

The Oregonian

Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second Class Matter. Subscriptions: In Advance. (BY MAIL) Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$10.00

BY MAIL Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$10.00 Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$10.00

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1911.

CLOUDS CLEARING AWAY IN MEXICO.

Whether the resignation of the aged and reactionary Mexican Cabinet and the declared purpose of the administration to give direction of affairs to younger and more progressive Ministers will restore peace in Mexico, remains to be seen; but probably it will have that effect. It is undoubtedly intended that it should calm the country and appease the revolutionaries.

REFORMING THE LABEL LAW.

It is interesting and not uninteresting to behold the efforts which law-breakers of a certain eminence make to modify the law so that it will apply to their own ends.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

Sir Oliver Lodge's idea of God does not find many acceptances among the Christian scholars. Addressing the conference of the Evangelical Free Churches of England, Sir Oliver said that in his opinion God can be depicted as a loving friend, "with whom spirit can commune every hour in a day."

OPENING THE SIALAW.

The jetty work at the mouth of the Sialaw River has deepened the bar to such an extent that it is now possible for large-sized coasting vessels to cross in and out. On the strength of this improvement it is reported that a number of large mills will be built at tidewater to cut the timber which was burned over by the forest fires last summer.

that will be manufactured from this burned timber. While it is quite pleasing to note that there has been such a decided improvement in the condition of the bar at the mouth of the Sialaw it is unfortunate that the railroad project should be abandoned. The cargo market for lumber, either coastwise or foreign, is a low-grade proposition. It is only where mills have the advantage of both rail and water transportation that the most satisfactory profits are possible.

This country will supply a permanent and steadily increasing traffic in lumber. The timber industry has been forgotten, for it is rich in agricultural, horticultural and dairy possibilities. The lumber business at Tillamook and Nehalem is no greater today than it was twenty years ago, but with the completion of the Sialaw road it will open up a country which can be only but slightly benefited or developed by the improvement at the mouth of the river.

REFORMING THE LABEL LAW.

It is interesting and not uninteresting to behold the efforts which law-breakers of a certain eminence make to modify the law so that it will apply to their own ends. When the New York insurance companies had definitely decided to take a plunge into frenzied finance they induced the Legislature to pass a law forbidding anybody but the Attorney-General of the state to sue them. The only real Attorney-General who had things in their own hands. The intrusion of Mr. Hughes was an episode which no human forethought could have guarded against.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

Sir Oliver Lodge's idea of God does not find many acceptances among the Christian scholars. Addressing the conference of the Evangelical Free Churches of England, Sir Oliver said that in his opinion God can be depicted as a loving friend, "with whom spirit can commune every hour in a day."

OPENING THE SIALAW.

The jetty work at the mouth of the Sialaw River has deepened the bar to such an extent that it is now possible for large-sized coasting vessels to cross in and out. On the strength of this improvement it is reported that a number of large mills will be built at tidewater to cut the timber which was burned over by the forest fires last summer.

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

transformed it into the representation of the universe as a garment which the deity weaves from moment to moment. This was very attractive to Carlyle, who worked it out in "Sartor Resartus." Wordsworth speaks of Carlyle's presence "far more deeply interwoven whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." Tennyson expressed the concept of God's universality as contrasted with his personality with telling beauty in "The Higher Pantheism."

No doubt the doctrine of a divine personality becomes more and more difficult to accept as knowledge accumulates. The nature which "ravens with beak and claw" cannot be the deliberate work of an individual whose thoughts are entirely benevolent. He must reject either the divinity or the benevolence, and Christian thought has decided to let the former go. It would drive us all insane to believe that God is evil, but we can abandon the notion of his personality without much trouble. To many he becomes even closer and more benevolent as they thought of his personality fades and belief in his immanence grows.

DICKENS, THE SATIRIST.

As long as Mr. G. K. Chesterton continues to occupy his lively and versatile mind with Dickens the memory of the great novelist is in safe hands. Nobody can possibly be forgotten or ignored when Mr. Chesterton has undertaken to advertise him. Not that Dickens ever was in any particular danger of being forgotten. He has always been popular since he published "Pickwick Papers," and the chances are that he always will be. To be sure, the more rarefied school of English stylists regard Dickens with more or less scorn. To their exacting tastes his language lacks dignity. His manner is unrefined. Even his grammar occasionally falters. The same may be said of Sir Walter Scott. Thackeray is the only man among the early British novelists who paid much attention to the technical details of his art. He made the accused to offer the truth in defense. As long as the truth is admitted to the witness stand they may make big threats, but they will never go any farther. On the other hand, if they could not offer the truth, they would make the libel for his malice or his intent to defame, or his evil purpose, without regard to the truth of what he said, they would be in clover.

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

our sorry performance. Whatever the cause may be now, in his time the disparity was real and disgraceful. After the great noise we had made over human freedom, we bred slaves and sold them in the open market. The newspaper press of that time was fully present, "far more deeply interwoven whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." Tennyson expressed the concept of God's universality as contrasted with his personality with telling beauty in "The Higher Pantheism."

The centennial of Harriet Beecher Stowe will be celebrated in June of this year. She was born June 14, 1811, in the old parsonage at Litchfield, where lived and toiled her strong, orthodox parents, Rev. Lyman Beecher and his vigorous wife, Mary Beecher. Her father preceded her this year when he went into the great world, renouncing the creeds of old New England for a more humane and satisfactory belief.

THE FOOL AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

Police Judge Taxwell yesterday sentenced to 15 days on the rockpile a reckless automobilist, who drove his car at breakneck speed through crowds at a busy street corner. The driver, who ran down and caused the death of an old man. It is a coincidence that the scene of these two incidents, in which speed mania figured so disastrously, was at or near Sixth and Washington streets, the heart of Portland.

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

producers would profit by the change and his argument might have been strengthened had he stated that neither consumer nor producer would be injured by the measure. Except in isolated cases, the free interchange of products, provided for in the reciprocity bill would have but little more effect than the present free interchange of the same products between Oregon and Washington. With no tariff barrier between the two countries, trade would be greatly facilitated and the establishment of cordial business and social relations would be much easier than at present.

The complaint of the agriculturists that the reciprocal agreement provides for the free interchange of cattle and other livestock and grain, while it retains a duty on fresh meats and other food products and on flour, is answered by Senator Beveridge with the statement that the Canadians refused to agree to such interchange. "Special interests have developed there just as they have here," says the Senator, and "it is Canadian insistence more than American willingness that resulted in barley being placed on the free list, although free admission of this commodity has raised a greater storm of objection than has been entered against any other agricultural product. Mr. Beveridge admits that there is a duty on the farmer who barley should pay a duty, but that so long as the United States produces a surplus for export and that surplus is sold abroad in the same markets that take the Canadian barley, it is not clear that the American farmer will be hurt. The barley crop of the United States last year was 162,000,000 bushels. That of Canada was 99,000,000 bushels. If we duly consider the fact that the reciprocal agreement was a "give-and-take" measure, and that we could not get everything we asked for, the real merits of the question are more easily discerned.

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

Scraps and Jingles

Lease Cass Back. The only compliments a woman considers had from are the ones paid another woman. Of two evils always choose the most pleasant. The catch of this season is a ripe, juicy cold. A good reputation may be a fair estate if there's no cloud on the title. Either way you can't mortgage it. Medal has just been conferred on a man who has found an actual river within 600 miles of the position allotted it on a war map. "He gives twice who gives quickly." Sure thing. They always come around for a second donation. Young man writes to ask what sort of a tie to wear at his wedding. Could suggest several, but marriage tie seems most appropriate. Astoria paper advertises under fish trade for a "girl accustomed to smoking," which is one way of solving the problem of what to do with our daughters. I love you for your ratted hair. Your painted eyes and straight-front waist. Your well-rouged mouth just suits my taste. Your simpering smile and baby-stare I love even your lack of nail. It is not clear that the American farmer will be hurt. The barley crop of the United States last year was 162,000,000 bushels. That of Canada was 99,000,000 bushels. If we duly consider the fact that the reciprocal agreement was a "give-and-take" measure, and that we could not get everything we asked for, the real merits of the question are more easily discerned.

TOPICAL VERSE

Is It Any Wonder? "Him wuzza tootest itte-bitte peccious love lamb, And him dea a sweetest pittie-ittie single, yes, him am. Wis 'im tunnin' itte fostaie, an' 'him sayin' 'Goo-goo-goo!' Him was him wuzza's ownest lambie boyssie-coutze-cool'!" To this the baby listens by the hour And yet his mother wonders why he doesn't learn to speak! —Ladies' Home Journal. He Said Good-by. He said good-by forever With great disdain, And vowed that he would never See her again. The girl made no endeavor To have him stay. He said good-by forever, And went away. Life's path is full of dangers, Of places bleak, And they were utter strangers For most of week. —Louisville Courier-Journal. In a Ballroom. Behind the tall pillars half hiding, He heard the soft strains of the strings, And he looked at the gay dancers gliding. As if they found joy in such things; But he felt no delight in the measures, And he wondered how others could To indulge in such profligate pleasures Or deem this a gala affair. He heard the soft strains and the laughter, But his fancies went winging away, And he thought of a dismal hereafter That might have been golden and gay; He saw in red cheeks and glad glances The love that was kind and healing, "Ah, how and their foolish romances!" He said with a desolate air. He longed for untroubled seclusion And, watching the gay dancers thought Of love as a foolish delusion With sorrow and suffering fraught; He scoffed at the maidens for flirting, And wondered how men could still care— For the aloes he was wearing were hurting, And he couldn't be barefooted there. —Chicago Record-Herald. L'Envoi of Love Letters. When earth's last love note is written And the ink is blotted and dried, When the oldest lover has vanished and the youngest sweetheart has died, We shall rest, and, faith we shall need, It'll be down for an eye and a hearing, Till the master of loving mistresses shall set us to work anew. And those who wrote well shall be happy; they shall sit in a satin chair, They shall write a de luxe edition of odes to an angel's hair. They shall find real love, and write to love, and write to Dorcas, and Ruth—they shall work for an age at a sitting, and never say more than the truth. And only the master shall praise us, and only the master shall blame; And none shall make love for fame, But each for the joy of loving, and each in his separate star, Shall write to the girl he loves truly, his thoughts as they really are. —Exchange. And Then It Happened. I pressed a coin in a water's grip, But he up and declined to take the tip, And his smile was kind and healing, The thought of it stuck in my puzzled head. Till somebody shook me hard and said: "Wake up, old man! You're dreaming!" —Exchange. The Able Complicator. When public questions first arise As seasons come and go, The only answer that applies, Seems either "yes" or "no." The issue seems so clear and defined, The right so obvious and plain, That no one ought to be inclined To take it up again. But when my Uncle Jim takes hold Of questions old and new The variations he'll unfold Consume a day or two; And he'll be so disposed to shirk A task so full of doubt, And leave posterity to work The fearful problem out. —Washington (D. C.) Star. A Successful Dad. Others may laugh at my feeble endeavor To capture life's prizes and others may sneer; The whole world may loudly declare I shall never Be worth the gunpowder to blow me from here. It may be I'm punk as a parlor reciter And when I begin grown-ups take to the baby, But the words of mine! I can always delight her. She vows I'm a wonder, she swears I'm the goods. It may be I can't keep a tune for a minute, It may be my voice wanders far from the key; It may be the nightingale, lark and the lincet As songsters have quite a wide margin On me, Caruso and others may take down the money For singing their ditties to highbrows, but I Have one little audience, cheerful and sunny, Who'd rather hear me than the music you buy. She thinks I'm a corker, a lalalalooes, She nightly applauds every stunt that I do; She'd rather hear me than your John Philip Sousa. To her the old nonsense forever is new, That baby of mine thinks I'm great in whatever I tackle the moment we've finished our tea, And though others may laugh at my feeble endeavor, The praise of my little one satisfies me. And so though the big world goes by me unheeding, And never a grown-up takes notice of me, Though into my work failure others are reading, I'm still a success to the babe on my knee, — When work is done and weary, my long day is ended, And homeward I turn, I forget my distress; For I know that my baby still thinks I am splendid, To her, anyhow, I'm a corking success! —Detroit Free Press. Why He Lost Her. The count, in truth, was very poor And something of a clown, Although he whispered, "Je t'aime," Miss Money turned him down. —Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."

REPROBITY'S ENEMIES WARNED.

"If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north," says Senator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct a new wall would appear to be of one people's own making."