

The Oregonian

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engendered by calling upon the strikebreakers' squad corporations and community and laboring men may well hope to be delivered. YOUR UNCLE JOE CANNON. Against Uncle Joe Cannon there is a fight in his district, and in some other districts, where candidates are required to pledge themselves not to be re-elected. He will probably be elected by the people of his district, but it is not probable he will be elected Speaker again— even if the Republicans gain a majority in the House. He is regarded as "too old for the job."

Mr. Stubbs, director of traffic of the so-called "railroad lines," said, in his recent address at San Francisco: A great majority of citizens who are served by the railroad indirectly, but nevertheless in a way and measure that makes it impossible for them to comprehend the interdependence or the right relations of the public and the carrier. The general idea of a square is equal. A "square deal" implies at least two parties. A "square deal" means that the deal must be fair to both.

Mr. Stubbs means that the public is not in mood and temper to deal with the railroads so as to give them a fair chance. They who are looked to for supply of capital for new railroads are not willing to sink their money in a venture for an uncertain profit. But there have been profits for railroads in Oregon—in particular for the O. R. & N. The reports show it, and prove that it is not those profits invested in Oregon?

THE CRITIC AND THE BIBLE. In one of his remarkable sermons at the Free Synagogue which he founded in New York, Dr. Stephen S. Wise lately asked and answered the question, "Is the Bible in danger from the higher criticism?" The question immediately induces the thought that any book, whether it be called Bible or history, which is endangered by the search for truth can never be called a search for truth. When a man or an institution or a document begins to shriek that the progress of research must be stayed lest he or it suffer, it would seem that the time had almost come when the search for truth ceases to cumber the earth. Apparently this whole controversy over the higher criticism and the Bible resolves itself into the simple inquiry whether or not the higher criticism is a search for truth.

THE INDUSTRIAL EMERGENCY SQUAD. The Canadian Pacific Railway has again demonstrated its power as an employer of labor. The skilled machinists of the company's shops, who went on a strike over three months ago to force a reconstruction of the wage and time schedule in their contract, have failed in their contention. Strikebreakers shipped in to take their places have been sent back whence they came, and the old employes have been reinstated at the old rates.

WHY SCHOOL TEXTBOOKS? In one of his frequent efforts to spread a feeling of discontent and to check the wheels of progress, the editor of the Capital Journal, at Salem, denounces the use of textbooks in the public schools, hoping, apparently, to gain favor in the opinion of some parent who has recently purchased a school book for his children, including a venomous attack upon the textbooks in use in Oregon. Mr. Hofer declares that textbooks "take children away from real education instead of enlightening them. The active child whose mind seeks expression in doing things, makes a detour, and is stunted and dwarfed by textbooks more than helped." If this be the Salem editor's opinion of the influence of textbooks, then he must be opposed to the use of any textbooks by any children, for surely he would not approve continuance of a system which dwarfs children's minds. Plainly, therefore, he would send children to school without books, expecting the teacher to impart all the instruction and leaving the members of the class sitting idly in their seats while the teacher gave her attention to another class. It is needless to discuss the matter for the benefit of the Salem editor's readers, for there is not a newspaper reader anywhere so stupid as to believe that the use of textbooks dwarf a child's mind rather than help it.

But there are other features of this diatribe which may be given a little supplementary attention. It is a fact that the company on the day and date named "shipped all strikebreakers back to the East and South and all strikers went to work." Professional vagrants hovering upon the outskirts of industry, listening for the emergency call of capital which they are under contract to answer, even those who use them feel relieved when the need for their presence and such makeshift service as they can render no longer exists. Yet such as they are, they are the best of the times and have their legitimate place in the great scheme of modern industrial life, and more especially in the colossal requirements of a commercial age, the very life of which is centered in modern transportation methods. Transportation, by land and sea, and street systems must be operated, even if the industrial emergency squad has to be called out for this purpose, pending a display of power by opposing forces of labor and capital. From the inconvenience and loss and bitterness and strife that are

discovering that some of the records of past events were untrue or incomplete, and that some incidents which have seemed unimportant had a large bearing upon the course of National life.

THE NEW SLAVERY. When the world is completely trustful that a happy place it will be. We can predict the bliss that awaits us because we already enjoy it. The razor blade trust which we are using to sharpen safety blades when they become dull; and the shoe-machine trust, which compels every shoe manufacturer first to pay the full price of his machinery and then to sell it at an exorbitant price forever. It sells nothing and rents everything, a pleasant habit which is growing among the trusts. Presently the mill trust will rent each sack of flour instead of selling it, and every other trust will be obliged to incur a debt which can never be discharged for its daily bread. Of course, if the flour is only leased to him, he must pay rent upon it even after he eats it up. It is surprising, however, to find the members of the Trusts-Mississippi Congress, reports against the parcels post. What a broad-minded, statesmanlike committee it must be!

THE RETURN TO NATURE. We hear a great deal nowadays about returning to nature. Poets and novelists tell us what a good thing it would be to get back to a state where we should be emancipated from the shackles of civilization, where women could wear shoes that did not pinch and waists that did not cramp; where men could put on shirts unfastened by starch or even go without shirts if they liked; and where the members of the family would be sound bodied and uncorrupted souls instead of sacrificing both body and soul in the schoolroom for the sake of their minds, a sacrifice all the more deplorable since it accomplishes nothing. The concept of "return to nature" is the peeling off of the thin veneer of civilization, good manners and decent habits which civilization has more or less firmly wrapped about some of us. It is a concept which would disport ourselves in such native beauty as we happen to possess, the beauty being enhanced by dirty nails, long snarly hair and canine yelps in place of conversation.

A STRANGE REPORT. The resolutions committee of the Trans-Mississippi Congress has done the exact opposite of what one would have expected from an enlightened body of men. It has recommended ship subsidies and refused to recommend the parcels post. Of course a person who favors ship subsidies is not necessarily actuated by corrupt motives, but if he has not some private axe to grind it is pretty certain that he is densely ignorant of economic conditions. The ostensible object of the parcels post is to benefit the merchant marine; but the history of commerce shows unmistakably that they have never accomplished this purpose. Subsidized merchant fleets have flourished, but it has always been in spite of grants from the state and never because of them. The usual effect of subsidies has been to pauperize the shipping industry and blight maritime initiative. The perpetual wall that it is a National disgrace to have our marine freight carried in foreign ships and that we ought to build our own ships, is a thing which could be done to induce that patriotic body to build a fleet is too imbecile for contempt.

COLONEL STEWART. No doubt Colonel Stewart is a disagreeable man and a disturber of harmony. In a private station he would be regarded as a cantankerous man with less diminution of the general weal than he could if he prolonged his connection with the Army. Still it is not very long till next December, when in the natural course of things he would be promoted and retired. The Army has endured the impossible Colonel for a great while without serious injury to its morale and one would imagine it could put up with him for a month or two more. To be sure the medical examining board has found him to be afflicted with a dangerous form of heart disease, but since he has lived under this hanging sword for 34 years, according to the doctors themselves, it is not likely to fall immediately. Nor is Colonel Stewart's blind eye harmful as far as the Army is concerned, any more of a military impediment than it has been any time this last ten years. Why fasten upon it now and make it a cause for the man's semi-disgraceful retirement. The great handicap has been that there is not a good reason for the dislike which seems to be universal in the Army toward Colonel Stewart. He must be an extremely disagreeable person. But even a disagreeable man is entitled to justice. We do not mean to imply that Colonel Stewart is to be treated with injustice, and yet one could wish that there had been less semblance of persecution in his case. The Army is an institution which inevitably fosters a tyrannical disposition in those who belong to it. The rules which govern the relations between man and man in civil life do not extend to the military sphere. There it is peremptory command and unquestioning obedience, while in civil life command is superseded by persuasion and obedience is modified by individual traits. Colonel Stewart seems to be a person in whom the military habit of thought has produced its most unpleasant fruits. Perhaps in judging him it might have

throughout the territory which the village stores serve. The express trust loudly proclaims that this demand would go to the cities for supplies, but it is not so. Mr. Meyer's plan for a parcels post gives every advantage to the country trader over the city mail-order house, and his custom would increase while that of the department stores would fall off. But even if the parcels post would ruin every country merchant in the land, we still ought to have it, because where one man would be injured ten thousand would be benefited. The profit of a small group of individuals ought not to be allowed to outweigh the welfare of all the rest of the Nation. The great social demand of the present day is for the improvement of the environment of rural life. The New York conference of ruralites has declared that the only effective way we can even hope for must be to begin among the farmers. Mr. Roosevelt has exhorted and preached for years on the betterment of rural conditions, and now he has appointed a commission of eminent men to see what can be done about it. Everybody agrees that the weal or woe of the country's future depends upon keeping the country districts populated with a happy and intelligent race. But people will be neither happy nor intelligent if they are shut out of the market both to buy and to sell. Lack of communication makes men sordid, stupid and restless. In proportion as country homes are isolated men flee from them and migrate to towns. If the parcels post is to be an important part of our civilization, it would hardly be too much to say that the welfare of the country ultimately depends upon it. And knowing that the Trans-Mississippi Congress reports against the parcels post. What a broad-minded, statesmanlike committee it must be!

HAND AND BRAIN. It has been said by observant critics that Americans more than any other people in the world despise manual labor. Their conclusion probably overstates the fact, but certainly there is something queer in the wonder we all feel when a person who might be idle decides to go to work with his hands. It is reported that astonished crowds followed young Roosevelt from the wool factory where he has taken a job to his breakfast table to lunch, and then dangled gaping after him again as he walked back to work. The phenomenon of the President's son making himself useful in the world was beyond their comprehension. It was to them as if a horse had begun to devour its own flesh or a whale had taken a promenade up Fifth avenue. What it is no new thing in the world for the sons of eminent persons to learn trades. Scions of the German royal family do it as a matter of course and nobody is surprised. Sensible people recognize that the education of the hand is as important as that of the brain. Unless a man's muscles are properly trained by actual use, a large portion of his brain lies fallow. We see this only too plainly in the case of our American professional men. Having studiously shunned muscular work in the days of their youth, they reach manhood with an inadequate sense of reality. They dwell among the shadows of things, mistaking ghosts for living bodies, preferring fine-spun theories to actualities, and basing their reasoning upon airy abstractions instead of concrete facts. This is very noticeable among clergymen, whose entire training deals with words and verbal subtleties and eschews the concrete directly.

As well to admit something of the plea which Brutus made to Cassius and blame the man's heredity rather than himself. Dr. Cottell, Councilman from the fifth ward, will have the sympathy and moral support of many thousand property-owners in his effort to smash the monopoly of Portland's plumbing business. How he will be able to attack it successfully by legislative means is problematical. It extends from the smallest shop and the smallest dealer in supplies, through the chain of jobbers and wholesalers to the manufacturers. Under the prevailing "shut-out" system the man who builds a house is helpless. Likewise is the householder who needs the most minor repairs. To pay for six hours' time mostly wasted—for the fifteen-minute job is a standing burden. The plumbing trust is so firmly entrenched that it can't be scoured into reasonableness. If Dr. Cottell can frame an effective ordinance and "put it onto" the defiant master plumber, he will be hailed as a public benefactor.

Over one hundred La Grande business men visited the Wallowa County fair at Wallowa, Or., Friday, a special train over the new line being used to attend the present terminus of the Wallowa branch of the O. R. & N. Extension of this road means much to the entire Grand Ronde country, as well as to Portland. Next year, or at least by 1910, it will be possible to attend the Tillamook County fair by rail, and possibly the Coos Bay carnival. The remote regions of Oregon are slowly but surely drawing together, and when we are connected up by rail throughout the entire length of the state, there will begin a period of wonderful growth in both city and country.

Mr. Bryant is a man of many parts. At Streator, Ill., on Friday, he announced that he was an "advocate of property." The manner in which money, the most potent factor in prosperity, accrues to cover whenever there is any fear of the success of this advance agent has made him famous. His conclusion probably overstates the fact, but certainly there is something queer in the wonder we all feel when a person who might be idle decides to go to work with his hands. It is reported that astonished crowds followed young Roosevelt from the wool factory where he has taken a job to his breakfast table to lunch, and then dangled gaping after him again as he walked back to work. The phenomenon of the President's son making himself useful in the world was beyond their comprehension. It was to them as if a horse had begun to devour its own flesh or a whale had taken a promenade up Fifth avenue. What it is no new thing in the world for the sons of eminent persons to learn trades. Scions of the German royal family do it as a matter of course and nobody is surprised. Sensible people recognize that the education of the hand is as important as that of the brain. Unless a man's muscles are properly trained by actual use, a large portion of his brain lies fallow. We see this only too plainly in the case of our American professional men. Having studiously shunned muscular work in the days of their youth, they reach manhood with an inadequate sense of reality. They dwell among the shadows of things, mistaking ghosts for living bodies, preferring fine-spun theories to actualities, and basing their reasoning upon airy abstractions instead of concrete facts. This is very noticeable among clergymen, whose entire training deals with words and verbal subtleties and eschews the concrete directly.

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BOOKS

HENRY JAMES is again complaining of lack of appreciation from his fellow Americans. The last time he was over from England he was a guest at a swell Philadelphia hotel noted for freeness and exclusiveness, and he thought that the attaches treated even him with frigidity. Becoming desirous afterward to find out what were the impressions left of him by the said hotel, Mr. James wrote to a mutual friend about the matter. And this is the gist of the letter received the other day by the author of "Daisy Miller" and "Portrait of a Lady": "I find that you were reported as having paid your bills promptly, but two householders complain of what they call your fussiness. One male says: 'Mr. James is a very thick gentleman.' The other girl's story is: 'I could not please him, however much I tried. Mr. James caught me using one of his razors one morning to pry open a stiff window, and he talked awful. Some folk hate a bit of fresh air. No, I never read any of his books. But say, does he write any?'

I wonder how long our memories will be kept green? Longer, surely, than the memory of the great Thomas Carlyle is kept in his own native land. The story comes from Edinburgh that a Boston girl recently visited that city to borrow some of its literary color, and confidently expected to find the natives quoting Burns and J. M. Barrie by heart. Accosting a big policeman, the artless Boston tourist inquired the location of Thomas Carlyle's house. "Which Carlyle?" asked the policeman. "Thomas Carlyle." "What's his trade?" "He was a writer—but he's dead." The big policeman pondered a minute, and then stolidly said: "Well, mess, if the man has been dead, say five years, there's little chance of finding anything about him in a big city like this."

Rudyard Kipling attended a reception, to London newspaper men the other day, and one veteran scribe was introduced to him as "one who could quote more of your poetry than any ten men in the British empire." "Do they allow him?" asked Kipling, as he shook hands. "The new crop of Fall novels and new books generally shows signs of harvest. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle announces the near publication of a sheaf of "Round the Fire" stories, weird tales for wintry nights. From London comes the news that H. A. Vatchell is to publish a study of character entitled "The Waters of Jordan" and that Marriott Watson will be represented in "The Golden Precipice," a story of a treasure hunt. Other new bids for public favor in fiction are W. H. Mallock's new novel, "An Immortal Soul," and Miss Hammond Langbridge's "Imperial Richenda."

One new book of notable interest will be "The Journal of Lady Elizabeth Holland," which Lord Chester has edited and which Longmans are to publish. The Journal opens in the year 1791 and ends in 1811. Lady Holland, from all that Greenville, Sydney Smith, Macaulay and others have related about her, had a sharp tongue and was quite a leader in public opinion—so much so that curiosity is aroused to read the thoughts she left.

An authorized biography of Madame Melba, the opera star, and written by Mrs. Melba herself, is announced. Melba personally contributes several chapters relating to the art of music and singing as a profession. "The Memoirs of Comte De Ramburieu" will be welcomed for the varied lights it sheds on the old French aristocracy and the character of Napoleon the Great.

"Egypt and Its Monuments," bearing the name of Robert Hichens, of "The Garden of Allah" fame, is one of the best illustrated art books of the Fall season. The illustrations are from paintings by Jules Guerin. The story recently appeared in serial form. A freak book is "The Whole Family," written by one dozen authors, from William Dean Howells to Henry James, and as the names of the authors are concealed for the present, it will be a great game of who's who?

"The Witching Hour," a novel based upon his successful play of that name, will be out in a few days. And so will Hamlin Garland's "The Shadow World," which lately appeared serially in Everybody's Magazine.

The Harpers announce two superb holiday editions of "The Chariot Race from Ben Hur," illustrated in colors by Sigmund Ivanovitch, and "Lorna Doone," with a biographical and historical introduction by H. Snowden Ward and 60 illustrations of the wild Exmoor country, by Mrs. Ward.

Mr. Howells' "Roman Holiday" will be issued early next week, along with "Magazine Writing and the New Literature," by Henry Mills Alden, the veteran editor of Harper's Monthly.

"The Ideal Ministry," a new volume by Dr. Herick Johnson, of Chicago, is being well received as a standard authority on preaching.

The author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has written a new novel, "Moby Dick," which will run serially through the Century Magazine for a portion of next year. Another new feature in that magazine will be Augustus Saint Gaudens' autobiography.

Judd Watkins. Chicago Record-Herald. Old Judd Watkins is a man seldom has anything to say. Sits around and sometimes smiles in a kind of morose way. Lets the other fellows talk, shows 'em their foolishness. Makes no speeches, too, if he always talked, I guess. People think he's mighty wise just because he often answers. At mistakes his neighbors make and the foolish things he hears. Others gibber and rant, he just sits and nods his head. Makes up his mind, hears 'em, that's all he ever said. Old Judd Watkins seldom speaks; people think he knows a lot; Mebbe he is just as wise as he seems, and I guess he's got more for me to set up on than I could ever get up on. He's no fool; he's got that makes folks think he's wise when he ain't.