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THE SOLID SOUTH.

Probably no part of Mr. Taft's inaugural address has been read throughout the country with more attention than his remarks concerning the solid South and the negroes. That he cherishes a purpose to effect great changes in the relations between the South and the rest of the Union he virtually admits when he says that he looks forward with "hope to increasing the good feeling between the South and other sections of the country"; but he disclaims any direct intention of trying to change electoral votes. So far as votes go there are sections of the North which are as much open to reproach as the South. In Pennsylvania, for example, there is no more of a "respectable opposition," as Mr. Taft puts it, than there is in Mississippi. Looking merely at politics, it is just as bad theoretically for a state to be hopelessly Republican as hopelessly Democratic. The best condition is attained when the parties are not too widely disparate so that each lives more or less in fear of the other.

When one speaks of the solid South, he means something more than inertia such as we find in Pennsylvania and New Hampshire. In the South there goes with this inertia an intolerance of dissent, a hatred of innovation, which is undoubtedly to be attributed to the long dread of negro domination, but which is none the less detestable for all that. It has led the Southerners to think and speak of themselves as a "peculiar people." They are intensely self-conscious, like half-grown children. When a Southerner becomes a writer, no matter what department of literature he chooses, sooner or later he begins to publish flatulent twaddle about what "we Southerners" are like; he writes lengthy discourses to show how much finer their feelings are than other people's and how they are misunderstood by a careless world. Not to mention rowdyish examples like Thomas Dixon, one need only recall the books of Thomas Nelson Page to find examples of this bad literary habit. It is seen also in the bright articles which "Mrs. Harris" contributes to The Independent. On every other subject she is sensible, but the moment she touches upon the Southerners she plunges into a flood of nonsense about their elegant sensibilities and how sadly they are misunderstood. The fact of the case is that outsiders understand the South a good deal better than it understands itself, just as his indifferent relations are apt to be far better acquainted with the rising hope of the family than his father and mother are.

Mr. Taft expects to be able to make the Southerners feel that "this Government is their Government and that its officers in their states are their officers." This is necessary if the South is ever to become united with the rest of the country in feeling as well as geography and commerce. The whole Nation would rejoice to see its fit of the sulks ended for good and all, and if Mr. Taft can contrive to bring about that happy consummation, he will deserve a second term if he never does anything else. His reassuring words about the fifteenth amendment will tend toward that end, very likely, although it is not always easy to predict how the passionate Southerners will receive a flag of truce.

In discussing the fifteenth amendment, the President certainly steers a wary course between Scylla and Charybdis. He avoids offense to the Northern friend of the negro about as deftly as he proffers comfort to the Southern foe of negro enfranchisement. That the famous amendment can never be repealed he roundly asserts in spite of Tillman, Vardaman and all their cohorts, but he is pleased to observe that it may in some circumstances be evaded. Not that Mr. Taft uses the word "evaded." There is more than one way of saying the same thing.

By legislation, which he discreetly refrains from characterizing, Mr. Taft declares that the South has now got safely past the fear of negro domination. Let the dead past bury its dead. The laws were what they were and the less we say about them the better. Now we stand at the dawn of a new era when the Southern states have begun to enact legislation which shall bear just as hard upon ignorant and unworthy whites as upon negroes of the same class. These laws he commends, believing that they will secure in all voters the "qualifications thought to be necessary for a proper electorate," and he says in plain words that it is "not the disposition or within the province of the Federal Government" to interfere with them.

This assurance ought to lift a burden from the mind of the South and in all probability it will. It brushes away the last vestige of apprehension that the General Government will ever do anything to put the negroes back in control of the whites. It is a clear and unmistakable promise that in the management of its own affairs the South is to be let alone. Since that is the case, what is there now to hinder the Southerners from coming heartily to the front and taking a hand in the general politics of the country? Their help is needed. We need their genuine Americanism, their freedom from commercialism, their innate gift for discussion, their love of local freedom. Mr. Taft is confident that the South will not abuse the negroes, now that they are no longer to be dreaded, and undoubtedly he is right. The negro haters form at best but a small class and they are conspicuous rather for their loud voices than for common sense. Let alone, the negroes are sure to acquire property under the tuition of able leaders like Booker Washington, and with property in their possession and the protection of equal laws, there is no danger that they will not obtain their rights as fast as they learn to use them.

JEALOUS OF OREGON.

"Wealth" is the suggestive title of a publication just received from "The Greater Des Moines Committee," which appears to be an Iowa organization of boosters. The magazine is not a large one, but there was apparently more room between its covers than was needed for the exploitation of all the resources that Iowa had to offer, and, to fill up the pages which otherwise might have remained blank, the editor takes an unwarranted fling at Oregon. The particular grievance which produced this wail against Oregon was the statement of an Iowa man, who said: "I've just come back from Portland. The fellows out there are boosters, I tell you. And they've got the country to back it up. Those valleys are rich."

This statement was so displeasing to the editor of Wealth that he makes a meaningless comparison of the population of the two states and classes Oregon as a "semi-arid state," closing his tirade against Oregon with the statement that "when a man wants to establish a business of his own with limited capital it is better to try for success in Iowa, where people have money to buy, than to attempt to hypnotize the mountain peaks and rock ledges of Oregon. If you find success comes so easy in Iowa that you lose pleasure in the game, then we would prescribe a number of places where you will have to make a run for your money. Among them is Oregon."

To one who has not experienced the pleasures of an Iowa Winter, where everything is frozen solid for six months, or an Iowa Summer, where the sweltering heat makes life almost unbearable, or the budding Springtime, when the cyclone cellars are overworked, it is difficult to understand how any comparison drawn of the two states can be other than unfavorable to Iowa.

Wealth boasts because there are more people within seventy-five miles of Des Moines than there was in the entire State of Oregon in 1900. This is undoubtedly true, but there are more people within a radius of seventy-five miles of Canton and Hongkong than there are in both Iowa and Oregon. This fact however, does not necessarily imply that either of the Chinese localities offers superior opportunities for success to those to be found in Oregon, or even in Iowa. Just where Wealth secured its wonderful figures on farming returns in Oregon is uncertain, but they were fearfully and wonderfully wrong, as we are credited with a farm production averaging less than $3 per acre, while Iowa is credited with $12 per acre.

There may be some vast sheep ranches and an extent of outrange in the state that produce as low as $3 per acre, but the real Oregon "farms" that turn off less than $20 per acre are few and far between, while orchard and fruit farms which show an annual return from $1000 to $1500 per acre are by no means rare. It might be well for the editor of Wealth to come out to Oregon and look around. In addition to Oregon farm lands now in cultivation, he would find a vast area in timber, one acre of which will supply more tonnage for a railroad than can be produced on an acre of Iowa wheat land in nearly 100 years. After this timber is removed the soil will produce anything that can be grown in Iowa.

SEA-LEVEL CANAL DIFFICULTIES.

The current number of the Engineering News has a complete report on the conditions responsible for the adoption of a lock canal instead of a sea-level canal at Panama. The article corrects a number of misleading statements which have appeared regarding the relative merits of the two types of canal. The strongest point in favor of the sea-level canal was that, once built, it would be much more economical of operation than the lock type. The belief in this feature of merit seems to have been founded on the assumption that the canal cut would remain undisturbed and unchanged without heavy cost for maintenance. The Suez Canal, the most famous work of the kind now in existence, was built through a dry, level country, where floods were unknown, and where the character of the soil encountered was of sufficient stability to form natural walls for practically the entire distance.

For a portion of the distance at Panama somewhat similar conditions exist, notably in the Culebra cut, where for example, as aptly put by the News, "with years enough of time and millions enough of money, the engineers can dig down through the rock and make the enormously greater excavation which the sea-level canal would require." There are other portions of the route, however, in which the obstacles to the sea-level project are much greater than those which stand in the way of the lock type of canal. The perils of the Gatun dam, built on a hillside and well above sea level, have been enlarged on quite promiscuously by the opponents of the lock type of canal. In these elaborate criticisms, no mention has been made of the obstacles to be encountered in the sea-level canal.

The site of the Gatun dam is, of course, less favorable than it would be if nature had made it nearer to sea level. The Gatun dam difficulty, however, is mild in comparison with that which would threaten the sea-level canal after it passed safely through the solid foundations of Culebra cut. The route of a sea-level canal for a distance of 25 miles from Gatun to Bas Obispo is through swamps and quagmires in which there would be a continual wash from the heavy rains and swollen streams in the vicinity. The sea-level canal would be 90 feet below the Chagres River at Gamboa, and would form a sink into which there would be an enormous wash from both sides of the cut, the damage from this source being unquestionably greater than any that could result from a lock canal constructed on a firmer foundation.

The writer in the Engineering News points out that the work of controlling these waters of the Chagres and other streams would be so great and beset with such difficulties that it would be impossible to estimate the cost. In addition, constant dredging would be necessary to keep the canal clear of the debris that would be continually swept in by the tropical showers. That the Government has made no mistake in holding to the original plans for a lock canal is also shown in a great many of the details of the work, but in none to better advantage than through the fact that the engineers who have been at work at the isthmus on the project for three years are unanimous in the opinion that the lock type is far superior to the sea-level canal.

CONCERNING GHOSTS.

In the February number of the Nineteenth Century Sir Oliver Lodge, the doughty champion of the insubstantial and viewless ghosts, has an article on "The Unseen," as he chooses to call it. "Unseen" is a palliative synonym for "occult." Sir Oliver probably selected it to avoid certain disagreeable fringes of association which have gathered about the title occult during the last two or three thousand years. If we call an occurrence unusual, we may perhaps discuss it without flying into a passion, scratching each others' faces and exchanging hard names. If we call it occult, it is difficult to answer for the consequences. Somebody is likely to need the services of a physician before the affair is ended. Sir Oliver's article is controversial, being a reply to a previous one by Professor Simon Newcomb, also published in the Nineteenth Century. Professor Newcomb, after relating some early experiences of his in ghost seeking and telling how badly he was disappointed, comes to the definite conclusion that the reported cases of wonders in connection with the other world are mistakes or falsehoods. To the whole batch of them he cries "Avaunt."

Sir Oliver Lodge takes the other side of the controversy. He fails to agree with our great American savant, though his difference of opinion is stated so mildly that one can scarcely say there is a good, old-fashioned dispute under way. The learned debaters exercise so much politeness toward each other that the reader sometimes loses sight of their disagreement in admiration of their suavity. All this is far from the heroic mudslinging that passed in an earlier age between Milton and Salmasius. Still, it is not unpleasant to behold two men discuss even such an exciting theme as ghosts without coming to blows. Usually nothing moves us to wrath so quickly as a difference of opinion about a subject where knowledge is impossible. Sir Oliver holds, however, that knowledge of the disembodied is not altogether impossible. He is not nearly so credulous about it as some of the convinced spiritualists would have us believe but neither does he assume dogmatically that we can never ascertain anything about the abode and conditions of the departed.

Professor Newcomb's position is the easy and popular one of complete incredulity. "I have been fooled so often," he says in substance, "that I am certain everybody else has been fooled also. The whole business is pure humbuggery." Perhaps it is. Other people besides Professor Newcomb have had much the same disappointing experience in the fascinating and elusive search for ghosts. We hear a great deal about them at a distance, but when one draws near to the scene of the reported marvel it is seldom there. For some of us it is never there. The ghost invariably flees as we approach. One who has enjoyed a number of such exasperating disappointments may well be excused for thinking, as Professor Newcomb does, that there is nothing in it all but deception and fraud. Still, that is not the precise attitude of one who wishes to learn the truth at all hazards. John may be balked of his desired vision a million times without making it much more likely that the vision never is revealed. James in the meanwhile may have seen it a million times. This is about the state of things in regard to the occult. What one person can never get sight of, try as he may, others see habitually.

Sir Oliver Lodge proves by a resort to the calculus of probabilities that the number of "death phantasms" is too large to be accounted for on the theory of coincidence. These phantasms may be roughly described as the apparition of a dying person to somebody at a distance. The indisputable instances of this now on record must be accounted for in some way if we wish to understand the world we live in, and mathematics shows that they cannot be coincidences. What, then, is the cause of them? Professor Newcomb dismisses the subject with the easy word "humbug." But his expedient will not serve. Too many other matters have been dismissed as humbuggery which afterward turned out to be of prime importance in the world. Death phantasms together with all the rest of the accumulated material of the Psychical Research Society, must be explained in some way. It is usual nowadays to say that they are to be accounted for by thought transference, which is a pretty phrase, but it may not mean a great deal. Thought transference is the most common thing in the world. It goes on all the time, everywhere, by books, papers, gestures, facial contortions, and so on. Commonly, thought is transferred by conventional symbols, such as the alphabet, or the sign language. Something which in no way resembles a thought is made, nevertheless, to stand for it, and thus ideas are conveyed from mind to mind. But in technical "thought transference" no symbol is employed. The thought itself in its naked identity runs through space and enters a mind other than the one where it originated. Now, though we speak of this as if it were a trivial, thoroughly understood subject, it is nothing of the kind. It is as wonderful as any ghost could possibly be and, if it actually does happen, it involves an ultimate overturn of all our preconceptions about the mind and its relations to matter.

Sir Oliver entertains no doubt that thought is really transferred from mind to mind without symbols. It travels through space much as the vibrations do in wireless telegraphy. Indeed, the analogy of wireless telegraphy appears to be singularly pertinent here. The mind of the thinker sets the waves traveling. The mind of the recipient takes them in and "cognizes" them, as the metaphysicians say. If there are disembodied spirits, of course they are destitute of sense organs, and this is the way they must communicate with one another. It would seem also as if it were the only way they could communicate with us. So that it is along the apparently open road of thought transference that we must obtain knowledge of the other world if we ever obtain it at all. What Sir Oliver has to say leads one to feel somewhat discouraged as to the profit of table-tipping and materializations, while it opens a broad vista of hope in the direction of some mental signal code or thought language, which both worlds may understand. Perhaps the reason why the spirits seem to be so silly is that they have forgotten our earthly language. Naturally, in trying to speak it they would gibber.

HOW LEGISLATIVE MISTAKES ARE MADE.

Almost every day comes a report that some new defect has been found in an act of the recent Legislature, or that some bill failed to pass, though believed to be duly enacted, or that, owing to inaccuracies, the meaning of the law is in doubt. This is the usual experience after a legislative session and has come to be expected. When the Legislature adjourns and goes home the people begin to inquire what has been done and seek to learn the contents of the numerous laws that have been placed upon the statute-books. In the rush and hurry of amending and passing bills, not even the members of the Legislature could know what laws were being enacted, so that it requires the cool and considerate investigation of days and weeks after to determine the actual results. As the citizen or public official opens each new law, he does so with much the same feeling that a small boy opens his surprise package—it may contain something worth while and may not.

This situation is the natural consequence of the methods pursued. Members of the Legislature introduce three times as many bills as there is any need for and waste half of the session by adjournments or inattention. In the last three days of the session an effort is made to take final action upon the great mass of bills, with no particular effort to see that the work is done right. There is utter disregard of constitutional requirements, for few of the bills are read section by section, as directed in the most imperative language. It is no wonder that the clerks, who idle away the first half of the session, cannot keep up with the rush of the last three days. No wonder that emergency clauses are retained, although ordered stricken out, and that amendments are omitted, although ordered inserted. The fault is not that of any one clerk or any one member of the Legislature who happens to make the particular mistake, but it is the fault of the system.

Some day, perhaps, we shall have a Legislature that will place a time limit upon the introduction of bills, and that will insist upon strict observance of the constitutional requirement that every bill shall be read in full before final passage. Then there will be time to consider the bills introduced and an opportunity to detect errors. Not so many laws could be passed under such a plan it is true, but the state would be none the worse off for that. A Legislature that knows what it is doing would do less, anyway.

STREETCAR HOGS.

The Massachusetts Board of Education has issued an edict against streetcar hogs, not with the hope of exterminating but of educating them. The idea seems to be that if these "hogs" really knew what hogs they were they would for very shame reform their manners. This is exceedingly doubtful. In the first place, after the manner of human beings in general they probably know that they are hogs and take credit to themselves for that fact, thus closing the door of reform and locking it in the face of presumptuous opportunity.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that all who are designated by the far from euphonious title that heads this article are of the macsuline gender. A majority of them are, perhaps, but even this statement may justly be doubted, and certainly will be doubted, by those who travel on the streetcars with their eyes open to human delinquencies. The male hog persistently keeps his seat, absorbed, seemingly, in meditation, while a gentle old lady totters with the swaying car in front of him, vainly endeavoring to reach a strap, or the tired mother with an infant in her arms is rudely jostled in the aisle, perhaps by grumpy hogs that failed to get a seat. His sins of omission and commission are glaringly obvious, and brand him for the sort of human animal that he is, but he does not often deliberately occupy more space on the seat than is necessary for his comfort, and answer with a haughty glance or a contemptuous shrug the timid request to move over and give the woman with the baby a seat.

While there is crying need of reform in the case of the masculine representative of porcine instincts abroad in a streetcar, there is little hope for his reformation for the reason above given. But the feminine representative of the species is, as far as the possibility of reform goes, entirely beyond the pale. Fortunately her numerical strength is not great. Otherwise the capacity of every streetcar in service, whether in Massachusetts or in Oregon, would have to be doubled, since her persistence in holding on to two seats, by sitting sidewise and spreading out her skirts would so encroach upon the seating capacity of the cars as to render its duplication necessary.

UNITING THE COLLEGES.

With rapid transit between Eugene and Corvallis, such as a modern electric railroad would supply, there is no good reason why the State University and the Agricultural College should not be united under one management. In reality they are supplementary institutions, each doing a work which is important but which need not be done twice over. Thus in the nature of things there is no argument against Mr. Hodgin's plan for uniting the two schools. He states this argument in a letter to The Oregonian, which is printed today, although it comes a little too late to have the designed effect upon the Legislature. But for all that there is no harm in talking over Mr. Hodgin's plan. The device of a "board of higher curricula" looks in the same direction he does, though it squints more or less. When shall we have a statesman who will actually take the bull by the horns and end the absurd predicament that exists between Corvallis and Eugene?

Students in Baltimore make nothing of running over to Washington to attend a lecture or consult a book in the National Library, or to look at a specimen in the museum. Washington is forty miles from Baltimore. Why should not a student recite in the forenoon at Eugene, then ride on the electric car to Corvallis for his afternoon classes, eating his frugal luncheon on the way amid rural scenes and sylvan charms? There is no reason why, except that there is no electric car. The suggestion will scare some people, of course, but they belong to the meticulous class who are scared at everything they have never seen before. The president might reside at Eugene, since perhaps Latin is more honorificent than agriculture, but Corvallis would not be without consolation, for undoubtedly she would have the most students. The arrangement would lead to one desirable economy besides that of books, buildings and teachers. A single football team would suffice for the entire institution, and but one college yell would be needed.

Mr. Hodgin is probably wrong in his statement that many students now at Corvallis ought to be in the local high schools. Most of those who enroll at the Agricultural College have some definite purpose in mind which could not be attained at a high school. The truth of the matter is that not a single high school in the State of Oregon and very few in any other state furnish the preparation which a student needs for undertaking technical studies. The question of education is a very broad one, involving many diverse factors. Hitherto the discussions of it which have raged in Oregon have been remarkable for heat rather than light. Passion has abounded much more than information. Strange as it may appear to partisans of all shades and colors of opinion, it is really essential to instructive discourse on education to know something about the subject. With politics, of course, the case is different.

THE POWER OF MONEY.

The act of the Chicago minister named Rockwell, who has resigned his pastorate because he can make a larger salary selling automobiles, illustrates how the ideals of the world have changed within a few centuries. One cannot imagine Jesus either preaching or selling automobiles for a salary. The principal thought which we associate with him on his human side is that of freedom. He received no commands from any employer or master, to be sure, but more than that, he was free from all those cares which cluster around our efforts to make a display, to have the things which other people have, to "live in style." It was the wish to live in style which seems to have induced the Chicago minister to forsake the gospel for the automobile business. With a salary of $10,000 a year which he will make peddling automobiles, he can do many things which he never could have done with the $2500 he received for preaching. He can buy more elaborate furniture for his parlor. His wife can have a new hat every week and a fresh gown for every party she goes to. His children can enter schools far more fashionable than they could afford on an income of $2500. Whether the schools will be better or not is another matter. The things which the fallen minister will be able to procure with his larger salary have their value, at least most people think they have, and he is probably a man who cares a great deal more for what other people think than he does about his own thoughts. Perhaps he seldom has any thoughts of his own.

It would not be very profitable to scold the Rev. Mr. Rockwell for what he has done. He is simply carrying out in honest practice what almost everybody believes in theory nowadays, namely, that money is the only thing in the world worth working for and that all the rewards of labor and sacrifice which were once supposed to be more worthy and more satisfactory than money are in truth mere deceptions. Putting aside all humbug for a moment and speaking frankly, we may confess that men are estimated by their earning power. The man with a big income is held to be a greater and better person than the one who cannot show so much for his work. It is not to Mr. Rockwell's discredit that he longs to reach a position in the world where people's respect for him will be sincere instead of feigned. He probably realizes deep down in his soul that while ministers who receive only moderate salaries are tolerated in good society, yet compared with the genuine admiration accorded to a successful traveling salesman the consideration they receive is only surface deep. There are still two or three other professions besides the ministry which we pretend to respect because they are learned or philanthropic, or because it requires great genius to follow them, but the pretense has become rather difficult to keep up.

Ministers usually grade each other according to their salaries. The few among them who receive $10,000 a year and upward are the leaders of the profession. If they were the most gifted and godly also, nobody could complain perhaps because of their prominence, but commonly they are not. Few would have thought of saying that the late Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, in New York, was an especially able man, and certainly, except in a formal, ecclesiastical way, his piety could have been nothing remarkable, considering what is known of Trinity Church and its doings; and yet Mr. Dix stood almost at the head of the clergymen of the country, and he stood there partly because of the aristocratic congregation he ministered to, but chiefly because he drew a larger salary than the great majority of his fellow-servants of the Lord. Mr. Rockwell has, of course, taken note of these facts and made up his mind accordingly.

The medical profession is another which, like the ministry, is conventionally said to be unmercenary. Doctors live to do good to their kind. Still, one who knows the profession is compelled to admit that doctors respect one another in proportion to the money they earn. The man who makes a great deal enjoys the deep admiration of his professional brethren, while he who has but little income gets but scant respect. He is seldom appointed to introduce great dignitaries at medical conventions. Rarely is he chosen to read the leading paper at those functions, unless, indeed, it is desired to make a display of knowledge upon some subject which the more prosperous have not had time to look into. It is all very well to talk about the power of the Almighty over earthly affairs, but a question of more immediate interest is how that power is exercised. Through what agency does the Almighty control the world? Sensible men do not differ in the opinion that it is through money. Money is power. It is time, opportunity, health, respect and freedom. He who has no money is at the mercy of every petty officer of the law. He can be arrested because he has no money and kept in prison as if it were a crime. He is the dregs of the world, the plaything of chance, the scorn of every underling that breathes. He who has but little money is only slightly less contemptible than he who has none. His efforts to be respectable are ludicrous. His appeals to the more fortunate for permission to associate with them are pitiable. He is driven to humiliating shifts to keep up his standing in society. Of all sad struggles, that of trying to appear rich when you are poor is the most bitter and heartbreaking. That is the struggle through which the Rev. Mr. Rockwell has been fighting his way for many years, and now he thinks he has had enough of it. We have taught men that money is the only thing worth living for so long and so well that they have all come to believe it. Believing it, of course, the next thing is to begin to act upon it. Mr. Rockwell's decision is just the one which a sensible man who had made up his mind that obedience to God and sacrifice for men were foolish would naturally reach.

As an echo from a far-off shore comes the announcement of the impending death of Admiral Cervera. A valiant foeman and gallant fighter, the Spanish admiral made a heroic attempt to put to sea with the fleet comprising the flower of the navy of Spain. Being overwhelmed by the American fleet and driven to desperate straits for his personal safety, he plunged into the sea, clad only in his undergarments, but was rescued and taken aboard the flagship of the American squadron, treated with the consideration due his rank, and finally in the course of negotiations was released. Severely censured by his government for the loss of the fleet, he has since lived in retirement at Puerto Real, where he is face to face with his last enemy. The incidents thus briefly recalled, though but little more than ten years old, seem as ancient history, so rapidly do events crowd each other in the presentment of the great drama of life.

New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other banks outside the state are debtors to the Oregon banks to the amount of nearly $6,000,000, according to the latest report of State Bank Examiner Steel. In view of what happened about fifteen months ago, it is to be hoped that our financial institutions have a stronger string on these loans than they had at that time. Examiner Steel's report shows deposits of nearly $75,000,000 in the Oregon banks, an increase of more than $1,000,000 since the last report. This is a per capita showing which reflects a high degree of prosperity among our people. With this amount of money and a corresponding confidence in our country and its possibilities, the year 1909 ought to break all records for good times in Oregon.

One of Governor Chamberlain's last acts was to pardon a traveling man named Lathrop, found guilty of perjury and sentenced, but out on bonds pending appeal. Lathrop had tried to be what the King of England calls "a perfect gentleman," by shielding the woman. A man named Savage made him co-respondent and Lathrop swore that on one certain occasion the woman he was with was his wife. The landlady of the rooming-house upset this testimony by declaring he was altogether too attentive to his companion and she knew the male sex. The Governor's reasons for the pardon are not stated, except that Lathrop had always borne a good reputation, which shows that it profiteth a man sometimes to lead what appears to be an upright life.

Albert T. Patrick, who is serving a life sentence for the murder of a New York millionaire, and who at frequent intervals secures a new trial or an opportunity to appear in court, is now before the courts with a new plea. He argues that the commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment was illegal, and he insists that he be executed or released. The latter alternative is undoubtedly preferred, but the opportunity is presented for the court to admit that it erred, and by such admission forever end the Patrick case, which is now about a dozen years old. Mr. Patrick's request that he be executed is so reasonable that it should be granted at once.

Oregon weather has not kept up with its traditions during the past two months. It is seldom, indeed, that both January and February have been stormy, rainy and disagreeable; but the unusual occasionally happens even in this favored land. After all, what is our "unusual" Winter as compared with the regular thing in the East? Look at the weather in Washington—unable to behave mildly even for inauguration day. And at New York, where it greeted the retiring President with a genuine blizzard. And also that somewhere along the line it tied our George up and buried him in snow for a whole day!

The friends of Pacific University are moving in the matter of an endowment for a library in connection with that institution, commensurate with its traditions and its needs. In conjunction with the present effort, it is proposed to make the library when properly equipped free to the public and students alike, the proviso being that the city of Forest Grove provide for its maintenance by the appropriation of a stated sum annually. The effort now in progress will doubtless succeed.

Three congars in twenty minutes is the record made by a young Nimrod of Idaho, with the assistance of his dog and gun. Stockmen in that region will not grudge the lad the bounty of $15 for each of these animals, especially as the state pays it, with small expense to them.

Ex-President Roosevelt promises not to pose for his picture any more. Not any more. Are we to assume that the ex-President has heretofore posed for those pictures, such as his jumping over a six-foot fence on a nine-foot horse?

If Mayor Lane expects to be immune from criticism or responsibility for the fool things his police do, does he likewise hope to escape praise for the wise things they do—assuming that some day they might do one or two?

The new Administration starts off encouragingly. Taft's inaugural address made only a newspaper page.

Don't fail to write it "ex"-President Roosevelt. We'll have to get used to it. So will he.

TOPICAL VERSE

The Longing For Domesticity.

Margaret Illington says she longs for the domestic life, so that she may darn socks and mend little breeches.

Goldie Fennimore is anxious to give
up flesh-colored tights
And to journey far from Broadway,
with its spurious delights;
She is yearning to be mistress of a little home somewhere,
To be gladly washing dishes or producing doughnuts there;
She is longing to be sitting with a baby on her lap
While the contents of a bottle serve to cheer the little chap.

Daisy Dean is sick of writing for the monthly magazines,
She is longing for a husband clad in deftly mended jeans;
She is longing for the pleasures of the very simple life
Where some man with bushy whiskers may accept her as his wife;
She would gladly make his nightshirts and regard herself as blest
If she might be up at midnight with his child upon her breast.

Robert Redmond's heart is weary, he no longer craves applause;
He would gladly give up acting and the salary he draws;
If he might he'd cease to dazzle at the matinee, he vows,
And instead become a milker of accommodating cows;
He is eager to be digging up the fruitful soil somewhere
With a patient wife to help him raise a bunch of children there.

You, perhaps, while I'm producing this unprofitable chaff
Would be glad if you might bravely help to wean some spotted calf;
Railroad presidents and bankers may be yearning even now
To be trudging in the furrow, with their hands laid to the plow,
But you'll not find anybody who has ever had to toil
Fretting for domestic duties or a chance to till the soil.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald

Making the Best of It.

It struck me pretty hard at first,
But now I am recovering.
Another chump—about the worst—
About the girl is hovering.
It's quite amusing now, I find,
To watch the damsel play to him.
With my experience in mind,
I know just what she'll say to him.

I am not bitter—not a bit.
My jilting wasn't tragical.
In fact, had I been badly hit
The change would be quite magical.
I knew that chap would be her meat
When I had looked a while at him.
And if he struggles to retreat
I know just how she'll smile at him.

No, I'm not making any kicks;
I do not speak complainingly.
I laugh to see the same old tricks;
They strike me entertainingly.
I did not feel a jealous thrill,
Not when a kiss she blew to him.
You see, I have been through the mill,
And know just what she'll do to him.

—Chicago News.

Her Father.

The old man's smile was kind and bland,
With cordial warmth he grasped my hand.

He said, with quite an air of joy:
"I'm glad to see you, my dear boy."

He seemed a pleasant sort of chap;
He gave my shoulder quite a slap.

He took my coat, he took my hat
And bade me welcome to the flat.

He gave me the best chair, by far,
And handed me a choice cigar.

And with a jolly sort of wink
Produced the makings of a drink.

More than polite to me he seemed;
His face with pleasure fairly beamed.

You would have thought that I was one
He loved—a sort of long-lost son.

I was not, but I clearly saw
That I might be his son-in-law.

I thought he would be glum and gruff;
I quite expected a rebuff.

From what I'd heard I thought that he
Might want to take a kick at me,

I only hope he would not fail
For any chap who chose to call.

—Chicago News.

If.

"If men were only handsomer,"
The little maiden sighed,
"Soon, soon I'd say: 'Take me away
And make of me a bride!'"

"If men were only cleverer,"
The older maiden said,
"I'd take a chance with word and glance
And maybap I would wed."

"If men were only wealthier,"
The buxom widow breathed,
"I might incline a vow to sign
With brow all orange wreathed."

"If men were only easier,"
The ancient spinster wept,
"I'd set my cap for any chap
And wed him ere I slept."

—New York Times.

The Deserted Babe.

Lullaby, oh lullaby,
Angels guard you from the sky,
Father went to Washington,
Means to march and have some fun,
Says he won't come back, you bet,
Till an office he can get.

Hushaby, oh hushaby,
Little darling, do not cry.
Mother went to Albany,
Anti-suffragist is she,
Says she wants no ballot's curse;
Skipped and left you with the nurse.

Lullaby, oh lullaby,
True it is that none is nigh.
Nursie went to Albany,
Says she wants a vote, b'gee!
Says your pa and ma may guard,
But for her the world is hard.

Hushaby, oh hushaby,
Calm your voice and dry your eye.
Some day they will all come back,
Father walking on the track,
Mother ragged in array,
Nurse demanding higher pay.

—N. Y. Sun.

The Devil in Lent.

This is the time, so people say,
The devil takes a holiday,
And seeks not to lead folks astray
By any of his wiles.
He's hidden in some unknown spot,
Just where it is we answer not,
But rumor says that it is hot,
And there he sits and smiles.

For thirty some odd days or more
He's shut his heavy iron door,
And for this time he'll not implore
Poor folks to plunge in sin.
His old trade he will not renew
Till grass is green and skies are blue
When Easter bonnets are on view
His business will start in.

It would be wise, though, during Lent
When of your sins you should repent,
Not to be sure the old boy went—
Off for a little doze.
He's very foxy, very sly,
So on his absence don't rely,
Right now he may be standing by,
In solemn Lenten clothes.

—Brooklyn Times.