The Oregonian

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LIVING AND DOING.

It may be taken for certain that none of these people who talk about living as Jesus lived would do so if they could. They really don't want a life of poverty, privation, humility and distress. The food and dress and lodging that Jesus had would give them instant and infinite disgust. His ciates were groups of squalid, half-starved people, living in a barren land, in lowest depths of poverty-none the worse, perhaps, for that; but their life would not be tolerated even by the poorest, of any progressive modern country. Nothing could be more inconsider-

ate, therefore, than expression of a wish to "return to the life that Jesus lived." His work and that of his dis ciples was the work of a people or of a class of people, who had no hope of any earthly heritage. But the human spirit cannot be utterly cast down; and these people, hopeless for this world, were in position, or state of mind, to look to the next world for relief from the hard and unequal conditions of the present one. That state of mind, that dejection and hopelessners as to earthly affairs, how favorable soever to spiritual exaltation, wouldn't suit the present time, nor the modern world. It would hardly suit even Brother Brougher to follow a life of campaigning, on foot, among the vil-lages of a poor district, leading a inch of Salvation Army evangelists, living on what he could pick up by the wayside

Jesus was of his time; strictly of his time. He is of our time also; not for what he was in fact, but because he has been advanced to an ideal, or made the embodiment of an ideal, of a large portion of humanity. For the present age he would not be fitted at Nobody now could live as he lived, because the life of that age, the life of a poor fragment of a people. in an obscure province of the Roman Empire, would be impossible now, anywhere in the world. His wonderplace in history is due to the idealization of his life, career and character; and the Christian world, as it makes progress in morals, in sense of justice and general humanity—as it carries its ideal forward from age to -deifies this growing ideal, and attributes to its object everything it gains, aspires to or strives for. course Jesus could not come in person into the modern world. If he did, or should, it would be so unlike him, and so inhospitable to him, that neither he nor it would recognize each other. Jesus, in history, is the idealizing spirit of humanity-the and lived or doing as Jesus would do, is thoughtless and idle speculation.

SENATOR AND PRESIDENT.

The Spokane Review unmuzzles its wisdom on the Senatorial election in It is noticed here only because of the appeal it carries to The Oregonian. We quote:

Perhaps The Oregonian would like com-plete "restoration" of the Constitution in the manner of electing Presidents and Vice-Fresidents. Perhaps it will hold that there is no greater moral obligation upon the Presidential Electors to elect Taft Presi-dent than upon 'he Oregon Legislature to elect Chamberiain Senator or the Wash-ington Legislature to vote for Jones.

The Spokane Review is usually a bright newspaper. But it is dull here. The reason is that it has not brought to consideration of this subject its usual acumen, discrimination and There is no parallel at all where it attempts to force a parallel.

Members of the Legislature of Oregon who elected Chamberlain, a man who stands directly in opposition to the policy and purposes of their party. voted for him because they were entrapped by a pledge taken inconside They could only express their regret; which they did when they cast their votes, on the ballot for Senator. But Presidential electors are expected to cast their votes only for the candidate of their party for President. They would be regarded as infamous had they not voted for the candidates of their party. Several times in our history one man has been elected to the Presidency when another had re-Not one of the Bryan electors, in any state, voted for Taft-though the plurceeded 1,200,000. In the State of Washington the Republican members of the Legislature all voted for Jones. The Democratic members all voted

Of course the candidates for the Legislature in Oregon were under no obligation to take a pledge against their party; but many, having taken it, without foreseeing consequences, saw no way of escape from it. So they voted "under protest"; and the protests of some thirty of them were pitiful indeed, and will be worth reprinting and re-reading, on proper occasion, for years to come.

But what The Oregonian now intends to expose and refute is the assertion or assumption that "the princiole" of the election of Chamberlain in Oregon was parallel with, or in conformity with, the manner of the election of Jones to the Senate in Washington, and the election of Taft to the office of the President of the United States. We do not find that the political opponents of Jones elected Jones, nor that the political opponents of Taft elected Taft. The men "took the pledge" in Oregon didn't expect to elect a Democratic Senator, nor to be called on to do it. They were tricked and trapped, and said so, when they came to vote. It | weak pretense of tyrannizing over stuwas for them to say what they would | dents, as it did a quarter of a cendo, and they elected Chamberlain; but | tury ago. Young men and women who

trickery and fraud can be no proper basis of engagements of any kind. Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffee as their cry of agony. They thought it by seek to solidify the new empire a "moral obligation"; and The Orego- which his predecessor conquered. nian has not censured them for that view. At the same time it was clear they had forgotten their representative obligation; and they sorrowfully admitted the fact. Observe, however, that the Bryan electors never promised to vote for Taft in case the popular plurality should declare for him. 1.50 They would have been hooted out of every state.

A REPINING CRITIC.

The other day The Oregonian, humbly thankful for overflowing mercles, ventured to felicitate everybody on the plenteous store of ice which Providence had provided for the common enjoyment. "In Summer," exclaimed The Oregonian, "the poor may envy the rich because the rich have plenty of ice, but in the Winter the pool have ice as well as the rich. You see, after all, things are pretty well balanced in this world." To this expression of grateful joy the esteemed Mount Scott News takes exception with a certain heat which we both wonder at and deplore. "The bounty of Nature does NOT equalize everything," our excited contemporary shouts, with the "not" in huge capitals, so that the reader will be sure to see it. "In the Summer the rich have ice and every other delicacy that money can buy. In the Winter, ditto. The poor have scarcely anything else but ice in Winter, no fuel, no food, no clothes. In the Summer they can exist without ice. If things were well balanced, we should have no extreme rich or poor."

Under this overwhelming tide of rebuke The Oregonian naturally feels quite subdued. Still it retains spirit lough to point out to the News that half a loaf is a good deal better than no bread. Our suburban neighbor repines because Nature does not bestow ice upon the poor in Summer as well as in Winter. If she did bestow it he would repine still more. If the poor laboring man had to go arou in July wearing high boots and A thick overcoat, would he be much happler than he is now? On the other hand, would it enhance his joys to be compelled to wear a straw hat in Jan-What our complaining conmary? temporary really desires is a general overturn which should make Summer out of Winter and Winter out of Summer; but after it was all complete, greater work than he ever produced, who would be any better off? The but this is very questionable. There rich man can get ice in Summer, to be sure, but it ruins his digestion and makes him a weazened old scarecrow at forty, while the sturdy son of toll who cannot get it retains his manly vigor far into the sineties if he is So with Winter. The rich can have furnace heat, but with it they inhale tuberculosis and other horrors which lead them to the tomb, while the poor in their humble but hygienic cots breathe Nature's pure ne and smile at death.

Very likely the News in its fretful, if not irreverent, mood thinks it could tive. From the crude power of "En-balance things better than Nature has, dymion" it showed steady growth in Well, all we have to say is, try it and see how you come out. In our opinion the exit will be through the little end of the horn.

But the whole point is that an esof a simple joke, a mere bit of badin- the early death of poets has not been age, but treated it in most serious Indeed, as of old, "we must veln. speak by the card or equivocation will

HARVARD'S NEW PRESIDENT.

The election of a new president for name used for representation or ex- Harvard University is an event of Na- like Milton, writes his noblest works pression of it. To talk of living as tional importance. Education has alone of the principal cares of our Federal and state governments from the red school house on the hillside to the opulent college in its trim campus, Americans prize all their schools and perhaps among them they prize Harvard most. There is an illnatured suspicion affoat that the anient Cambridge alma mater carries her nose rather high in the air and entertains a certain scorn for the rude ways and sturdy people of this democratic land. Even such a straight aced newspaper as the Springfield Republican has voiced the suspicion now and then, and there may be grounds for It. The "Harvard disease," as it is called, consists in a weariness of everything in great heaven and earth and a sublime contempt for all that ordinary mortals ove and hate. This disease may possibly originate with an aristocratic germ which pervades the air of Cambridge, but it is comparatively harm-If a graduate has a severe attack he dies young; if not, he outgrows it and often becomes almost as

Harvard has her Barrett Wendells and other lamentable features. She is also given, perhaps overmuch, to reflection upon the long line of her an cestors and fixes her eye too atten-tively upon the size of her children's estates; but for all that she has been the pioneer in more progressive philosophers nowadays who allege movements than any other college in that the temperature of the heart rises the country. The old complaint that esived a plurality of the popular vote. universities are the last asylums of ex- the beverage of good fellows. They ploded beliefs and worn-out creeds does not apply to Harvard. Her beality for Taft on the popular vote ex- liefs are admirably new and her creed must be caught on the fly, or it will not be caught at all. Still she dearly loves the flavor of antiquity. It is doubtful whether her halls would not crumble to dust from the shock if anybody but a Bostonian of Plymouth Rock ancestry and Harvard indoctrination for at least balf a dozen generations were ever to be made president. Professor A. L. Lowell upon whom the mantle of Dr. Ellot has fallen, possesses these desirabilities and

He will need them all, for President Ellot will not be an easy man to fol-He has done much, and done it so well that few could hope to rival his achievements. The chances are that Professor Lowell will not try to rival them, because there is no need. The time has not come for another great pedagogical reform such as Dr. Eliot made when he introduced the elective system of college studies, Nobody quite knows yet how the system | more harm than his drinking. will work out. It may need restriction instead of extension. There is no cause to wage such a war on any other language as the retiring president waged, quietly but effectively Greek. Latin, to be sure, is a fetich still, but a feeble one. Its prestige is substantially gone, and it makes but a

who adhere to the old doctrine that lege years to studies which prepare them for modern life seldom reflect how much of their liberty they owe to Members whose souls revolted at the idea of electing Chamberlain, yet did whole, has been one of hard-won vicelect him. The whole country heard tories. Professor Lowell will natural-

which his predecessor conquered.

The retiring president of Harvard was educated in science. His first literary production was a text-book of chemistry, His mind has always dwelt with satisfaction among facts and the sion for seventeen years before he began to lecture in the university. He has a brother who is a United States Circuit Judge. We may therefore reasonably infer that President Lowell will incline more to abstract reasoning than did his predecessor, and form his policies more upon general the-ories. Harvard will leave pioneering to the State Universities of the West, perhaps, and slip quietly back among the host of conservative colleges. Naturally the students care more about the new president's opinions upon athletics than his type of mentality. With them the all-important question is, What does he think of football?"

He has told what he thinks. Last October, in an address to the freshman class, he said that "while he was aware that athletic prowess is not a necessary adjunct to academic pres tige and power, he recognized the joys and profits of bodlly competition. This exquisite Bostonese may not be intelligible to young men in this part of the world without translation. It signifies that President Lowell is not so strongly opposed to athletics as he would be if he opposed them more strongly, which ought to be satisfactory to any reasonable freshman. In fact there seems to have been no grumbling about it. It is likely enough that Professor Lowell will continue the rational Harvard policy in regard to athletics, recognizing their value, but keeping them under control so far as such an essentially anarchistic affair con be controlled. Harvard, cautious and well seasoned in choosing, is not likely to make mistakes in electing a president. She loses a good one, but the chances are that she has measurably made up the loss.

A CENTURY AND A HALF OF BURNS. Robert Burns was born January 25, 1759, and died in 1796, when he was years old. Tomorrow it will be 150 years since his birth. His unas if it had deprived the world of some is little reason to believe that death has deprived the world of much poetry better than it possesses. Byron, who died almost at the same age as Burns, certainly could not have surpassed his "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan." Those works, with "Manfred," mark the flood tide of his genius. He might have done something as good had he not perished when he did, but we could not have expected anything better. Of course the case of Keats is different. At the time when he was taken off his poetry was still formabeauty up to the immortal odes, and if he had lived there is no question but that his name would have shone today with a brighter luster than it But the whole point is that an es- does. More truly still we may say the teemed neighbor coulen't see the point same of Chatterion, but in most cases

> unkindly to their fame. Neither Shakespeare nor Spencer was an old man when he died, Poe was only 40, and, although Walt Whitman had accomplished his threecore and ten, still he had done noth-It is only now and then that a poet. doubted whether an old man, or even man in what is called middle age, could write such lyrics as Burns com They require the fire and passion of youth, together with a physical vigor which gives reality to the visions of the imagination. After 40 the history of literature tells us that the lyric muse pipes thinly. The poet then forsakes the ruddy allurements of love and begins to ponder upon more olemn themes. If all the lyric poets had lived to be old men, we should have gained some excellent philosophical meditations, but not many songs which we should care to sing very often. They are like prizefighters and vorkmen on steel buildings in the respect that their career closes early by

its very nature. Nor need we waste many tears over the "dissipations" and other so-called mmoralities of Burns. It is not likely that he ever drank much more liquor than the men who meet to celebrate ble fame do today. He says him-

Then like a swine to puke and wallow But, gie me just a trie guid fallow Wi right engine. And spunkle, ance to make us mellow, And then we'll shine.

He liked good company because he was deeply human, and he liked to drink because it warmed his heart and loosened his wit. At least he thought it did. There are destructive just as high when pure cold water is say it makes wit flow faster and more sparkling than any vintage of champagne ever could, but in Burns' time people were not so wise as we are and probably not so upright. At any rate, he dearly loved the flowing bowl and a merry company with it. That strong drink ever injured the quality of his verse it would be difficult to prove. One of the most pitiable things in

the rather tragic history of Burns'

life is the remorse he used to feel after meeting with his convivial-friends. He had been trained up in the good old belief that indulgences which were entirely proper for the upper classes were something fearfully wicked for a man of his station in We never hear that the little Scotch lairds who caroused with Burns ever felt the faintest sting of remorse for the good times they had, but when it was all over the poet used to heap terrible reproaches upon himself, as if he had committed the unpardonable sin. Very likely these woeful seasons of remorse did Burns a great deal The world has always pulled a long face over the subject and professed to think it dreadful that he should have imitated the common conduct of gentlemen in his time and country; but if we could get to the bottom of it we by physical means, but a large major

his genius. Burns pretty well es-

there are many men of good morals are now permitted to devote their col- early youth, as his satires show, but are plain words plainly spoken. Truth sary, but in business pursuits that is him to the end.

> did in the squalid circumstances of, ern miracle-worker. Concluding, Dr. his youth and the debauching pairon-Hutchinson says: age which beset his later years. People talk amazedly about "the miracle of Shakespeare," but it was commonplace to the miracle of Burns. Shakes-peare had London, with all that it signifies. He had true friends. He had success. Burns had nothing of all inductions to which they lead. His this; nothing but the drear outlook of successor is of a different type. He a Scotch peasant petted inconstantly is a lawyer who practiced his profes- by the bucolic Scotch aristocracy. That he should have sung at all is a That he should have sung in wonder. tones so buoyant, so full of the firmation of life, so courageous and so divinely beautiful, makes hope a duty to every human being and puts despair to shame.

LAWS THAT ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN We really imagined, prior to the second week of the current month and year, that we were living in a state pretty well under the dominion of law; that the blennial lawmaking body now in session at Salem, after having duly indorsed the "peepul's choice" for United States Senator, voted their own per diem and per-quisites, wrangled a while over the state normal schools, made a feint at protecting game, provided a scalp bounty in the interest of the sheepmen juggled a little with the banking laws, created some dozens of new offices, ncreased official salaries all along the line, hired a superabundance of session clerks and increased appropriations for state institutions from the Baby Home to the State Penitentlary, would have found little or nothing to call for the exercise of their abilities in behalf of the commonwealth, and that an early adjournment would fol-low. Grave mistake! Though the econd week in the session has barely ended, there is a record of bills introduced into the House to the number of something like 200, while the slower-moving Senate comes up with half that number, seriously asking that the measures proposed be enacted into laws!

These proposed laws cover a wide range. Our solons are nothing if not versatile in expedients. We find one bill that gravely proposes to limit the length of "hatpins" and circumscribe the field of activity of these articles; another that proposes to prescribe the length of bed sheets; another to fix with legislative mete and bound timely death has often been lamented the size of berry boxes; and so on and so on, piling up work and fees for the State Printer and making a great show of interest in the smallest concerns of life. Up to date no attempt has been made to regulate the size of housewife's dishcloth or to designate the number of "slaps" that shall constitute a "spank" when the baby persists in crying, or the three-year-old

child gets saucy to grandma. What a lawless state we live in, to be sure, and what is to pecome of us if ome of these bills fail to pass? Or rather, we should exclaim, what will ecome of us if all become laws? Nothing serious, perhaps. We have secome so accustomed to sleeping statutes that a few dozen or hundred added to the somnolent list will not be noticed. It may not be quite true that there is nothing new under the sun, but certainly there is nothing new in laws that are made to be broken and are broken because nobody takes any interest in their enforcement.

"DOES THE MIND RULE THE BODY?" The sturdy common sense and wide experience of a practical man whose profession in life has brought him in lose touch with humanity-its ills and its ails-are brought to bear upon ing of great moment for many years. (the discussion of this subject in a paper published in a late number of the Saturday Evening Post, written by Dr. Dr. Hutchinson brings before the open court of common sense many of the fallacles that go under the head of mental healing, and, without arraigning any special sect, cult or person, he disposes of these fallacles in accordance with the simple tenets of physical law.

He starts out with the declaration that one of the dearest delusions of man through all the ages is that his body is under the control of his mind. While much is heard and written in the so-called realm of "new though which claims for the speaker and writer the distinction of a discoverer, Dr. Hutchinson asserts that, instead of mental influence being the newest method of treating bodily aliments, it is the oldest. Two-thirds of the methods of the shaman, the witch doctor, the medicine man, were psychic. "Instead of mental healing being a new or untried remedy until 'discovered' within relatively recent years, it is the most thoroughly tested, most uniersal, most ubiquitous remedy listed anywhere upon the pages of history. says Dr. Hutchinson. And he significantiv adds: "In civilized countries it s as widely discredited as tested." so certain is he of the truth of this premise that he further declares that the proportion to which it survives in the medicine of any race is in the measure of that race's barbarism and backwardness.

Dr. Hutchinson's citations in support of the broad ground taken are terse and to the point. Whereas for centuries the insane-the sick in mind-were punished by shutting them up in prison cells, starving, even flogging them, praying over them, arguing with them, we now treat their ailing bodies just as we treat any other class of patients—give them rest, com-fortable surroundings, good food, fresh air and baths, leaving their minds and souls practically without treatment, excepting in so far as ordinary, decent humanity and consideratio may be regarded as mental remedies. Under the old treatment not one cure is recorded; under the new, from 30 to 50 per cent are cured, and all but per cent are made comfortable, contented, and comparatively happy The habitual drunkard we are still treating as a minor criminal by menta and moral means, with what hopeful results the records of our police courts testify, while we are treating truancy by the removal of adenoids and the fitting of glasses, juvenile crime by the establishment of playgrounds, erty and pauperism by good food, living wages and decent surroundings, all for the first time with success.

With this showing Dr. Hutchinson feels justified in saying that not only have all our substantial and permanent victories over bodily ills been won should discover more resentment at a try of our successes in mental and peasant trying to be a gentleman than moral diseases as well. Yet what he grief at an immortal poet debasing calls the obsession persists and we caped from the dire Calvinism of his treatment to bodily disease. These late change in policy becomes neces-

his intemperate remorse for trifling should offend no one, and when backed escapades proves that it had a hold on by the facts of history and the verdict of all experience, should certainly The wonder of Burns is the work he stand against the claims of the mod-

Hutchinson says:

Even mental worry, distress or depression in pine cases out of ten has a physical cause. To remedy conditions of mental stress by correcting the underpay, overwork, bad ventilation, or underfeeding on account of illness or death of the wage-carner of the family, is, of course, nothing but the most admirable common sense; but to call it the mental treatment of discase is a mere jusgling with words. "Take care of the body and the mind will take care of itself," is a maxim which will prove valid in actual practice nine times out of ten.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Announcement of the death of Mrs. Werner Breyman at her home in Salem recently awakened memorles of early days that extend backward over three-score years, covering almost the entire period of the development of the state. Mrs. Breyman was a member of the Watt family, that settled in Yamhill County in the early '40s. The family was one of the old-fashoned sort, and as the years went on its members spread out over the Willamette Valley and became identified with the growth of the state in many substantial lines. Of sturdy fiber, ost of them buffeted the years until Nature claimed them at a ripe old age, everal of them continuing the valiant

fight to this day. Mrs. Breyman is remembered as a heerful, capable, energetic young girl it the time of her marriage in Yamhill ounty in 1853, to Werner Breyman, then a young merchant of Lafayette, entered many of the activities of the arly settlement of Oregon Territory. Their home, for the greater part of the fifty-six years that intervened between its establishment and the death of Mrs. Breyman, has been in Salem Yet there are those, though relatively few, whose thoughts turned instinctively to Yamhill County, its storied years and those who peopled them when the death of this widely-known pioneer woman was announced.

mpanionship, in the simple industries upon which the foundation of our proud commonwealth were laid are for the most part but shadows.

Uncertain as a vision or a dream, Faint as a figure seen at early dawn, Down at the far end of an avenue, Going we know not whither.

Brightening the fading glories of hose shadowy years are smiles of cheer, greetings of good-fellowship, which much was made in the days when everybody knew everybody, and these were the chief events of the time; sympathy that sprang unbidden when sorrow befel and the true neighborliness that resulted from a state of society that was characterized by an almost perfect equality in worldly possessions. It is thus that a chapter in the pioneer history of the state is closed and its incidents relegated to early civilization passes

Beneath the low green tent Whose curtain never outward swings. A tribute to one of these state-buildis a tribute to each and all who performed their simple, useful part in the slow-moving scene and passed behind the curtain. Names and dates may differ but the subtle essence that exhales from these lives is of the same gentle, intangible, all-pervading sweet-

THE PANAMA PROBLEM.

The recent disaster at Gatun dam against the methods followed in construction of the Panama Canal. Some in the evening of his life. It may be Woods Hutchinson. In this paper garded as possessing features of merit, more expensive bureau. The proposal neers whose reputation lends weight to their opinions. Among this class is Lindon W. Bates, a man of recognized engineering skill and also a man who has made a personal inspection of the territory traversed and is well fitted to give expert testimony on the Mr. Bates is quite emphatic subject. in his belief that the present method of construction will not prove satis-

factory and may result in serious loss Now comes Sir Robert Perks, the man who built the Manchester ship canal, the Severn tunnel and a num ber of other similar gigantic engineering projects. Sir Robert does not question the ability of the United States to build the canal, whether it is of the lock type or a sea-level canal but he doubts the wisdom of the lock system and gives some very good reasons for his opinions. He tells us to "beware of the water formations and currents and the earthquakes to which the country is subject. All the ma-sonry and machinery of a lock system might be destroyed by an earthquake or a volcanic disturbance of a few sec This British expert quite truthfully states that the most important point to be considered is that of the changes which are rendered necessary in order to meet the increasing size of vessels. That this is a strong point in favor of a permanent sea-level canal is proven by the fact that within the past six months the width of the canal locks has been increased from 95 to 110 feet in accordance with a suggestion from the general board of the Navy concerning

battleships. That even this increase is detrimental to the economical operation of the canal is apparent by the minority report of the international board whose general plan for a lock canal was finally accepted. That board in its report expressed the belief that "if the locks are larger than necessary they will not only cost more but will require a larger water supply and will not be quite so convenient to operate. The gates must be larger, the locks cannot be filled or emptied so quickly and therefore a little longer time will be required to pass ships; in other words, if the locks are larger than necessary, they will not serve commerce so well as the small ones." With completion of the canal yet sev eral years in the future, it has been found necessary to widen the locks, and, as stated in the report, this increase in size will hamper the movement of commerce.

All of this will be avoided if the change to a sea-level canal is made, for the latter will not only be much easier to operate, but it will also admit of any size ship passing through unimpeded by locks. Sir Robert Perks concludes his note of warning with the sensible statement that "the United States Government has money and men, and of course can build the long to extend the realm of mental canal regardless of expense, even if a

not the right way to consider any project."

Senator Bowerman's bill authorizing the Supreme Court to transfer a circuit judge from one district to another, temporarily, for the purpose of clearing up a congested docket, is a good one. There are some judges in the state who have jurisdiction over a thinly settled region and who, therefore, have comparatively little work to There are other judges who have a capacity for a large amount of work and who can clear their own dockets and then have time to help out courts that are behind in their work. This interchange of judges might enable some courts to learn the methods by which others keep up in their work.

While the Oregon Legislature, sportsmen and farmers are debating the question of protecting game, Scandinavian living near Portland writes an interesting letter, calling attention to grouse in his native land that will give local sportsmen so thing to talk about. He tells of the Capercalizie, giants of the grouse famwhose cocks weigh twelve pounds and the hens six pounds. They may easily be imported into Oregon, where they are certain to thrive. His letter is published in The Sunday Oregonian

The Oregonian proposes to the Legislature a bill for a bureau or commission for observation of the habits of the spider and the tumble-bug. Herein may be found highly interesting objects of scientific and useful the old pioneer village around which study. There would be room for a commissioner, a deputy commissioner, four or five clerks, a janitor, office boy, and allowance for traveling expenses. The public service of the state is yet but poorly organized.

Never would such a man as Root have been chosen Senator in New York by a primary vote and Statement One. There would have been no can-didate of the first order, but a dozen or twenty of inferior kind; and the Beautiful years, those who made electorate would have rejected the them what they were in growth, in plurality candidate as unfit. Then some other mediocre man, perhaps of the opposite party, would have been elected. Representative government remains the only way.

When Chamberlain goes to Washngton, Secretary of State Benson will be both Governor and Secretary, and will have two votes on the Land Board, the boards for the manage the incidents of marriage and birth, of ment of various state institutions and on several boards with only appointing power. State Treasurer Steel, the other member of these boards, will have an advisory power, nothing more, At least there will be no difficulty in locating responsibility.

"Oregon," says the Albany Democrat, "is paying two colleges to do the work of one." In every department of public service Oregon is paying two fast-fading memory every time an men to do the work of one, and in actor in this wonderful drama of our not a few instances three or four men to do the work of one. And all the supernumeraries are clamoring for increase of pay.

> The country merchant, the rancher, the local attorney and the town physician change their point of view when they leave the frugal surroundings of home and go to the scenes of lavish expenditure of money at the state capital. Perhaps this accounts for some of the legislative acts that seem strange to the taxpayers at home.

A bill for a new game law, intended has turned loose a flood of criticism to be a complete game code for the state, is now before the Legislature. It doubles, or nearly doubles, the Game of this criticism comes from hostile Warden's salary, and more than dousources, where nothing in connection bles the sum allowed for expenses, with the big ditch will ever be re- The object is to make a larger and of the type of all the rest.

> Loyal Oregonians join loyal Wash ngtonians in the hope that Governor Cosgrove's present trip north will be without unpleasant incident; that his inauguration will be accomplished without undue fatigue and that his perfect recovery from the unfortunate filness that befel him may be assured

> Many bills are introduced in th Legislature "by request." It would add somewhat to the interest of the proeedings, and perhaps to the ge good of legislation, if there could be added to the record the name of the person who made the request in each instance.

> "For, lo, the Winter is past, the rain s over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." So sang Solomon, B. C. 1014. It is a good hallelujah for Oregon, A. D. 1909.

> Gifts of John D. Rockefeller to th University of Chicago are tabulated by the Chicago press. They amount thus far to \$25,389,661.98. The endowments are now so large that there are deficits no longer.

In all justice, Harriman may be half

right in threatening to retaliate if Wyoming passes a 2-cent law. There are long reaches of sparsely-settled country in that state in which there is little traffic. The duty of young Jay Gould as

probation officer will be to see that ecreant husbands pay allowances to deserted wives. The Gould husbands have always set fine examples in that particular

"An examination of the Johnson Road Law bill," says the Albany Herald, "shows that the main object is to create a commission with the usual high salaries attached." Why, certainly.

Why proportional representation? Don't the people rule, and must not the Legislature unanimously and without reference to party do as the people say?

It is proper all the time to talk of good roads in Oregon, but just now the subject reminds one of the Arkansas man's roof.

Though her peerless father be out of the limelight, Mr. Bryan's daughter can be depended upon to turn on

With a few degrees added to the temperature, this would be April

Abolition of the moral squad means the city is perfect at last.

Poems by Robert Burns BORN JANUARY 25, 1759.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in you thorny den, Thou green-crosted lapwing thy screaming forbear I charge you disturb not my alumbering

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills; There daily I wander as noon rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, Where wild in the woodlands the prim-There oft is mild evening weeps over the The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it

And winds by the cot where my Mary re-How wanton thy waters her snowy feet As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, awest Afton, among thy green bracs, Flow gently, awest river, the theme of my lays; My, Mary's asleep by thy murmuring Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

TO A LOUSE.

On seeing one on a lady's bennet at

Ha! where ye gaun, ye crawlin' ferlie? Your impudence protects you sairly: I canna say but ye strunt rarely Owre gauze and lace; Though faith, I fear ye dine but sparely

On slc a place. Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner, Detested, shunned, by saunt and sinner, How dare you set your fit upon her, Sas fine a lady?

On some poor body. Swith, in some baggar's haffet squattle; There ye may creept, and sprawl, and

Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner

sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, In shoals and nations; Where horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle Your think plantations. Now hand you there, ye're out o' sight,

Below the fatt'rels soug and tight; Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right Till ye've got on it. The very tapmost, towering height O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose As plump and gray as ony grozet; Oh, for some rank, mercurial rozet, Or fell, red smeddum! I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't, Wad dress your droddum!

wad na been surprised to spy You on an auld wife's flannen toy; Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, On's wyliecoat; But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie! How daur ye do '4?

Oh, Jenny, dinna toss your head, And set your beauties a' abread! Ye little ken what cursed speed The blastle's makin'! Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread, Are notice takin'!

Oh wad some power the giftle gie us To see oursel's as others see us! It wad frae monie a blunder free us, And fooligh notion: What airs in dress and gait wad lea's us.

HANDSOME NELL.

Oh, once I loved a bonnie lazz, Ay, and I love her still; And whilst that honour warms my breast, I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I has seen, And money full as braw; But for a modest, gracefu' mien, The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess, Is pleasant to the ce.
But without some better qualities,
She's no the lass for me. But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,

And fair without a flaw, She dresses aye sae clean and nest, Both decent and genteel And then there's something in her gait Gars ony dress look weel.

May slightly touch the heart: But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart. Tis this in Nelly pleases me.

A gaudy dress and gentle air

'Tis this enchants my soul, For absolutely in my breast She reigns without control.

GREEN GROW THE BASHES. There's nought but care on every hand, In every hour that passes, O: What signifies the life o' man,

And 'twere na for the lasses, O. Chorus.

Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the rashes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spend Are spent among the lasses, O

The warly race may riches chase, And riches still may fly them. O: And though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O Gle me a canny hour at e'en,

My arms about my dearle, O; And warly cares, and warly men, May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce ye sneer at this, Ye're nought but senseless asses. O: he wisest man the warl' e'er saw. He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes, O; Her 'prentice hand she tried on man, And then she made the lasses, O.

Essay on Taxation

The Spectator (Portland.) What is a tax? It is money taken from the pople by force. That is, the whole power of the state is behind the tax to enforce it.

It might be suggested that in using the taxing power the present Legis-lature keeps two ideas before it: First—The money we take in taxes is enforced payment. It is not a vol-

untary contribution.
Second—The only justification for robbing the taxable citizen of a part of his carnings is the general welfare absolutely public enterprises for the general benefit.