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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 27, 1908.

POPULAR RULE THROUGH REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

"Shall the people rule?" Undoubtedly. They do rule; not in our country alone—which in some ways is the most advanced of democracies—but in most other countries—whatever the special designation of the form of government. In Russia and Turkey only, of great modern states, the people cannot be said to rule. "Shall the people rule?" is not at all a question in the United States of America. But how they shall rule, by what methods, forms and measures, and to what ends, is the most vital of questions, and always will be; for the course of life of a nation presents no finalities.

But though in our country the people rule, and always will rule—for it is not conceivable that they ever become so degenerate as to lose interest in government—they realize, and they have ordained that rule and government shall be directed and controlled on certain large and defined principles, established through forms, and guided and held in check by constitutional limitations. It is a common saying, however, that "the people know what they want; it is the right of the majority to declare." From every side you hear about "the people's will," "the people's desire." But the people have deliberately bound themselves, for their own safety, and for preservation of orderly government, to methods and principles written in fundamental laws; and for further security have purposely and expressly made it difficult to change those fundamental laws. The whole system under which we live is based on the idea and purpose that no majority shall at once have its way, in matters that concern all, but must conform to constitutional restrictions and limitations. We have no unqualified democracy, that can work its will as a majority may wish, but a representative democracy;—in the words of the National Constitution, "a republican form of government." Its leading methods are all precisely defined. No attempt of a state, of a political party, or of any body of citizens, to supersede them, or to administer the government upon a different plan, or to substitute a new or different method for one distinctly prescribed, can have any validity whatever; and every "promise" or "pledge" that may be made to do so is void from the beginning. Such promise or pledge no citizen or body of citizens has a right to demand; none a right to give.

The people elect their representatives, and it is the duty of these representatives to act with care and deliberation in the execution of their trust. But while they are to consider the wishes, the recommendations, the petitions and requests of any portion of their constituents who may address them, yet the judgment and responsibility rest with the representatives. It is the very basis of the system. Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, is taken to task by a faction in his state, because he asserts that there is a limit to his duty to obey "instructions" from a portion of his constituents, or even from a majority of the Legislature of his state. Whatever may be his temporary loss of popularity, Senator Heyburn undoubtedly laid down the true principles of the representative's action. All the writers and statesmen of any note or authority will be found to sustain his position—though we do not observe that he quotes from any of them. Burke, greatest of all, friend of liberty, champion of America, exponent of the principles of democratic representative government, without peer—Burke refused, in certain grave matters to obey "instructions" or "mandates." "What sort of reason," he replied, "is that in which the determination precedes the discussion, in which one set of men deliberate and another decide, and where those who form the conclusion are distant from those who hear the arguments?" Proceeding, he said: "I did not obey your instructions. No. I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interest against your opinions with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look, indeed, to your opinions, but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me, in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the state, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every fashionable gale."

The passages are immortal, and should be the more valuable to Americans because Burke had refused to obey "authoritative instructions" from his constituents, requiring him to support the crown in the measures it was pushing against the American colonies, and at the same time against Ireland. The measures that his constituents had demanded were carried through Parliament against his protest and his vote. In rendering his account he said: "From war and blood we went back to submission, and from submission plunged back again to war and blood, to desolate and be desolated without measure, hope, or end. I am a royalist; I blushed for this degradation of the crown. I am a Whig; I blushed for the dishonor of Parliament. I am a true Englishman; I felt to the quick for the disgrace of England." I am a man; I felt for the melancholy reverse of human affairs in the fall of the first power in the world."

On this same subject of "obeying instructions" it may be well here and now to quote from other great thinkers and writers. The following is from John Stuart Mill's "Representative Government:"

> If it be an object to possess representatives in any intellectual respect superior to average electors, it must be counted upon that the representative will sometimes differ in opinion from the majority of his constituents, and that when he does, his opinion will be the oftenest right of the two. It follows that the electors will not do wisely if they insist on absolute conformity to their opinions as the condition of his retaining his seat.

To the same effect passages might be cited from Sir Henry Maine, Jeremy Bentham and many more. The following is from Walter Bagehot:

> Constituency government is the precise opposite of Parliamentary government; it is the government of immoderate persons far from the scene of action, instead of the government of moderate persons close to the scene of action.

Yet these writers would not have "the constituent's deference to the representative's superior knowledge, arising from his position and sources of information go to the length of self-annihilation"; which is right, too, for there is a just and proper mean which representatives of the people will not disregard. But for a portion of the representative's constituency, most of whom are opposed to him, anyway, in politics or on principle, to make demands upon him that would annihilate free will in his judgment would be to make a farce of representative, or republican or constitutional government.

SHALL THE LIVESTOCK SHOW FAIL?

The Country Club Fair and Livestock Show for 1908 is over. It is useless to say that results were satisfactory. They were not. There was present, indeed, every element of success but attendance. The exhibition of stock was superb, the races were excellent, and all arrangements for the entertainment, instruction and convenience of the public were admirable. But public interest for some reason was lacking. It should not have been.

It is inconceivable that the people of Portland intend by their neglect of this Oregon institution that it shall fail. It must not fail. It is an enterprise that goes to the very life of the livestock industry in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest. It is the means, the best available means, of showing the world what Oregon has in fine horses, fine cattle, fine sheep and pedigreed stock of various kinds. It is an evidence of the interest Oregon has in the livestock industry. If we are to have no livestock show then, indeed, we might almost as well have no livestock. But we have the livestock, and Oregon must have the show.

The company of Portland citizens who have undertaken to make this exhibition an annual feature of Portland's industrial activities deserve and should have the cordial support of every citizen of Portland and of Oregon. They have already paid out for this enterprise a very large amount of money, and up to this time have had insufficient returns. They must be encouraged to proceed and to carry out their original plans. The people of Portland should make it manifest now that they want this livestock exhibition to be held every year in Portland, and means should be devised to insure a large attendance.

The Oregonian has undertaken to promote a plan by which there shall be taken now by the people of Portland and vicinity a large number of season tickets, at $5 each, for the livestock show, in 1909. If these should be sold now they will in a measure guarantee the success of next year's fair and show.

"THE SUMMONS OF THE SOUTH."

Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, addressed the Southern Society of Boston last Spring, bearing in his speech "The Summons of the South" to her wandering sons and daughters. The burden of this message was: "Come home; the South needs you." This address, remarkable for the strength, directness and reasonableness of the plea, has lately been printed in pamphlet form and is being widely distributed.

Mr. Edmonds tells his fellow-countrymen that if they will but "come home," untold wealth awaits them, providing they will seek it with anything like the courage and intelligence that they show in the pursuit of gainful occupations in the North and West. In support of this statement he has compiled figures that are somewhat startling, setting forth the extent and variety of the sources that wait development in the South. He quotes from the reports of the United States Geological Survey, showing a total of known iron ore supplies in the South to be 10,000,000,000 tons, or about five times as much as the known ore supplies of the Lake Superior region—nearly as much, indeed, as the known ore supplies of that region and of the whole of Europe combined. Supplemental to this statement, he predicts that in thirty years—a single generation—the present known supplies of the Lake Superior region will be exhausted, giving the South practically a monopoly of the iron industry, unless other sources of supply are in the meantime discovered.

But this is not all. The South has 62,000 square miles of coal deposits, nearly 50 per cent more than the entire coal area of Europe. These beds, on account of their proximity to the ore, can be and indeed are now being worked with unusual profit. The South has also a seemingly exhaustless supply of petroleum, and to crown all it possesses water power of vast potentiality in streams that flow down the eastern slopes of the Appalachian ranges.

As to agricultural products, a total of $700,000,000 worth of cotton a year has been produced for the last five years. So much of this great staple is shipped to Europe that, as pointed out by Mr. Edmonds, "if it were possible to gather annually every ounce of gold mined on earth and pour it into the South, the sum would still fall short by $100,000,000 of paying Europe's indebtedness to that section for cotton."

In agricultural products other than cotton, the South is shown to be strikingly productive. Besides the 800,000,000 bushels of grain annually produced, the culture of fruits and vegetables is enormously profitable. Citrus fruits in Florida yield $500 an acre, onions in Texas yield $1000, and rice-growing makes land in Louisiana worth $100 an acre, which twenty years ago could have been bought for 25 cents.

So runs the marvelous story, as told by Mr. Edmonds, of actual achievements and reasonable possibilities in development in the South. It is a fair story, and one that should make the hearts of loyal Southerners swell with pride and cause those who sojourn in other parts of the country to turn their steps homeward. Calling aloud to the army of absentees, Mr. Edmonds says:

> The South calls to you; it calls with deep earnestness, come home. It promises you a wider field for capital, for muscle, and for brain than any other equal area on earth, and it calls you not only by reason of what it offers in material possibilities, but because in shaping its destiny it needs the hearty co-operation of those who, broadened by travel and study and the interminglings with the people of other sections, are the better prepared to help formulate and carry to fruition the policies which make for ethical and religious, as well as for material advancement.
> Come home.

Such are the industrial attractions and the riches awaiting development in the South as assessed by one of her broad-minded, loyal sons. Such the material evidence of the utter groundlessness of the old contention that without slaves to work the land the industrial life of the South would cease. Surely there is no excuse for homesick Southerners to pine in Northern latitudes, or dwell, ill content, on bleak Western areas, when the sunny Southland calls to them in tones so eloquent of prosperity and power.

THE WEEKLY PAYDAY.

The most satisfactory conditions result when the workingman is paid once a week. Years ago the Typographical Union, at once the most progressive and most conservative body of organized labor, insisted on having the weekly payday recognized in its scale, and the result has been satisfactory to employe and employer. Waiting until the end of the month, and then a week or two more for the clerical force to catch up, necessitates a store account, and the account at the store leads to extravagance. Goods are bought because going into debt is easy, whereas on the other hand the ordinary person with cash in hand is disposed to ponder—for it is human nature with most of us to hang on to the coin—and many an unnecessary article is not bought for the reason the buyer mentally reckons the cash may not hold out. To be sure, there are reckless spenders, but they are few compared with the frugal many. Then, too, the dollar that revolves is worth half a dozen that make a single appearance but to vanish. Cash gets the bargains, also, and the dollar goes farther. The weekly payday means an even financial flow of life, while pay on the 10th or the 15th or the 20th brings affluence for a few days and a distressing relapse and financial gloom the weeks that follow. The sharks reap the benefit. The change might cost the average employer a trifle extra for bookkeeping, but the improvement he would find in the spirit of his corps would repay the cost.

WHY FORAKER FOUGHT TAFT.

The bitter hostility displayed by Senator Foraker in his efforts to defeat Secretary Taft for the Presidential nomination until quite recently has been unexplainable. Taft, as a friend of Roosevelt and generally regarded as the logical legatee of the Roosevelt policies, was, of course, in a measure distasteful to Foraker, but this fact alone was insufficient to warrant the Ohio Senator in displaying such extreme rancor and bitterness as were noticeable in his attacks on Taft. This pronounced hostility was not clear at the time it was much in evidence, but it has all been made clear by the recent exposure of the Foraker connection with Standard Oil. Smarting under the merited punishment administered by Roosevelt, it was but natural that the great oil trust should be antagonistic to the President or any of his friends who might be placed in a position to carry out the reforms which he had undertaken.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." It was Foraker that charged up and down the State of Ohio, putting forth a mighty effort to defeat Mr. Taft for the nomination, but it was the Standard Oil that supplied the motive and expected to profit by his defeat and the elevation of one of its own puppets. In the light of recent disclosures of Standard Oil tactics, it is not at all difficult to trace the programme of that lawbreaking trust. Baffled in its attempt to secure one of its own hirelings for the head of the Republican ticket, it was more fortunate with the Democrats, and we find the Bryan campaign in charge of a man whose direct connection with Standard Oil and its devious methods is established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Now that the relations of Foraker and Standard Oil have been exposed, the opposition to Taft as a possible successor of Roosevelt, pledged to carry out the work begun by the foe of the trusts, is so easily understood that it cannot prove otherwise than beneficial to Mr. Taft. The antagonism of Standard Oil in this campaign is a far greater asset than its friendship. Had Mr. Taft been satisfactory to the employers of Governor Haskell, the Foraker opposition to his nomination would never have appeared.

BUFFALO BILL.

There has been a man in Portland for two days who is a living example of the power of advertising. His best-known name is "Buffalo Bill." It is a long stretch of time from the lithe scout of old General Reynolds' Third Cavalry at Fort McPherson in Western Nebraska, clad in dilapidated hat and fringed buckskins, in the very early '70s to the prosperous owner of a great show in 1908. Ned Buntline began it, when he made Bill outwit old Spotted Tail and Red Cloud, on paper to be sure, but he put Bill in the limelight by recovering the forlorn maiden from the redskin and the hero has remained in the brightness ever since. Everybody wants to see the man the papers tell of, but the fact that they want to see him a second time shows there must be something to him. And there is. He is the last of a vanishing race of Bills, and because he remains it must be that he is genuine, while the other ones were counterfeits—in other words, bad bills. Yet, despite that, he has hobnobbed with Emperors and been hail fellow with Kings, if it were not for the combination of newspaper and merit, his show might lack patronage. At Tacoma the report got out that Bill was not with the show, and the traction company hauled empty cars back and forth. Bill was there, however, and satisfied his patrons of his presence by scalping his press agent. Hence the truth of the opening sentence.

AUTUMN.

One of Bryant's prettiest poems describes the death of the flowers in Autumn. It is the one which begins with the lovely line, "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," and goes on through many verses to bewail the tragic end of everything beautiful in Nature. Toward the close the poet describes the first frost. He sings how the goldenrod blooms on the hill and the aster by the brook, latest and bravest of the flowers, till the frost falls "from the clear, cold heaven as falls the plague on men, and the beauty of their smile is gone from upland, glade and glen."

Bryant's poem is charming, but it shows how little attention poets pay to truth. The flowers do not die in Autumn. No vegetation dies. What is done is to clear away the rubbish of a finished season and get things ready for the next one. The old leaves fall, not because death has seized them, but because life is pushing behind them in young buds, and the flower stalks of Summer do not wither until they have treasured up their store of life in seeds. If there is one season of the year which more than all the others overflows with expectation and hope, it is Autumn.

It is Nature's chosen time to sweep away the rubbish of the past and introduce the future. Wiser than men, she does not permit herself to be hampered by what was done long ago. She submits to no rule of the dead hand, but, when one generation of leaves and blossoms, has done its work, away it goes to make room for the next one. But we human beings lapse into dumb reverence before the deeds of other generations and are prone to think that the work of blooming and ripening has been done once for all in the long ago. Nature has no reverence. In her scheme each Summer's growth must live its own life as if it had no predecessor. All she asks of the past is to pass on its vital principle unimpaired, and she commands the present to do with it what it will. So it is everywhere. When we seek in the world truth instead of delusion, we discover ever new grounds of hope and nothing which moves us to despair. Hope is the child of knowledge, despair belongs to the brood of ignorance.

DELETERIOUS SUNSHINE.

A picturesque quarrel is raging among the New York doctors over a nice point in what they elegantly call "phthisiotherapy." Who would ever guess that this barbarous combination of silent and misapplied letters signifies nothing more wonderful than "the treatment of tuberculosis"? The point in dispute relates to the influence of sunshine on the sufferer. When it was discovered some years ago that the germ of tuberculosis throve and waxed fat in dark chambers, everybody rushed to the seemingly obvious conclusion that the more sunlight a consumptive could have the better it would be for him. Dr. Renault, in Robert Herrick's new novel, fell a victim to this mistake, and, in pursuance of the delusion, hied him away to Colorado when he found his lungs disappearing from the attacks of the bacilli. But Colorado, with all its sunshine, did him no good, and he finally found his cure by living in the open air, Summer and Winter, in Vermont. Pertinently to the New York shindy among the medical luminaries, it is cited that consumptive soldiers in our Philippine army almost invariably perish, in spite of the tropical sun which bathes them perpetually in its beams.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson has an entertaining discourse on consumption in a late Saturday Evening Post, where he points out that sunshine is not the whole thing in the treatment of that dread disease by any means. Rest and freedom from worry play an important part in "phthisiotherapy," while abundant food, well cooked, is perhaps the most weighty factor of all. The patient must indeed sun himself, but he must stuff himself also, and the more he stuffs the faster he will recover. Dr. Fletcher's theory of prolonging life by starvation may be all very well for those who need no physician, but it is anathema for consumptives. What they need above all things is to keep the furnace well stoked with the best of fuel. The Oregonian has more than once before remarked upon the common delusion that a human being cannot have too much sunshine for his good, pointing out how singularly the cloudless climate of Southern California has affected its inhabitants. If there is a mania under heaven that does not find votaries in that falsely enchanting region, it would be a comfort to learn what it is.

The simple truth is that too much sunshine is good neither for the mind nor the body of human beings who have not been made immune to its destructive influence; and even when physical immunity has been acquired it is by no means certain that the intelligence does not still suffer. To be sure, Greece has a cloudless sky for much of the year, particularly Attica, where the Hellenic stock burst into its perfect bloom. The Athenians are described by their poets as "ever delicately marching through most pellucid air," and their mental alertness is contrasted with the dullness of the Thebans, whose sky was often overcast. But, while the bloom of the Hellenic intellect was incomparably brilliant, it was also transient. Perhaps their sunshine acted upon them like strong drink, which first illuminates the intelligence and then kills it. Why may we not find the key to the evanescence of the successive empires which have risen and fallen in the delectable plain between the Euphrates and Tigris, in the everlasting glare of light which beats down upon the land? No breed of men seemed to be capable of enduring the stress of that fatal sunshine for long without losing its initial energy. It is one of the commonplaces of history that the Roman stock, which began its career with an overplus of virility, presently sank into impotence and had to be recruited from the cloudy north. Is not the reason clear enough from what has been said above? At first the Romans were shepherds who found shelter in shady woods from the lethal splendor of the Italian sun, but when they migrated to the city the light wrought its full effect upon their unprotected heads, and this most able of human breeds sank into decay. This theory becomes all the more probable when we remember that the Romans did not wear hats.

The astuteness of the Mahommedans is shown not alone in their being the only sect in the world besides the Jews to adopt monotheism, but as well by their wise custom of protecting their skulls from the malignant sun of Asia by thick turbans. May we not discover in this custom a reason why the Arabians have continued through all the ages since Job to be intellectually as well as physically alert? Every traveler speaks of their manliness as well as their indefatigable activity, which do not seem to suffer at all from the blinding glare of the desert sun. But it is the Jews who perhaps furnish the most convincing proof of our thesis that human beings must be protected from too much sunshine or it will injure them. Nobody, we apprehend, will think of disputing the statement that the Jews are, upon the whole, the most virile, persistent, intelligent and capable stock that has ever appeared upon the earth. Wherever they are permitted to compete with other breeds upon terms which are even half fair they triumph, no matter whether the competition is intellectual or physical, or merely financial. The secret of this amazing fitness for life may undoubtedly be found in the apparently insignificant fact that the orthodox Jews always wear their hats, both indoors and out. Indeed it is said that the protection of the head from too much light is one of their articles of religious faith, as it is in a metaphorical sense with all creeds; but the Jews do it in reality, the others only figuratively. What sunshine will do to the human being when it has its fell way with him may be seen in Africa. Whether Southern California will ever evolve a race of men similar to the inhabitants of Guinea and Soudan it would, of course, be rash to predict; all one can say now is that the signs are ominous.

GRANGE FAIRS.

The exhibits at the Milwaukie Grange Fair this week have made creditable showing of the industry and skill of the members of that organization, as well as of the products of their fields, orchards and gardens. The social feature of the fair, like that of Grange gatherings generally, was a strong point. To the Grange throughout the Willamette Valley the credit of banishing isolation from farm life is at least primarily due. Before the trolley line, before the rural free delivery, before good roads in the modern sense were thought of—before the railroad era even—this force was working in earnest, neighborly fashion to bring the farmer folk in touch with each other in a social, hospitable way. Women joined with men in this work, and boys and girls entered the lodge-room as members as soon as they were old enough.

The result has been told in many neighborly gatherings, in not a few suitable marriages, and in much hospitable entertaining and feasting. The Grange Fair is a later development of the movement, and the effort that dominates it is praiseworthy. A number of fairs similar to that held at Milwaukie this week are scheduled in this vicinity in October. At each of these the fat of the land will be brought out, exhibited with just pride and partaken of with wholesome relish. Speechmaking and music lend variety and charm to these meetings, and the ever-popular "baby show" furnishes a fitting finale to the festival. The Oregonian bespeaks for these fairs, one and all, a full attendance, and, recalling the pleasures of past festivals of similar nature, feels justified in promising all who attend the "good time" for which everybody is looking.

THE STUDY OF ADOLESCENCE.

Boys have been boys since the world began; they will continue to be boys while it lasts. Misunderstood, often misjudged, with a faculty of being in the wrong place and blundering to get out of it, the average boy stumbles through the years between 14 and 18, a nuisance to everybody but his mother and often her despair. Why, it has been asked, is a boy at this period of his life clumsy, a bungler, careless in his manners? Why does he shirk his work? Why is he whimsical, bashful, often obstinate and profane, always chafing at restraint?

Until recently no one has taken the trouble to answer these questions. Parents of boys have managed to live through this period, and later, in the pride of the achievements of their sons as men and citizens, have forgotten the anxieties and vexations of these transition years from boyhood to manhood, or remember them only to be thankful that the boy came out all right and "made a man of himself."

Now, however, we find men of prominence in the educational world giving time and thought to the study of adolescence. The results of their observations must prove interesting not only to parents, but to the community of which boys everywhere form a large, active and not infrequently a perplexing part. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who is one of the best authorities on the growing boy, gave an article on the subject through Appleton's Magazine that looks with rare insight into the idiosyncrasies of the adolescent period. "The boy's character from 14 to 18 is ill balanced," says Dr. Hall, "because his body is." He is having a lot of trouble in the matter of self-adjustment. What can he do when his large muscles and joints grow faster than his fingers and lips? When his lengthening bones stretch the unaccommodating flesh into "growing pains"? When the heart and arteries grow unequally, causing palpitations? When the column of blood must rise nine inches in three or four years and forty-four pounds of added tissue must tax the undeveloped digestive apparatus? When he is conscious of his manly stature, of his treatment abroad as a man, as a child at home, and of his outgrown mental equipment?

Discerning parents of adolescent boys will ponder these questions carefully and find in Nature the solution of a problem the subtleties of which have long perplexed and baffled them.

With statistics of indisputable accuracy showing us the rapidity with which we are nearing the end of our supply of magnificent timber, the fearful waste by forest fires continues. The big tract that is now burning in California, based on cruisers' estimates, will be figured as a loss of from 50 cents to 60 cents per thousand feet, and in some of the remote districts at less. Even at these figures, the amount is running up to enormous proportions, but it is insignificant in comparison with the actual loss that must legitimately be charged up against the disaster. Every thousand feet of timber destroyed, regardless of whether its stumpage value is 50 cents or $1, would, if it remained green until it should be reached by the mills, represent an addition to the wealth of the country of from $8 to $30, according to the quality of the lumber into which it was converted. This sum would be distributed through many channels, and, on its roundabout route from the woods to the consumer, would be a most important factor in the trade of the Pacific Coast.

The steamship Nebraskan, of the American-Hawaiian line, is in port as the pioneer of a regular line which gives Portland a fast and excellent freight service between this city and the Atlantic seaboard, and also to European ports. This line, in connection with the Tehuantepec Railroad, can deliver New York freight in Portland in less than thirty days after it leaves New York, and from European ports in from forty-two to forty-five days. On the initial voyage the steamer brought in 1000 tons weight and measurement, and her outward shipment is about 500 tons, the business for a starter being quite satisfactory to the agents. The maintenance of this regular service is of great importance to Portland, as it leaves our merchants independent of the railroads on an immense business that can be handled to as good advantage by water as by rail. More than ever before are Portland jobbers in position to treat with indifference the attempts to establish jobbing centers without the advantage of the ocean route for cheap movement of freight.

A cable from Le Mans, France, says that the friends of Wilbur Wright are urging him to fly across the English channel. The water, of course, offers some advantages in case the machine should lose headway and the laws of gravity assert themselves. Mr. Wright, however, should not forget that the water in the English Channel is in many places so deep that he could not wade out and drag the machine after him. For this reason, he will probably decline to make the attempt at this time.

The Argentine, which by all past performances should have ceased shipping wheat a month ago, is still dumping it on the world's markets at the rate of about 1,000,000 bushels per week, with the end of the season not yet in sight. Fortunately for the fairly large American crop, the Southern country is about the only competitor this year, and, as a result, prices are full and strong around $1 per bushel.

"Why isn't T. M. Stevens under arrest for bigamy?" asks the Spectator. Probably because the District Attorney is too busy getting the papers ready for arrest and indictment of the man who may sell you an apple or popcorn, or black your shoes, on this bright and beautiful Sunday. Crime must be suppressed. The moral, social and religious interests of the city have first claim.

There is no objection to Senator Gore's Oklahoma policy—Oklahoma guaranteeing the deposits of her banks. What New York objects to and Oregon objects to is a system which would require them or their banks to guaranty the banks of Oklahoma. We don't know about Oklahoma—except that in general it's a cowboy, Indian and wildcat country.

It is somewhat embarrassing to Mr. Bryan to find that Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, who wrote at Bryan's dictation the Denver platform, and was the one man whom Bryan could trust as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, (Haskell's access to the Standard Oil barrel making this important) should have been smoked out and forced to resign.

Any promise and pledge, and every promise and pledge, that violates the Constitution and contravenes public policy on the lines established by the Constitution, is void. It has no validity from the beginning, and binds nobody—neither "him that gives nor him that takes."

"Who is The Oregonian supporting for President?" asks a reader who carps and carks and gibes and sneers and girds and flouts, and is mean and malignant generally. Well, everyone can guess for himself. The Oregonian thinks it is not supporting Bryan.

"Will you please answer this question?" writes a reader of The Oregonian. "If the Presidency belongs to Roosevelt why shouldn't he bequeath it to Taft?" We think this question should have been addressed to Senator Bourne.

Candidate Chafin claims to have shaken hands with half a million persons during his campaign tour. But Mr. Bryan can give Mr. Chafin a little inside information on the subject of handshakers as vote-getters.

The abundance of a most abundant season has been checked by the untimely arrival of Jack Frost. Still there is plenty and to spare of the products of fields, gardens and orchards.

To sell a banana or a package of popcorn in Portland on Sunday is awful. But there is no time—perhaps no need to push indictments against bigamists or bank swindlers.

The Democratic committee doesn't even appear to have tried to help Haskell get his foot out of his mouth before they consigned him to Oklahoma.

Two Wheeler County men who stole a $30 horse paid $1200 lawyer's fees, and will go to the penitentiary also. This is a big price for a scrub animal.

Haskell should also sue the Democratic National Committee for cruel and unusual punishment. They sent him back to Oklahoma.

Nothing the matter with the late Country Club Fair and Stock Show, not even the weather. Only the attendance.

Well, if Chamberlain should be elected Senator, why, of course, there is the recall.

SILHOUETTES

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

Among the other sacrifices a young man must make to win a girl's heart is to lose his own head.

* * *

A Fall Poem.

This is about
The last call
For open-work hose
And airy
Clothes.
It's the pall
That puts the
Kibosh
On all
Summer
Fol-de-rol.
Including
Spooning on the porch,
Baseball
And heat
Prostrations.
Old Sol
Will soon
Take a long
Vacation
And leave
The earth
To Pluvius,
The coal man,
The umbrella
And all
The other
Penalties of
Fall.

* * *

Those who never hope are never troubled by disappointments.

* * *

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. It also frequently gets sentimental letter-writers into trouble.

* * *

After 35 a man should have conquered his natural passion for red necktie.

* * *

I think the President is getting just too peevish for any use. He might let just a few of the boys take some of Mr. Archbold's things home with them.

* * *

His Reverie.

The songs are sung,
The stories told;
I am sitting alone
And my heart is cold.
The club has grown quiet,
They've all gone home.

My bachelor dinner was a great success.
There was nothing to mar
Nor disturb it—unless—
But how could they know
When we drank "to the bride"
I was thinking of you and the night you died?

The songs are sung,
The stories told;
I am sitting alone
And my heart is cold.
The club has grown quiet,
They've all gone home.

* * *

Among my acquaintances is a man who is so conceited he contemplates incorporating and selling stock in himself.

* * *

I note with a poignant regret that almost amounts to misery that in Salem amateur violinists are still permitted to play the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

* * *

Those who continually pick the bone of contention make but a lean living.

* * *

Men who look like Bryan and know it are becoming almost as numerous as McKinley "doubles" used to be.

* * *

Took It Literally.

One day during the Spring term of the Mount Tabor School one of the bad "Bills" was handing out some obnoxious conduct and the teacher, Miss Hale (that isn't her name), told him sharply: "William, leave the room!" Bill walked to the door and was commanded: "William, go back and get your books!" Bill got the books and returned as far as the door, when the teacher again arrested him with: "William, come back and take your seat!" Bill went to his "situation," dropped on his knees and began to unscrew the legs of his bench from the floor. "William, what are you doing?" "Well," drawled Bill, "you told me to take my seat." Bill stayed in after school. (Contributed.)

The New Bryan.

New York Sun.

A number of the Southern newspapers of the conservative kind are now speaking of "the New Bryan" and regaling themselves with ardent but inexpensive speculations as to the results if he had been as moderate and reasonable in 1896 and 1900 as he is today. It does not seem to occur to them that he is cautious just now because the public are weary and afraid of the ideas he advanced 12 years ago. Apparently they do not reflect that he has merely adjusted his utterances to the current breeze without having abandoned a single one of his original incendiary convictions.

The campaign is just opening, however. We may get a better light on Bryan later.

Supposing he help to illuminate the New Mr. Bryan by answering this plain question of Mr. Taft:

"If you were President and an exigency should arrive in which you were to be called upon to exercise your discretion affirmatively to maintain the parity between gold and silver, what would you do?"

Progress of the Campaign.

New York Sun.

Mr. Bryan puts up his mascot mule for presentation to the Democrat most instrumental in effecting the largest percentage gain in the precinct vote in the United States, and the State of Columbia, S. C., asks for a subscription to the Democratic campaign to the refrain:

"Blow the bugle, beat the drum—
Let the campaign money come,
For Bryan and Kern are running some,
While 'Proxy' Taft is bum, bum, bum."

Thus Bryan's comicality is infectious.

The Humorous Spectator.

The Spectator (Portland).

The Spectator is thinking of offering a prize for the best essay on "Why Senator Bourne Thinks Taft Should Be Elected." Second money will go to the stenographer who makes a full report of Governor Chamberlain's speech urging Statement No. Oners to vote for Bryan.

Just What.

New York Evening Post.

William R. Hearst, the politician, is depriving W. R. Hearst, the editor, of the best "beats" of the year.