

(By Carrier.)
Daily, Sunday included, one year... 9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month... 7.00
Remitt—Send postoffice money order, express, stamps, coin or currency for your local bank. Stamp, coin or currency in full, include postoffice address and dress in full, include postoffice address.
Postage Rates: 10 to 14 pages, 1 cent; 15 to 24 pages, 2 cents; 25 to 44 pages, 3 cents; 45 to 60 pages, 4 cents. Foreign postage double rates.
Eastern Business Office—The S. C. Beck with Special Agency—New York, rooms 48 and 49, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Tribune building.

ENCROACHMENT ON STATE SCHOOLS

Mr. Smith begins by telling Dr. Homan, in plain terms that conditions in Oregon make it "absolutely impossible" for his institution to carry out its promises for a long time to come." In other words, the venerable opinion at Salem cannot, in Mr. Smith's opinion, keep its word with the students who may resort thither next year for a normal course. This is a question without facts are much more valuable than any preconceived beliefs. If William

high schools it is very difficult for the bystander to discern. As to encroachment upon "the work of professional preparation of teachers for public school service," Mr. Smith can hardly have considered his language very wisely if this work is given a monopoly of this world to the State University and normal schools? What is the reason is there for calling Willamette classes for teachers an encroachment any more than its classes in law and medicine? The State University has a law school and a medical school, as well as a department of education. Are all these fields of education sacred ground which no outsider may intrude upon without sacrilege?

not believe there "can be any sympathy between denominational schools and state institutions. Your strength is our weakness," he talks nonsense. There is plenty of sympathy between the Disciples' theological seminary at Eugene and the state university. The two schools undoubtedly strengthen each other. The same is true of similar arrangements at many state

REFORM ONE MORE.

Councilman Willis is the latest reformer to undertake the Auggan task of cleaning up Portland. He does not profess to have such high and holy motives as some others, but he seems to be inspired by a desire to show that the profession of the Lane administration is not a sham. He understands all the know-nothingism that is all. He is succeeding with stoutness. For, perhaps not so startling, since it has been known everywhere in Portland except at the City Hall that gambling and every style and variety of vice flourish in Portland as they have never flourished. It is reported, and probably true, that about forty games have been recently running in Portland from the slightest molestation from the police or any other authority.

Where is the moral squander? What

AUTO SPEED FIENDS.

In few cities are auto speeders more dangerous than in Portland. This is not due to any unusual mania for speed in this city, but to narrow streets. Reckless autoists are probably not relatively more numerous

THE SMOKELESS CITY.

"The smokeless American city is coming in the very near future." This is the belief of John Llewellyn Cochran, as set forth in an article in a recent number of the Review of Reviews. It is the belief, more correctly speaking, of Government scientists who are engaged in pointing the way in the great possibilities of undefiled air in the great manufacturing centers of the country, and Mr. Cochran's belief is clearly stated by the Review. It is asserted, indeed, that belief in this matter has developed into certainty, and that it is only a question of time when manufacturers and others will

Another factor that looms up in the near distance through an atmosphere divested of smoke is the establishment of central heating plants in large cities to supply heat to thousands of homes as the water plant supplies water. This means the abolishment of the individual furnace, with its enormous waste in smoke, ashes and carelessly dispensed heat, and it will be a boon

passed beyond the realm of conjecture into the prosaic domain of fact. It is, nevertheless, according to the Government experts, the saving of from \$100,000,000 to twice that sum annually in the country's coal bill; the ultimate solution of the domestic heating problem; the obviating of the disastrous greasy labor and dirt necessarily associated with the operation of hot-air furnaces; the saving of steam and hot water for use in the homes; the elimination of long-distance gas transmission; the saving of railway travel of the smoke and cinder nuisance, and creating a market for an immense bulk of low-grade coals which are practically valueless as fuel. The coals, which may be economically converted into gas, considering them of high commercial value. The study and its presentment will go far to quiet the fears of those who see the world reduced to a fuelless waste in a hundred or more years hence and from the fact that coal and gas from the field that is going on in every quarter.

To be sure, the greatest of all poets have trod the uplifting corridors of our colleges, and have blossomed and ripened in the soft air of our halls, and the world has known of it. But the old Burns, the unquestionably born off the lyric palm in modern times, the ancient Greek poets were sadly deficient in systematic culture. None of them knew Latin, nor had they the tremendous advantage of a course in rhetoric and Greek composition. It is greatly to be feared that Homer would not have known what to do with himself in a Greek-letter society. The incomparable Vergil, wielder of the stateless measure ever molded by the sense of advancing his modern compeers, might have been a member of the peer sings of him, never to be forgotten, of courses of lectures on literature in his whole life. Perhaps, to be entirely frank, one must reluctantly admit that there is something in the atmosphere of a college, with its ardent devotion to the up traditions, which tends to wither the great shoots of genius. Macaulay thought so. I should, who was something of a judge, add, that the four worst wasted years of his life were those he spent at Oxford.

Certainly it is not imagination that they lack. One has only to peruse the pages of the magazines to see potent evidence that the American people as a whole possess this fundamental poetical requisite in great superfluity. We are almost as imaginative as we are dyspeptic. Perhaps our National dyspepsia itself is the cause of our imagination. It is true that we are not poets because it does not pay. Americans, in spite of slanders to the contrary, do a host of things which never pay. Reflect, if you please, upon the energy our farmers spend in arguing that they should not be taxed. I can say, if you can, that the American people never devote themselves to an occupation which promises no profit. The usual income of a doctor is less than a diligent laborer can earn, and yet it has not been noticed that the supply of doctors is likely to run short. The country fairly swarms with them. Considering their multiplicity, it is astonishing that anybody should ever be sick. The average poet could hardly fail to earn an income in one way or

Why, then, does the art of healing attract so many devotees while rhyme goes begging?

Granted that poetry does not pay, still we have a leisure class now, the children of our oil and railroad kings of the last generation who ought to cultivate the muses and not suffer much from hunger. Why do they prefer to play golf and drive automobiles? The secret of our want of poets lies on the

THE WORST BOOKS.

So much has been said about the hundred best books lately that we shall all enjoy by contrast the hundred worst books which the Atlantic Monthly promises in its next number. The Oregonian does not wish to pluck away the fame which the author of the article is sure to win, but it can hardly be that there will ever be a more propitious opportunity to set forth our own views upon this momentous subject. Even if the list we might construct should fail to meet anybody's approval, still there could be no accusation of plagiarism. Compiling a list of the best, however, be the best or worst, is but a thankless task. The mere writing down of a hundred titles is something of a toil, and the knowledge that the labor would be forgotten the next day hardly inspires one to undertake it. The best book of the century is not the same for any two individuals, and each man's worst. What is food for one is poison for his next-door neighbor. Until we are all made on precisely the same pattern we shall need diversity in intellectual nutriment to the full as much as we need different viands for our stomachs.

Another warning may be posted against books which excite emotions for which there is no outlet in action. All feeling which begins and ends with the use of a destructive tool. We all know of the famous young man who passed her elegant days loiling on a paircloth sofa in the parlor reading novels while her mother baked bread and mopped the floor in the kitchen. The girl had plenty of tears to shed over the heroine's imaginary sorrows and her mother had plenty of tears to shed over her daughter's idle and unworking mind. Such hardening of the heart is a characteristic effect of emotional excitement which died where it was born. Feeling is never good for us unless it culminates in deeds. The enjoyment of elegant souls may become a dangerous disease. A bauchery really injurious to the phine. In your objections to novels this was what our grandparents really had in mind, and they were right about it. The best book for a boy if one that incites him to do things of valence one cannot put dime novels aside. The best book for a girl if one. They are not half so bad as those which stimulate boys to brood over their physical make-up and peer into the contents of their consciences.

gated has turned out to be an illusion, and most of the older works on psychology are little better than a pile of rubbish in the newer light. To which it is that our minds are accurate! pictures of our gods and the best way to study the mind is to look at what we do. Most of the brooding over the gulfs within us, of which the theosophists and others make so much, is but self-deception. Man never learned anything yet, that benefited him except by the study of the external world.

Let us now draw another conclusion that, next to the old-style Sunday school books, the worst volumes for people of this day to read are those which either belittle science or make a mockery of it. In the latter class

Francis Marion Crawford, born of American parents, namesake of a hero of the American Revolution, his father a noted sculptor, his mother a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, an Italian-American honored in his own and his adopted country, was but last week borne in a flower-laden casket to his last resting-place under Italian skies in the cemetery of St. Angelo. The people whom he had lived among since childhood considered him their very own, and vied with each other in paying honor to his memory.

Mr. Crawford lived near Sorrento for more than a quarter of a century where he died at the age of 55 years, highly honored in both hemispheres for his literary achievements. His life should have been relatively so short is, under all conditions of activity, occupation and surroundings somewhat surprising. It did not give way to the strain and stress of existence, but seemingly completed its course in orderly fashion and went out. Be that as it may, the life of Francis Marion Crawford is now as tale that is told, albeit many volumes were required to tell it.

An intelligent attempt in this direction would be surprising in its results. The average city dweller is easily susceptible to cultivation. Have an ordinary-sized city lot, or even less, would, if judiciously planted and well cultivated, give all the early vegetables that a family could use, could use, and many of the fruits of strawberries besides. After the first work of getting the ground ready for the labor incident to planting and caring for a garden of this size and type is over, the weekly play rather than work is a pleasure. Recreation, especially for those who are interested in growing things and who feel a personal pride in the work of the hands. Moreover, if any success is attained, the pleasure is increased, that intelligence applied to the work will fall to bring something like satisfactory results—the pleasure of eating crisp vegetables from one's own garden. The consideration of the experience of no mean importance, is worthy of serious reflection, especially in those households where there is restless and not aged grandfathers who is so happy as when doing something, or who is so happy as when doing anything, or who is averse to doing anything, but who for his own sake, the sake of the family and possibly of the community, should be taught habits of industry and responsibility.

The vast stretches of unoccupied land in Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta open to settlement, and upon which settlement is encouraged by the purchase policy of the general government, has created a new class of landless men. The enormous yields of wheat and the immense grazing possibilities add their testimony to the invitation to come in and take these lands, and to farmers who are accustomed to the climatic rigors of Dakota and the Middle West, the severe Canadian climate has been a new terror. For the rest, many Americans are conscious of the opportunities afforded for diversified agriculture and stock-raising.

have, however, no reason to complain. The weather is a factor that has set this way during the last month or six weeks. Substantially, the weather has been in the accession to the population of the state has resulted that will in due time be felt in our agricultural output and in our growing industries. The Spring movement in Canada and the Pacific Slope, argues that the weather is a factor in the enterprising spirit stirred by the leaves of unrest that bodes well for the future of the country in three primary essentials of good citizenship—frugality and ownership of soil. We do not feel envious of Canada in this matter. We congratulate her upon her acquirement of a large number of citizens, though, truth to tell, we are at a loss to know why they should have changed location without change of climate, when the inducements that Canada can offer to American farmers can be duplicated in American soil, with the manifold advantages of a mild climate and the Pacific Slope thrown in.

Germany is getting down to the practical phase of aerial navigation much faster than the United States. We are already receiving accounts of projected terminal stations at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Cassel and Berlin. Each station is to occupy an area 30,000 to 40,000 square meters, the center being left for an anchorage. Around which are built three or four long and 80 feet high. Revolving platforms, driven by electric power, are provided to facilitate landing. Giant balloons equipped with arc lights will serve as lighthouses, thus carrying out resemblance to marine navigation. It is expected that thirty of these "ports" will be established. So aerial navigation in very thick weather is a problem yet to be solved.

about the wheat reserve of the country, and try to get the Secretary of Agriculture to let him have a money interest, while the Secretary is purely official, and naturally very optimistic.

President Zolaya, of Nicaragua, has said to be again planning war on his neighbor, John Barrett, of Oregon, chairman of the lesser American republics, should look after his children.

When the "50,000 by 1912" comes here, the people who want cheap residence lots will have to wait a few months out. Better buy now and let some of the value increase yourself.

Another great victory for Mayor Lane. He has conquered the Water Board—which he appointed, the "boys' play" there.

Joy of the County Court was short-lived. The Sheriff captured very soon the fellow squires who "flew the coop" at Kelly Butte.

Perhaps that fellow Haskell wishes he were a lion in the African jungle and perhaps Roosevelt wishes the same.

Councilman Willis has started raiding gamblers. Is it possible Mr. Willis is not a candidate for Mayor?

With the coming of the cherry blossom, the little old one-ring circus is abroad in the Valley.

The open season for hunting Christians is on in Asiatic Turkey, with

Before we went to Denver we had heard
of the Tabors Grand,
Allowed by critics as the finest property
the land;
And, roundin' up at Denver in the K
Well heeled in pint of looker
a-pinin' for some fun,
We told Bill Bush that we wuz fix
quite comfortable for wealth,
And had a strutt that alitood entire
for our health;
You see, we knew Bill Bush at Cent
City years ago;
(An' a whiter man than that same B
you could not wish to know!)
Bill run the Grand for Tabors, an
give us two a deal
Es how we really otto see Modjesky

At that Three-Fingered Hoover st
"I'll chip into this game,
And see if Red Hoes Mountain can
recount the same.
I won't set by an' see the feelin's u
lady thru;
Gol durn a critter, anyhow, that doe
wants to dist'
He riz up like a giant in that li
painted pen.
And stepped upon the platform w
the women folks 'nd men;
Across the track he went, of gals
bounced like a deer,
An' grabbed Armo an' hove him thro
the landscape in the rear;
And then he shed him shed his hat
reverently kneed
And put his strong arms t
around the kal Camel.

"Camel," sez he, "your record is a yew. I'll allow.
But, bein' you're a woman, you'll
just say anythin' to me.
So, if you say you're sorry, and intend
to travel straight,
Why, never mind that other chap w
which you meant to mate.
I'll mark my money and take y
back tomorrow night.
To the camp on Red Horse Mount
where the boys'll treat you wh
Where Casey runs a table, and
a drink, and a smoke.
Where there ain't no ancient history
bether me or you,
Where there ain't no law but honest
no evidence but the facts.
Where between the verdick and
rope there ain't no 'enter actin'.

First Dr. Lemon he allowed that he
 got to go
 And see a patient he jist heerd w
 lyin' very low
 An' Charlie Toll rix up an' said
 guessed he'd fine the dock,
 An' go to see a client wich wuz wait
 'round the block.
 John Atkins reckollected he had int
 views to write,
 And previous engagements hurr
 Cooper for our sight;
 Cal went out to see his horse, F
 Skiff and Bedford, too;
 And Stapleton remembered he had he
 uwy work to do.
 Somehow or other every one wuz f
 of business then
 Leastwise, they all vamooseed, an
 didn't bother us again.

She's goin' to show in Denver soon;
 An' maybe I shall speak for her, which
 I do 'twill be
 About the old friend restin' by the mig'
 A simple man, perhaps, but good ez
 And true ez steel;
 He could w'up his weight in wildcats, a
 You never heard him squeal;
 Good to the helpin' and the weak;
 A brave an' mainly heart
 A cyclone couldn't phase, but any ch
 Of corn or wheat;
 So like the mountain pine, that dares
 A storm which sweeps along,
 But rocks the winds w' Summertime