid dishwater without effort and with no sensation but that of sloppy warmth. We do not believe that a list of books which includes none but the most insipid and transitory novels of the past year or two is suitable for Summer reading for either men or women.

There is no more reason why people should become imbecile during warm weather than during cold. One need not read Kant's "Critique" in August, but neither need he feel condemned to books like Vance's "Brass Bowl" and no others. Perhaps the most inane novel of the last decade is "Her Ladyship's Elephant." Miss Roberts includes it faithfully. She has as sure a scent for an idiotic tale as wasps have for peaches. She assumes that nobody cares to read anything but novels and those the very silliest. In all her long list there is not a single book of Howells', not one by Mark Twain. She does not seem to know that H. G. Wells has written anything or that Gustav Frenssen has been translated. She includes Stevenson's "Prince Otto" but nothing else of his, while there are three of Viele's books and three of Henry's.

Of all the dozens of delightful "garden books" which have appeared within a year or two Miss Roberts mentions none but the "Elizabeth" series, which say little about gardening and much about Elizabeth. Of all the charming books of essays which are becoming so marked a feature of our literature she mentions none at all. No travel, no history, no biography appears in this discouraging list, nothing but novels, novels, novels, and those the feeblest of their kind. Miss Roberts must have a very low opinion of the intelligence of her sex, and perhaps of both sexes.

A DISGUISED BLESSING.

There is a world of truth in the old saying that our greatest blessings not infrequently appear in disguise. New evidence in corroboration of this assertion is to be found on every hand. A notable case of the disguised blessing is the celebrated interview given out about a year ago by Bishop Paddock, when he was appointed Missionary Bishop of Eastern Oregon. It will be remembered that, in a fine line of talk which the Bishop put out for Eastern consumption, he pictured Oregon as a country quite similar to Kentucky in the days of Daniel Boone, or "little old New York" when Leatherstocking and the last of the Mohicans were playing tag in the forest primeval. Naturally, with Tom Richardson and William McMurray under salary and working overtime to keep the spot-light playing on pictures of a civilized Oregon, the Bishop's little joke appeared somewhat harsh to the Oregon Indians who had long ago left the reservation, and were living in cities and towns where the only warwhoop heard was the honk of the buzz-wagons.

But it now develops that the Bishop's joke, instead of being a knock, was a boost. The story traveled fast, and it also traveled far, and at last has reached Old England. The Liverpool Post and Mercury, under date of June 20, devotes one of its entire elongated columns to a discussion of Oregon, based on the hardships which Bishop Paddock was expected to undergo in his circuit-riding stunt through the wilderness. "We are apt to think of the States of the Union," says the Post and Mercury, "as more or less populous and socially organized. Oregon is a case to the contrary." This is, of course, the natural deduction from the remarks of the Bishop, but it is unwarranted. It is perhaps excusable, however, as serving to admit the opportunity for the Liverpool editor to exclaim: "What does the State of Oregon mean in point of size? Who will guess? England, Scotland and Wales could be placed inside Oregon, and then there would be ample space all round."

The Post and Mercury is not a religious publication and in its discussion of the Paddock interview, the editor drifts away from the spiritual phases of the matter, and from an unecclesiastical standpoint, ventures the opinion that "Oregon has great promise." In support of the statement, he continues:

> In the mountain ranges of the vast area is untold mineral wealth. There are forests of the finest cedar and Oregon fir. There are great fisheries, wonderful rivers, deep harbors, a sea coast of over 500 miles, millions of acres of unappropriated rich agricultural lands. All this must make Oregon presently one of the finest states of the Union.

Here is something truthful about Oregon, almost equal to some of the prize-winning statements of Miss Matiel Howe or Rev. Mr. Straton, and it appears "next to pure reading matter," in a paper two hundred years old and nine columns wide, with a circulation reaching throughout the world. Before we further blame the Bishop for his romancing, we should thank him for the publicity he has given Oregon. Some of the timid readers of the Post and Mercury may hesitate about making the trip to such a wild land, but there are other venturesome spirits who may come out for the express purpose of accompanying the Bishop on one of his perilous trips, and bagging a few bears, cougars, Indians and other "varmints" which must abound in such a "wild" country.

ANOTHER FLAG RESTORER.

The duty of restoring the American flag to the high seas by the ship-subsidy plan has become too onerous for President Harvey D. Goulder, the Cleveland attorney who has been serving as president of the Merchant marine League of the United States. To fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Goulder's resignation, the "league" has elected Joseph G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown, O. As Youngstown is as far removed from salt water as Cleveland, and Mr. Butler's claim to fame is, according to his biography, due to his being "the widest-known authority on pig-iron in the country," he is on at least even terms with Attorney Goulder as to eligibility for a position in which the ocean commerce of the country is concerned. Mr. Butler's knowledge of the merchant marine, however, is not confined to the manufacture of pig-iron, for he also delivered an address on the subject of ship subsidy at a meeting of the league held in Cleveland last December.

At that meeting the new president of the league emphatically stated: "What we want is a comprehensive bill, something that will do business. Every country that amounts to a d— has subsidized its merchant marine, and we should do the same." This statement shows how much easier it is to secure accurate knowledge of the world's merchant marine in Ohio than it is at the seaports on both coasts of the country where the fleets of the world come and go, carrying American products to the most remote parts of the globe. Neither Great Britain, Germany, nor Norway, all great sea powers which certainly amount to something, pays subsidies gets nothing in return, as the subsidized vessels are all engaged in carto the merchant marine. France pays a subsidy to her merchant marine and rying freight for other nations at less cost than would be possible were the vessels operated on the same business principles as are followed by the Germans, British, Norwegian and other up-to-date maritime powers.

The French subsidy aids the British exporter and the Oregon wheatgrower to secure cheap freights, but it is of no advantage to France. The ignorance which prompted such a statement, however, does not disqualify Mr. Butler for the post of honor for which he has been chosen, for his biographical sketch discloses peculiar qualifications for such a cause as he expects to advance. When the "pig-iron trust," composed of the largest Bessemer iron producers in Ohio and Pennsylvania, was formed a number of years ago, Mr. Butler was placed at the head of the organization and still retains the position. What Mr. Butler and his fellow captains of industry in Ohio and Pennsylvania have done with iron, steel, coal and coke under the beneficent workings of a tariff subsidy, is a matter of history.

The ocean is the one remaining industrial field that has not been exploited by the tariff-protected trusts. A ship subsidy would enable them to further "the interests of American commerce" on the high seas in the manner in which they have succeeded in other lines on shore. If Mr. Butler really wants a bill that "will do the business," let him start the machinery of his Merchant Marine League on a bill that will enable Americans to buy ships at as low rates as they are bought by every other country that "amounts to a d—."

THE WORLD MOVES.

When truth grows old it becomes falsehood. This sentiment is from Dr. Stockman's public address in "An Enemy of the People," which is in some particulars the most intensely modern of Ibsen's plays. The scene of the action is a little town whose stores and boarding-houses are patronized by the visitors to a water cure. The community is highly prosperous and the management of the water cure is supported, of course, by a "compact majority" of the taxpayers. This pleasant state of things is disturbed by Dr. Stockman, physician to the establishment, who discovers that the water used there is so polluted that it causes many deaths among the patients. Not trusting to his personal judgment in the matter he had some of the water analyzed by an official chemist who confirmed his opinion. Dr. Stockman then wrote out a careful statement of the facts which he asked the local paper to publish. At first the article was accepted, but finally, by the advice of the mayor, it was declined. The Mayor was Dr. Stockman's brother, a subtle hint of Ibsen's that in the modern warfare against graft brother shall rise up against brother and father against son, as was predicted in holy writ.

Shut out of the newspaper, Dr. Stockman then asked the editor to print six or seven hundred copies of the article, offering to foot the bill himself. This also was declined by the Mayor's advice on the ground that the publication of the facts about the water cure would injure the business of the town. Dr. Stockman then tried to hire a hall where he proposed to read his article to the people, but the authorities so intimidated every person who owned a hall that he could obtain none. Finally an old sea captain of an independent disposition opened his house to the Doctor and the meeting was called. But his troubles were not yet over. The Mayor and his crowd captured the meeting, elected a "safe and sane" presiding officer and just barely missed shutting out Dr. Stockman's speech after all. But they did not quite succeed. He had his say and in the course of his remarks he took occasion to affirm that "the majority is always wrong."

The majority is inevitably wrong, he argued, because its political and religious creeds are by necessity antiquated. New truths from their very nature can only be held by a few people because it takes long to propagate them, and by the time they are spread abroad and have gained acceptance by the multitude they have been superseded in the minds of the progressive minority by truths still newer. Thus the creed of the majority is always in opposition to the latest aspect of truth. But in these days of investigation and exact thought the latest aspect of the truth is sure to be freer from error than the old one. It follows therefore that the majority is always contending for errors and fighting against the light. What seems to them to be true inevitably tends with time to exhibit the falsehood which it involves, so that Dr. Stockman's bitter remark cannot be completely refuted. Old truth, or what appears to be truth, does become falsehood. Nor can we hope for a time ever to come when the majority will be as nearly in the right as the minority, because this would imply that the multitude are as eager in the search for truth as the few and as capable of discovering it. Hence, according to Ibsen, the world must forever present the discouraging spectacle of a little band, or even a single individual, discovering and preaching the truth while the majority, wedded to their falsehoods, shower him with brickbats.

But Dr. Stockman left at least one fact out of consideration in his fiercely radical speech. If there is a minority which marches ahead of the multitude, there is another which marches behind them. If there is a little band of prophets which seeks to drag the people forward into the light, there is another band composed of reactionaries which tries to hold them back in deeper darkness. We cannot deny then that the majority is always and necessarily wrong, but for our comfort we can assert and prove that it is not nearly so much in the wrong as the reactionary minority. In fact if Dr. Stockman had been concerned to picture things as they truly are he would have posited two minorities, one of them far in advance laboring to lead the multitude forward, the other just as far in the rear holding back, and the mass of the people hesitant between them with divided sympathies, but always in the end stepping to the front and never to the rear. In spite of all that the pessimists can say, the world does advance and this it never could do unless the multitude moved forward into new truth.

To the literary student one of the interesting things about Ibsen's thesis is the way in which it forestalls the doctrine of the pragmatists. Those adventurers in philosophy declare that the world creates its truth as it goes along. Any belief is true as long as it works well. When it ceases to work it becomes false. But owing to changing circumstances old ideas continually become unworkable and therefore turn into errors. This agrees with Dr. Stockman's dictum that truth necessarily becomes falsehood as it grows old and, so far as one can discern, the rule admits of no exceptions whatever.

While it is likely that either the Lusitania or her sister ship will hold the speed record for some years, both will soon be relegated to second place for size and magnificence. The White Star Line is preparing to build at Belfast a veritable Aladdin's palace which will probably be named the Olympic. Her length will be 840 feet, fifty feet longer than the Lusitania. She will be propelled by four screws, two driven by high-pressure, quadruple-expansion reciprocating engines and two by low pressure turbines. It is not intended that the speed shall exceed twenty-one knots per hour. In gorgeous internal fittings, this twentieth century wonder will eclipse all rivals. The cost will be over $7,000,000.

Never before have changes so swift and extensive been witnessed in the movement of aliens into and out of the United States as during the last six months. Here is the record for the first half of the present year and all of last year:

	1908.	1907.
Immigrant arrivals	186,386	739,748
Alien emigrants	377,664	153,782

In no year heretofore have so many people of the laboring class left our shores as with the last half year alone. The consequent drain upon the supply of rough or unskilled labor in Pennsylvania is so heavy that the iron and steel industry is wondering where help can be obtained when business prosperity is restored to the full, for it is believed that few of the men who crossed the ocean to their old homes will return. However, in time, labor from the same localities will probably be obtained in abundance.

Thus speaks the editor of the Pendleton Tribune: "The point attempted in attacking a public official for accepting a salary which everybody admits was allowed by law is not clear." Three plain errors in one short sentence. First, no attack has been made upon an official; the attack is upon the system of looting the public treasury in violation of the constitution. Second, not everybody admits that the salaries are allowed by law; on the contrary a very large majority of the people believe that the constitution means what it says when it declares that certain officials shall receive certain fixed salaries. Third, the point attempted is entirely clear—that of establishing the custom of obeying the constitution instead of evading it.

In the crowded tenement quarters in New York inhabited chiefly by Italians and Jews a charitable organization has just started a novel method of fighting tuberculosis. Attractive colored posters have been prepared, giving in simple language much-needed instruction and warnings. The poster for the Italians has a picture of a canal in Venice, so attractive that it is hung up on the walls of homes for decoration. Instructions are printed in English because most of the adult immigrants can neither read nor write, therefore Italian would not appeal to them. However, their children have been taught English in the public schools and decipher the directions for the guidance of their parents.

It is announced that the editor and proprietor of the Commoner will suspend its publication in the event of his election to the Presidency. For this contingency — however remote some folk may regard it—ample preparation has been made. The business manager is now putting aside a fund to be used, if the crisis appears, to reimburse subscribers for unexpired subscriptions. So sudden a change would be unique in the annals of American journalism; still the if is so large and prominent that Mr. Bryan's shop foreman need lose no sleep yet over prospective loss of his job.

Two vocational schools for boys and girls are to be opened in New York City the coming Fall. These will inaugurate a kind of industrial training for youth between 14 and 16 years of age that has been very successful in Germany. They are to be established at the suggestion of the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education. This society is prepared to aid any school board wishing to establish elementary industrial schools in laying out plans and in indicating the subjects to be pursued.

Mr. Frederick V. Holman feels constrained to apologize for his work as an "amateur correspondent." He need not. No one who read his Denver letter yesterday will fail to say that he "made good." There are those who may suspect that Mr. Holman, who is a Democrat all right, or believes that he is, is not entirely happy over the Bryan nomination; but all that does not prevent him from having a lot of fun out of the game.

Portland is the Rose City. Salem and The Dalles quarrel over Cherry City. Prosser would be the Apple City. If the undertakers meet there much more, McMinnville will be the Bury City.

Mr. Hearst is sorry to say it, but he has "lost confidence" in Mr. Bryan and the Democratic party. That will make everybody very sad. We'd hate to have that said about us by Hearst.

On behalf of the Democratic candidate for Vice-President it may be said that he has had as many thrashings as Bryan, having been defeated twice as candidate for Governor of Indiana.

The National Republican committee expects to raise its campaign fund by popular subscription. No trusts need apply. Put Mr. Harriman down for a dollar.

Multnomah County is asked to spend $500,000 for a new courthouse. Of course county officials are as much entitled to marble offices as are city officials.

One way for humane officers to protect horses from fire is to visit the barn at midnight to see whether there is a man on vigil there, or in a nearby saloon.

And just to think that Democrats picked up a man named Kern for running mate, after sneering at Republicans for nominating Sherman.

It should be noted, however, that Mr. Bryan has not said he would refuse to run a fourth time.

If Helle is as wise as he looks, he will not leave as much money for the next fellow as Boni did.

Lastly, those detectives can't even "find" another job. Or won't.

SILHOUETTES

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

If his published portraits are correct likenesses, John W. Kern looks like the man who suffered with backache for 40 years until relieved by Catchem's bitters.

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With the women wearing lo-and-behold gowns at evening porch parties and sheath dresses on the street by day, the 1908 mosquito is a lucky dog.

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Romeo Johnson.

Ike Johnson was a lucky coon,
Who never worked at all.
'Most every night he go around
To make a social call
Upon his dusky lady-love;
And there he always found
A cordial welcome—so this swain
Decided he'd perpound
A question to his dark-skinned belle,
Because he loved that gal so well.

So Ike proposed—he was disposed
To marry Lida Jackson right away.
He talked about the shining stars,
He raved about his love,
Told her of her lustrous eyes,
And called her his brown dove.
Ike made his argument so strong
He thought he couldn't lose;
That surely she'd decide to say
He was the one she'd choose.

But as he spoke she turned away
And shed regretful tears.
She couldn't marry him, she said,
Not in a thousand years.
She didn't want a hero,
Wasn't crazy on romance,
And didn't take much interest
In a lifelong song and dance.

"So beat it, Mister Johnson,"
Was the answer he received.
"I sure will miss your language
And I know you'll be some grieved;
But life ain't no grand aria
When you spend it with a man
That's as long as you on ragtime
And as short as you on ham."

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For the next few months we'll be bored to death with the Bryan children.

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Every time Chicago University gets a new million from John D. or one of her professors runs amuck, I feel like suggesting that it be renamed the School for Scandal.

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All the world may love a lover, but it seems that it always has it in for the bridegroom.

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The difference between an automobile and a motor car is the difference between hiring it at the livery and owning it.

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A man may with propriety spend $20 on a carriage, theater tickets and a late supper for her, but if he should give the girl a pair of $5 shoes, which she probably needs much more, she would feel insulted.

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If you've read "In Life's Shop Window," you'll agree with me that it's about time to invoke the pure food law on popular novels.

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When an ardent youth tells an undertaker's daughter that he's willing to die for her, she may be sure his words have a double meaning.

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Some of the very best and the very worst of people seem to be thrown together a good deal—on the streetcars.

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Because an Irishman is accused of making a bull out of a tale, it isn't fair to call him a nature-faker.

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In the tabloid republic of Panama they're holding an election for President. According to reports, 276 Presidential electors are to be chosen. We are led to infer that the other voters are Presidential candidates.

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Denver is probably sitting out on the back porch in her oldest kimono today congratulating herself that company doesn't stay forever.

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A peck of trouble is about equal to a pint of rye.

Teacher Has a Pick on Me.

John L. Shroy, in Lippincott's.

All trouble that is hangin' round comes finally my way—
The teacher has a pick on me.
She keeps me in at recess and denies me all my play,
Because she has a pick on me.
She makes me do my misspelled words a hundred times or more,
She makes me do my tables till my finger-joints get sore,
She makes me clean the ink up that I spill upon the floor,
Because she has a pick on me.

She makes me pay some time off for the notes that I forget—
The teacher has a pick on me.
She tells my mother when she sees me smoke a cigarette,
Because she has a pick on me.
She makes me study lessons that I say I know by heart—
The reason I can't say them is, I can't think how they start—
When I kick Jim beneath the seat the teacher takes Jim's part,
Because she has a pick on me.

The very littlest thing I do she manages to see—
The teacher has a pick on me.
She knows that I am talkin' when her back is turned to me,
Because she has a pick on me.
One day I didn't feel like work and talked back at her once;
She wrote a little note to Dad, that he was asked to sign.
He licked me like the mischief, said "You've got to toe the line,"
And now Dad's got a pick on me.

The Defeated.

S. H. Kemper, in the July Metropolitan Magazine.

Because it was good to be fighting, to put forth my strength,
To endeavor myself to the utmost, the failure at length
Is never less bitter and hard, or lighter to bear
Because all the glorious memories of battle I share
With the victors who pass me on horseback (good fellows who won)
With stern, ardent faces fixed forward and fronting the sun.
No, failure is comfortless, arid. When battle again
Is joined I shall fight all the harder—at last not in vain!
Though my courage was solid and speckless, my arm good before,
This pure bitterness strengthens and betters me; no failure more!
At last I shall win, and that victory pure shall redeem
All the mighty lost effort and hope, all the disapproved dream,
And out of the depths of my knowledge of bitter defeat
I shall know to the utmost that minute how triumph is sweet.

Look Up.

Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore Sun.

Look up—the light is there!
Look out—the steeps are far!
Dark valleys hold the care;
Over the hills, the star!

Look up, not down; 'twere vain
Long seeking at one's feet;
Under the shadows, rain;
Above them, violets, sweet!

Look up, and with firm tread,
Go on, straight on;
Only the blind are led;
Out of the deeps, the dawn!