# The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1909.


## DR. MARCUS WHITMAN.

The Life of Dr. Marcus Whitman, by Rev. Myron Eells, just published, by the Alice Harriman Company, Seattle, is a contribution of much value to the pioneer and missionary history of the Oregon Country. It is written mainly for the purpose of setting forth the work and results of one branch of missionary enterprise in Oregon, as the book of Rev. H. K. Hines describes another. The further purpose is to assert and maintain the special claims made for Dr. Whitman, in the historic effort to gain ascendancy for the United States in the territory out of which the states of the Pacific Northwest have been created.

The book is an earnest and elaborate effort to maintain "the Whitman legend." Still, Dr. Eells does not go to such extremes as some other writers. He stops short of apotheosis. That Dr. Whitman was a man highly useful in the settlement of Oregon is unquestioned; and Dr. Eells does not assert that Whitman alone "saved the country." The most he seems to claim is that Whitman did more in that behalf than any other one man. This may be true, but it is not probable that all persons ever will unite in such opinion. "There was glory for brave men," says Napier in his History of the Peninsular War, "and there were many brave men and much glory."

The missionary effort by the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, by the Methodists and Roman Catholics, flowed into the general stream of the settlement of Oregon. Whitman's part was that of a leader of the Presbyterian-Congregational effort. It was preceded two years by the Methodist undertaking, led by Rev. Jason Lee. A little later came the Catholic mission, under Rev. F. N. Blanchet. But there were many Catholics in Oregon before any of the Catholic religious teachers came. They had come from Quebec and the Red River settlement, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Most of these preferred for a long time to preserve their allegiance to the British crown. Some, however, participated in the effort to establish an American state.

Dr. Whitman's services were very important, but no more so than those of many others among the American pioneers. The destruction of himself, his family and his mission by savage massacre is a tale that stirs, and will ever stir, the sensibilities of all who can be moved by recital of heroic sacrifice. It is the basis and nourisher of what is known as the Whitman legend.

## MORE COMPETITION WANTED.

Out of the bewildering maze of testimony in the rate-case hearings at Spokane, Seattle and Portland there looms up clearly and distinctly the predominating influence of water transportation as a factor in transcontinental ratemaking. It has been demonstrated by actual shipments that freight can be carried from New York to Portland and shipped 400 miles inland at lower rates than the railroads care to quote for the service. The original Spokane complaint against recognition of this competition precipitated a general demoralization of existing rate conditions throughout the United States, and has left the matter in the Pacific Northwest in such an unsettled condition that it is impossible even approximately to estimate the extent of the changes which will take place. But, unhampered by Interstate Commerce Commission rulings, and beyond the reach of railroad monopolies, the ocean remains the same free, unrestricted highway that it has been since the world first learned the ways of commerce.

Of this all-powerful regulator of rates, offering easy access between the Atlantic and Pacific ports, we should make the greatest possible use. The steamship lines operating in connection with the Panama and Tehuantepec Railroads carry freight at about one-half the rate charged by the railroads, but even that low figure does not approach the level that would be reached if we opened our great marine highway to the competition of the carrying fleets of the world. Last week a 6000-ton steamer was chartered by a San Francisco importer to carry a mixed cargo of steel, iron, firebrick and similar commodities to San Francisco at 21 shillings per long ton, the service to include a stop at Guaymas, Mexico, where part of the cargo will be discharged. Twenty-one shillings per long ton is equivalent to $4.50 per short ton as handled by the railroads, and American steamships, and the distance from Antwerp to San Francisco is practically the same as from New York to San Francisco.

Within the past three months the Government has chartered British steamers to carry coal from Atlantic Coast ports to Puget Sound at rates as low as $3.83 per ton. With these remarkably low freight rates available to the importer of foreign merchandise and to the Government, no valid reason can be offered why they should be denied the consumers and distributers of merchandise on either coast. Repeal of the absurd navigation laws which deny this world supply of tonnage to the American people would enable Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco and every other jobbing point on the Pacific Coast to secure freight from the Atlantic Coast terminals at practically one-half of the present rates demanded by the American steamers engaged in the business. It would also offer a better market for Pacific Coast products in the East and would lower the rates on grain to Europe. It would enable Portland and other Coast shippers to land merchandise in these Pacific ports at such low rates that even a high local rail rate would enable the Coast to ship as far east as Montana. It would also permit the Atlantic Coast jobbers with whom we do business to assemble at tidewater on the Atlantic freight originating as far inland as Chicago.

Every business man, every consumer and every producer between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific and between Chicago and the Atlantic Ocean should join in this movement for lower freights, which can be obtained only by free and unlimited competition on the ocean, the only traffic highway on which right of way and maintenance charges are unknown. This plan for reducing the cost of every article consumed west of the Rocky Mountains and increasing the price of every commodity produced in this region will not meet with the approval of a few shipowners who have been in pursuit of a ship subsidy for so long that they have become blinded to the real merits of the free-ship plan. It would seem, however, that the rights of the millions who would benefit by cheap freights should be considered as at least approximately as important as those of a handful of shipowners and builders.

## THE PRESIDENT PLANNED HIS JOURNEY.

Several newspapers in various parts of Oregon, those especially in towns on the line between Portland and Ashland, have been speaking bitterly about Portland, because, as they assert, the city monopolized President Taft and didn't give him opportunity to visit other places "down the line."

The Medford Mail names the "neglected" points, and they form a considerable list. It complains that "not one of them was considered in the plans adopted for the visit of President Taft to this state." Portland is censured for this "slight." "In leaving Portland," continues the Medford paper, "President Taft was sent on his journey in the evening, passing through all our towns in the night time or early morning." Then follows the inquiry: "Is it any wonder that the people outside of Portland become indignant at the scant consideration which Portland extends to other portions of the state?"

There is total misapprehension here, due to inattention to the plan of the President's journey. It was his own plan. It was made up, in all its details, before he started, and the complete itinerary was published in advance. His progress from one day to another, with his halting places and length of stay at each and every one of them, was mapped out.

Portland neither "kept" him nor "sent" him. No other town has or will. He is making a long journey, on his own pre-arranged plan. Nothing could have delighted Portland more than to have "sent" him south in the early morning so he could have had a view of the valleys of Western Oregon and seen their people and their towns. It would have been "just splendid." But the President had his plan for Sunday rest at Portland, and his engagements for stated times at places further on. No town at which the President has halted has attempted to change his plan. None deems it allowable; every one would think it a discourtesy to do so.

We are sure, therefore, that the Medford Mail, and other newspapers that have made complaint about the "selfishness" of Portland, in this matter of "monopolizing" the President, will see the propriety of revising their opinions and of recalling the severe judgments they have pronounced. Really, they cannot believe that Portland had any intent, purpose or desire to keep the President from seeing the delightful country of Western Oregon, the towns and the people, from the Columbia River to the Siskiyou Mountains.

## THE COUNTY FAIR.

A picture of Autumnal beauty, of rural abundance and of agricultural thrift, the annual fair held at Gresham under the auspices of the Grangers of Eastern Multnomah County closed yesterday. The exhibit was generally highly creditable. October smiled upon the grangers, and the throngs of visitors that flocked thither were in becomingly good humor and ready with expressions of kindly appreciation for what they saw.

What they saw was this: A pavilion gaily bedecked with flowers; special agricultural exhibits in which were displayed samples of the productive soil of Multnomah County; of the industry and intelligence of those who till it and the taste and enterprise shown in the arrangement of products for exhibition; a poultry exhibit showing stocks and varieties that would have astonished our pioneers; horses with sleek coats and massive or lithe proportions that told that the day of scrub stock hereabouts belonged to the past; grains and grasses and forage plants; the work of women in needlecraft and a presentment in canned fruits and vegetables, jellies and preserves that, in its size, has never been excelled, because it is practically impossible to excel it.

Since, however, it is part of the mission of the County Fair to invite criticism of agricultural and horticultural methods as shown by their results, it may be said that one feature of this display was exceedingly disappointing. Reference is here made to the apple and pear exhibit, as arranged on plates and in boxes, on tables through the center of the pavilion. Inclination strongly urges the dismissal of this subject with the statement that this exhibit showed what the climate of Oregon and the soil of this special section of the state can do without the care necessary to produce the best results. But to dismiss the subject with this mild suggestion of criticism would be unfair to the fruit-growing interests of the state and especially to the fruit growers of Eastern Multnomah who made this exhibit. It must be added, therefore, that very little if any clean fruit was shown. Careful inspection failed to disclose a single plate of uninfected fruit, either of apples or pears, while very many of the finest specimens of both in size, form and color showed unmistakable evidences of being infested by worm and scab and scale. Upon some otherwise fine specimens of both apples and pears all three of these pests were plainly in evidence. Fruit in some of the boxes appeared to be relatively clean, but there were among the entire lot few boxes of apples that would pass muster if offered for sale in a fruit-inspected market, and scarcely one the shipment of which would be permitted by the Hood River Apple Growers' Association.

The point is this: The apple growers of Multnomah County should either dig up and burn, or clean up and cultivate their orchards. That the trees that produced these apples and pears could be made to produce fruit equal to the best Hood River product is attested by the size, color and form of the fruit that was shown at this fair.

## WHO MAY VOTE AT A PRIMARY?

Any qualified voter—Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist, or of no known or possible politics, may take part in any party primary election, in Washington, whether Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist, or what-not. Thus declares in effect the Superior Judge of Thurston County, a Democrat. Fraud and dishonesty in any primary are thus to be made lawful. Democrats are invited to enter a Republican primary, control its affairs and dictate its nominations. Republicans are to have no recourse or protection. Democrats are similarly subject to invasion by Republican repeaters and stuffers, or would be, if it were ever worth while for a Republican to seek to have a voice in the direction of a minority party. But it is not. The harm and wrong done by this absurd and mischievous political decision are that the Republican party will suffer, as it is intended it should suffer.

What is a party primary? It is a primary where the members of a political party decide on their candidates for office and determine other party matters. No one will or can have any other definition of a party primary. Who, then, is entitled to vote at a party primary? Members of the party, of course. No others. On what basis of right or justice or reason can any person demand the privilege of participation in a primary unless he shall declare himself to be a member of the party? It is pretended and argued that it is a blow at the secrecy of the ballot to demand that a man shall disclose his party affiliation before voting at a primary. Humbug! It is enforcement of precisely the same kind of a condition at any general election which demands that a man shall be a qualified voter. It is quite as proper for Republican judges at a primary to insist that a voter shall declare himself to be a Republican as it is for judges at a general election to ask an intending voter if he is an American citizen. Will any one deny that the voter at the general election must disclose and prove, if necessary, that he is a citizen? Then how can any one deny that participants in a Republican primary—a party primary for the settlement of party questions and the determination of party candidates—should qualify as members of that party?

Yet the Olympia judge says it is unnecessary. It is to be hoped that the Supreme Court will have a different view. It will have unless it is willing that the primary law shall be made a joke and a farce, and that there shall never more be such a thing as party in the state of Washington.

## BANISHING DEATH.

Most people of middle age remember what brilliant fame Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll acquired by his lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses." It begins to seem likely that some fortunate successor of his on the thorny path to glory will achieve immortality by recounting the mistakes of Nature. That she made a complete botch of most of us, so far as beauty of form and feature is concerned, is known to everybody. How rare is a truly lovely face, especially among males. How seldom do we behold upon the street or even in the gilded halls of wealth and fashion a physical frame whose proportions are symmetrical. Of course, the ravages of the corset have done a great deal to deform the handiwork of nature, but men do not as a rule wear corsets, outside of the army and navy, and upon examination it will be discovered that their outlines are fully as inharmonious as those of women. But if our outsides are hideous to the educated eye, what shall one say of our insides? It is impossible to relate here all the horrors which Professor Elie Metchnikoff has unveiled in those secret haunts of corruption and decay. Only a few of the minor facts can be disclosed, but the reader will, we trust, find them sufficiently shocking.

Take the large intestine, for example. It is the chosen home of all sorts of lethal bacteria and sepulchral bacilli. Death lurks in its folds. Decay riots all along its interminable convolutions. The germs which swarm in it by the hundred million not only seize every opportunity which is offered them to make us ill, but they are always at work insidiously distilling a slow poison which accumulates little by little as the snows of Winter fall and the roses of Summer fade. This leperous distillment insinuates itself cunningly through the porches and alleys of the body until it finally makes its way into the blood. Once mingled with the crimson currents of our life it begins a systematic attack upon the heart and arteries. The heart it ossifies so that by and by, long ere by good rights we ought to perish, the valves refuse to open and shut, the tide of being is dammed at its source, and we fall prematurely into the yawning tomb. More than that, the poison seeping throughout our frames from the sewer which we call the large intestine acts destructively upon the arteries which convey it. The murderous fluid literally rots their walls, causing them to break, sometimes in the limbs, more frequently in the brain, and then again death reaps his harvest and the sepulchre opes his ponderous and marble jaws to swallow us up.

It is evident, therefore, what we have to thank the large intestine for. Some savants have gone so far in their deductions from Professor Metchnikoff's discovery as to declare that if we could eliminate it we should live forever. But who would want to live forever in this vale of tears? So far as we are concerned we would not live alway, we ask not to stay where storm after storm lowers dark o'er the way. Our desires in this direction are extremely moderate. A lifetime of a thousand years, or even nine hundred and odd, like Methuselah's, ought to content a truly rational creature, it seems to us, and if scientific prognostications are to be depended on this humble ambition is attainable. All we have to do is either to get rid of the large intestine with its poison laboratory altogether, or else find some way to neutralize the virulence of its product. The former is possible. The surgeon's knife, among the other wonders it works, can extirpate the large intestine, but, though the operation is a brilliantly successful one, still it is attended with the inconvenience that the patient usually dies under it. There is perhaps little choice between perishing of bacteria and of surgery.

At any rate, removal of the large intestine with its loathsome contents does not just yet promise to banish death from the world. Much more encouraging is the outlook for discovering some antidote that will neutralize the poisons it pours into our veins. Professor Metchnikoff in the first joyful flush of victory proclaimed that sour milk would do it. By drinking sufficient quantities of this delicious beverage, he assured us, we might put ourselves in a condition to defy old age and laugh at death, but subsequent investigators are less hopeful. They still believe in the possibility of an antidote, but it must be something less delectable than sour milk. The path to immortality is still to be a difficult one for us.

Meanwhile the thought occurs that since the corruption abounding in our insides comes from stuffing them with too much food, there is a way to get rid of it without the aid either of chemistry or surgery. After all the simplest way to cure an evil condition either in our physical bodies or in the body politic is to put a stop to its cause. This remedy seems to be difficult out of all proportion to its simplicity and obvious effectiveness. Most of us would rather be cut to pieces a dozen times rather than abate a jot of our habitual gluttony. We prefer to swallow a chemist's shop every week or two rather than give up the pleasure of eating more than we need. We choose to die before we have lived out half our days rather than eat to live instead of living to eat. But if we could gain the tremendous moral victory of eating just what vigorous life requires, and no more, the large intestine, the vermiform appendix, the kidneys, the liver and all the other blunders which nature has concealed in our various cavities would cease to trouble us. No doubt the Anti-Saloon League is a useful institution in its way, but if an anti-gluttony league could be founded and actively propagated, it would win more battles against death than all the other beneficial efforts in the whole world combined.

## BACK TO BRAIN WORK.

The speeches of the college presidents to their students this Fall develop a theme curiously different from the one we have been used to hearing for a number of years. What one has learned by long habit to expect from them is a glorification of their wealthy donors, with an outburst of pride over the size of the freshman class. This Fall we hear something different. President Schurman, of Cornell, sounds the new and refreshing theme as clearly as any of them, but it has been heard in almost every college of the country from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic. "If any of you have come here," says President Schurman to his students, "for a good time, not intending to make the most of your opportunities to gain knowledge and train your minds, do one of two things; either change your minds or go home." Pretty nearly every college head whose opening address has been published has had substantially the same thing to say. Some cause hitherto inactive seems to have instilled into their minds a marvelous access of new courage which nerves them to declare that their institutions have gone far enough in the direction of mere bigness and athletic glory. Student bodies have become so large that college officials begin to look a little after quality instead of quantity, and there appears to be a decided resurrection of the long-dead and almost-forgotten idea that a college is a place where people go to learn something out of books.

The conquest of the colleges by business has gone on rather rapidly for the last ten or fifteen years. The old type of professor who was devoted to his books or scientific work and who cared little for outside activities fell into disrepute long since. The most highly esteemed faculty member has been the man who could get out and "hustle" for money among a crowd of millionaire acquaintances. Mere intellectual gifts without executive ability, as it was called, and particularly without tact, made a professor more or less undesirable. Naturally, when the faculties of the colleges had abandoned the royal standard of the intellect and surrendered to business, nothing else or better could be expected of the students. Accordingly, it was not surprising to hear them say that the best thing they got out of college life was business training as manager of some team or society or editor of a student paper. Next to that it became customary to insist that the best thing college could do for a youth was to attach friends to him who would give him a "boost" when he went into politics or trade. Finally we heard no end of talk about the benefits of team work at football games and the value of a finely-developed body such as one gained by athletic practice in general.

All this was beautiful to think about, until the consequences began to show themselves a little. Then it was seen to be ugly, at least in spots. The college faculty, which consisted of a group of beggars prostrate at the feet of some rotund millionaire, was not a particularly lovely spectacle. The neglect of the intellectual life within the colleges deepened to a rabid contempt outside them for everything that did not produce immediate and abundant cash returns. President Schurman puts this disagreeable truth delicately, as becomes an intellectual diplomat, by saying: "I think England is ahead of us in its colleges for liberal culture. I think Germany is ahead of us in scientific research. I am confident that the success of our university in the near future depends on imitating, so far as American conditions will permit, English culture and German research and scholarship." He did not go on to say that the spirit of the country would naturally follow the leadership of its great schools back to a truer and saner view of the values of things, but he implied it plainly enough. "We shall in time attach as much importance to knowledge and the intellectual life as the Europeans do," he opined, but how is that ever to come about unless the colleges lead the way to it?

Materialistic decadence in the colleges did not stop with the faculties and presidents, sad to say. It infected the student bodies. The college student is naturally an idealist. He lives in the golden prime of May, when the purple bloom is on the world and the soul revels in golden visions of triumphant hope. It takes a good deal to turn him into a sordid intriguant and bargainer, but the gross business invasion succeeded in doing it. Midnight musings o'er the dreams of sages fell far below par in student esteem and the ability to win an election or cheat a competitor out of an office or an honor was vastly more highly thought of. The youth who gave himself up to mathematics or science became "a greasy grind," to quote President Schurman again, while the true hero of the college was the beefy beast who could thrust his knotted shoulders through an opposing football team. Business uncontrolled ran down into dishonesty in the colleges, just as it does outside them. Competition between teams became low trickery. The principal end of games was not the fun of play or the honor of winning, but the profits of the gate receipts. In brief, our colleges became sordid little epitomes of commercial life at its worst. The natural enthusiasm of youth pushed evil to an extreme, just as it does good when it is properly directed. The picture became pretty black before reform made much headway, but now, thank goodness, the revolution is upon us in full tide. When a college president musters up courage to tell his new students to go back home if they have not come for hard work, hard brain work, one can feel mighty sure that he is backed by potent social forces. College presidents are not pioneers. They never venture to say anything until everybody else has been saying it for a long time. We may conclude, therefore, that the American people have pretty thoroughly made up their minds that it is time for students to forsake athletics, intrigue and cigarettes and begin to study.

## WU TING FANG AND THE GHOSTS.

It is interesting to learn from the spirit world that William McKinley "will continue to work for peace." His discarnate spirit made this promise to Wu Ting Fang at a seance in Washington the other night, so one feels quite certain that our ex-President really intends to help in the great cause. But what does he intend to do? Clearly the spirit missed a fine opportunity just there and then to confound the skeptic. If he had said "At such a time and place I shall do thus and so in the cause of peace," we might have been on the alert and when everything came to pass precisely as he promised, the wretched skeptic would have been smothered in a universal jeer.

As it was left, the spirit's promise floats nebulously in the air. Nobody can guess what his plans are and, therefore, nobody can co-operate with them. The chances are that some of us, in our blundering, mortal way, will thwart them. We venture to wager that Wu Ting Fang would have given half his queue to find out exactly what Mr. McKinley's celestial extract has in mind to do to promote peace in China, but he was not told.

To confess the regrettable truth of the matter, nobody ever has been told anything from the spirit world that emitted even a ray of sense or information. It cheers one to learn that Wu Ting Fang is not discouraged by the somewhat chaffy product of his investigations in the occult thus far, but will persevere. Perseverance is a truly admirable virtue. Perhaps it is reserved for this lively and witty Chinaman finally to unlock the imprisoned intelligence of the spirit world and obtain a message which is worth hearing.

## SHOULD BE QUICK ON THE TRIGGER.

Four convicts serving indeterminate sentences in the penitentiary at Salem for grand larceny, and one serving a like sentence for arson, being employed in road work, overpowered and robbed their guards and made good their escape last Friday afternoon. This is a brief statement of a daring and successful break for liberty. Details of the affair show the necessity of employing men as guards of unshackled convicts doing outside work, who are vigilant, active and quick on the trigger. Before either of the two guards could fire a shot, so runs the story, they were overpowered, their revolvers, ammunition and money taken, and then had the chagrin of seeing the five men jump into a buggy that was standing near, whip up the horse and make a successful get-away.

In a contest of five against two there could be but one result, if all were unarmed. There should be but one result, and that the opposite, when the two were armed with automatic revolvers, as were the guards in this case—until disarmed by the unarmed men. The incident furnishes another example of the fact that has before been demonstrated in our prison management—that a prison guard should know how to shoot and not be slow in applying his knowledge when occasion requires. Promptness, precision and courage working together may be counted upon in such a case to save life in the end. Incidents of the Tracy tragedy and of the pursuit of a desperate criminal, in which Sheriff Shaver of Clackamas County lost his life a few years ago, are in evidence of this fact. If these men are retaken without the loss of lives more valuable than their own, and in the end their own as well, it will be surprising.

## BARRILL AND COOK.

Mr. Edward M. Barrill, who crept into the fringe of the limelight that was playing on Dr. Cook when that eminent explorer returned from the Far North, has at last given the public his version of the Mount McKinley episode. It will be rememebred that, when Dr. Cook first announced his discovery of the Pole, the friends of Peary doubted his word and gave as a reason therefor the alleged fact that he had lied about his ascent of Mount McKinley. The only living witness who could verify the explorer's story was Mr. Barrill, and he, after first giving out the impression that Dr. Cook had climbed the mountain, stated that he would have nothing to say about the matter until he saw Dr. Cook. It was also announced that he would go East to meet Dr. Cook.

Mr. Barrill has seriously impaired the value of his evidence by withholding it too long. Regardless of whether it may be true or false, a somewhat skeptical world will be prone to wonder why he failed to make his statement in a straightforward manner as soon as the world showed a disposition to hear it. If Dr. Cook never ascended Mount McKinley, and if he never reached the North Pole, he has been especially fortunate in the character of the men who have essayed to expose him. All of the evidence against him in the North Pole dash does not seem sufficient to give him anything worse than an "even break" with Peary, and in the Mount McKinley incident he confronts nothing worse than the story of a self-confessed crook. Fortune has certainly smiled on Dr. Cook in the case of his enemies as well as his friends.

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Noting the talk about annexation of the suburb of St. John to the city of Portland, the St. John Review says: "Of course, Portland wants us, wants us bad. With a bonded indebtedness the interest of which runs over $1,000,000, the burden is getting very heavy and outside assistance would be very welcome." Now, in fact, the annexation of St. John would be a burden to Portland, just as it was when annexed aforetime. Portland was taxed then to make fine improvements in St. John. Then St. John seceded. St. John is a growing suburb, and eventually will be incorporated with Portland. But the taxes St. John would pay in, if annexed now, wouldn't meet the additional cost of schools, lights, fire engines and employes, police service and the like, that would be thrown upon the city. By all means, if St. John doesn't want to come into the city, let her stay out. But the idea that Portland wants her in order to pluck her is funny indeed. St. John would at once bring more expenses to the city than her own resources could pay for, and would be calling constantly for "more."

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"If," says another, whose quality of mind is such that the superficial oratory of Mr. Bryan subdues it, "if Mr. Bryan is so shallow, how is it that so many policies that he was first to champion have been embraced by the Republican party and made the policies of the Nation?" Mr. Bryan never was champion of any "policy" but one, which the country has regarded as distinctively his own; for, though he did not originate it, yet he was put forward as its living and typical exponent. That policy was an attempt to force free coinage of silver on a ratio that would have debased the money of the country to silver bullion value, producing unmerciful disaster. By his advocacy of this insane "policy" he is judged by the country, and always will be; and by that alone. On income tax, tariff reduction, control of corporations, internal improvements, etc., he has no patent right. Most of these and correlated subjects have been discussed time out of mind. Such "policies" are the property of no party; still less, of any individual.

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The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is numbered among the things that were. "Thirty" was called and the operators dropped their keys at 12 o'clock last night. Its story in detail is yet to be written. This much can, however, be said. It was a great fair, boldly conceived, carefully planned and energetically managed. It will probably pass into the history of enterprises of its kind as second only in the boldness of its conception, and the beauty of its site and general appointments, to the Lewis and Clark Fair. Like the latter and in conjunction with it, the A.-Y.-P. will doubtless be reflected in the prosperity and growth of the Pacific Northwest for many years to come.

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In 1896 Bryan received 46,662 votes in Oregon. In 1908—12 years later—he received 38,049 votes in Oregon. How's this for proof of his growing popularity and strength in Oregon, whose population has nearly doubled in the 12 years? Comparison of the figures in the state of Washington shows similar results. Yet there is a lot of prating about the big audiences that have gathered in these states recently to hear Bryan, coupled with the assertion that they afford wonderful and convincing proof that the people of these states regard him as the true leader of the thought and spirit and purpose of the country. But perhaps "figgers" don't count.

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The Independent (New York), a grave journal, relapses sufficiently to talk about the possibility, as some suppose, of making everybody sweet, reasonable and tidy, "if only we could push a few concrete and imperative reforms to their consummation. Give women the ballot. Abolish the private kitchen. Socialize the means of production. Annihilate Tammany Hall. Make the street railroads give a bale of transfers for a nickel. Set broken bones by mental effort. Attain the Ultimate Good by belonging to a Perfect Life Society at $10 per annum."

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Now Dr. Cook is going to send another expedition to the top of Mount McKinley to get the data he says he left there. But suppose the second expedition doesn't get there? Does it prove that Cook was there or that he wasn't? That he was the only explorer to make the great climb, or the greatest liar on earth? Or does it prove anything?

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Portland's public schools are to give lessons to girls on pie-making. As if there were not enough complaint about bad foods already. But the new branch of learning will open another place for a public official. An inspector of pies will be an early demand. We must know whether the pies are "sanitary," or not.

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The New Mexican speakers who harangued the President on the subject of statehood do not, of course, represent the known courtesy and common sense of the territory. Next time a President visits New Mexico, such speakers should be lassoed and put away safely in a corral far out of sight or hearing.

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Five persons have escaped from the Oregon penitentiary, which is in Marion County. Where is the Rev. Mr. Larden? Time for him to get busy again and relieve the Sheriff and his officers of the painful necessity of taking any undue chances of any kind.

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Some events of National and international interest are not beclouded by doubt. Already the world knows the result at Detroit and San Francisco, but we've got to wait a long time for the precise facts from Mount McKinley and the North Pole.

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From the newspaper point of view, disadvantages attach to prizefights and baseball. You get quickly to the end. North Pole explorations furnish material not only for the present, but for future generations.

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It seems strange that it should have taken two years to find out the particulars of the looting of the Oregon Trust & Savings Bank—and the books and accounts in the hands of the examiners all the time.

## STATE POLITICAL COMMENT.

Under our political reform methods in this state, we see no material difference along the line of corruption funds in elections from that which prevailed under what was termed the "machine regime." The longest financial pole, coupled with the shrewdest manipulation knocks the persimmon anyway, without regard to fitness or qualification of the candidate.—Polk County Observer.

Jonathan Bourne is out with the gratuity that he will run for Senatorial honors again. The people of Oregon are a bit more conservative and their "announcement" will be even more gratuitous when it comes.—The Astorian.

The people who greeted Mr. Bryan in this city were stirred neither by gratitude for political favors in the past, nor hope of similar benefactions in the future. Constant defeat made it impossible for Mr. Bryan to buy the cheers of politics; and the darkness of the valley he has passed is matched only by the hopelessness of the political way he is treading. A man need not have second sight to see that all of Mr. Bryan's splendid political career lies behind him.—Portland Spectator.

Representatives of the minority party in this state have considerable to say, especially its newspapers, against the Republican party holding any kind of a convention or assembly for the purpose of talking over a line of procedure as to who is to be put on their ticket for office at the coming election one year hence. There is no reason why such a meeting cannot be held, and the statutes are in accord with this idea. The minority parties have been doing this self-same thing from the very first, and never attempted paying any attention at all to the law being for or against the plan. Of course the Oregon Democrats can hold a powwow, but that is altogether a different matter. The minority parties can cry, "Put up a slate" and all such political rot when Republicans attempt to do the same thing.—Gervais Star.

## DISCOVERY OF OLD AGE GERM.

**Professor Metchnikoff Would Remove Disease-Breeding Large Intestine.**

New York Journal.

Publication of the astounding discoverer of Professor Elie Metchnikoff, head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, to the effect that old age constitutes an actual, definite disease emanating from the large intestine, was received with great interest in this city.

Professor Metchnikoff, in experiments which he has been conducting for several years, has developed the theory that death is a disease, due to the formation of putrefactive bacteria. These bacteria, which produce deadly poisons, form in the large intestine, and their effect is to poison the blood, causing the hardening of the blood vessel walls.

It is a well-known medical fact that hardening of the walls of the blood vessels, the tightening of the arteries and other phenomena of old age often occur in very young persons as a result of certain diseases. Young persons afflicted with prolonged poisoning with such a metal as lead frequently take on the appearance of old age.

By analogy, Professor Metchnikoff concludes that constant absorption of some similar poison is responsible for the early appearance of old age in men. The eminent scientists connected with the Pasteur Institute and other famous European specialists, accepting this theory, have set to work to discover the means of ridding the intestines of putrefactive bacteria.

If an antidote powerful enough to combat the poison germs is found, Professor Metchnikoff and his associates are confident that death can be warded off indefinitely. If he is correct, it will be no exaggeration to predict that the average age of the 20th-century man may equal that of the ancient Biblical patriarchs.

"Professor Metchnikoff's discovery may form an epoch in the annals of medical science," said Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the Bronx Zoo. "It's a discovery which scientists have been hammering away at for years. I have no doubt that man could live indefinitely if the large intestine could be cut out safely. But I'm afraid it can hardly be done now.

"It is a striking fact that animals that have no large intestines live to an advanced age. Compared with other animals, old age develops in the human being prematurely. Among the animals that have no large intestine that live to an extremely old age are birds. They preserve their youthful agility and spryness to the end of their long span. I am told that some of the Chinese sacred cranes, without the large intestine, live to be 1000 years old. Turtles, too, whose intestine is greatly abbreviated, live very much longer than man."

## Johnnie on the Spot.

Peary tried to be the foremost, but he did not quite succeed,
So he loads the wire with reams of Tommyrot;
It is sure a case of envy, of jealousy and greed
For Doctor Cook was Johnnie on the spot.

Some of Captain Peary's strictures cause a general Ho, Ho!
And we wonder, was he there, or was he not?
To corroborate his story, there's a coon and Eskimo
But Doctor Cook was Johnnie on the spot.

The most of P's dispatches seem at least a trifle raw
And a ripe Munchausen flavor some have got
Whereas the doctor's story has been told without a flaw
For Doctor Cook was Johnnie on the spot.

No one questions Peary's bravery, his endurance or his pluck;
No one wonders that his temper's rather hot,
Since he knows his rival beat him, by his energy and luck,
For Doctor Cook was Johnnie on the spot.

We may doubt a man's pretensions, if we find that on the whole
His contentions have the taint of selfish blot.
Just imagine Peary claiming a monopoly of the Pole,
While Doctor Cook was Johnnie on the spot.

DR. A. McB.

## Smithy Song.

When I am half a-dreaming,
And only half asleep;
When daylight's grayest gleaming,
'Gins through the blinds to peep,
Oh, then I hear the dinging,
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.

At eve when I'm returning,
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play;
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They toil in couples, sending
The sparks out, blow on blow;
One hammer always swinging,
The while the other's ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.

O merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by steady pounding
That noblest tasks are done.
By sturdy blows and swinging,
That keeps the world a-ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.

—George Horton.