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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 18, 1909.

VARIOUS POINTS IN THEOLOGY.

The letter which Mr. W. T. Euster has in The Oregonian today is much more interesting as a psychological study than for anything it contributes to the great treasury of religious problems. One may be interested in the workings of Mr. Euster's intellect without attaching any particular weight to his reasoning. It is a curious puzzle, in fact, to understand how most of his characteristics should believe that the arguments they rely upon have a shadow of validity. Thus, for example, Mr. Euster advises those who differ with him to "sit at the feet of Gladstone." Now what could be gained by that? Evidently our correspondent assumes that Gladstone's "Palestine orthodoxy" ought to convince other people that orthodoxy is the correct mental state. But there are various difficulties in the way. For one thing, Gladstone was not orthodox. He was a heretic of the blackest dye, and, if the great majority of the members of the Christian church are not mistaken, he is at this moment expiating his sins of unbelief in purgatory. Does Mr. Euster wish the rest of us to follow him to his awful doom?

Again, in the domain of theology at least, Gladstone fell short. He had a mind of the T. DeWitt Talmage order, which could not distinguish "in theology between sense and nonsense. Even in writing history, Gladstone made himself absurd. His book on Homer was the laughing stock of Europe in the few months which elapsed before it was forgotten. In theology he was flatly imbecile, as everybody knows who has read his controversy with Huxley. Gladstone was a capable statesman and especially a good financier, but when he undertook to pose as a religious luminary his light dimmed. Why, then, should Mr. Euster ask people to sit at his feet? Why not ask us rather to sit at the feet of Schleiermacher, the German theologian, who really knew something about religion? Why not advise us to sit at Cardinal Newman's feet? He knew more theology in ten minutes than Gladstone did in his whole life. We cannot convince ourselves that Mr. Euster has counseled wisely in the matter of choosing Gamaliels. Bismarck is no better than Gladstone. To be sure, the German statesman never made himself ridiculous by writing on subjects of which he was ignorant, but on the other hand he selected his church connections as he did his coat. The latter he left to his tailor, the former to the Cushion of his time, and paid no attention to either.

Mr. Euster's advice to "sit at the feet of the ten greatest minds in Europe today and the four greatest intellectual powers in America," lacks definiteness. Who are these wonderful persons? In what respect are they "greatest?" Are they great financiers like Gladstone, or great strategists like Bismarck, or great mathematicians like Farnsworth? Vague citations of "the ten greatest minds" to prove a point do very well with Sunday school classes, but readers of The Oregonian hardly fall under that category. They would probably find Mr. Euster more impressive if he would tell who his heroes-in-worship are. Name the ten and the glorious four. Is Billy Sunday one of them? Still, perhaps, after all, Mr. Euster has chosen the best way to effect his end. George W. Cable says in one of his plays that "a hope without foundations cannot be undermined," and the same is true of a faith. Preachers who seek to build up a following on the strength of vague assertions and emotional rhetoric are wise in their generation. That which reason has not built reason cannot overthrow.

Mr. Euster thinks, for example, that the monument marking the supposed spot of Paul's conversion proves the event it seeks to commemorate. Now we have not the slightest doubt that Paul was converted substantially as the records tell us, but the monument does not make the account a whit more credible. In Palestine there is a monument over Adam's grave. Mark Twain was moved to tears when he saw it. How would it have affected Mr. Euster? Would it have convinced him that Adam actually lies buried there? Monuments, which are erected by the hand of credulity to verify legends, labor continually. In fact, Mr. Euster's self-statement that "myths never create anything historical" will not hold water an instant. It is as full of holes as a sieve. The institutions of Mohammedanism are historical, one may imagine. There is considerable reality to the Turkish Empire, to the mosques of Islam, to the literature of the Saracens and the science of the Moors. According to Mr. Euster, these things could not have been built on myths. There we must accept the Koran as a veritable revelation and believe that Mohammed's ascent to the seventh heaven was as real as Moses' visit to Jehovah on the summit of Sinai. This would stretch the faith of some people, but possibly Mr. Euster is equal to it. If he is, what becomes of his orthodoxy?

Take Buddhism for another example of myths which have created institutions. The institutions are there indubitably. If we accept Mr. Euster for our spiritual guide their existence proves that the faith underlying them is an authentic revelation from the Almighty. He certainly cannot be persuaded to grant the benefit of this argument to Christianity and deny it to every other belief.

Orthodoxy is not the only successful religion in the world. Mr. Euster thinks its success demonstrates its truth. Very well, what shall we say of Confucianism and Shintoism and Buddhism, and above all of Mohammedanism? Nay, what shall we say of Mormonism and Christian Science? It is simply untrue, also, to imply, as Mr. Euster does, that all the "false Christs" who have appeared since Jesus have failed. A number of them have succeeded, some brilliantly. Joseph Smith was a "false Christ," but his religion is one of the most aggressive and successful in the world. The founder of Christian Science has been named among the "false Christs" by some persons. Does Mr. Euster think her religion is a failure? And what of Greek Christendom, with its innumerable miracles, and the Czar at the head of it?

The truth of the matter is that the veracity of the Christian traditions and sacred documents is a historical question pure and simple. It must be decided by the evidence which can be produced. Apart from the evidence nobody's opinion is of the slightest consequence and no argument is worth the paper it is written on.

WILL THE VETO BE EMPLOYED?

President Taft's remarks on Friday to numerous members of Congress who had waited on him to press their views about the necessity of protective tariff for their various local districts seem to leave a possibility that he may veto the bill, should it not, in some reasonable degree at least, keep the pledges of the Republican platform as to revision, as he interprets them.

There is small probability that the bill, when passed up to the President, will meet the expectations of the country as to reduction. Not only manufacturing interests are endeavoring to load it up and get all they can out of it, but in many parts of the country producers of raw materials are bringing tremendous pressure on their members of Congress, threatening them with political extinction if they fail in maintaining high duties on all sorts of raw products and materials of manufacture. And, if high duties are to be maintained on finished goods, for protection of manufacturers and "hands" on their payrolls, the argument for protection of the producers of raw materials certainly cannot with safety be ignored. If protection is so good a thing, why restrict its benefits? Let the consumer take care of himself.

This is the old trouble about high protective tariff. It never can be composed. The scramble for benefits will wreck any political party that tries to "diffuse the blessings" of the system. There is just one way, and but one; namely, the formation and enactment of tariff schedules on the revenue basis—cutting out protection or leaving it only as an incidental thing. It must be regarded as certain that the country ultimately will reach this conclusion, but probably not for a long time yet.

It is a shameless scramble for advantage, now going on in Congress, between the innumerable "interests." Senators freely admit that as passed by the Senate the bill contains many rates which are certain to be rejected in conference. Some of these were deliberately inserted in the bill "for trading purposes." This barter, with its juggles of every description, is an outrage on every principle of lawmaking and a disgrace to the country. A veto by the President would create immense sensation and produce mighty applause. The New York World (Ind.-Dem.) says:

> To the credit of the Republican newspapers, an overwhelming majority of them have actively supported the President in this contest and used all their influence in behalf of downward revision. Should the conference committee accept a majority of the Aldrich schedules or report out a half-breed compromise, the World believes that the influential Republican and independent newspapers almost as a unit would sustain Mr. Taft in vetoing the bill. It believes also that the country would sustain him; but the least the country can do is to give him assurances in advance.

THE HARVEST ROMANCE.

"Hard work on the farm" is proverbial. The condition thus indicated applies particularly to the women of the farm, the farmers' wives and daughters, since few small farms of the average class are profitable enough to be held to justify hiring help in the house, garden and dairy work which falls to woman's lot. In many farming districts this condition has been relieved to some extent in recent years, but still the humdrum, confining, routine drudgery that taxes strength and energy in the poultry-yard, milking-yard, garden and kitchen, not to mention work for several strenuous weeks in hop-yards in some districts, is unflagging, except when outraged nature intervenes and sends the toiler to bed or to the insane asylum for rest and possible recuperation.

A condition that was the rule in the more primitive era of agriculture, however, is not by any means universal in farmhouses and their immediate adjuncts, the garden, the dairy and the poultry-yard, at the present time. Truck-gardening in the vicinity of cities has put the home garden, except for family use, out of commission; creameries have performed a like service in taking the cream from the separator and turning it into butter; and being relieved from these duties, poultry-raising as engaged in by the women of the farm, though exacting in detail, is not hard work, made harder because the caretaker brings a body wearied from a multitude of other labors to the task.

Again, harvest time of old—the period wherein the sickle was thrust into the standing grain, or later when the cradle, swung by sturdy arms, laid the wheat in swaths for the binder, or later still, when the "header" made its noisy rounds, followed by the thresher, has been robbed of its dread—to the overworked women of the farms. Each of these primitive means of harvesting has given way in turn, gradually relieving not only the men afield, but the women in the farmhouses, of the drudgery of harvest time, until now the great "combined," with a band of horses and a small crew of men, harvests 75 and even 100 acres of wheat in a day, leaving the grain sacked and ready for transportation.

This is especially true of the great wheat-growing region of the Inland Empire, in which men, horses and machinery do the work exclusively—a few men, a large aggregation of horses and machinery that is not only the wonder of agricultural development, but the marvel of an age of invention.

The romance, it has been said somewhat wistfully, has gone out of the harvest time as a result of the invasion of machinery, but with it has gone a drudgery from fields and farmhouses, the passing of which no one mourns—a passing which, indeed, it is impossible to mourn except at a distance. When upon the stage of action the old-time harvest was a season of stern reality. There was no romance connected with getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning and working in perspiring weariness through the heat of July and August in field and kitchen, until 6 o'clock in the evening for the field workers, and 10 at night for those who worked in the house. "The dull thunder of alternate flails" represented a slow and laborious process of threshing the grain, but that was a Fall or Winter task, performed at leisure and in the shade. Not so the cutting of the grain with the sickle or cradle and binding it with a wisp of straw by hand or the long season of "cooking for the hired men" in the low-ceiled farmhouse kitchen, which this old-time method of harvesting grain involved.

All of the romance in such a situation is conjured to the backward glance of persons now grown old, who were then longing to be more than water-bearers or lunch-carriers to the men afield. To all others the steam thresher for the smaller farms, with its crew of field-fed men, and the powerful "combined" of the great grain fields of the Inland Empire represent harvesting at its best—the unregretted passing of the harvest romance.

THE ACTUAL BEGINNINGS.

It may be supposed that now it will begin to be understood and believed that a railroad is to enter and to penetrate Middle Oregon from the Columbia River, near The Dalles, through the Deschutes Canyon. It is the easy way, with lowest grades. Experience has taught railroad men that lines which afford least gradients, though initial construction may cost more, are on the whole cheapest;—cheapest not only for the railroads, but in the long run for the country they serve.

To build a road through the Deschutes Canyon, and to enter Middle Oregon by this route, is as great an undertaking as the North Bank road from the mouth of Snake River to Portland. But active work is begun on this road, and it will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. But, as construction of the North Bank road required two years, so may construction of this Deschutes Canyon road, to a point where it emerges fully into Middle Oregon, require an equal time. These are among the difficult problems of railway construction.

Whether the route by way of The Dalles and the Deschutes River may, or may not, in time, become the more general route between Portland and San Francisco, is as yet uncertain. It may be a little longer. But it will have the advantage of lower grades, and may be found shortest, in point of time.

But should this prove to be the result, the local routes will remain, and present roads. New ones also will be developed. The road from the Upper Willamette into Middle Oregon, with connection to Klamath, is assured; and the road known as the Corvallis & Eastern surely also will be pushed into connection with Middle and Eastern Oregon.

These things will not all be done in a year. But they will be done; and the purpose now is to call attention to the actual beginnings. All Western Oregon had set its heart also on a railroad to Coos Bay, which was begun a while ago, but was discontinued. All eagerly await the indication that this purpose will be resumed. Work is in progress on the Tillamook coast road. We must renew our insistence on the Coos Bay road, too. We shall reach all these results, in time, of course, and can't expect everything at once. But we must keep them in view, all the same.

AN UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT.

Taken as a class, and admitting the existence of brilliant exceptions, probably the most ignorant professional people in the world are college instructors. They can perform a few tricks with algebraic symbols or with Latin syntax, or something equally useless, but of the vital truths of life they are entirely ignorant. Until very recently, a superstition was universal among them that the little tricks they are masters of possess some marvelous value in and for themselves. To a man of sense, the ability to construe Latin stands on precisely the same level as any other acquired power. If the translation of the Latin leads to anything desirable, it is then an instrument which an intelligent person may well wish to know how to handle, but if it leads to nothing beyond itself it is like any other trick with which one can divert an idle hour, but which is not to be taken seriously. Our college professors have been teaching youths Latin, algebra and rhetoric, not as tools to be used for the production of useful work in the world, but as things which were in themselves the principal aim and object of life.

The ideal held up before the youth by his teachers was that the principal purpose of existence is to escape from work, and education was therefore carefully fashioned to suit the necessities of people who were supposed never to exercise either hands of brains. What the professors wanted was to produce in their victims a highly beautiful mental condition which they called "culture." Efficiency they abhorred, because it was vulgar. The result of such teaching in those who submitted to it was a vacuous mind, without interest in the world or capacity for effort. The lethal doctrine of culture for culture's sake even penetrated down to the primary schools, and would have made us a nation of paralytic imbeciles if the boys had not escaped from it by flight and the girls by the inertia of feminine common sense. Girls are too concrete and personal by nature to be spoiled by dosing them with formulas, no matter how persistently it is done. The instinct of self-preservation drove the boys into the street, the gambling hell and the saloon. It may be a question whether in any of these places they are not safer than in those schoolrooms where they acquire tuberculosis, short sight, crooked spines, bow legs and idle habits, to say nothing of the itch.

For some years the private schools enjoyed an advantage over the public schools, in that they had a definite purpose. In itself the purpose was not very admirable, since it was merely to prepare to pass the college entrance examinations, but it gave point and meaning to what the boys had to learn, while in the public schools the studies were utterly without aim. Nobody could tell why any particular branch was taught. In fact, the only reason was that it had always been taught. Hence it was a real boon to the high schools when the colleges invaded them and imposed their entrance examinations upon them. It lent a semblance of purpose to what had before that been a mere series of grimaces lasting for four years. The examinations led to nothing of any consequence, but the students did not know that, and they were therefore not wholly without joy in their studies. When they finally entered college, however, disillusionment came swiftly. Here it was the same old story of chewing upon husks and gnawing files, as in the high school, but there was no purpose held out to make the weary routine endurable. The chewing and gnawing were lauded as things so excellent in themselves that they needed no other justification. Naturally the boys revolted. Human nature can stand a certain amount of nonsense, but a time always comes when it can stand no more.

The rebellion took the two forms which any sensible person would have expected. Fashion demanded that the boys should be decorated with an A. B. when they took their places in good society. The requirement was quite as rigorous as for a dress coat, and just as rational, but it could not be evaded. Hence leaving college was out of the question. They must stay and graduate. Happily, fashion did not require a man to know any Latin or mathematics. All it asked was that he should have lived for four years where there was a pretence of learning them. This made matters fairly pleasant for the college youths. Those of them who had money enough lapsed into brute sybaritism and passed their college years coloring meerschaum pipes, breeding bulldogs and imitating the esthetic rites of Oscar Wilde. Those who had not money enough to become esthetes turned for refuge to athletics. What else could they do? In the face of the facts, it is not a little unreasonable for men like President Lowell, of Harvard, and President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, to bewail in public the neglect of intellectual effort in the modern college and the predominance of athletics and money. If the colleges gave any invitation to intellectual effort, it would not be declined. There is plenty of mind work going on outside of them. Invention, speculation, bookwriting are active everywhere except in our seats of learning; and in those vulgar Western colleges where practical things are taught there is no lack of interest in the curriculum. Athletics and sybaritism do not outshine mental exertion either at Madison or Corvallis. Universities like Princeton, and, to a less extent, Harvard, offer their students Barmecide feasts, and then wonder why the young men do not rapturously drink down the tepid water. The resort to athletics by modern college students has been thoroughly natural and medicinal. It is the only thing which has saved them from paresis.

A WITCHES' SABBATH.

The anti-vivisection congress which met in London during the early days of this month was one of the weirdest exhibitions of mad fanaticism ever seen in the world. Foolish women and soft-headed men vied with each other in displaying their ignorance and contempt for truth. One shrieking hussy, a New York woman named Diana Belais, in her insane fury called the Rockefeller Hospital's research estate a "hell farm." To her frenzied imagination it is hellish to seek to eradicate human disease at the cost of the lives of a few cats and a dozen mice. The cancer research work, which has been carried on at Buffalo for some years past, seemed particularly to enrage these furies. The savants engaged at Buffalo in the mitigation of human suffering have been compelled to sacrifice mice now and then to prove a point or test a theory. This awoke unmeasured horror in the breast of the chaste Diana, who probably never bore a child, and who would not give a crust to a beggar to save his life.

One can forgive the childless and therefore hysterical women who have nothing better to do than to foster disease and abet death at anti-vivisection congresses in the intervals of kissing their poodle dogs, but what shall we say of the male creatures who aid them? In this wild orgy of screaming mendacity, half a dozen English physicians took part. They were especially vigorous in denouncing the germ theory of disease. The star-eyed Diana said the only hope of the vivisectionists was in destroying the germ theory, and the British doctors who helped on the witch riot agreed with her. How they proposed to accomplish this feat none of them chose to say. It is the greatest boon humanity has gained since Vesalius laid the foundations of anatomy, but to investigate it a few old cats and three or four poodle dogs had to be killed. That settles its fate with Diana and her crowd. What are the lives of a million human infants compared with the comfort of one pet cat?

If these maniacs had their way they would stop the treatment of diphtheria with serum. They would destroy the new serum for spinal meningitis. They would put a stop forever to the investigation of cancer. They do not mean to commit murder. The principal motive that inspires their mad shrieks is vanity. They are as hungry for notoriety as a mob of Guiteaus. Add to vanity the fact that their nerves are supersensitive through coddling and idleness, and you have the secret of the anti-vivisection congress. There ought to be a law to compel these foolish women to get married and the men who aid and abet them ought to be delivered over to Dr. Owens-Adair for treatment.

THE PIGSKIN AND ASH DIPLOMA.

The proper repression and due regulation of college athletics is discussed, notwithstanding the fact that the Summer lull has settled down over college campus and university team track. It has been made plain by the trend of this discussion, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, that college faculties that do not enforce the essential supremacy of study will have as patrons in the not distant future only such parents as foresee that gridiron and track honors are the sole possibilities in reach of their sons.

The protest, earnest, sane, sincere, is against the wanton waste of time that accompanies college athletics. It is not made against the diversions provided for the entertainment of the public by professionals, nor against the amateur athletics which furnish rest and recreation to men confined in offices and shops. Professor Gayley, of the University of California, speaking at the commencement exercises of the University of Michigan, voiced the real nature of this protest. He insisted that the one legitimate activity of a college is study, and cited the English universities, where honors are paid to scholars. He advocated the encouragement of scholarship by publicity of its rewards, and would have college athletic notoriety relegated to less prominent mention. His viewpoint was not that of the bookworm. He commended the cogent maxim of "a sane mind in a sane body," and said: "Of non-academic activities there are but two—conversation and athletics; neither is a function, but a recreation."

This is the essence of a criticism or a presentment of present-day perversions of a college course into a continuous session of gymnastic training. The most eloquent pleading for college athletics, in view of the extreme presentment made by weeks of severe training, culminating in the great rowing contest between Yale and Harvard last week, cannot shake the commonsense verdict that the graduate whose chief honor was stroke oar in the 'varsity eight would have been better equipped for whatever vocation he is to pursue had he studied at college and only practiced athletics to preserve his health. The pigskin certificate and ash diploma carry little weight in a world in which, to be even moderately successful, a man must be not only energetic, but practical; not only strenuous for a time, but consistently industrious.

THE TOBACCO TAX.

It is a surprising thing that Congress, in its real or pretended quest for sources of revenue, should have overlooked tobacco. Senator Beveridge has shown that if this noxious weed were taxed in the United States at the British rate it would yield $380,000,000 a year to the Government. At the French rate it would yield $436,000,000. Under our thriftless management it produces but $80,000,000 a year. A proper tobacco tax would lessen the profits of the tobacco trust which controls pretty nearly the entire business. During both the Civil War and the Spanish War the weed was taxed much more severely than it is now. As the Government abated the taxes the trust calmly absorbed them without lowering the price of tobacco. To restore the tax would mean a certain loss of income to the combination.

Again, a high tobacco tax might diminish the consumption of the drug. What harm this would bring to anything or anybody except the trust is not specified in our sources of information. But it would surely injure the trust. The annual consumption of tobacco in the United States is 17 pounds for every male person over 16 years of age. In France it does not exceed four pounds. Our National appetite for the filthy and poisonous weed might be dulled a little, one would think, without doing any particular injury to our health or morals. If a higher tax would effect that end, why not impose the tax?

WONDERFUL MATRIMONY.

Much comment, the basis of which is wonder, has been caused by the success of one John Madson, a man well along in years, in duping a dozen or fifteen women into sham marriage, as preliminary to the customary robbery which is the object of these skilled adventurers. But why wonder at this man's success in the matrimonial role? Has not the history of the individual as well as the Nation repeated itself over and over in every land under the sun.

Widows and divorced women were the chosen dupes of this matrimonial faker. Why? Because, according to popular belief, women of this class are usually mistresses of what fortune they possess, and are rather more than less susceptible to the romance which attends the sudden wooing and plea for speedy marriage, than are younger women. Men who set out to lead captive susceptible women have a discriminating eye for subjects, though, for that matter, it is not difficult to find women who lend a pleased ear to adulation.

Except for one phase of his matrimonial campaign, there is nothing to cause the community to gape with wonder over Madson's marital conquests. He was well versed in the old, old story, and an adept in its recital—the story that is never old to women who are always young. But the point at which, it would seem, the least calculating widow would have balked was his propensity to borrow money in connection with his lovemaking. His success at this point is surprising indeed, since, according to his smug confession, he does not recall a single instance in which the loan asked for was refused. The net sum which he realized in this way ran well up into the thousands. Few of the women thus duped could afford to lose the money that they so guilelessly confided to his care, while some of his dupes were utterly impoverished when he flitted away with their cash.

This is grafting of the most open and shameless type, and no woman, whether she be in the first or second flush of matrimonial idiocy, can hope to be acquitted of folly if she has been thus beguiled into parting with her bank account. The man who attempts to borrow from a woman—much less from a woman with whom he is in the critical stage of lovemaking—admits by that act that he is a fraud. And here is where the wonder comes in, in the Madson case and cases similar—the unappeased, unmitigated wonder that the woman in each separate case of which he boasts from behind his prison bars did not cause him to be thrown out of doors bodily—if he refused to depart upon her order.

The only explanation that any one of Madson's dupes has offered for her neglect to put him out when he blandly asked for her purse as preliminary to procuring of a marriage license was that of the Portland widow, who confidently gave him $1500 "to take care of." "He must have hypnotized me," she said, smiling feebly to hide her chagrin, conscious perhaps that she had offered an excuse that did not excuse her folly, and had essayed an explanation that explained nothing.

A number of Colorado fruitgrowers, conceiving the plan of supplying fruits to the Oriental trade, have purchased an area comprising 2000 acres of land in Pecos County, Texas, and are planting it to orchard trees of various kinds, principally the best of shipping apples. The soil is considered perfect for fruit-growing, and the region seldom suffers from frost. Water for irrigation will be drawn from immense reservoirs, and within ten years it is said that the shipments will consist of thousands of cars annually. The specific object is to grow fruit for the Oriental markets. The promoter is a man well acquainted with these markets, and under his direction the fruits grown will be such as are in demand or for which a demand can be created there. Transportation facilities are of the best, the tract being on the line of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad. Residents of Oregon and Washington who understand the conditions and promise of apple-growing think it will be a long time before the apples of Texas will be up to the standard of Oregon and Washington apples. Judging from the immense area upon which young, thrifty apple trees are now standing, one might think the markets of the Orient will not have to look to Texas for their apple supply ten years hence. With so wide a market, however, which every year grows wider in every direction, there will be a demand at fair prices for all the good, marketable apples that, even with the present wide area and outlook, are likely to be raised.

Even the very drastic prohibitory law in Kansas is universally dodged. Under the new law druggists are absolutely forbidden to sell intoxicating liquors of any kind, but the druggists make a practice of furnishing to wholesalers the names and wants of customers. The stuff is then shipped direct to the consumer, who takes it out of the express office without fracturing the law. At the end of the month the wholesaler sends to the druggist 20 per cent of the sales made to the customers whose names he has furnished. It is authentically reported that every Kansan who ever bought liquor at a drug store has his name recorded in some wholesale liquor house in Kansas City, St. Louis or Chicago. This new feature of the liquor traffic gives support to the pregnant assertion that prohibition doesn't prohibit.

A shallow writer, essaying discussion of the question of water rates, says:

> Did anybody ever see a clothier supplying families with clothing on a flat rate of so much per month or year? Do bakers supply families with bread on a flat rate? Do grocers supply them with provisions and jewelers with jewelry at so much per month? A system of the like was never seen.

Has anybody ever seen a city supplying the families living in it with clothing, or supplying bread or supplying jewelry, at so much per month, or on any terms whatever? There are "journalists" who can be very absurd, without half trying, and indeed without knowing it.

Jeff Davis, the fiery Senator from Arkansas, has shown that he is not impervious to the rules of official etiquette at the National capital. As every one knows, an invitation to dine at the White House is virtually a command, and when the Arkansas orator failed to appear the other night in response to such invitation, it occasioned newspaper comment. However, when President Taft received a letter from Senator Davis explaining that he was compelled to go in search of his 12-year-old boy, who had gone to see the flying machines at Fort Myer and had not returned in time, the apology was accepted.

There is a small city named Bristol, lying partly in Tennessee and partly in Virginia. Prohibition reigns in the Tennessee district, while the Virginia district has voted for license. The state line runs through the main street; and all the prohibition section, in Tennessee, has to do when it wants its "bitters" is to cross the street into Virginia to get them. But this same situation has long continued, on a larger scale, at Kansas City, Kan., and Kansas City, Mo., where they say it is astonishing how many liquor drinkers emerge from a prohibition state.

Senator Bourne has written a letter to the Portland Chamber of Commerce in which he states he is so busy with National affairs that he has not been able to attend to matters of local interest to Oregon. This is surprising. Didn't the Senator say, in his esteemed remarks in the Senate the other day, that he hadn't concerned himself about the details of the tariff, which is now the only matter of National concern in Washington, but had left everything to Senator Aldrich, who knew just what to do?

The feat of attempting to drive across a railway track in front of a moving train met with the customary result near Oregon City Thursday night. Next to the preference of the deaf man for the railroad track as a footpath, the attempt to beat the train at the crossing with a team is the most inexplicable freak of human folly.

It isn't a proper function of a city to furnish its inhabitants with music, nor its duty, either. And if the Mayor, who has ordered reduction of the band concerts, should order discontinuance of all of them, 't'would be better still. The city should not wish to drift into the old Roman imperial-rabble policy of panem et circenses.

A dispatch from Seattle carries the news that "Colonel W. F. Tucker and his bride" have arrived there "on their honeymoon journey," and that Colonel Tucker says he will "make his home at Seattle or at Portland." This couple will probably be astonished at the lack of enthusiasm over them at either place.

Bryan's Commoner prints an article under the headline, "A New Party? No." Mighty judicious, this is; for if the Democratic party were to drop out and a new party take its place, there might be a question whether Mr. Bryan would be its perennial candidate.

According to the reports compiled by the Controller of the Currency, the National banks of New York City had resources on June 23, 1909, of $1,816,972,233, as compared with $1,675,177,849 on July 15, 1908. This gain probably reflects business conditions throughout the United States.

A fleet of 148 warships in London's harbor is certainly an impressive spectacle; still the onlooker cannot help thinking that the guns are not trained to hit Count Zeppelin's airships.

Of course it is hard for a determined man to yield any part of his personal liberty; yet perhaps it will be best for Judge McCredie to buy the old nightie and wear it.

If Roosevelt were President, his lion shooting would be mere pastime compared with his big stick exercise on Congress for redemption of tariff pledges.

A curious but patient public are awaiting from Mr. Brackett, his fifth version of the murderous assault upon him.

Boni to Helle (by wireless): "Chapeau bas! Charmante!" "Hats off! A charming lady!"

Now there is a row over purchase of the poor farm. Was the price too ri

TOPICAL VERSE

An Office Vacation.

He sat is the office all alone,
And his pen was in his hands;
To it he had tied a silken thread,
And his smile was more than bland.
To the thread was tied a bended pin,
And then, O what do you think?
He held it over his desk, and he
Fished in his bottle of ink.

The boss he came in and saw him there,
And quietly left again;
He wouldn't disturb the fisherman
With his pin and thread and pen.
He fished and he fished the hours away,
He cared not for food or drink;
He angled all day as faithfully,
Deep in his bottle of ink.

Night came and it found him fishing still,
But his smile was now a grin;
For he had discerned a wee, wee bite
On his thread and his bended pin.
When lo! He pulled on his silken thread,
And then, on the glassy brink,
There wriggled a thought which he had caught
Out of his bottle of ink.

—Boston Herald.

Some Day.

In every clime
There'll come a time
When wars shall be no more,
And, when instead
Of lists of dead
On battlefields galore,
Mankind shall read
Of nobler deeds
Than shedding human gore—
When men will cry,
With kindling eye,
"Game over? What's the score?"

—Chicago Tribune.

A Sunday School Time.

I went to a Sunday school picnic!
I'm never a-goin' ag'in!
Ef I hed a-guessed wot wuz doin'
I'd flagged it! I wud, sure as sin!

There must have bin five billion babies!
You never did see such a lot!
An' I wuz the goat! I wuz Johnny!
Yep! Johnny, ther guy on the spot!

"Jes" carry them rugs, will yer, Johnny?"
That's teacher, an' course I mus' jump.
"Here, Johnny! do help with ther baby!"
That's ma, an' it's me for ther hump.

"Hi Johnny! Run after ther lunches!"
Ther deacon's a-handin' me that!
"Come here, little boy! Take them bunches
Of sweet fern!" That's old Granny Sprat!

"You'd best hold ther horse fer a minit!
You're big enough, Johnny," sez pa.
"That bag's got an orful hole in it!
Ketch hold of it Johnny!" sez ma.

"Now, boy, bring ther water," sez teacher,
"An' help build ther fireplace," sez she.
"John, bring me a drink," sez ther preacher,
"An' please have it fresh as kin be!"

I went to ther Sunday school picnic!
I ain't never going' no more!
They didn't do nothing' to Johnny,
An' mebbe he ain't feeling sore!

An' wuss of it is, ma keeps sayin',
"Now, Johnny, you'd orter be good!
We took you a hull day a-playin'
An' picnickin' out in ther wood!"

—N. Y. Times.

Denial from Abroad.

I am not dead.
It is a vallainous canard,
Whose mischief-making author I regard
With utter detestation. I am just
As well as when I organized my trust;
I can consume a banquet every night;
There seems no limit to my appetite.
I still am full of fire, and for a penny
I'd run a hundred yards as fast as any.
Please, therefore, nail the lie. As I have said,
I am not dead.

—Newark (N. J.) Star.

On the Country Road.

What joy to walk amid these rural scenes!
The very atmosphere's a cure for care.
The peace that comes—(Honk-honk!) Hang those machines!
That automobile missed me by a hair.

The dew still lingers on the shining leaf;
The tree frog chirps within his green abode.
I love to hear the sweet—(Honk-honk!) The thief!
I wonder if he thinks he owns the road.

The woodland glades are passing fair to see;
There's poetry in each walk and shady bower.
The rapture of the season comes to me—
(Honk-honk!) He's going sixty miles an hour!

I love a country stroll, but what's the use?
(Honk-honk!) Great guns! That fiend is speeding hard.
I can't think anything but rank abuse.
Henceforth I'll stroll at home in my back yard.

—Chicago News.

The Last Straw.

If Scripture says that I must turn
My other cheek to him who smites me,
I'll gladly do it, for to learn
What duty bids me do delights me.
I'll love my neighbors (though I know
Just where this morning's paper went to)
Yea, e'en the man—it's hard to, though—
I pay the rent to.

I'll do to others as I would
Desire that they should treat yours truly;
All evil I'll return with good,
Nor let my wrath be roused unduly.
You take my coat—I'll give my hat
To boot; with coals of fire I'll thrill you.
But, if you hail me, "Oh, you kid!"
Durn you, I'll kill you!

—Cleveland Leader.

A Summer Picnic.

Wunst I went on a picnic to
The woods where the big creek runs thro,
An' my maw went along an' she
Jes' set there an' took care of me.

No other feller's maw was there.
Mine said she guessed they didn't care
And didn't have no hearts, but she—
Well, she thought more'n that of me.

The other boys went in to wade;
But 'cause my maw was so afraid,
I had to set an' watch while she
Stayed round there an' took care of me.

"Don't take your shoes an' stockin's off,"
Ma said, "er else you'll have a cough,
An' I can't have my nerves upset
By you out there a-gettin' wet."

I had to stand around an' see
Them boys a-sniggering at me,
Er play ol' sissy games with girls—
I might as well wore skirts an' curls.

Ma says boys never 'preciate
Their payrents till it's all too late;
She says I'll thank her lots some day,
But I can't see it jes' that way.

When I'm a paw an' have a son
I bet I'll let him have some fun,
An' if I have to go to law
He shan't be pestered by his maw!

—Exchange.

Hoch Der Zeppelin!

Who iss it sails der atmosphere
As light as foam on stein of beer,
Und has Chon Bull knockkneed mit fear?
Meinself—Count Zep.

Who iss it always in a smash,
Und in her trees iss going, crash!
Und swears der German three-em dash?
Meinself—Count Zep.

Who patches up his cloud machine,
Und buys more Chon D. gasoline,
Und sails again, calm and serene?
Meinself—Count Zep.

Who beats all skymen in a flight,
All but dose Yankee Brothers Wright,
Who does admit dey're ausgeslight?
Meinself—Count Zep.

—Denver Republican.