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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1909.

OKLAHOMA AND OREGON.

In Oklahoma there is a primary law similar to that of Oregon, but lacking Statement One. It is declared by the law of Oklahoma that all parties shall nominate all candidates on a certain day in August, preceding the general election in November; and the law specifically includes "United States Senators." The same statute requires that after the primary and the canvass of the vote, the election commission shall deliver to those who receive the majority or plurality vote of their party for the various offices, certificates which shall entitle them to have their names printed on the ballots to be used in the ensuing general election.

The election commission of the state consists of two Democrats and one Republican. In direct violation and defiance of law the Democratic majority of the commission refused the application of the Republican candidate for the Senate for entry of his name upon the ballot. D. T. Flynn, who had been Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Oklahoma for eight years, was well known, therefore, was able and very popular, had received the unanimous Republican vote in the primary. But the opposition managers were resolved that his name should not go on the ballot. They feared and believed he would carry a majority of the popular vote; and, though they expected the Legislature to be Democratic, they didn't intend that it should be "put up" to the Legislature, since it would embarrass them to turn him down. Hence they refused to let the people have a direct vote on Senator—though the law compelling the nomination of Senator was of their own making, and stands today on the statute-book of the state.

True, it doesn't contain anything that corresponds to Oregon's Statement One; but the managers didn't want and wouldn't have a vote on Senator; so they repudiated their primary law, refused to enter Flynn's name on the ballot, and kept the election of Senator entirely in their own hands. Following is from a statement recently made by Mr. Flynn:

> During the campaign I started a cry that they were dishonest in their platform, and repudiated their primary law by declining to put my name on the ballot to be voted for in November. I asserted that they desired the Republicans of Oregon—I don't know what majority the party has on joint ballot in that state, but I said that they expected the Republicans to elect Chamberlain to the Senate. I was laughed at all over the country and it was said that I was merely trying to play politics. Now why should a Republican, if he is trying to play politics, elect a Democrat to the United States Senate from one state, when the Democratic party, which is in full control in another state, absolutely refuses, notwithstanding the law, to permit the name of a Republican candidate, duly nominated by popular vote, to be even printed on the ballot in elect? I believe in fair play, but I think as far as the good of the country is concerned, that there should be no more fair play at the expense of the Republicans in Oregon than there was at the expense of the Democrats in Oklahoma.

Doesn't it make a lot of difference whose ox is gored? But where will you find such political stupidity as among the Republicans of Oregon, or a class of them?

A MULTIPLICITY OF DOCTORS.

The once-familiar spectacle of the doctor—perhaps grown old in the service of suffering humanity—going his rounds on horseback, his saddle-bags behind him, or jogging along over country roads in his gig, with his medicine chest at his feet well stocked with pills and powders, is no longer seen in our civilization. Having lived his long, busy, useful and sympathetic day, he has passed on. With him it has sometimes been supposed, has passed the dependence upon medicine as a cure for mortal ills that was characteristic of an earlier and simpler civilization. That this is a mistaken idea, however, is shown by the large graduating classes that yearly receive diplomas from the medical colleges of the country, and by the large number of young doctors who apply, at stated intervals, to duly constituted medical boards for license to practice medicine.

The truth is that it is only when in health that the average individual feels entirely independent of the doctor. It is noticeable that Christian Scientists, who find Mrs. Eddy's book all that they need in the way of a tonic when in health are usually prompt to summon a doctor when pain, performing the part of a sentinel at the gateway of life, announces the presence of disease and danger. The same is practically true of all "healers" of whatever name. Dependence upon medicine to cure disease may not be as universal as it was in the days when "the wise old doctor went his rounds," but, judged by the law of demand and supply, there does not seem to be much difference between the cry of the sick and suffering of the present and the past. The physically afflicted clamored wistfully for relief then; they clamor for it now. They looked to the doctor for help then, they look to the same source now, possibly with not as much confidence in his ability to save life now as then, but with a certainty that he can, at least, by administering an anesthetic, give relief from pain. But for this demand of suffering humanity the supply of doctors would diminish, whereas it seems to increase instead.

And who is there among us, having experienced the alleviation of intense pain, or having witnessed the serene passing in death of what, if the suffering of a racked body had not been relieved by medical science, would have been a struggle of mortal agony, can wonder—still less cavil—at the fact that in the constantly widening realm of human discovery known as medical science, supply rises to meet demand? The doctors are with us because, speaking in a general sense, we want them. We want them because, in times of stress, we need them—or, what amounts to the same thing, because we think we need them. The supply seems to be ample in this community. Indeed, there seems to be no dearth of doctors anywhere. Yet there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, now in the making, and before our own State Medical Board there are now fifty-seven applicants for license to practice. In witness that this is simply supply coming forward to meet demand, these additions to the ranks of the medical profession in this state and elsewhere will, if found worthy by the powers that be, slip each into his or her niche and find therein work to do. Let not the croaker croak, therefore, because of the multiplicity of doctors, since this multiplicity is in direct response to the law of supply and demand.

SIX MONTHS' SCHOOL THE MINIMUM.

A bill is to be introduced at this session of the Legislature requiring that each school district shall maintain a public school for at least six months in each year. This is a reasonable requirement and should be established by law. Most of the districts already maintain school for more than six months, without any legal requirement to do so, but there are some that do not.

Six months' schooling in a year is little enough for any child. Of course, to increase the length of the school year will necessitate an increase in the amount of school funds; but, since there are relatively few districts that will be affected by the requirement, this increase will not be great. Every district which does not receive enough money from the county school funds to maintain its school should levy a special school tax, just as Portland and all the other large school districts do. Quite likely there are a very few districts which would not have funds enough for a six months' school even with the county school apportionment and a reasonable special tax. If there should be any such, it would be no more than right that the county in general should give these few sufficient aid to enable them to maintain school for six months.

WILLIAM LEE PARK.

A news dispatch yesterday told that General Superintendent Park, of the Union Pacific Railway, had been advanced to the head of the operative department of all the Harriman lines west of Omaha.

It has taken William Lee Park thirty years to reach the top of the ladder—years of hard and steady work, during which the pay was good, of course, as railroading goes; yet pay was not the incentive in his case. Railroading of the best kind was his ambition, and always to do more than the contract called for was his motto. He began that way as a boy, and has never forgotten how.

Mr. Park is about 50 years old. He is the son of Colonel J. B. Park, who commanded a New York regiment in the Civil War, and after a few years in Michigan moved to North Platte, in Western Nebraska, where young Park grew to manhood. Colonel Park died in the middle '70s, and the boy became the head of the family of mother and sister. Upon quitting school he sought the only opening for work in a division town of the plains in those days and became brakeman on the forward end of a freight train. Before he was 21 he was a freight conductor, and when expansion struck that region he was given a passenger run on the cut-off to Denver. Not many years later there was a vacant division superintendency, and young Park got it. The years ran on, and one day the news went forth that W. L. Park was called to Omaha to be general superintendent of the Union Pacific. People who knew him were not surprised, and now evince no wonder at the latest news of his progress.

All boys cannot become head brakemen of a freight and in thirty years reach a general managership of a system of thousands of miles, for all boys are not built alike, and there are not enough of the systems to go around if they were. Yet all boys can study the story of the upward career of Mr. Park and profit by it. Attention to business, whether it be sweeping out and making fires in a little store or shop or helping the fireman load coal on a freight engine, will land one at the top;—but the three simple words at the beginning of the sentence cover a multitude of things that the average boy slights as not worth bothering himself with.

CHINA AND FAR-OFF TIBET.

The activities of the Prince Regent of China in these days command the attention of the world. Such attention as has hitherto been drawn to that singularly dead, but at times viciously alive, realm has been largely made up of curiosity and contempt. These elements have lately been supplanted by intelligent inquiry and some expectation, looking to the possible expansion of policy in that long-stagnant nation. Spasms denoting the awakening of China have been of a commercial, rather than ethical significance; but since the Prince Regent has succeeded to the ancient throne, which Tsi An was so slow to vacate and which her dead-alive puppet so long occupied in name, some things have occurred which are entirely out of the long order of Chinese policy.

For example, the head of the church and state in Tibet, recognized in this dual capacity for hundreds of years by the Chinese government, was packed off to his Tibetan temple with scant ceremony after the death of the Dowager Empress and the Emperor. He had arrived in Pekin with all the arrogance and pomp of mystical and haughty power, was received with little show of reverence, and was soon escorted to the frontier of his little, barren province by order of the Prince Regent. Practically shorn of his temporal power, the great Dalai Lama was given to understand that Tibetan business of state will hereafter be conducted by an agent of the Chinese government, and only through this accredited envoy will any communication be received by the Prince Regent. The logical inference from this incident is that the present ruler of China is something of a philosopher, certainly more a Confucianist than a Buddhist. From time immemorial the person of the Dalai Lama has been held sacred. He has been the most exclusive and mysterious of monarchs. His subjects are a remarkable body of recluses, comprising some 500,000 monks who dwell in 3000 or more monasteries. Through these the Lama has been able to present an almost insurmountable barrier to the invasion of the tourist, or the researches of the explorer. His humiliation means little to the world except as it indicates the hand of a powerful ruler upon the helm of state; but to the millions of Buddhists in China it will suggest possibilities of change unheard of in their philosophy.

OUR REAL LEISURE CLASS.

It is a catchy but somewhat overworked phrase of the Socialist that informs us on every pretext that "the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer." This information is usually vouchsafed for the purpose of fostering discontent and to strengthen an argument that there should be no difference whatever in the financial rating of people who are now rich and people who are poor. The true socialistic theory is that we should take away from the rich the money which they have accumulated by hard work, thrift and good management, and divide it with the improvident, lazy and profligate, as well as the industrious but unfortunate poor. One hears less of this division of property in the country than in the city. The farms of the United States turned off $8,000,000,000 worth of products last year, and the men who got the money worked hard for it and at times were unable, even with the lure of high wages, to attract the attention of some of the "poor who are growing poorer," but who will not work in the country.

There are more rich people in the world today than ever, and there are also more poor people than ever, but the same relative proportion of the "haves" and the "have nots" has not changed much since Don Quixote was charging the windmills. Fortunately for civilization and society, any socialistic scheme for division of wealth has never struck a popular chord in this country. There are several million energetic rustlers who have nothing today, but who expect to have something a few years hence. They are willing to work, and, after reaping the benefits of their labor and thrift, do not care to be placed in a position where they must divide with the idle jawsmiths whose sole occupation is berating our economic system and endeavoring to stir up class hatred.

With this class of workers we are quite familiar, for they are sufficiently numerous in every community and every locality in the United States to offset the pernicious teachings of the socialistic idlers who seek to despoil them of the fruits of their industry. There is another class, seldom mentioned, however, that is an even more potent factor in holding in check the policies advocated by the idlers. These people are termed by a writer in the Saturday Evening Post "The Real Leisure Class." The writer found 20,000 of them sojourning at a Florida Winter resort. This class, says the writer, "is essentially and peculiarly a product of our native conditions. It is composed of quiet people, who have made enough to live on in their small Northern towns and in the innumerable Southern corners, where the sun lies warm in January." They are not people who figure in the society columns of the newspapers, and some of them actually get along without servants. The Post writer discusses these people at only one of hundreds of Southern resorts, extending from California to Florida, and even including Cuba, Hawaii and the West Indies, and exclaims:

> Twenty thousand leisurely people living on their incomes. Think of what hot invective might be directed against them if they were all multi-millionaires and lived in New York. Think how rainbow-hued ink would be spilled on the pages of the yellow journals in an effort to picture their fantastic pleasures. Think how Socialists might attack them for living upon the unjust interest of their capital. But here by the blue waters they live unnoticed. They are, in a singularly characteristic American way, a solider and pleasanter proof of the real prosperity of the country than all the millionaires of Pittsburg and New York combined.

With this "Real Leisure Class" lies the great bulk of the wealth of the country, and rare indeed are the cases in which their wealth was secured by questionable methods. Their success, well earned by labor and thrift, is a constant example for the toilers who do not believe in the equality of man, but who are confident that they likewise can, after a few years of toil, spend their declining years in leisure.

"Back in the North," continues the Post writer, "they fade to less prominence in the general picture of commercial activity, and the fact that one must go to the lands where Winter is Summer really to see them is perhaps significant of the class' own half-unconscious recognition of the fact that no part of their duty is to protest against labor, vaunt their own superiority, or even by the contrast of their presence, to make any worker discontented with his lot. They are themselves pre-eminently of the class who believe America's role in the world has been, and still is, to perfect industrialism."

So long as the United States is peopled by such large numbers of this "Real Leisure Class" and the industrious workers who keep their ranks well filled, socialism will never make much headway in this country.

A CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY.

Partial Nature, who does so much for her beloved Oregonians, has surprised them this Winter with almost two weeks of sleighing. The blessing was so unexpected, indeed, that not everybody was properly equipped to enjoy it. Eager as all were to go sleighriding, not everybody had a sleigh. Few tried the expedient which the native of Northern Michigan said would do as well, that is, to sit in a cold hall with no clothes on and soak the feet in a tub of ice water. What we desired was the real thing, and most Oregonians would be satisfied with nothing else. The inventions which they made to gratify their passion for sleighing were sometimes curious. One dear old grandmother, noted far and wide among the neighbors for her charities, hired six little boys from the slums to draw her up and down the street in an old-fashioned rocking-chair. With her knitting work in her diligent hands and her kindly eyes beaming behind their frosty spectacles, she presented a spectacle of mellow enjoyment which those who saw it will not soon forget.

A farmer and his wife who were caught in town by the tie-up of the river steamers thought at first that they must stay at an expensive hotel for several days, but through the ingenuity of the good woman they managed to get off without much delay. She placed herself in a large butter-bowl which they had just bought, hitched her stalwart husband to it with some green ribbon she had procured to trim her hat with, and when she had touched him up a little with a rope end he cantered down the street at a merry pace and they were soon out of the city. The spectacle this loving couple made as they progressed toward the suburbs was much enjoyed by our blase citizens. It will probably be many years before Oregonians are blessed with another season of real sleighing and typical little incidents like the above which will embalm the character of the past week or two for the perusal and information of posterity ought to be carefully noted down by those who saw them and transmitted to the Historical Society for safekeeping. Future generations will value them.

COCK-A DOODLE-DO!

The poultry show lately in progress in this city was the greatest ever. We say this advisedly upon the assurance of experts in poultry culture who may be presumed to know what they are talking about. "Classiness" was the chief feature of this show, and it extended to pens, coops, pairs and individual specimens—high-steppers one and all—with glossy, well-preened plumage and distinct markings and "points" that appeal to the admiration of all beholders. Fine, plump birds were these, each well worthy of a premium, if judged by outward appearances, the only standard of judgment set up for a chicken show.

In a dairy stock show it is different. The Jersey or Holstein or Alderney cow that takes the highest premium is the one that makes the finest showing in gallons of milk and pounds of butter produced in a day or week. "Daisy" may not have as sleek a coat as "Clover"; her horns may not be adjusted at so graceful an angle and her color may not be as restful to the eye; but if she gives the milk of standard richness and produces the butter, why then "Daisy" is the cow who bears away the blue ribbon.

But such tests of usefulness are not required of stately Mrs. Wyandotte, snowy Madame Leghorn or beautiful Mrs. Plymouth Rock. Notwithstanding the old proverb, "Fine feathers make fine birds," and premiums are awarded accordingly.

But where are the hens, modest, singing, cackling hens, that are recognized as egg-producers, and awarded premiums for industry in this henly vocation? Let us have the record of some of these as layers, that we may know what feathered dames we may turn to for relief when eggs are 60 cents a dozen and scarce at that. Shall we turn in this emergency to the lowly sisters of the barred Plymouth Rock dames of poultrydom? Of the Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns and snowy Wyandottes that were thought not fit to appear in fowl aristocracy? And, turning to any one of these, or all of them, shall we find them so well fed and housed and cared for that they can and do produce eggs? A little light on this subject is needed by a multitude of anxious housewives who in the old-fashioned way associate hens with eggs and would fain hear of hens, if there be any, that are not too highly bred to be egg producers, and the patient, industrious mothers of chicks, hatching them, brooding them, scratching for them and bringing them up to the grand estate of egg producers in their turn.

DEATH PENALTY IN FRANCE.

The guillotine which has lain idle in France for several years has been restored. A dispatch from Paris announces that it will be used this month on twenty-two convicted murderers now under death sentence. There has been a revulsion of sentiment throughout the French republic on the question of capital punishment. France's experiment with the virtual abandonment of capital punishment is worth careful attention by sentimentalists in our own land who demand abolition of the death penalty. While capital punishment was not abolished in France by law, it fell into disuse through the importunities of tender-hearted persons who influenced the President into commuting death sentences. During that period experts in criminology urged reintroduction of the guillotine. Violent crimes increased. Paris was roused to remonstrance. Reaction in favor of the death penalty was rapid. Parliament adopted a resolution favoring its retention; the cabinet decided to adhere to it.

While most of the states of the Union retain the death penalty, they are reluctant to enforce it. The same sentiment that prompted citizens to influence the President of France actually influences jurors in this country. They shrink from their duty; mercy overturns justice. No observant man will deny that murders increase wherever the death penalty is seldom enforced for murder in the first degree. We have the statutes and the individual instinct of self-preservation, but society as a mass leans too hard toward the criminal.

ONE MUD ROAD SUPPLANTED.

The January bulletin of Pacific University is at hand, brimming with good will and appreciation of the efforts of its friends in its behalf, and full of promise for extension of the old and honored institution that it represents. The establishment of quick transit and frequent service between the college town and this city is noted as marking an important epoch in the history of the university. Those who covered this distance in the olden time, when the mail coach was the only means of public transit, can bring to the "rapid transit and frequent service" just inaugurated on this line a fervor of appreciation that those who enjoy the present means of travel wot not of.

The road between Portland and Hillsboro in the old days would have been impassable for three months in the year, except for the sturdy determination in those days that was set against all obstacles in the way of doing what was necessary to be done. The roads over which the mail coach lurched and thumped, at times half buried in the mud, with its passengers bracing themselves as well as they could against the sides of the vehicle, and in stress holding on to each other in common discomfort, are but little better than they were in the old days; the gospel of "good roads" has not yet been applied to them, but the completion of the electric railway has deprived the mudholes and stretches of corduroy of the old road of their terror for the traveler and given not only Pacific University but the traveling public generally good reason for rejoicing at difficulties and discomforts overcome.

When you want to kill a man, the State of New York is probably the best place in which to do it, if you care to escape the law—that is, such law as goes by the name in these emotional days. Private vengeance, erstwhile the sacred right of the Mafia and the redskin, no longer has a distinction of color. A jury spent twenty-two hours in determining that Thornton Hains was not guilty of the murder of Annis. His brother, of course, was the actual "killer." As he will, no doubt, be acquitted, too, on the ground of insanity, it would be unwise to call him a murderer; yet most people in the West, where killing is common, but where the killers occasionally pay a penalty, saw from the evidence that Thornton Hains was accessory to the death of Annis and are surprised at the verdict. "Private vengeance" can be construed as helping to put out of the way any usurper infringing on your right to break the commandment which bgins: "Thou shalt not covet." That seems to be the only grievance an accessory to murder in the great State of New York need have in these days of triangular adultery in the higher walks of life.

The death of Miss Helen L. Spalding at her home in this city on January 14 closed a life of more than common sweetness, dignity and usefulness. Miss Spalding was for many years teacher of English literature in the Portland High School, and in this capacity she came in close and sympathetic touch with the educational life of that time and in her work was honored and beloved. On account of failing health she was compelled to relinquish this work some years ago. Her strength returning after a period of rest, she became active in philanthropic and church work. The demands upon her in these lines were heavy and the duties incident thereto were met in an intelligent, sympathetic, conscientious spirit. She will in these spheres of action be greatly missed, while in the closer relations and friendships of life her loss will be deeply felt.

As an agency for the dissemination of knowledge among the people of rural districts, the Grange is a very valuable and influential institution. Its members are, with very few exceptions, earnest, thoughtful and conscientious men and women. The opinions and desires of the organization carry great weight with legislators, and for that reason it is important that, before taking action upon any public question, careful and thorough consideration of every phase of the matter should be had. Faddists and designing persons are always anxious to have their schemes indorsed by influential organizations, and unless care be taken projects of doubtful merit will sometimes be approved because they appear to have merit.

This snow storm in Portland has revealed an evil and nuisance that ought not to be permitted again. It is the evil and nuisance of throwing snow from the roofs of buildings into the street. Buildings should be so constructed as to take care of all the snow that falls on them; or, if it must be removed, it should not be thrown into the street. Most of the heavy piles of snow in the streets come from this source. And to see people forced to run, in order to escape the snow thrown from roofs, is not an amusement suited to a city.

La Follette's Weekly has appeared. It will not save the Wisconsin Senator. His finish is in sight. There's many a freak, and each and every freak has its day. Wisconsin tires of La Follette. Really great men never are "played out." Little men, essaying great things, invariably are, soon or late; in most cases soon.

Of course there is a crying need for Senator Kellaher's nine-foot sheet law, and that able-bodied statesman ought to be supported in his great reform. Only the five-inch politicians who could sleep under a postage stamp will discourage him.

They who feel an interest in the Emmanuel Movement will find it worth while to read an article by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., published in the magazine section of this issue. He discusses very ably its limitations, perils and positive values.

The South is being made perfectly happy because President-elect Taft proposes to treat the Southern States "not as aliens but as members of the American Union." Perhaps, then, the South will some day quit voting as aliens.

Based on an epitome of reports of disaster to the Chinese pheasant in the storm of the past week, the suggestion is made that it might be well to establish a closed season for a year or two, to give the survivors a chance.

Telegrams from Washington say that "McHarg doesn't represent the Administration, nor Taft nor Roosevelt." Has he ever made claim that he did? The Oregonian thinks Mr. McHarg a very harmless person.

Down at Rainier they think the new train service on the Ocean Spray line is making the town a suburb of Portland. So it is, to some extent, yet Rainier will always have an individuality of its own.

Undoubtedly Mr. Thornton Hains, unhung murderer, will have a lot of interesting things to say in his great work: "Unwritten Law." A better topic would be "Violated and Non-enforced Law."

What's the use of anybody worrying about what is to happen at Salem Tuesday? Was not Chamberlain "elected" last June?

Ninety thousand people were killed by the earthquake in Messina alone. The San Francisco earthquake was a small affair.

The new Mayor of Freewater, Or., wants an artesian well put down at once. A town of that name should have it.

Let no one think this state is ungrateful for return of Winter weather that made Oregon famous.

Has anybody hinted that Jupiter Pluvius' water pipes have thawed and are leaking?

CLEOPATRA AND HORACE.

The Masks Stripped From Historical Faces of Two Pretenders.

Kansas City Journal.

A course of lectures on ancient history is not usually a particularly inspiring feature of university life. But Professor Ferrero, the distinguished Italian historian who is edifying the students of Columbia University—and some others not matriculated—is at least making work for the scullery maids, or whatever other attaches pick up the fragments and remove the debris when a bull runs amuck in the historical china closet.

For Professor Ferrero is delivering a course of the most strenuous lectures on ancient history that ever scandalized "Uncle Jimmie" Canfield's well ordered and decorous tomes. Already Cleopatra is torn from the pages of romance and inserted in the real estate section. Antony, the imperial lover who, history says, threw away a kingdom for a kiss, stands or lies, unmasked as a mere adventurer of the most mercenary type, a crafty Cortez clawing for the gold that lay buried in the fructifying mud of the Nile. No more may we with any faith in our fancy picture "royal Egypt" draining a priceless pearl in a cup as a pledge of her love and no more may we plausibly paint Antony dissolving the pearl of Roman honor in the chalice of her lips. This is the language of poetic history, and Professor Ferrero declares that Cleopatra was not the resistless siren who was sent to Caesar in a bale of silk, to capture the heart of one who could not withstand the beauty of the high goda stamped on mortal face. The professor declares that Cleopatra was hook-nosed and had the face of one of Hoyt's caricatures of a suffragette in "A Contented Woman." The professor does not quote the late delightful farceur, but he means the same thing and he declares that Antony and Cleopatra made a prosy and mercenary alliance of expediency.

But we might spare Antony and Cleopatra if only Ferrero had not laid impious and iconoclastic hands on Horace—our rubicund, rotund and jocund Quintus Flaccus, who deserves a better fate than this ruthlessly flippant exhumation at the hands of a renegade historical Zuebiin. If any spark of patriotism flickered fitfully in the bosom of Ferrero he would have spared his countryman. Yet to him Horace is only a "wine agent with a gift for verse." A "gift for verse!"—our Quintus! We can't believe even the fifth that Ferrero says of him. Perpol! What is the world coming to when even Horace can't rest secure after these 2000 years, but must be tossed with a callous jibe upon a pile of dirt by this "first grave digger." Let us play the kindly role of Hamlet and say of this Roman Yorick:

"Alas, poor Horace! We knew him, Ferrero; a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy. He hath borne us on his fancy's back a thousand times. We have metaphorically embraced him we know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the classes at least in a titter? Ferrero says you were only a 'wine agent with a gift for verse.'"

As good Americans we must stand up for Horace, for it was he, if memory does not trick, that wrote a recipe for a salad or something of the sort and gave us our National motto, "E pluribus unum." Ferrero is only one of many yellow people in high places.

POLITICAL REMARKS.

Polk County Observer.

In the beginning of his message to the Legislature Governor Chamberlain says: "The provisions of the direct primary nominating law, with respect to the election of a United States Senator, should be carried out in letter and in spirit," and expands upon that statement through several paragraphs. Why rub it in so hard, George?

Lebanon Criterion.

The Republicans who favored Statement No. 1 and those who have pledged themselves to its support did so as a rule in good faith, and were committed to it with a purpose of correcting what they believed to be political evils and to reform political abuse in this state. The Democratic leaders did not undertake it for any such purpose, but, on the other hand, they attempted and did use it to further political ends and corruption, and by the abuse of primary election suffrage to defeat and pervert the objects of the law and secure for themselves political office. With these facts before us, it is no wonder many honest people have parted company with Statement No. 1, and that kind of corruption and the evils it leads to.

Eugene Journal.

As a taxpayer, we earnestly protest against the expense of setting up a new set of county officers and erecting a new set of county buildings. We object to having land owned by many people, including the editor of this paper, only five miles south of Eugene, included in a new county, the north line of which is proposed to run east and west north of Creswell. This would make Lane County a little narrow strip, only a few miles wide, with Eugene about eight miles from the north line at Coburg, and about five miles from the south line a little south of Spencer Butte. There is no necessity for any such county division at this time. About 5 years ago, during the excitement caused by the Civil War and hostility to General Joseph Lane, for whom this county was named and who sympathized with the South, there was a great clamor raised to change the name of this county from Lane to Union. We opposed the scheme earnestly then on the ground that the name had become well known throughout the state and abroad, was in honor of a pioneer, and should not be changed for personal reasons to satisfy prejudice or local excitement, which would make uncertain all names, for if one could be changed for such reasons all could. The name was not changed, although it was considered in the Legislature.

The Dalles Optimist.

It would be useless to give a resume of the facts leading up to the present political conditions of our state, and futile for us to say that the history of the country does not present a parallel case, a case where there ever was the slightest chance of a party with a majority of five-sixths electing a man from the minority. . . . In speaking a few days since to one of the men who was coerced into voting for Bourne two years ago, this man (a member of the upper house) said to us: "If I had that vote to cast over again, I would see Jonathan Bourne in hell before I would vote for him." Every Republican who votes for Chamberlain will rue it all the days of his life; and his constituents will see that he never holds another elective office. Let every Republican member of the Legislature ponder on that remark, and ponder hard.

Japanese Taxes.

Chicago Journal.

It is held by the Toyo Keiza, a Tokio newspaper, that the Japanese are today the most heavily taxed people in the world. The estimated expenditure for the current year is $368,000,000, which means an average annual burden on the head of every family amounting to one-fifth of his income. A comparison of 20 per cent in Japan is made with England, 8.9; France, 12.2; Germany, 7.9; America, 3.3; and in these other countries it is shown that the earning capacity of each family head is from three to five times greater.

Paucity of Vocabulary.

Boston Herald.

Life offers handsome prizes for the best answers to the question, "What Is the Worst Novel of the Year, and Why?" But why allow the answers to contain as many as 500 words? There aren't that number of swear words in the vocabulary.

SILHOUETTES

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

Now that the pay-as-you-enter streetcar has demonstrated its feasibility, I expect to hear some of our most respectable citizens advocating a pay-as-you-enter heaven.

* * *

Admitting that consistency is a jewel, the fact remains that few of us are able to indulge our taste for jewelry.

* * *

The man who loafs on the street corner for the chariot of Opportunity to come along and pick him up usually ends his vigil with a ride in the patrol wagon.

* * *

Now Thornton Hains is going to write a novel. This opens up another field of endeavor for our acquitted murderers, besides the elevation of the stage.

* * *

Now we are threatened with another visitation of Francis J. Heney and Detective Burns, who are said to be after those unspeakable monsters, John B. Coffey and S. C. Beach. Truly, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

* * *

"Beat It, Beautiful!"

O you snow, you beautiful snow!
Be on your way; take your clothes and go.
You're in the right church, but the wrong pew,
You're no friend of ours and it seems that you
Should know you're de trop, you beautiful snow.

* * *

People who don't know right from wrong never make the mistake of going right.

* * *

We are all Argonauts searching for the Eldorado of Happiness. It is the common lot of treasure-seekers to fall and of the infinite many who set out upon the quest only the ten thousandth finds where the mother lode lies. The long, serried ranks of the Failed, struggling, staggering, panting along the way as the heart panteth after the water-brooks, follow the heart's yearning through heavy aeons only to find at the ultimate last a mirage.

* * *

My one objection to the commemoration of the centenary of Edgar Allen Poe is that amateur elocutionists will take it as an encouragement to recite "The Raven."

* * *

Ex-Senator "Billy" Mason has broken his ceraments and risen, from his political grave long enough to receive a complimentary vote for United States Senator from Illinois. Shades of "Bill" Chandler and J. R. Burton please take notice.

* * *

If you will observe the ushers at the theater you will observe that frequently a round of applause isn't on the square.

* * *

Woman Hypochondriac—Do you know that I'm dying by slow degrees?

Mr. Kidder—I fear you are right. I've noticed the change in your hair.

* * *

There is always room at the bottom.

* * *

The life of an ambitious man is a comic opera without a plot.

* * *

Between the ever-present possibility of a divorce case and her husband's funeral many a married woman is kept in continual state of exquisite anticipation.

* * *

If we were able to make a little money go as far as we do a little truth, everybody would be prosperous.

* * *

It seems to me that those who play bridge should insist on occasionally opening a draw.

* * *

Nine-tenths of the men who get into trouble may charge it to women. All women who get into trouble may charge it to men.

* * *

On the day Roosevelt becomes ex-President, Uncle Sam will probably say to the Goddess of Liberty, "After that fitful fever maybe we can get a little rest."

* * *

Still another objection may be raised against human beings: Too many of them think the comic supplements are funny.

* * *

One of the chief delights of getting into society is the pleasure derived from keeping other people out.

* * *

The wages of trombone players should be on a sliding scale.

* * *

Hot mince pie is a mocker and pork sausage is raging.

* * *

The eyes are the windows of the soul; particularly glass eyes.

"Penrosesylvania."

Hartford Courant.

It was named Pennsylvania in honest Friend William's day, and his statue still looks down from the hugest monument of graft in the state's chief city—the "corrupt and contented" city. Penrosesylvania seems to be the descriptive and appropriate name now, as Quaysylvania was a few years ago—in the time of Boies Penrose's political creator and tutor. The new General Assembly at Harrisburg is doing the United States the ill-service of reelecting Mr. Penrose to the Senate. He's a Harvard man, clever, convivial, equal to the making of a bright speech on occasion; in his political methods and morals he's a diligent understudy of the master (now dead) who trained him, and who on his good side was much the more likeable, as he was much the more able, man of the two.

The Black Sheep.

Chicago Tribune.

"What," asked the man who had returned to his native town after an absence of many years, "became of Ed Ferguson?"

"Ed? Oh, he's doin' fine. Got the best livery stable anywheres around here and runs the depot hack."

"Let's see, he had a younger brother, hadn't he?"

"Yes; Lem. He never amounted to much. Wrote poetry and painted pictures. I guess the family kind of disowned him. At least, he went away several years ago, and I dunno whatever became of him."

Where Credit Is Due.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Few women give their husbands credit for their willingness to be henpecked.

The Stupid Congress.

Philadelphia Record.

Oh! the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the Congress that did not know
(And now we know that it never could know)
And did not understand.