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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUG. 23, 1908.

THE PAST IN THE PRESENT.

Neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Bryan is "running" solely on the platforms of the present year. Both are on past platforms more than on the present ones. For a political party is not to be judged solely, nor even chiefly, by its declarations of today. Rather it is to be judged by or upon its whole course and history. The great bulk of the vote of the United States in November next will be cast for party, with far more reference to the general character of parties, as shown by what they have done or attempted hitherto, and by what judgments have been passed on them, than by anything their platforms may declare, at the present time.

There is nothing very striking in either of the platforms at the present time. The differences between them are not vital; there is nothing so clear, or so sharply cut, as heretofore, during two generations. All but a very small fraction of Bryan's vote will be cast for him, because of the party name; and the same will be true of the vote for Taft. It is easy to say that the name of a party is nothing. But it is a symbol that presents a concrete reminder of what a party stands for and has stood for, in the general course of its life. Words and names come to mean things, and to stand for things, in the most powerful and impressive way. Words and names rule the world.

Taft will get credit, to the extant of millions of votes, for what the Republican party has stood for, and fought for, and accomplished, during fifty years. Bryan will get credit, to the extent of millions of votes, because he is the present representative of the historic opposition to the Republican party during this long period. Comparatively few will vote for either candidate for reasons different from these. If Bryan is at disadvantage in such a situation it is because the creed and policy of his party are disapproved, and in many things even detested. Nine-tenths voting against Bryan this year will remember the terrible fight it was necessary to make for honest money, against his leadership for free coinage of silver, at a fraudulent ratio; and the memory of not a few will run back much further, —to the struggles without number, when the Democratic party was rejected by the country, under the belief that its policy was ruinous.

Taft and Bryan, therefore, are not "running" merely on the platforms of the present year, but much more on the platforms of many years; for parties are divided, in the main, on remembrance of the incidents and events which make up the history of the country, and the name of a party becomes a concrete expression, which carries to the general voter's mind the reasons that guide him and require no argument.

HOLINESS.

Holiness is doubtless a very fine possession if one happens to get hold of the right kind. The wrong kind seems to be anything but fine. Two instances of the wrong kind were reported in The Oregonian the other day, and, judging from the consequences which it produced, we are constrained to say that as between bad holiness and bad whisky, give us the whisky. It would be decidedly less destructive than the holiness. Mrs. Morrison, of Salem, after taking on an oversupply of this mischievous stimulant, deserted her husband, fled from home, and carted off her goods and chattels under the protection of a policeman. How much more seemly would it have been had the policeman held this good woman in his arms while her husband applied that moderate chastisement which Blackstone says is lawful. To get rid of this pernicious species of holiness there is nothing so surely effectual as a good switch or a ducking stool.

Mrs. Morrison said in explaining her conduct that "God had commanded her to leave her husband. To live with him any longer would be a sin." Robert Laughlin, of Klamath Falls, who cut off his hand a couple of days ago in a fit of holiness, also said that he had been commanded to do it by the Almighty. It would be a queer deity who would command people to do acts so silly. How shall we account for these monstrous deeds done under the name of religion? Perhaps we cannot explain them completely, but it is hardly doubtful that the old-fashioned concept of the deity is more or less to blame. Following the accounts in the primitive books of the Bible the Almighty is popularly presented as an irrational being, vengeful, passionate, fickle and bloodthirsty. He is pictured with all the undesirable characteristics of an Oriental despot, and it is entirely in keeping with such a character that he should command people to do foolish and wicked acts, such as deserting a family or cutting off a hand. Mrs. Morrison and Robert Laughlin, in doing what they did, were simply carrying a popular idea of the deity to its logical outcome. It is no more unreasonable to command a man to cut off his hand than it would be to condemn him to everlasting fire.

For that state of mind which our Salem friends call holiness the true name is fanatical superstition. It is not religion, nor anything like religion, and the being whom it calls God is nothing better than a hideous caricature of the Almighty as he really exists. The deity who loves righteousness and mercy would not countenance such folly as Mrs. Morrison committed. Genuine religion tends to strengthen the ties between man and wife, not to break them. It aims to make men strong, healthy and happy instead of maiming them. In the last analysis there is very little difference between true religion and common sense. Did not the prophet Micah declare that true religion is "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" What is this but the highest common sense? Certainly, if Micah was right, then the teachers who have put these outlandish notions into Mrs. Morrison's head are wrong. They have been leading her to practice deviltry instead of piety.

THROUGH CENTRAL OREGON.

A railroad is soon to be built through Central Oregon by Mr. Harriman. It is not certain yet that its route will be north and south, or east and west, though the north-and-south line appears now to be preferred. All that is a matter of detail, however, and will be arranged later. The important fact is that the road is, or is to be, a certainty, if the route is not.

We are not unmindful that Mr. Harriman long ago promised definitely to build through Central Oregon, and there was reasonable expectation, as there was undoubted need, that the railroad should be built long ere now. But nothing was done, beyond the surveys, for years. Nothing could be done, perhaps. We shall be willing to think that circumstances, and not negligence, or indifference to the interests and deserts of Oregon, caused the delay, if the project shall now be carried forward with expedition. Therefore, bygones are bygones, the present only need be thought of, and the future is before us all.

It is pleasing to feel that Mr. Harriman has an abiding interest and an abounding faith in Oregon. He should have, indeed. He has a duty, too, and a responsibility that he is evidently going to discharge in the fullest and most satisfactory manner.

LETTING THE SOUTH ALONE.

If it were not for the South, Southern feelings and Southern prejudices, we should hear a great deal during the campaign about the Brownsville affair. The wrongs of the oppressed and outraged negro soldiers would be subject of many tearful talks and plaintive appeals by Mr. Bryan. But he doesn't befriend the negro, or rather attempt to pose as his friend and advocate, because he doesn't dare. There is no other reason. The South wouldn't stand it, and the South is the backbone of the Democratic strength.

So, too, Bryan is the champion of the laboring classes and labor legislation in states where the South may be safely left out of consideration. You won't hear Mr. Bryan shouting through the South about child-labor laws, or convict labor, for example, or talking about anything that is likely to offend the sensibilities of the aristocratic landowners and millowners and manufacturers of that section. He needs the South, and the South doesn't need him.

Charles A. Walsh, formerly secretary of the National Democratic Committee, has made public a letter setting forth some reasons why organized labor should not support the Democratic party. He says:

> In the Southern states the Democratic party has always controlled the lawmakers. I want to fairly call your attention to the labor legislation of the various states and make the charge, the truthfulness of which will be recognized by every man, that, speaking generally, no section of this Union has poorer laws for the protection of labor than those states always known as Democratic. In no other states do we find worse conditions as to child labor, the farming out of convicts to contractors and other abuses.

Thus we see what the Democratic party does for labor when it is in full control of the lawmaking power. Southern Democrats waste little time spitting hairs about consent of the governed. They govern.

A PHASE OF FEMININE SELFISHNESS.

Yesterday's mailbag contained the following communication from a resident of Willamette Heights, who asked that his name be not published:

> Permit me through your columns to voice my indignation over an incident that I saw on a "W" car yesterday. The hour was 5:45; front and back platforms crowded with men; about thirty women and one gray-board seated inside; at Tenth and Morrison, a pale-faced, neatly dressed woman, evidently in weak condition, probably convalescing from recent illness, boarded the car, accompanied by four clean children, the youngest a babe in arms. She "herded" the three who were large enough to walk, but seemed to lack sufficient strength to reach for a strap to steady herself as the car turned curves. A blind man could see she was very tired, and yet not a female passenger offered her a seat. I am sure that half the women were under 30 and several of them not over 20.
>
> Half a mile farther on, one woman left the car and the remainder "spread out" at once. Two blocks more, the same thing was repeated on the opposite side of the car, and this poor woman was allowed to stand until she got off after we passed Good Samaritan Hospital.
>
> I am not starting out to reform the world; still I am not without hope of awakening latent sympathy that lives in every human breast. Publication of this letter by The Oregonian cannot fail to aid my effort. No woman with a babe in her arms should be allowed to stand in a Portland streetcar.

Neither this correspondent, nor The Oregonian, nor all the altruistic forces in Portland will succeed in curing the sin of selfishness that manifests itself among certain adult females in public conveyances, except by personal rebuke to the individual and putting her to shame. Appeal to her finer nature seldom meets with response. It is unusual, not to say rare, for a woman —Mr. Edward Bok's Journal of Civilization would use the word "lady"— to yield a part of her rights in a streetcar or an elevator merely to accommodate another woman who happens not to be on her calling list.

Let, say, eight women be occupying one side of a car, each taking up all the room "the law allows." Enter ninth woman. The seated eight, regarding her as an intruder and a disturber of their comfort, stare. Tardily and reluctantly complying with her unspoken demand for room to sit down, they "edge along," and No. 9 settles herself in a satisfactory state of mind. Enter tenth woman. She searches for a vacancy. There is ample room for fifteen women on each side, yet no one moves. Number 9 is sure to be especially rigid, saying to herself: "I'm comfortable; let No. 10 rustle for a seat." She ignores entirely the obligation she is under to repay a cold-hearted courtesy that was extended to her a minute before.

Don't we see this comedy enacted a thousand times every day from 5 to 6 o'clock? In elevators this selfishness is shown from morning until night, and is more sharply marked than in streetcars. The average woman stands near the door and refuses to step to the rear when others enter. Self-asserting women, whose numbers are steadily increasing, plant themselves at the entrance and thus incommode every passenger going into or out of the cage. The elevator boy and the conductor are not clothed with police or monitory powers. Polite requests from them fall on deaf ears. The female doesn't yield; she doesn't have to. So this selfishness, with no means to check it, grows, perhaps unconsciously, into a fixed habit.

Men, too, are selfish in various ways, but they have learned that while they are traveling it pays to "give and take." Where they are crowded within limited space, whether they are laborers, merchants, just young "fellers" or professional men, a disposition to regard the rights of others prevails. It is not instinctive, but the happy result of experience gained by contact with the world. For a familiar example, note the conduct of the multitude going to and from a Sunday baseball game. For contrast, ask the woman who has ever traveled in a Pullman with fifteen others of her sex about selfishness in the use of the toilet-room.

And the sad phase of this sin of selfishness is that the woman guilty of it knows better. In her home and among her friends her first thought is for those bound by blood and affection. On the streetcar, as if by magic, she becomes a creature self-centered in her own comfort. All the other women on the car, except some one she knows, are aliens. The small minority regardful of the sensibilities of others are insufficient to leaven the selfish majority.

In the case mentioned by our correspondent, a carload of women are indictable for entire lack of sympathy. At least one out of the thirty should have volunteered to lighten the woman's load by giving her a seat. A man with a babe in his arms entering a streetcar crowded with men wouldn't have had to wait two seconds for a place to sit down.

FRAULEIN SCHMIDT.

The latest book by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is called "Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther." The heroine, Fraulein Schmidt, was the daughter of a German literary man, whose industry was great and his profits small. Up to the time when the story opens his books had been an expense to the family treasury, and throughout its progress he was laboring on a monumental work for which his daughter shrewdly suspected he could never find a publisher. To eke out their exiguous means the Schmidts were in the habit of taking in an English boy now and then who wished to learn German. Mr. Anstruther was such a youth, though he was not exactly a boy. His connections were noble, his wealth abundant and his heart susceptible. Fraulein Schmidt was sweet, sensible and wholesome. What could have been more natural than a romance between them which gradually ripened from Platonic affection to English love? At the end of his year at the Schmidts', when Mr. Anstruther was on the point of departure, he proposed to the daughter of his humble tutor, and was accepted. Thus the book begins.

It consists of the Fraulein's letters to Mr. Anstruther from the day of his leaving for England until eternal silence fell between them, a period of about a year. The first epistles express her rapturous joy in their engagement. "Ich kann es nicht fassen, nicht glauben, Es hat ein Traum mich beruecht." She couldn't understand it, she couldn't believe it. Like the girl in Schumann's song, Fraulein Schmidt thought a dream must have deceived her. It was impossible that such a grand gentleman should have exalted and happified a poor creature like herself. And in truth, it was a dream, nor was it a very long one, either. After three or four delirious letters the next ones begin to hint that Mr. Anstruther's love is cooling. Presently it comes out that he is engaged to an English damsel of lofty birth, and Fraulein Schmidt is relegated to the limbo of discarded sweethearts. It is at this critical point that the singular flavor of the extraordinary book becomes apparent. The Fraulein does not lament. She does not reproach, or accuse. She simply understands.

She reads Mr. Anstruther like an open page in the largest and clearest type. She tells him indeed that he has little strength of mind, but only as one stating a scientific truth. The Fraulein analyzes her recreant lover, and is then ready to let him pass forever, but he is of a different mind. Though his passion has cooled, he still values Miss Schmidt for her colossal common sense, and wishes the letters between them to continue. So they do, and one may say confidently that the correspondence, or rather Miss Schmidt's part of it, which is the only one the reader gets directly, is without a parallel in literature. Plenty of writers have portrayed sensible men. Jane Austen has described a sensible woman or two, and so has Dickens, but they are all different; David Copperfield's Agnes is something like Fraulein Schmidt. Agnes is sentimental with all her capacity for affairs. Fraulein Schmidt is sentimental, too, but not in Agnes' orthodox way. Her sentiment takes the singular form of the power to assign their genuine values to persons and things. It is an aid to common sense which it never obscures, but renders always more acute and piercing. Nothing deceives her, nothing in the way of motives is hidden from her. No conventional estimate of things or conduct misleads her. She has resolved not to let love, whether fortunate or thwarted, spoil her life. Love, after all, is an incident, which, like everything else, disturbs one for a time, and then takes its place among other incidents. Washington Irving in one of his sketches says this is true for men, but not for women. To women, says Irving, love is the whole world, while to men it divides place with ambition, the desire for wealth and many other things.

Fraulein Schmidt had made up her mind that it should be true, for at least one woman as well as for men. She rooted love out of her heart without much apparent difficulty, and set about getting as much enjoyment as she could from her narrow, pinched life. In doing so, she made several interesting discoveries. One of them was that her life of poverty, passed in a lonely cottage with a leaky roof on a steep hillside, was neither narrow nor pinched, but broad as the universe. She had the days of Spring, she had the pensive calm of Fall. The sun was hers and the stars. Sunshine and storm, trees and flowers she had. Above all, she had freedom. There was nothing in the wide, wide world to hinder Fraulein Schmidt from being herself. She found that in things like these lay the true values. They were what is worth while, and the ordinary objects of ambitious striving are but delusions. Of course, all this is true. It is so obviously true that writers have been saying it in one way and another since time began. The story of Fraulein Schmidt is only Fitzgerald's "Book of verses underneath the bough" over again, but the philosophy is put with a truth and convincing power that one sometimes misses.

The cynic will say to be sure that the Fraulein did well to make herself as happy as she could in her bereavement, but, if she achieved a passable imitation of contentment, it was only because she could get nothing better. Unluckily for the cynic, the author has looked out for that. Mr. Anstruther presently wearied of his exalted lady love, who had surreptitiously made off with a duke, and humbly besought for a return of Fraulein Schmidt's affection. But he besought in vain. She had found happiness on her lonely hillside, and she was not to be persuaded to forsake it. When he persisted in his suit, she abruptly broke off the letters, dropping him into infinite forgetfulness. The reader closes the book with a sigh. Was the Fraulein right, or, after all, is there something besides barren hillsides which most of us must have to make life endurable?

ON OATH AND ON HONOR.

Those persons who insist that it is unconstitutional to compel a citizen to disclose his party affiliations before permitting him to vote in a party primary should remember that the practice in this respect was not changed by enactment of the primary law. Before the primary law was enacted, no man could take part in a Republican primary without declaring himself a Republican. True, he did not do this under oath, but he did it, nevertheless. He could not ask the privilege of voting in a Republican primary without announcing himself as a Republican. But there were frauds under that system. Men who were not Republicans, and who were unscrupulous, would sometimes attend Republican primaries and vote there. The primary law was enacted to put a stop to this, among other evils, and it was particularly provided that before a man can be permitted to vote in the primaries of any party he must swear that he is a member of that party.

But this provision did not remedy the evil. The framers of the law did not know that a man who will lie about his party affiliations in order to get into a primary where he does not belong will also swear to the lie for the same purpose. Hence the frauds are continued, though perhaps they will not always be so numerous as they were in the election last Spring. Some way may be devised to prevent men from voting illegally, but the perfect method has not yet been discovered or invented. So long as frauds continue, we shall have elections that do not mean what they appear upon their face to mean.

The law which requires a man to register his party affiliations before voting in a party primary is a good one. It does not compel any man to vote in any particular party primary. It leaves him free to choose his party or to affiliate with no party. But it expects him to stay out of a party primary unless he is a member of that party in good faith. That has always been the rule, but formerly each voter was put upon his honor. Now each is put upon his oath, and it appears that many have as little regard for their oath as they have for their honor.

HOW SHALL WE ELECT SENATORS?

Retirement of a number of the United States Senators who have faithfully served the "interests" will go far toward relieving that branch of Congress from the unfavorable position it long has occupied in the public mind. Too long the Senate has been in the control of men not only dishonest, but stupid. Apparently the corporate interests were able to administer some sort of "dope" to men of previous good reputation which had the effect of dulling their moral sense and stupefying their minds. They not only became unfaithful to their trust as representatives of the people, but could not see that their course meant ultimate political defeat for themselves. They not only brought discredit upon themselves, but created prejudice against the Senate as a whole. They made the name of the Senatorial office almost synonymous with corruption.

The founders of the Government provided for the election of Senators by State Legislatures, knowing that thereby one branch of Congress could be maintained comparatively free from the influences of temporary popular upheavals. This plan was designed to make the Senate a balance wheel which would prevent the legislative department from running wild. But in the course of time the Senate ceased to be a restraining power guarding the welfare of the people and became a representative of the interests opposed to the people. Hence arose the demand for popular election of Senators. That demand will probably continue until it has been fulfilled by an amendment to the Constitution, and yet it may be doubted whether the change will prove to be a satisfactory one. Paradoxical, as it may seem, the people need an influence to protect them from themselves. The Constitution itself was framed not only to protect the people from tyrannical rulers, but to guard against the consequences of hasty and ill-advised popular movements.

Because the Senate has become subservient to special privilege there is demand that the manner of electing Senators be changed. The change, when accomplished, will very likely give us a Senate responsive to every shifting breeze of public opinion. But there seems no other way to make the Senate represent the interests of the country as a whole rather than the selfish interests of the few. Experience will teach us whether it is a lesser evil to have a Senate yielding to every temporary public clamor than to have one not faithful to public duty. Elimination of some of the leaders who have been responsible for the attitude of the Senate may change the position of that body in the estimation of the people and diminish the demand for popular election of Senators.

WRONGS BY THE COURTS.

When Judge Grosscup rendered his decision in the Standard Oil case only President Roosevelt and a very small number of newspapers had the courage to declare publicly that the decision was a miscarriage of justice. Gradually others are getting over their scared feeling, and are saying what they think about it. Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, is one of the latest to make his views known, and he has done it in no uncertain terms. Even if he had used less vigorous language than asserting that the appellate court was "either blinded by prejudice or by an unfortunate disposition to obscure the merits of a controversy by strained and irrelevant technicalities," he would have shown sufficient reason for radical changes in the principles governing the duties of appellate courts. Whether one believes that the court was prejudiced or not, there can be little doubt that there should be a statute limiting the right of an appellate court to reverse trial courts. As Attorney-General Hadley well said, no judgment in a civil or criminal case should be reversed unless the court can affirmatively say upon the entire record that the judgment is for the wrong party and that but for the error complained of a different judgment would have been rendered.

This seems entirely reasonable. If the proper verdict has been reached, what difference does it make if a few minor errors have been committed by the trial judge? One of the inconsistencies of legal principles is that we presume an accused man to be innocent even after there is some evidence of his guilt. But when a trial judge makes any error in the admission of evidence against a defendant, or who varies a little from precedent in giving instruction to a jury, it is presumed that the error was prejudicial to the interests of the defendant. The appellate court does not look to see whether the evidence shows the man guilty—the presumptions are all in favor of the defendant and against the trial judge. Sometimes the very slightest variation in language which could scarcely mislead any jury as to the guilt or innocence of an accused man forms the basis for a reversal. A second trial usually results in acquittal.

Now that an occasional lawyer has mustered courage to say what he thinks about the Standard Oil decision and about the faults of our system of jurisprudence, perhaps the way is opening for reform.

WATER RIGHTS AND TITLES.

In addresses which he has been delivering at Development League meetings in Western Oregon, State Engineer John H. Lewis has been urging the need for legislation upon the subject of water rights. While this is a subject of greater interest in Eastern Oregon, it is rapidly becoming important in Western Oregon, where water powers are being developed and where the advantages of irrigation are becoming known. Because each section of the state desires that the industrial welfare and general prosperity of every other section be advanced by every means possible, it is a subject that will be of interest even in the coast counties, where no irrigation is ever thought of. The immense value of water for irrigation and for use as power is not yet fully appreciated, but enough is known of the latest wealth hidden in this natural resource to convince any observant man that Oregon has been negligent in enactment of laws governing title to water and the use thereof. The addresses by Mr. Lewis will give the people of the state a better understanding of the entire subject, and whether legislators shall or shall not agree with all his ideas in detail, there will be general acceptance of the main scheme of making titles to water certain and preventing the waste of water.

When it is said that title to water should be made certain, it is not assumed that all litigation concerning water can be avoided. What is meant is that title to water should be as definite and certain as the title to land and the record of the title should be no less complete and accessible. In a great many instances the title to water is more valuable than the title to the land upon which it is used. It is entitled to the same protection of law. It is clear that, as a man's ownership of land is described by metes and bounds and the description recorded where everybody interested may see it, and whereby the title may be proven, so a man's right to the use of water should be measured by definite and well-known standards and the extent of his right should be a matter of record. The Government makes a survey of land, and prepares plats and other records showing the quantity and location of all land subject to settlement or purchase. It prescribes the conditions upon which that land may be acquired and the proceedings necessary to be observed in such acquirement. It defines the manner in which title to land may be conveyed and the evidence which shall be sufficient to prove such conveyance. It makes trespass upon land or injury thereto a crime and punishes such crime by prosecution at public expense. Every one of the governmental acts concerning land is just as necessary in relation to the use of water, and no reason can be given why there should be discrimination. If it is a crime to tear down a neighbor's fence, or steal his growing crops, it should also be a crime to divert the stream of water which he is entitled to use or to interfere with that use in any way. It is the duty of the Government to protect its citizens in enjoyment of their property, and water rights are property as much as are land rights.

Originally water belonged to the public, just as land did. Government exercised the right to declare how much land each individual might appropriate from the public domain and upon what terms. Ordinarily settlement and occupancy for a period of years was the chief condition imposed. In a way, use of the land was the theory upon which a man's acquirement of it was based. It was not required that such use should be perpetual in order to make title perpetual. Quite likely we shall some day reach the conclusion that every man's title to land should be limited to the quantity he can put to beneficial use, and that his title should be forfeited to the public whenever that beneficial use shall cease. But whether that is a wise principle in regard to land or not, we have come to a very well settled conviction in this Western country that a man's title to water should be limited to the quantity he can put to a beneficial use and that abandonment of the beneficial use shall constitute abandonment of the title. Government has a right to impose this condition upon acquirement of title to water, and it is wise that the condition should be established. No man should be permitted to exercise the right to demand that water shall flow unusued in its channel. His right should cease unless he makes use of it within a reasonable time. Very probably it would be much better for this country if it were made impossible for any man to retain title to land, and let it lie idle year after year with no definite plan that it shall ever be used.

The first essential in regulating the title to water is the same as in regulating the title to land—to make a survey in order to determine the quantity and location. The amount of water flowing in a stream at any particular place can be determined as definitely as the quantity of land lying between two mountain ranges. When the total quantity has been ascertained, it becomes possible to determine each individual's portion and the quantity remaining unappropriated. The survey must be the basis of the apportionment of both land and water. After this has been established and definite rights have been acquired, there will be little difficulty in protecting each individual in the enjoyment of that to which he is entitled. Trespass upon water rights will be no more frequent than trespasses upon land, when individual rights in the one have been made as definite as in the other. It should require no larger or materially different force of officers to prosecute in one class of trespassers than is required in the other. Evidence as to a man's right and title to water, if made a matter of record, is as clear as evidence of title to land.

When water titles have been made definite and certain, and have been guaranteed, the same governmental protection that is accorded to land titles, there will be strong inducement for homeseekers and manufacturers to come here and appropriate or purchase water rights for irrigation or power purposes. The development of the resources of the state requires that valid title to all kinds of property be protected by law.

In the past generation, or since the time of Grant, the Methodists and the Presbyterians have been far more represented than all other denominations put together in the White House and among Presidential candidates. Grant, Hayes and McKinley were credited to the Methodists and Tilden, Blaine, Cleveland, Harrison and Bryan to the Presbyterians. Greeley was a Universalist, although various kinds of eccentric, ethical and religious ideas were attributed to him; Garfield was of the Campbellites, and once had been a preacher among them; Arthur had Episcopalian affiliations and Roosevelt is of the Dutch Reformed stock.—Chicago Journal.

The great chiefs of the Democratic party, Jefferson and Jackson, were "infidel"; and Lincoln, if anything, was a Unitarian in belief, or perhaps better called a Theist.

A little girl on Friday offered Emperor Wilhelm a picture of himself for ten pfennig, or of "Wilhelm and King Edward for fifteen pfennig." Whereupon, says the faithful Court Boswell, in narrating the incident, the Emperor remarked: "By myself, you see, I am worth ten pfennig, but when joined to another I am worth only seven and a half." That is for English and American consumption, of course. What the Emperor really said, no doubt, was: "How in the name of all my royal ancestors does anyone make out that King Edward is worth five pfennig?"

I am making my first inspection tour through Oregon and am viewing all the Harriman properties. Of course we expect to put this road through as soon as practical, and therefore I am interested in knowing what kind of a country Tillamook is.—From an interview with Julius Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance for the Harriman system.

What! Mr. Harriman's road? No, indeed; Mr. Lytle's road. Of course Mr. Harriman may have been able last year to stop work on Mr. Lytle's road, by discharging the workmen, but how does that give him possession and ownership?

The Independence League was obliged to meet at Oakland, Cal., without the inspiring presence of Mr. Hearst. But perhaps it was not important. He can just as well print in his own papers, "applause" and all, the speech he would have made if he had been there.

A Michigan health officer reports that out of 135 samples of soft drinks tested by him, 63 contained poison. This is a hard blow at the establishments advertising the sale of soft drinks in dry counties. It is unlawful to sell hard drinks and dangerous to sell soft ones.

Valley towns would better close their gates and post sentinels about the time the Portland police department begins to drive away the inhabitants of the North End. Those who go must go somewhere.

One of the aged negroes who lost his life at Springfield was a "friend of Abraham Lincoln." Once in a while we are reminded by passing incidents of the powerful lot of personal friends Lincoln had.

If enough people were anxious to have the North End cleaned up the task would be a simple one. No North End would exist unless a considerable number desired it.

No man knows what moment he will be pushed into the limelight by some relative who disapproves of his manner of conducting his private affairs.

Secretary of War Wright's recommendation as to the suspended West Point students has, he says, been approved by the President. It goes this time.

Bryan has definitely determined to make a thirty days' speaking tour of the Middle West. That settles it. Mr. Taft can get ready to move in.

Mr. Lafe Pence says Mr. Ross tried to "do him up." Evidently Mr. Ross has commendable qualities which have lately been overlooked.

TOPICAL VERSE

A Little Gentleman.

Exchange.

I know a well-bred little boy who never says
"I can't;"
He never says "Don't wan to," or "You've got to," or "You shan't;"
He never says "I'll tell mamma!" or calls his playmates "mean."
A lad more careful of his speech I'm sure was never seen!

He's never ungrammatical—he never mentions "ain't";
A single word of slang from him would make his mother faint!
And now I'll tell you why it is (lest this should seem absurd);
He's now exactly six months old, and cannot speak a word!

Living.

Houston Post.

Work, always work,
Till your eyes grow dim,
Till the heavy years
Make slow each limb,
Till you bow and stagger
Beneath the strain,
Then stop and figure
The things you gain.

Nope, not for me
When the Summer calls,
When the river leaps
O'er the waterfalls
With a roar of glee,
And the trout lie low
In a shaded pool
Where the alder grows!

Nope, not for me!
For I haven't time
When the country calls,
And the hills to climb
Are waiting me;
I must up and go
To the treeless heights
Where the breezes blow.

I must swim and fish
In the twisty creek,
And must ramble free
Week after week
Where no one tells
Me the things to do,
And the birds sing loud
And the skies are blue.

And must lie at length
'Neath a spreading tree
And list to the hum
Of the honey bee,
And the winds that whisper
And bend the boughs,
And the nicker of horses
And low of cows.

I must go and go
Till I'm far away
Where sunbrowned children
Are out at play,
I shall never die
Worth a mint of gold,
But I'll live and laugh
Till I do grow old.

J. M. LEWIS.

Italy in America.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Signor, I now weel speaka true
Som theenga dat gon' surprise you
Baycause you have not onderstood
Italian people vera good.
Ah! you weel see wat eet shall be
Eef you weel leaf'en now to me.

Een all dees fina bigga land,
Where evratheeng eet ees so grand,
An' all men eesa s'pose to be
Wan lika 'nother, equal, free,
Dere ees wan mosta noble race
Dat should be put een highest place,
Baycause dey play sooch bigga part
Een evra beesness, evra art.
For mak' so younga land like dees
To be da greata theeng eet ees.
Bayhold! da grand Italian race!
Com', see wat pride ees een my face.
Ah! vera manny, manny year
We been sooch leetla people here,
But now all dat ees gon' be change',
You theeenk da wat I say ees strange?
Ah! yes, but true. Eh! how I know?
Big, wisa man he tal me so.

You laugh. I s'pose you theek dat he
Dat tal all deesa news to me
Ees like mysal', Italian,
Not so; he eesa 'Merican.
An' he ees wera reech and swal!
I weesh dat you could hear heem tal
Wat granda theenga ees gona be
For poor Italians lika me,
Dat weel he wise an' "boost da game"
Ey helpin' Meester What-Hees-Name—
You know—dat bigga fatta gent
Dat's goin' be 'lecta President.

Ah! vera manny, manny year
We been sooch leetla people here,
But now we look you in da face—
Bayhold da grand Italian race!

A Ballad of Bores.

New York Sun.

A pack of sorry bores there be
To search the world wide wandering;
The knave with arrogance, pardie,
Who vaunts himself as doth a King,
The charlatan who strives to sing
With no more voice than hath a ghost;
Sooth, I am bored by many a thing,
But lack of money bores me most!

The smirk and widely coiffed ladye
With ribband gay and eke with ring;
The jester blithe, whose bonhommie
Is but the cloak for stab or sting;
The minstrel's endless ballading;
The soldier who does naught but boast;
Sooth, I am bored by many a thing,
But lack of money bores me most!

The lover sighing langorously
In beechen alleys fresh with Spring;
The dame foredone with jealousy
Who to her lord must cleave and cling;
Myself what time I cannot bring
Keen appetite to juicy roast;
Sooth, I am bored by many a thing,
But lack of money bores me most!

ENVOY.

Comrades, while I am journeying
Along life's stern and stormy coast,
Sooth, I am bored by many a thing,
But lack of money bores me most!

Fly Time.

Detroit Free Press.

There is a look within her eye,
The flies have learned to fear;
And when she goes about the room
A slapping noise I hear.
A paper in her hand she wields
In fashion murder-wise;
Smash! what a deadly aim is hers,
When Nellie's killing flies.

On window pane, or parlor wall,
The tell-tale spots remain,
Showing the many pesky flies
My gentle wife has slain
On mantel shelf, on tabouret,
On every piece we prize,
Down falls that deadly paper club,
When Nellie's killing flies.

What hunter bold has ever crept
Upon the sleeping bear—
With bated breath and stealthy foot,
Tiptoeing to his lair—
Will understand the strategy,
The cuning that she tries,
To creep upon her resting prey,
When Nellie's killing flies.

Oh, ever handy is her club;
And should a fly appear,
She watches him with eagle eye
Until he settles near.
And then, with cat-like pounces she
Is at him, and he dies,
Crushed into pulp for being there,
When Nellie's killing flies.

Once while I was wrapt in thought,
Just idly dreaming there,
A little fly, as yet untaught,
Took ambush in my hair.
Quick as a flash she struck a blow
That took me by surprise,
And never more I'll fall asleep
When Nellie's killing flies.

The Salaried Man.

Detroit Free Press.

He gets his "twenty-per" each week, enough to pay his way.
He doesn't own a country home, a yacht out in the bay;
Three children romp about his door, that self-same door is rented,
But still he smiles his way along, with all the world contented.
He meets his bills as they fall due, at night sleeps like a top,
And reading avidly never fears that copper stock will drop.

He plods along right faithfully and when his work is done
He calls his children round him for the evening hour of fun;
His weary wife looks through the door and smiles to see them there,
And in her heart there's gentle peace, her soul is free from care.
She hums a little song of love and kisses one and all,
She fears no market crash to drive her husband to the wall.

Great wealth has never seared their souls or spoiled their simple lives,
And on their hearth rank envy's weed seldom, are! never thrives;
Modest their dress and plain their food, the greatest of their joys,
The love they bear each other and the love they bear their boys.
Theirs is a struggle, sometimes hard, but all the odds they face
With calmness, for they have no fear of ruin or disgrace.

Go forth today and tread your way along the city street,
Who is the happiest man of all that you may chance to meet?
Not he whose wealth uncounted is, not he of splendid fame,
Not he who boasts a world of power, not he of public name;
But he, the unassuming man, whose face is homeward turned
To greet his wife and little ones, his daily wage well earned.