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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, OCT. 25, 1908.

A BLOW TO BRYANISM.

Under the direction and leadership of Tom Johnson, a great friend of the people, and of course an intense admirer of Bryan, the City of Cleveland has been led on and on, in the tendency of its classes towards "municipalization of utilities."

Johnson is a half-baked Socialist and in full accord with Bryan. His notion was that the city was to take over the streetcar lines and the management of urban and inter-urban passenger transportation. He won in three or four consecutive elections. Cleveland, under socialistic municipalization, was to be a paradise. The three-cent fare was enough. The other two cents had been nothing but robbery. So the city took possession. At last the people had come into their rights.

This beneficent system has, however, been in operation in Cleveland till the people of the city have tired of it. They have had enough of it. It has collapsed. The three-cent fare and municipal administration—an immense official force has to be maintained out of the public purse—do not supply revene enough to meet the demands of the service. Hence the service is scanty and poor. There is general dissatisfaction. In the final act, the whole business is put up to the people of Cleveland, and they reject the innovation. They want the service, but the three-cent fare and the socialistic administration of the city do not furnish it. The plebiscite is called and the whole thing is voted down. The business again goes back to the old system—for efficiency and relief.

Men of judgment foresaw the collapse and endeavored to forestall it. In the hope of doing so they induced Theodore E. Burton, member of Congress from one of the Cleveland districts and chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors, to stand as a candidate for Mayor of the city. He was defeated. The experiment had not yet proceeded far enough. It has by this time, and Tom Johnson's labor of years has come to naught.

Cleveland, after Chicago, is the largest city of the great region of the great lakes. It has outgrown Cincinnati, once the supreme city of Ohio. It has a population in excess of half a million. It is a city of labor and of industry and of manufacturing establishments. To its working people for years past Tom Johnson, agitator and demagogue and hot air artist, has been holding out wondrous hopes and elysian dreams. The people were to have cheap transportation. They got it. Yet when they got it they found it was not efficient, and they didn't want it. They have rejected, therefore, Tom Johnson and his works.

It is one of the most significant things of the present time. Johnson is a great admirer of Bryan, and Bryan is a great admirer of Johnson. Into the administration of the City of Cleveland Johnson has projected Bryan's ideas. Hence the result of the vote in Cleveland, the judgment of the people of Cleveland on these questions and issues, is the severest blow Bryan has received, from the beginning of his present contest till now. This result, we believe, surely indicates that the State of Ohio will reject Bryan and Bryanism — represented by Johnson—by a great majority. A lot of people try experiments, but when they have tried them out they return to old experience and to established judgment. The vote that repudiates the Johnson fiasco in Cleveland is solidly against Bryan, and it assures Ohio for Taft. Trust good sense in the long run to assert itself—even though at times apparently overborne.

GRACIOUS TASK FOR WOMEN.

We are told that the trail of Lewis and Clark through Montana is to be marked at special points by suitable monuments commemorative of that wonderful journey. The first of these monuments was unveiled at Livingston, October 23, the spot chosen being that where Captain Clark pitched his tent in the beautiful valley of the Yellowstone on his return from the Pacific Coast an hundred years and more ago. The Montana chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have this work in charge, and in due time a number of historic spots in the great Treasure State will be suitably marked for the edification of the present generation and the enlightenment of generations to come.

Women who have banded themselves together in patriotic or memorial bodies have proved quite effective in work of this kind. A striking example of this is found in the collection of relics of colonial times in the old Van Courtland mansion, near New York City, in charge of the "Society of Colonial Dames." Numberless relics of the old burgomasters of Manhattan Island, the contiguous Jersey shore, Staten Island, Long Island and the mainland of New York are there exhibited, properly labeled, in glass cases, and behind open doors protected by iron railings from the too-close inspection, with its probable consequences of abstraction by the throngs who visit the place during the Summer months.

Infinite detail is required in the arrangement and care of an exhibit of this kind, which is not required in a more robust exhibit out of doors, as represented in monuments placed to mark historic events or to perpetuate great names. Hence the Daughters of the Revolution, who have undertaken to place monuments upon historical spots in Montana, have a task set for them that is much easier than that undertaken by the Colonial Dames.

Against the commercial idea which ever seeks and courts the new is arrayed this veneration for the old; and against the spirit that lives only in the present and valiantly seeks to make the most of it is arrayed the feeling, wistful or patriotic, that seeks to commemorate the names and honor the achievements of a past age. Between these is the sentiment, holding, as it were, the balance of power, that finds expression in monuments that mark historical places and bestows care upon that which is worthy of preservation in its relation to individual and National progress.

WHY TAKE ANY CHANCES?

The Oregonian prints today a large number of interviews with Portland business men and manufacturers on the industrial outlook if Bryan shall be elected. Almost without exception they express their apprehension and anxiety over the consequences of Democratic success. They do not predict panic, nor indeed do they appear to expect it; just a suspension of all but necessary activities until it shall be learned what Bryan as President will or can do, or until the country has somehow accustomed itself to the new scheme of things. Just now everybody is "waiting till after election"; if Bryan wins, the commercial, political and industrial world will doubtless "wait to see what Bryan will do." Of course the country cannot go on waiting forever; and we shall get along somehow, for we must. But the waiting process, whether it is for long or short, will not be pleasant or profitable.

There is a lot of talk about "coercion" when an employer tells an employe that there will be reduction of wages if Bryan wins. If an employer undertakes to tell an employe how to vote, undoubtedly it is coercion. But has or has not an employer the right to adjust his business to conditions, present or imminent, and to arrange to reduce his expenses to meet them? Has he a right to inform those largely dependent on him what in his judgment must happen in certain contingencies? Has he a right to assume that his interest is theirs and theirs his, in a large measure? Is he or is he not doing his duty to himself and to them if he silently awaits the approach of disaster, certain or possible? Has or has he not a right to appeal to his employes to protect their interests and his?

No one looks for disaster, of course, if Bryan shall be elected; just a little slowing up, or a little more than a little, perhaps. The country is too well off. No one expects disaster, of course, if Taft shall be elected; just a little acceleration of our present prosperity; or perhaps more than a little. Why take any chances?

A HOLY SHOW.

If the publicity campaign contributors and contributions is to advance the cause of political morality, there must be no deception about it. A pretended publication which conceals more than it reveals, can only make matters worse. Like every deception, it will tend to destroy the belief of the people that such a thing as political honesty exists. Mr. Bryan has made a great parade over the publication of the names of those who contributed to his National campaign fund. He has said all he could to convince the public that the list as printed includes every sum contributed except a few petty amounts not worth mention. In fact, it does nothing of the kind.

But where does the trick come in? It is not difficult to see where. There are National campaign funds and state and county funds and divers other funds. When a contributor's name would not be ornamental upon the National list, which must be published, what more simple than to put it on the state list, which is not to be published? Thus the names of Indiana and Illinois brewers do not figure on Mr. Bryan's virtuous printed roll. Nevertheless, their money has figured largely in his campaign. What became of it? Only the confiding will ask. It went into "state" funds. Here also would be found the real contributions of New York millionaires of the shady class, like Fingey Conners, who only gave $100 to the Bryan fund, if we are to believe the Bryan publication. The truth is, of course, that he must have given thousands, and he is not the only one by any means who has been able to avoid undesirable publicity in this way. So much for the tremendous superiority of Mr. Bryan's campaign ethics. The net result of all his pomp and show will be to make people smile cynically and say, "It is just what we expected."

CARRIERS AND FARMERS.

Among the questions which Mr. Roosevelt's Commission On Country Life propounds is this: "Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the railroads, highroads, trolley lines, etc., the service they reasonably should have?" The further inquiries, "Why?" and "What suggestions have you to make?" are appended to the main one. This question, with its subdivisions, is the fourth out of a list of ten which the Commission has sent far and wide, hoping to collect as many opinions as possible from sources of all sorts.

The answer to the fourth question, which has been selected for a word of comment here, must be a general negative. The railroads in this section of country emphatically pay little attention to the convenience or profit of their rural patrons. The time schedules of trains are arranged without the slightest reference to accommodating the farmers. For example, the train between Kalama and Vancouver has been running for years upon a purely theoretical scheme of connection with trains on the main line. To the service of the people who use the local train no attention has been paid.

Nine persons out of ten along this road would prefer that the train should run to Vancouver in the morning and return in the afternoon. On the contrary, it goes to Kalama in the morning and to Vancouver at night, making things as inconvenient as possible. Moreover, the time for starting the train is made to depend on the arrival of a through service at Kalama, which is proverbially behind time. At Vancouver the train invariably makes a stop not far from the depot, which delays the passengers until the ferry has gone. This causes an unnecessary delay of half an hour waiting for the ferry, and, when we add another usual wait of twenty minutes for the trolley on the Portland side, the utter indifference of the management to the convenience of the public will be apparent. Consider, also, the exasperating fact that ticket agents at stations on the Kalama and Vancouver line often make an overcharge for fares unless passengers protest vigorously. The overcharge is slight to the individual passenger, but to the company or the agent, or whoever pockets it, the total per month of these pickings is considerable.

The ills attendant upon traveling from Kalama to Portland by way of Vancouver will be mitigated, of course, when the new bridges come into use, but it is still worth while to mention them since they are typical of the relations between the carriers and the public. On the one side we have contempt, indifference and occasional swindling; on the other, resentment and a resolute determination to get even when the chance appears.

CHECKS AND BALANCES.

It is an open question whether the most serious hindrances to progress come from good men or bad ones. The opposition of bad men is usually in the open and stands for what it is. Hence it can be overcome for the most part without great difficulty. But the hindrances which good men interpose are of a more subtle character. Often they are indirect and obscure, and not seldom they arise from the best of motives. There are a great many excellent citizens who, at some time or other in their lives, have become deeply interested in a reform measure, like civil service examinations, for example. Their intense zeal for the new and desirable plan has taken entire possession of them, and has created in their minds the disastrous hallucination that nothing else will ever be necessary to bring perfection in government.

These unhappy reformers present cases of arrested development. They are like a hen sitting on a china egg. There is no likelihood that it will ever hatch, but still she perseveringly sits, and will evermore continue to sit. Her compeers in the yard may lay multitudes of real eggs and from them hatch lively broods, but all this disturbeth not the serenity of the hen peacefully incubating her china egg. For her it holds the germs of all hope and upon its hatching hangs the destiny of the universe.

Civil service examinations to determine the fitness of persons for civic employment are a moderately useful device. They are not nearly so useful as many fanatics imagine and they are exceedingly liable to doctrinaire perversion. But upon the whole, they probably do more good than harm. Honestly conducted, they partially eliminate the spoils system, which is well worth while; but if they replace it with a system of crystallized incompetence, the gain is not marked. Your civil service devotee sees in his fetish a panacea for all political ills. He believes that if he can only get a set of employes into office who have answered a certain list of questions, all will go well forevermore in the government of the country, or the city, as the case may be. Of course, this state of mind is comfortable to the zealot. It affords him perennial ground for admiring his civic virtue without any future exertion. It absolves him from taking part in efforts really to better things, because he can always point to his panacea and say: "If you would only introduce a little more civil service reform, the troubles would end."

Experience has shown, however, that civil service reform does not by any means end the troubles and it may augment them. Thoughtful observers are pretty well agreed that a set of civil service rules which makes it unduly difficult to discharge incompetent employes does a great deal more harm than good. The true principle seems to be to make civic employment hard to get and easy to lose. Heads of departments cannot justly be held responsible for results, unless they have full power to rid themselves of incompetent employes. Of course, there is danger that the authority to discharge may be abused, but so may any other power. The presumption is, and ought to be, that it will not be abused. One of the most curious phenomena in American municipal life is our ingrained distrust of men in office. Everybody seems to reason on the assumption that the moment a man goes into office he becomes a rascal, and will do all the harm he possibly can. The assumption is natural enough, considering what we have seen of city management in this country; but for all that, it is false. The opinion is defensible that even in America our civic officials have been as upright as the system we have commonly adopted permitted them to be. By our irrational plan of "checks and balances" we have tied their hands so securely that every beneficial impulse is thwarted while harmful motives play unrestrained. For it is the notorious effect of "checks and balances" to paralyze the good and foster the bad. Good motives are frank and somewhat timid. They will rather perish than seek to elude restraint. On the other hand evil is sinuous, cunning and persistent, and there is no system of checks which will stifle it. Experience in America shows conclusively what may be expected of checks and balances. We have always resorted to them in framing our city governments and our city governments are the scandal of the world.

Another hindrance to progress which good men and not bad ones are accountable for is the chimerical dread of "bad majorities." In pretty nearly every American city the majority of the voters are at least as virtuous and intelligent as the excellent persons who call them "bad." There is in fact no such thing in the United States as a bad majority. There are mistaken majorities and some that are misinformed and misled, but none that are truly bad. Experience shows clearly that the majority of the voters in our cities and states is decidedly upright. It can never be won by an appeal to its lower impulses, and can usually be won by an appeal to what is right and sound. A vicious system of checks and balances in city government has so baffled the good impulses of the majority that it has too often become discouraged, but whenever it has the chance to right wrongs and correct injustice it never fails to do so.

The talk about "bad majorities" is the worst kind of cant. Still, in spite of fact and reason, we are always at work to guard against the hypothetical harm which bad majorities can do. The sole fruit of these labors is to kill the benefit which good majorities might do. At the bottom of all this, distrust of men in office and of majorities is unbelief in American principles. It is the outward expression of an inward hatred of democracy and preference for aristocratic oligarchy. What the modern world has gained in light and sweetness has come through democracy, and yet there are those who still cling to the dire old fetish of the rule of the few, and whenever they have a chance they put their faith in practice by maligning the majority and seeking to tie the hands of its elected servants. The only outcome of their efforts is to hold the world yet a little longer in subjection to the bedraggled relics of hoary iniquity.

OREGON'S FEMININE NAMES.

Some days ago inquiry was made of The Oregonian by a student of the Agricultural College at Corvallis about the origin of the name of Mary's River and of Mary's Peak, near that place. These names were given by Adam E. Wimple, earliest actual settler there. He was from Oneida County, New York; was a bachelor, and named the town Marysville, for his sister Mary, who never was in Oregon; and gave her name also to Mary's River and to Mary's Peak. He said, "I will make my sister's name known forever."

But Marysville was a name so commonly used that the Legislature at an early time, while Oregon was still a territory, changed the name to Corvallis. The territorial capital was changed from Salem to that place, but after much wrangling was soon taken back to Salem. At the time when the name of Marysville was changed to Corvallis the name of Albany was changed to Tekenah; but the name failed to obtain approval and "Albany" was restored.

Feminine names are not abundant in the geographical nomenclature of Oregon; but another occurs at this moment, whose origin is worth remark. It is that of the county named Josephine. It was named for a young girl, Josephine Rollins, daughter of an early settler and gold miner there. The county was created in January, 1856. Josephine Rollins had been a heroine in the Indian troubles of the country, and if we mistake not was one of the victims of the savage warfare.

Several postoffices in the state have feminine names, some of them from pioneer women; others from old mythology. It is remembered that the name Mehama, in Marion County, was from Mehama Smith; that of Albina, now incorporated with Portland, from the wife or daughter of the late W. W. Page. Anabel and Clarnie (the latter made from the first syllable of Clara and the last syllable of Jennie) are suburbs of Portland.

It would be worth while, doubtless, to explore this field further. A few streets in Portland, and perhaps in other towns of Oregon, bear feminine names, of local origin; but on the whole our women have not been honored as they should be, in our geographical and local nomenclature. The town of Florence, in Lane County, was not named, we think, for a woman, but for A. B. Florence, member of the Senate from Lane, in the first Legislature of the state.

LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

Thirty-five miles of steel have been laid on the new line that is to follow the Snake River from Huntington to Lewiston, and there is steel on hand for an additional fifteen miles, which will be laid as soon as the grade can be prepared. The line already completed will open up a very rich mining country which will undoubtedly become a revenue producer for the road as soon as it is turned over to the operating department. One or two new towns have come into existence and, in a small way, there will be some agricultural development. All of this is interesting to Portland, for it is in Portland territory; but it is not in the mining traffic nor in the comparatively insignificant amount of new agricultural development that this city will regard the new line with more than ordinary interest.

This new road is the beginning of a connecting link which will give Portland a water-level rail route for nearly 800 miles eastward. The completion of the road between Lewiston and Huntington, forming a connecting link between the O. R. & N.'s Snake River line and the Oregon Short Line, means that for more than one-third of the distance between Portland and Chicago, and about one-fourth of the distance between Portland and New York, a single locomotive can haul a greater tonnage than can be moved with a corresponding power by any other trans-continental railroad in the United States. Mr. Harriman has for years been spending vast sums of money on the Union Pacific, to which the Oregon Short Line turns over the traffic which is hauled out of the Portland territory. Recently he has taken up the work of straightening out the Portland end of the line, and at this time is overhauling the road between Portland and the Cascades at an expense which, for many miles, is more than double the original cost of the road.

With the elimination of all grades and most of the curves along the river, the line will not only stand without a rival for economical movement of freight, but it will also be in a position to maintain very fast passenger schedules. For the immediate future, the new North Bank Road, tapping, as it does, new and at many points undeveloped regions, means more to Portland than any improvements in the trans-continental service. The same is also true of the proposed line to Central Oregon, to Coos Bay and to Tillamook. But, looking ahead—and at the pace at which we are now moving it is not very far ahead—the time is coming when the prestige of being the western terminus of trans-continental lines using the easiest grades from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will mean much to Portland.

The manufacturing centers of the East are steadily shifting farther west, and by the time the Panama Canal is completed, there will be vast quantities of Oriental-bound freight generating so far inland that it can be shipped west to the Pacific by rail and steamer to better advantage than via the Atlantic seaboard. This immense traffic will some day be in control of Portland if we continue our campaign for a thirty-foot channel to the sea. The water-level grade is asserting its advantages. If we center all our efforts on opening the river from Portland to the sea, no other port on the Pacific Coast can offer the same advantages as a meeting point for the railroad and the ocean carrier.

BURYING AN IDIOT ALIVE.

Civilization, so it seems, is unable to do anything better for an idiotic Indian girl at Tacoma than to order that an iron cage three feet by six be built for her, in her father's house, and that she be kept confined therein. The poorhouse authorities of Pierce County would have none of her; the insane asylum at Steilacoom refused to open its doors to her; the Government school at Canton, S. D., has not seen its way clear to provide for her, and the distracted humane officer devised the cage as the best that could be done for this wretched human animal.

Three feet by six—the length and depth of a grave—are the dimensions ordered for this creature's living sepulcher! Strange as it may seem, it is true nevertheless that many so-called humane and Christian people accept this solution of a perplexing problem as the "best that can be done" for this poor creature. They would be horrified at the suggestion that painless exit from the body by simple means known to medical science is the truly humane solution of such a problem. "Murder," cries a shocked and thoughtless public sentiment. To which medical science, earnest and humane, might well respond: "No, not murder, but release." Murder lurks about the cage, torturing its ultimate victim by neglect, cold, hunger, foul odors, sleepless nights and dull, sodden days. Release through clean and painless means is at hand, but dare not announce its presence, so short-sighted is human sympathy, so blind is human law to the true spirit of humanity in such a case. The following beautiful lines of Helen Hunt Jackson, though not quite applicable, are suggestive in connection with a case of hopeless idiocy and cruel physical suffering.

If one had watched a prisoner many a year,
Standing behind a barred window pane,
Fettered with heavy handcuff, and with chain,
And gazing on the blue sky far and near;
And suddenly some morning he should bear
The man had in the night contrived to gain
His freedom and was safe—would this bring pain?
Ah, would it not to dul'est heart appear good tidings?

THE SEVEN CANDIDATES.

The New York Independent has conceived the singular idea of laying before its readers the views of each of the Presidential candidates upon the merits of his party. The result is seven of the most interesting political articles which have appeared in a long time. Six candidates speak in person and one by deputy. The candidate of the Socialist Labor party, Mr. M. R. Preston, is prevented by circumstances over which his control is slight from writing his own article, so his proxy, August Gilhaus, supplies his place. Mr. Preston is perhaps the only man who has ever run for President within the walls of a penitentiary, though possibly there have been others who would have done so if everybody had his dues. The immured Mr. Preston should not be confounded with Mr. Debs, who represents a much more numerous body of constituents, and is abundantly able to speak for himself, as his article shows. Commenting on the seven short discourses The Independent says that they all agree in an impulse toward the betterment of National conditions. Not one of them expresses much satisfaction with things as they are. All look toward changes and the principal differences among them are of method and degree rather than of substance.

The reader will search the articles in vain for a defense of any admitted abuse. All confess that abuses are numerous and all aspire to correct them. Mr. Taft, as is natural for an optimistic Republican, dwells a good deal upon the prosperity of the country, which he thinks is only temporarily interrupted, and from this hopeful opinion he draws his conception of the principal issue of the campaign. Shall the party which made all this prosperity for us be continued in office or not? He does not believe that the tariff is a substantial issue because both parties have pledged themselves to revision; while the question of trusts and rebates is hardly an issue either, since both parties wish to cure the evils though by different remedies. He condemns Mr. Bryan's idea of putting all trust-controlled articles on the free list for the reason that it would destroy the small competitors of the trusts. Possibly it may have escaped Mr. Taft's observation that many of these small competitors are going to the wall pretty rapidly as it is. There is much doubt whether the repeal of the tariff which strengthens monopoly would accelerate their fate. The real objection to Mr. Bryan's plan is that it is impossible to separate trust-controlled goods from others. Concerning the tariff Mr. Taft speaks with evident constraint. He is at his best when treating other subjects. His calm and lucid exposition of the injunction problem is the most admirable section of his article.

To Mr. Bryan's mind the greatest of the evils is the control of the Government by the representatives of the corporations, who have usurped the rightful power of the people. Three principal means, he thinks, have contributed to their usurpation. The first is the huge sums of money which they advance to the Republican campaign managers. The second is the indirect election of Federal Senators. The third is the control of the House of Representatives by the petty Cannon clique. For the campaign fund evil he proposes the remedy of publicity. This he claims is peculiarly Democratic though Mr. Taft favors it quite as strongly as he does. To eliminate the corporation Senators he would make them elective by direct vote of the people. Whether this is to be brought about by amending the Constitution or simply by ignoring it he fails to specify. To get rid of the Cannon clique in the House, Mr. Bryan thinks it would be sufficient to reform the rules in such a way that the majority may rule. This solution appears simple enough, but when one remembers that Mr. Cannon has wrought all his mischief under a set of rules reformed for the express purpose of securing control by the majority one is constrained to pause and meditate. The real remedy for the abuses in the House is probably to elect members who have some initiative and courage of their own. One might safely venture the sally that our beloved brethren of the Methodist persuasion are doing more to abolish Mr. Cannon and all his works than Mr. Bryan's reforms will ever do.

Mr. Watson's article is the liveliest kind of reading and his shots at the Supreme Court do not always miss fire. Our Federal judges are human beings after all and humanum est to grab power when it is within arm's reach. Mr. Watson sees no virtue in the courts and little anywhere else outside the circumscribed volume of his own brain. If he could only be elected President, what a jubilee of righteousness there would be at Washington for the next four years, but alas! there is no hope for it. After Taft and Bryan, it will probably be conceded that the next most important candidate is Debs. The Independence party is but an evanescent phenomenon. It represents a protest merely and not a very sincere one at that, while the Prohibitionist party is a real obstacle to the reform which it unwisely advocates.

Still nobody can read Mr. Chafin's article without according him a tribute of profound admiration for his unmistakable sincerity and depth of conviction. As for Mr. Debs, those who only think of him as a wild agitator will read his article in The Independent with surprise. Very likely there is no escape in the future from a decisive reckoning between the socialist theory of production and the wage system. Those who wish to read an enlightened treatment of the issue may find it in the last number of The Outlook, where Dr. Lyman Abbott in a signed editorial predicts the speedy disappearance of what Mr. Debs calls "wage slavery" and the introduction of what Dr. Abbott calls "industrial democracy" in its place.

In Oregon you must not ask a man on election day how he intends to vote, of what he thinks about the questions to be voted on, or try to show him, in the way of friendly conversation, what you think about matters involved in the election. If you do you will fall under the ban of "the corrupt practice act." But—damn humbug, and its propagators! Not a jury in Oregon would convict a man for uttering fair and honest speech on election day. But U'Ren might be convicted by a jury, in any county, for drawing up such an act. Let any man who wants to make a fair argument with his neighbor on election day, do so. Or on any other day. Try it on U'Ren, and let him essay to put you in the penitentiary! Only no doubt you would be unwilling to come into contact with U'Ren.

The great age of 104 years, reached by John Garrison, who died a few days ago at Tracyton, Kitsap County, Washington, represents a length of years that few would care to attain. Failing sight, dulled hearing, halting memory, enfeebled body, the inevitable accompaniments of so great an age, reduce life to a state of mere existence that it is pitiful to contemplate, and but for the mercifully dulled perceptions, would be grievous to bear. Nature is not given to mistakes. She refuses to indorse the Osler idea of suspended usefulness and capacity for enjoyment at the age of three-score, but she very seldom, relatively speaking, drags a human being along to a point where little else than life survives and holds him there in sheer helplessness, wistfully awaiting her final decree.

The provision of law that compels a street railway company to pave between its rails with Belgian blocks should appeal to friends of the horse. As a city grows its area of hard, smooth pavement is extended and these are, naturally, the streets that attract traffic. In moist or wet weather animals, no matter how shod, cannot get a foothold. One has but to watch the heavy draft horses edge toward the middle of the street to become convinced; and the hearty pull in the traces by the animals when they reach it attests their satisfaction. Traction companies, of course, are not humane societies, yet they are under obligation to man and beast for all make the city and its business.

There is a chance for some enterprising town to become very well known by securing the next meeting of the Oregon Dairymen's Association, to be held in December. The presence at a two-day session of 400 or 500 people who are accustomed to buying at the rate of $200 or $300 a head is a factor to balance the expense account and the consequent advertising the place receives can go into the profit column.

All newspaper men, all obesrvers, agree that the election is in three states, New York, Indiana and Ohio. To these states the campaign has narrowed. Bryan seems to have a chance in Indiana, but scarcely a chance in New York or in Ohio. As to Ohio, The Oregonian believes Taft is as sure to carry it as any state in the Union.

Pretended publication of the Bryan campaign fund, in advance of the election, as the New York Sun shows, is humbug of the cheapest kind. Publication down to this time, and secrecy as to everything during the last days before the election, is "a trick so vulgarly transparent as to nauseate the looker-on."

To tell voters that you don't know whether you will be able to continue your business after election is no coercion of voters. Perhaps they may not want you to continue your business. Perhaps discontinuance of your business is just one of the things they want.

Now just suppose that Illinois had really been in earnest and had succeeeded in getting Uncle Joe Cannon nominated for President at Chicago. It must make Illinois shudder whenever it dreams over what might have happened.

Now it is reported that there is danger that Oklahoma may go for Taft. But perhaps "danger" isn't the right word. It depends on how you feel about it.

Mayor Lane is employing secret inspectors to watch contractors. Had he done this before, with other persons, he might have avoided a lot of trouble.

The nonpartisan party in Oregon has gone back to the Democratic party. But nobody should be surprised.

As signs multiply that Bryan will be defeated, it becomes plainer that he is the advance agent of prosperity.

HAS HAD ENOUGH OF IT.

That Is, of the Crazy and Abominable Innovation.

Weston Leader, Dem.

An offspring of Populism, the Siamese twin-child, Initiative and Referendum, was foster-fathered and cuddled by both old parties in Oregon. It was—and is yet by many—regarded as sound political gospel; a most illuminating satellite of the bright Star of Progress. The Leader embraced it—albeit with some misgivings. It had been indorsed by the Republicans, which is enough of itself to condemn any measure; but had also been indorsed by the Democrats, who are the wisest things going in politics this side of Mars. We thought our beloved party knew; and so we became an Initiativellte and a Referendumpist.

But it's been a sorry dose so far—a panacea for political ills that gives us both pain and pause. We are not sure but we'd rather have the ills. The general appropriation bill was held up and the Weston Normal put out of business until at the succeeding election the good sense of the commonwealth could come to the rescue of its institutions—which it did beautifully by downing the referendum crowd about four to one. Next the University of Oregon was hammered, and had to be rescued from the knockers. Other minor things were done under the referendum, but these will suffice to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

But the initiative twin had not been idle either, and under his mischievous influence we have a number of freak laws—or will have when the Legislature meets and the mandate of the people is obeyed. That known as the "corrupt practices law" deserves the highest bench at the side show as the wierdest freak of them all. It is a blow at free speech and indirectly at the freedom of the press to "prohibit attempts on election day to persuade any voter to vote for or against any candidate or any measure submitted to the people." If it's wrong to discuss a measure or a candidate on election day it's wrong at any other time. The law is absurd and cannot be enforced. It is useless except to furnish an object lesson of stupidity. The Leader opposed it, declaring that the people were trying to make tyrants of themselves and would become their own slaves. The editor personally worked against it at the polls, an action for which he would be liable to arrest had the law been in effect. No use. It carried Weston by about two to one and the state by a big vote. The people had spoken.

The Leader may be recalcitrant and a traitor to the cause of reform, but it now wishes to say that it considers the Initiative and Referendum most in need of reforming—or else of the "hook." It has occupied the stage sufficiently long in its present guise. We don't care if it has been indorsed by the Democrats of the Angel Gabriel, we do longer regard it as a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." We are willing that it's nondescrit remains may be given a belated burial with the Populist party.

HARRIMAN, "GENERAL PROVIDER"

Does the Trail of His Immense Sums Lead to 26 Broadway?

New York Journal of Commerce.

Apparently Mr. Harriman is becoming a sort of "general provider" for embarrassed corporations. The roll of cripples to whom he has supplied crutches was increased yesterday, report said, by the addition of Westinghouse. The story goes that Mr. Harriman has joined the National City Bank in supplying the funds necessary to pacify malcontents, and that he will give the company an enormous amount of new business in connection with the electrification of the Erie and otherwise. Is the fanciful picture drawn some time ago of Mr. Harriman peremptorily commandeering various industrial corporations as adjuncts to his railroad empire going to be reproduced in reality? Some people wonder where Mr. Harriman obtains the millions upon millions necessary to rehabilitate railroad after railroad without being reimbursed. Were he to re-enter politics, perhaps an enemy would think it worth while to steal more of his correspondence, not with the White House, but with No. 26 Broadway. Then the public might be enlightened.

The Morality of It.

Kansas City Journal.

What moral right had the Bryan managers to oust Haskell from his official position and at the same time take money from such men as Roger Sullivan, "Fingy" Conners, Tom Taggart, Boss Murphy, Perry Belmont, Moses Wetmore and other malefactors of considerable wealth? Why should Bryan condemn the Republicans for accepting help from Andrew Carnegie when he himself is benefitting from the money contributed to his campaign by Senator W. A. Clark, the Montana multi-millionaire? Is not the contribution of a wealthy business man to the Republican campaign fund offset by the contribution of that sterling patriot and friend of the people, Richard Croker, erstwhile Tammany chief, who grew rich at the expense of the taxpayers of New York? Tammany is and has been for years the most corrupt political organization the world has ever known; it has stolen millions upon millions from the people of New York in grafts of colossal magnitude and brazen character. Yet it is this money that Bryan has accepted in his virtuous race in behalf of the dear people. Mr. Bryan holds up his hands in horror when somebody suggests that "tainted money" is being contributed to the Taft fund, but when money comes his way he smiles blandly and asks no questions.

The Upper Room.

Mary Roberts Rinehart.

In my house of life is an Upper Room,
A small and garnished place;
And there I dreamed in the mist-gray gloom
And I looked my soul in the face.
("O Upper Room with your dreams where I
Let my friends, unwept, go passing by!")

Once Love tried the door, and child's voice came—
I heard it through my prayers—
But the door was barred when the child called my name,
And the steps went down the stairs.
("And yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.")

And my prayers were heard, for with toil my house
Has grown, tho' empty, great;
And from my Upper Room I see
Crowds gathered around my gate.
("From my Upper Room with its dreams where I
Let the loveless years go passing by.")

I have fought my fight. Hark, they bring the prize—
I have won; I have won the race!
But sit and I dare not lift my eyes
To look my soul in the face.
("For yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.")