

# IN FAR AWAY SWITZERLAND IT'S DIFFERENT FROM AMERICA

SWITZERLAND cannot understand the wild excitement that now attends in this country the selection of a President.

"What's all the fuss about?" is the attitude of the burghers, who make up the citizenship of the world's oldest pure democracy.

Visitors to this country from the land of beautiful scenery frankly admit their complete astonishment at the parades, the red light, the brass bands, the careful system of organization, the money spent, the bitter partisanship and the charges of opposed newspapers and opposed candidates.

To Switzerland the selection of a President is a matter of little moment. The republic is so well organized, and the rights of the people are so clearly defined that it matters little who may for a time happen to wield the office of Chief Magistrate.

In fact, contrary to the President of the United States who is vested with a power almost as complete as that of the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Germany, the President of Switzerland is so impotent to sway the affairs of his country as would be a young Congressman in his first term, who defying the all powerful eyes of Speaker Cannon, would dare to formulate some policy.

Comparing the power of the two, it is not surprising that much more fuss is made over the picking of a Chief Executive for Uncle Sam.

There never is a time, for instance, when the chief of this republic is not surrounded by evidences of his rank. No matter how deficient he may be in ability or in popularity, there is ever around the signs that he is possessed of far more power than that wielded by king, and yet the manner of living is comparatively simple.

Were it not for the wishes of his wife, and the terrible warnings established by the cases of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, President Roosevelt would never have consented to the constant attendance of the Secret Service men. He has always found the idea of being attended and watched irksome.

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## NEVER ANY FUSS OR HUBBUB WHEN IT COMES TO ELECTING A PRESIDENT



MARKET ST. ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE HIGHWAYS OF BERNE

the vested interests, and the matter would hardly be given passing attention. But when in the United States a President gives utterance on financial issues, it means either a boom or a panic, so sensitive is capital to the views of the all-powerful Chief Magistrate.

But the President of Switzerland is entirely different from both of these executives. He lives with all the simplicity of a plain citizen, and his powers are little more.

He has neither the show nor the substance, and he lives out his term without attracting more attention from the nation at large, than would the Mayor of some second-class American city chain the attention of the public at large.

To understand this condition it is necessary to go back a little.

When the rebellions of the Swiss cantons brought freedom from Austria, a scheme of government was devised by which it should be possible at all times for the people to register their will, and have it enacted into law.

The population of the whole country is still somewhat less than four millions, and the various points are more or less isolated by the mountainous chains that split the country into cantons. The result of this has been to split the country into committees, each valley being intrusted with the management of its own affairs, and the passing of such laws as may have been needed.

The cantons are divided into two classes, absolute democracies and representative democracies. In the former the laws are passed each year by the entire male population, which is sembler, often in the open air, and

passes such regulations as it deems fit. In the cantons that have representative government the lawmaking power is intrusted to citizens selected



THE CITY HALL, BERNE

much after the manner of our city councils.

road lines in the territory named. Attention is at once drawn to the conveniently arranged Scribner log scale and Columbia River log scale, an exhibit of remarkable industry.

The tables of the logging railroads give the name of the road, camp location, miles of track, gauge, loco, geared, loco-direct sets of trucks, flatcars, log engine and daily average output in feet. Among other departments are sections devoted to such topics as fire-laws, log scales, low age rates, capacity of trucks for wire rope, estimated cost of track, etc.

cheaped the subject—his pages are ever dignified, and bear the stamp of wide reading and research.

"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil."



therefore, "cute." Her favorite method is to write a darling, from-the-gutter novel of several degrees of nastiness, in which she liberally abuses newspapers and especially newspaper reporters and photographers. Vitriolic reviews from the said newspapers is the result. Then Miss Correll drops guarded, coy hints that she very much objects to see her picture in print, and immediately darning artists almost break their necks trying to secure any old picture of her.

In the meantime the dear public is getting curious, and says: "What's all this accusation and blame about, anyway? Miss Correll is evidently a martyr. What do you say the price of her novel is?" And mortally the sales begin, to the enhancement of Miss Correll's bank account.

Then she writes another vitriolic novel, and more furious reviews of the same kind are proclaimed. Same result. Ditto for Miss Correll's purse. So the game goes on.

I am of the deliberate opinion that if reviewers would cease "roasting" Miss Correll, and instead tell the public what cheap stuff is in most of her novels, Miss Correll would speedily develop a chastened spirit.

Most of the tale is related by Wes' Bigelow, bachelor, who lived with his elderly housekeeper, Letitia, "a mild, little woman, full of the bustling solicitude that is the motherliness of old maid. There was still a sort of belated coquetry in her old-fashioned curls."

The action opens with a New Year's day scene, in which Wes' Bigelow brings home to dinner a commercial traveler named Sniffen. Says Wes:

"Been a tump down the railroad somefer, Connelly, him go to Tate's for New Year's dinner, eh? He's for Terry Hute."

It soon, down on the reader that Sniffen is brought into the book in order that Wes' Bigelow may see the reader—and the reader—the tragedy of Robert Ballard's life.

As a youth, Robert loved pretty Halie Andrews, daughter of Judge Andrews, the Foo-Bah of the town. The Judge wished his daughter to marry Mr. Wellman, a lawyer, and disliked Robert principally because the latter hadn't much, if any, ready cash. The girl liked Robert, and a pretty story of boy-and-girl love follows. Robert really was the son of one of Bigelow's comrades in the Civil War, a veteran who was killed in battle. His wife died soon afterward from the shock. Wes' had loved her when she was a girl, but had retired in favor of Ballard.

A crash comes into the peaceful lives of the Bigelow family when Wes' sends Robert with \$1000.47 of G. A. R. funds to deposit in Wapahoe City bank. Robert starts on his bicycle, carrying that precious money that had been saved up to help build a new G. A. R. hall. Simple soul! Robb "met a man that he used to know when he was at the business college, and this man showed him how he could make \$5000 by investing the \$1000."

Robb was expecting a letter with the profits any minute. Which was to say, innocent Robb had been inveigled into giving a sharpener the money, and the sharper fled to parts unknown.

Judge Andrews discovered that Robb had not deposited the money in bank to the credit of the G. A. R. corps, and instituted criminal proceedings, by which poor Robb was sentenced to serve one year in the penitentiary. The Judge's personal animus against Robb was so clearly shown that his daughter left him. Miss Andrews continues faithful to her lover, and a tear-time follows. Wes' Bigelow's heart is nearly broken, poor old war horse!

Then sunshine enters. Robert suddenly receives pardon for his mistake, and returns home a free man. G. A. R. pictures are painted with nobility, skill and quiet humor.

But it is time to draw the curtain. Lights out.

Holy Orders, by Marie Correll, Frederick A. Stokes Co. New York City.

Marie Correll is shrewd enough to be a smart advertiser, a service which she generally manages to obtain without spending any of her own money. She is

wished he would love her. "He wants me to be good—and to make me good, too! And he's only a man. Every man is just the same wherever a woman's concerned—strong or weak, plain or handsome, married or single—they're all the same fool quality."

Reuben Donny is a Catholic priest exiled from France by the rigorous church law of the government, and is one of the few healthy, wholesome persons in the story.

"The woman is always the mischief," says Douay. "Imagine! If there had been no woman in the case this good England would still have been Catholic! But the nation ran away from the Pope, all because the so-called Henry VIII fell in love with pretty Anne Boleyn. So much will hang on a little head."

"A woman is at the core of every great reform in the world of men," insists Everton. "They conquer in the end. You say, 'No Anne Boleyn, no church Protestant.' My thoughts go further, and I say with all reverence, 'No Virgin Mary, no Christ!'"

Dan Kiernan, drunkard, becomes Jacynth's lover, and they sin. Mrs. Everton, the gossip-wife of the rector, tells Mrs. Kiernan of Dan's peridy, and Mrs. Kiernan dies, presumably of a broken heart. Jacynth elopes with an actor, and in revenge for having talked of him to Mrs. Kiernan, Dan shoots and kills Mrs. Everton. The murder scene is awe-compelling in its realism. Jacynth goes on the stage as a professional beauty and marries an elderly Hebrew millionaire. In running from Justice Kiernan falls asleep on the highway and—

for love and money. The telling is as exciting as the crack of a whip. Jerry makes use of a sharp trick just before Portland is reached to cause the Italian's car to sink in a swamp, and is an easy winner.

A Lord of Lands, by Ramsey Benson, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York City.

The tale of an auto race from New York City to Portland, Or., and it fairly brims over with interest. It is a mixture of grit, horse-hock and love-making. The two principal characters in the story are master chauffeurs of great ability, Jerry Fleming and an Italian named Vannucchi. In Dr. Fritzsche's Old Spelling Book, founded on the quarts and folks, and "Cymbeline" and "As You Like It" in the Lamb Shakespeare for the Young.

Do you ever feel awed at the profundity or disturbed at the levity of up-to-date conversation? If so, there's a remedy. Assuming that you are a man, light a good cigar, or if you don't smoke, chew something—say the end of your reflection—and his to your room, leaving yourself in the book inheritance left to all who love them by such writers as Shakespeare, Dickens, Bacon, Hawthorne and one or two others well known.

Elements of Physics, by Professor Geo. A. Hoadley, \$1.50. An Algebra for Secondary Schools, by Professor E. R. Hedrick, \$1. Practical Elementary Algebra, by Professor Joseph V. Collins, \$1. (American book Co.)

Future of Christian Colleges

Continued From Page 4.

reason for the existence of their school as separate from other schools is its Christian character. A separation de facto as well as de jure is probably inevitable. If the former should come it would manifestly make the coalescence of two or more Christian schools much less difficult. Who will say that the result would be detrimental to the youth of Oregon?

Prominent among the dangers to which the Christian colleges of Oregon are subjected is that of ultra-conservatism. In some cases the policy of a school is controlled by persons who have scarcely been near a realer great center of learning for some decades and who have not kept in close touch with the trend of higher education. "We have always done it so," is the sole answer which suggestions for reform receive in some such cases even though the suggestion comes from one well qualified to make it. A few years ago there was employed in the office of the registrar of the University of Illinois a young student who had grown up in the great department store of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. in Chicago. The young man instantly saw that the methods in use in the office were obsolete. He quietly suggested changes which the elderly registrar had the good sense to adopt. I well remember how severely a professor in the University of Pennsylvania arraigned the work of a certain student because of the use of an antiquated text-book.

The future task of the Christian colleges of Oregon is a difficult one. It ought to inspire to vigor rather than to complacency. Inaction is the enemy of progress. Pacific University, Forest Grove, Or.

Further Expeditions of an Irish R. M., by R. O. E. Sumner, and Macleod Ross, illustrated, Longmans, Green & Co., New York City.

I don't think that we can display in this country the same types of people portrayed within the covers of this novel, for it is imported goods. It relates the laughable experiences of a deputy master of foxhounds in Ireland, and the telling is marked by brusque, wit and smile. The horse-talk alone is worth reading.

Canadian Types of the Old Regime, by Prof. Charles W. Colby, illustrated, \$2.75. Henry Holt & Co., New York City.

Professor Charles W. Colby is head of the department of history in McGill University, Montreal, and in presenting these studies of the old Canada of 1608-1698, when France ruled and England's star had not yet arisen to brilliancy in that region, he has made an able contribution to serious literature, and, in writing in an attractive, popular style, he has not

Western Railway and Logging Railroad Directory, \$2.50. Compiled and published by the Timberman (George M. Cora-wal), Portland.

Thoroughly revised and with much new matter added, the 1908 edition of the Western Railway and Logging Railroad Directory—embracing Oregon, Washington, California, Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Sandwich and Philippine Islands and British Columbia—will be found complete and dependable in every particular. It takes just such a valuable and compactly-arranged book to keep one informed of the tremendous amount of rail-

Jacynth Miller is pictured as a young woman of wonderful beauty, but of bad reputation. Her belief was that she had only to whistle and lo! all men within sound of that whistle would forget all good and be her slaves.

"Poor devil," repeats Jacynth, half aloud, with reference to the rector—she