# The Oregonian

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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 coun-

try and appease the revolutionists. The immediate object of Finance Minister Limantour's hasty and sensational return to Mexico is now obviinterview, in which he commended the purposes and approved the policies of President Disz, and therefore sur-prised and greatly disconcerted the progressive element in Mexico and elsewhere who had hoped that through his mediation he might bring about harmony between the warring Mexican elements. Yet it is now evident that Limantour was moved by a profound strategy in publicly allying himself to President Diaz so as to reruler and to achieve through him a radical change in plans and conditions. Quite plainly Minister Limantour, realizing that he was the man of the hour, perceived that his first and highest duty was to restore order and keep the peace in Mexico. He could have accomplished nothing by encouraging and fomenting rebellion and antagonizing President Diaz. But by giving new direction to the Diaz policies he would support law, disarm the opposition, and above all keep for Mexico the confidence and good will of the great American and European investors. These were the things that Limantour set out for Mexico to accomplish, possibly after a definite understanding with President Taft.

It is beginning to be known that conditions in Mexico have been far more serious than the American people as a whole have understood. The has been no organized revolution. The outbreaks have been sporadic and unrelated, though they have had a common inspiration in the insurgency that has everywhere pervaded the Mex-ican people as it has elsewhere seized other peoples. The uprisings for the most part have taken the form of re-sistance of constituted authority, but in fact they have been accompanied by many circumstances of lawlessness, spoliation and devastation, making it obvious that desperadoes and adventurers from all quarters have taken advantage of the situation in Mexico to pursue their own desperate aims.

Mexico has been in a foment of political eruption and dissension, but actual revolution has manifested liself only in scattered places. Probably the Diaz government would have had lit-tle trouble in suppressing the insurrection if its only difficulties had been with the men in arms. The real mensee to Diag and his administration has been undoubtedly the determined spirit of the Mexican people to bring about other conditions by peaceful means, if possible, and by violent methods, if necessary. The eager fillsterers and outlaws who rushed to Mexico from the United States and elsewhere merely precipitated the impending crists.

due time we shall have from President Taft a full statement as to the reasons which impelled him to send troops with such haste and other of apprehension to the international boundary. That it lone upon representations as to the disordered conditions of Mexico and upon appeals to the United States Government to intercede so far as it esuld to restore order, is more than ever apparent. It may be that the soldiers were mobilized upon direct invitation of President Diaz. But whether or not Diaz solicited precipitate action by the President, or merely assented, it is clear that he has never permitted himself to be at all alarmed by the apparently bellig-erent movement of the American The spectacle of 20,000 soldiers rushing to the border has been viewed by the American people, too. with a good deal of calmness, though, indeed, the Japanese bogie has been trotted out by sensation-mongers and used for all it is worth, and more. The result has been not a little nerv susness along the Pacific Coast and throughout the country. everywhere has been confidence that President Taft knew what he was do ing and took measures so radical and surprising only for the soundest rea-The President is no tail-twisting jingo. He detests war; he loves He will precipitate conflict with any nation only as a last resort We shall probably find as a result of this Mexican enterprise that we shall have made of Mexico a better friend than ever.

## OPENING THE SITSLAW.

The jetty work at the mouth of the Sinalaw River has despened the bar a number of large mills will be built was burned over by the forest fires tast Summer. This timber can be used land which was burned over, would nearly universal than personality could build a line from Junction City or admit of. and haul the lumber out by that the water route alone will be de-pended on to take care of the lumber manence into pantheism. Goethe ity between our vast pretensions and

burned timber.
While it is quite pleasing to note

should be abandoned. The cargo market for lumber, either coastwise or foreign, is a low-grade proposition. It is only where mills have the advan-tage of both rail and water transportation that the most satisfactory profits are possible. There is an immense amount of very valuable timber in the Siuslaw country in addition to that which will be taken from this burned-over land, and for the better grades of lumber that will be manufactured from this timber the Eastern rail markets are needed. A railroad from the Willamette Valley to the Sinslaw would also open up a country which can be only but slightly benefited or developed by the improvement at the mouth of the river.

This country will supply a perma-nent and steadily-increasing traffic long after the timber industry has been forgotten, for it is rich in agricultural, horticultural and dairy pos sibilities. The lumber business at Tiliamook and Nehalem is no greater today than it was twenty years ago, but with the completion of the railroad it will increase so rapidly that the entire surrounding region will experience a phenomenal growth. The Siuslaw district is less prominent than Tillamook and Nehalem, but it has resources that warrant the building of a railroad. This would increase the development of the country in a manner that could not be accomplished by improving the waterways alone,

REFORMING THE LIBEL LAW.

It is entertaining and not uninstruc-tive to behold the efforts which lawbreakers of a certain eminence make to modify the law so that it will approve of their wily ways. When the big 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 re-maining point was to obtain a suitable Attorney-General and they had things in their own hands. The intrusion of Mr. Hughes was an episode which no human forethought could have guard-

ed against. The Illinois legislators who have been tarred from the Lorimer pot are now trying the same game. Since the campaign against them has been one of exposure in the press they natwhat a blessing to our shady states-men would be a libel law which for-bade 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 obtain a law which would punish the libeler for his malice or his intent to defame, or his evil purpo without regard to the truth of what he

said, they would be in clover. Under the unmodified common law, that sum and pinnacle of human wisdon, the maxim was, "The greater the truth the greater the libel." This is the doctrine which the Illinois states-men of the Lorimer persuasion wish to restore to its ancient prestige. It would then be a crime to announce that Lorimer had bribed a solon even if it could be proved, and naturally conditions at the various state capitals would assume an aspect of harmony which in these troublous times is too often missed. Under an ideal libel law it would be criminal to report the proceedings of the Federal Senate when future Lorimers are undergoing their whitewashing. In Johnson's time it was forbidden to report the ordinary debates of Parliament. He had to give their substance under a literary sub-Those were the days when terfuge. the British government was avowedly carried on by bribery.

## THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

st find unanimous acceptance among Christian scholars. Addressing the nference of the Evangelical Free Churches of England, Sir Oliver said that in his opinion God can be depicted as a leving friend, "with whom spirits can commune every hour in the day. One whose patience, wisdom, long suffering and beneficence are never exhausted." This, according to eaker, is the genuine Christian view of the nature of the delty, and like there or they would not linger he went on to say that it was "humanly simple.

Other scholars whose capacity for sound reasoning is at least as great as Sir Oliver Lodge's do not think as he does on this subject. The personality of God is a doctrine which is, in fact, beset with difficulties. When a man does not appear to see them, the culties do not vanish on account of his blindness. It would hardly be possible today to find a man of large Christian scholarship who accepts the person ity of God under the sharply defined ect in which it presented itself to Milton and John Bunyan. To the au-thor of "Paradise Lost" the Almighty was merely a magnified man. His faculties were more capacious than those of ordinary persons and his power more extensive. But his passions and habits of mind were essentially human. Milton's God files into a passion

when his will is thwarted, precisely as te expects a rather badly disciplined man to do. He reasons on theological ubjects with all the acuteness and all the narrowness of a Presbyterian deaon. He allows his good intentions to be nullified by a foolish little quibble exactly as a superstitious Oriental would. In fact, Milton's God, gazed at through the wrong end of a , would look very much like a fanatical Puritan preacher with a dissition to lord it over his neighbors. Bunyan scarcely improved upon the

The notion that God is a person, a an, as it were, involves us in all sorts of needless difficulties. ality is a concept inextricably interwoven with time and space. to such an extent that it is now pos-sible for large-sized coasting vessels ory is meaningless without time past. involves separateness from other to cross in and out. On the strength it involves separateness from other of this improvement it is reported that persons, and that requires space. But the delty must be independent of time at tidewater to cut the timber which and spuce, which are purely human limitations, and therefore it seems im possible for him to be a person. At three years, but beyond that time the thing so different from ours that it means nothing to us. The great Chrisdeterioration will become quite pro-mounced. Until quite recently it was tian thinkers of our day are substanreported that the Southern Pacific, tially in unison upon the point that thich is the heaviest owner of the God must be something far more

The idea that he is immanent in all Reports from Eugene state that things appears from the oldest Chris-

that will be manufactured from this transformed it into the representation ; our sorry performance. Whatever the of the universe as a garment which the deity weaves from moment to moment. that there has been such a decided This was very attractive to Carlyle, all the great noise we had made over improvement in the condition of the who worked it out in "Sartor Resar-human freedom, we bred slaves and bar at the mouth of the Slusiaw. it is tus." Wordsworth speaks of God as a unfortunate that the railroad project presence "far more deeply interfused whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." Tennyson expressed the concept of God's universality as contrast-ed with his personality with telling beauty in "The Higher Pantheism." No doubt the doctrine of the 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. We must reject either the individuality 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 precious as the thought of his personality fades and

belief in his immanence grows. And with the fading of the doctrine of a personal delty the hope of indi-vidually distinct immortality seems to lose its outlines. Shelley says of Keats in the "Adonais" that "he has become a part of Nature." We dare say there are many Christians fully as devout as Sir Oliver Lodge who do not expect to retain their individuality after death. To his mind the future world will be inhabited by persons not much different from human beings as they appear on earth. A more ra-tional faith looks for a larger life in more intimate unison with the Creator. To many the prospect of returning to the universal fount of being from which we flowed would present the most attractive of all destinies.

DICKENS, THE SATIRIST,

As long as Mr. G. K. Chesterton continues to occupy his lively and versa-tile 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 blokens 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 eyes his language lacks dignity. His manner is unreposeful. Even his grammar oc-casionally halts. The same may be said of Sir Walter Scott. Thackeray is the only man among the early British novellsts who paid much attention to what is technically called style. He has had a noble reward for doing so. but there are readers who cannot dis-tinguish his nicety from affectation. Dickens seems to have fixed his atten-tion on better things than mere linguistic delicacy. He was one of those singular literary persons who are in-

terested in human beings.
It is common enough to find authors who are interested in Man. States-men, poets, philosophers and politicians all share the same exalted feel-But when it comes to men the case it far different. To most literary characters the individual man is repulsive, He has offensive habits. He is apt to be dirty in body and language. He gets in the way. He wants to smoke. Dickens' peculiarity was that in spite of all the exasperating traits which cling to the human creature as a neighbor and companion, he still loved him. To Dickens a man was not some thing to be educated, reformed and finally landed in heaven, but a fellow mortal to be lived with on brotherly terms. Sometimes he found his neighbors amusing, sometimes pitiful. Now then their needless sufferings moved him to indignation, but he never tried to reduce them to mathematical formulas. He rejoiced in their singu-

To Dickens every creature on earth exception worth observing, ap-Sir Oliver Lodge's idea of God does preciating and writing about for its In this he resembled own sake. Shakespeare, who felt in the same Shakespeare stops in the frenzy of Lear's passion to depict the whimsies of a fool. The old nurse in "Romee and Juliet" interests him as much as the hero. Neither Dickens nor Shakespeare has much to say explicitly about the divinity inclosed within the ugly shell of the human body, but clearly they recognize something godover it as they do in simpletons and rascals.

It is common to speak of Dickens as a humorist, but Mr. Chesterton reinds us that he had also the gift of satire. Thackeray's satirical genius loved to dwell on the folbles of the humble in relation to the great. snob excited his wrathful mirth. kotowings of the climber to those higher up the social ladder moved him to derisive smiles. All this was amusing and not unwholesome, but it not important. The snob plays a great part in that minute world whi called society. His gyrations there look as if they disturbed the universe. But in truth they do not. The sen of humanity scarcely shows a wavelet on the surface from all the influence of all the snobs there are. Still, these creatures interested Thackeray immensely, just as an occasional scle is moved by some mysterious affinity to study malodorous secretions,

Dickens has little to say about snobbery. He was concerned that deeper human failing which goes by the name of conformity. This hated when it led to oppression and injustice. The conformity beadle in whom tyrannical custom often came nearest to the poor appealed especially to his satiric imagination. Thackeray would is scorned to write about beadles. He could depict Becky Sharp the climber, but the incomparably more universal and human character of Sarah Gamp was beyond him. Sarah has the am-plitude of Rabelnis. She has the genial wealth of Falstaff's nature, while at the same time she is gross and mean. Nobody but Dickens or Shakespeare could have made such a detestable person funny. Falstaff is mean, too. He is a liar, a coward and a thief, but his creator makes us forget all that when he waves his wand. So Dickens makes us forget that Mrs. Gamp is a cruel, old, sottish nurse.

The question has been raised why Dickens' satire became so shrewish when he wrote of the United States. When he deals with our faults he writes about America with angry m, and there are some who cannot understand why he did it; but the reason does not appear to be very mys-

case may be now, in his time the dis-parity was real and disgraceful. After human freedom, we bred slaves and sold them in the open market. The newspaper press of that time was fully as malignant and mendacious as Dick-ens describes it. Our politics was incredibly corrupt and the personal hab-its of people in general were some-

thing frightful.

To visit a Nation which had set itself on a pinnacle with noisy pomp as the last and best hope of the world and find it in this condition was expected to find it in this condition was enough to enrage anybody. No wonder Dickens beiled over with wrath. What he wrote about the United States in "Mar-tin Chuzziewit," for example, was in the main true. We have corrected the main true. We have corrected many of the faults for which he berated us, but our present state of grace should not blind us to the sins which we have happly forsaken.

#### THE CENTENNIAL OF MRS. STOWE.

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 Beechorthodox parents, Rev. Lyman B er and his vigorous wife. Many brothers and sisters shared with her this Puritanical home, and out of it most of them went into the great world, renouncing the creeds of old New England for a more humane and satis-factory belief.

Many years of patient tolling as a minister's wife, and the motherhood of many children preceded the era in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was Unconsciously to herself, written. even, the simple tale which depicted the wrongs of a race in slavery was being wrought out in her mind and finally its writing was begun, almost as it seemed, by chance and without definite plan or plot. The sudden fame that came to her through this work, her subsequent literary efforts, her slow decline physically and mentally, which ended in her peaceful, painless death in 1896, at the age of

85 years, have often been told.

The life of Mrs. Stowe is a prose poem, the events of which are mostly of the commonplace order, but which, as a whole, yet furnish a presentment now of tragedy, now of comedy, now of pathos; shadowed by fallure at times and again aglow with triumph, times and again aglow with triumph, and dominated throughout by invincible purpose and principle. It is illustrated by the picture of her own face—now the plain face, lined with physical suffering and the financial anxiety of the overtaxed wife, mother and housekeeper; now the face shaded with surprise at the unhoped fruition of her endeavor; now the face with of her endeavor; now the face with the stamp of age and the relinquish-ment of endeavor upon it, and at last the serene face from which the light of intelligence has slowly died out. These illustrations are pleasing, strong, weak or pathetic, according to the period of life typified. Pencilled by the hand of time, they represent better than the words of any biographer the various stages of gentle, yet force-ful, life that will be best and longest remembered through "Uncle Tom's

THE TRUTH ABOUT VOLUNTEER TROOPS Dependence upon volunteer forces in sudden and desperate warfare is in sudden and desperate warrare is only verified after a large perceptage of the citizen soldlers have been lost through causes induced by the unac-customed fatigue of forced marches, by unaccustomed food, wretchedly noked and irregularly served, and by enteric diseases due to a combination of these causes. The spectacle presented by the volunteer troops that were mobilized in Southern camps during the early weeks of the Spanish-Amerian war will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Eager, earnest, brave, the volunteers who swarmed the recruiting offices and were marched to rendezvous fell a prey even to the flies that blackened the food, and which the men ate only under the sharpest stress of hunger. Typheld found in these conditions ready lodgment. The usual delays in moving a quickly mebilized army without an organized commissary department followed, and soft-muscled men, fresh from the vocations of peace, went down to death by scores. while yet the noise of battle was un-This is not an impeachment of the patriotism of the volunteer troops; that had already been proved in the eagerness of their enlistment. It is not an impeachment of their courage; that was put to a severer test by facing, in idleness, the manifold foes of a fetid and foul camp, than it would have been by a clash of arms. It is not an impeachment of any soldierly quality except physical endure. It is merely to say that raw, ance. cannot, bear the heavy brunt of war, even before the shock of battle with the immunity from its inseparable ills that is possible to well-disciplined troops, accustomed to the army ration and the fatigue of the drill and the

march. The story is simple, the moral is plain. The nation that is prepared for war is the nation that supports a welldisciplined army, large enough to meet a sudden emergency. The nation not thus prepared should look well to its acy that the quality thereof be not easily strained.

RECIPROCITY'S ENEMIES WARNED. "If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neigh-bors and brothers on the north," says nator Beveridge in discussing Canadian reciprocity in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, "the proposition to construct one uld appear to all of our people exactly like proposing to divide our own untry into hostile tariff sections. The Indiana Senator, who some time ago broke away from the ranks of the standpat element in his party, warns the people against rejecting reciprocity and quite pertinently asks: "If those special interests and politicians defeat the policy of Canadian reciprocity, is it not natural and possible that our people, in their disgust, may swing to the other extreme and directly attack

our system of protection altogether?" The answer may be found in the steadily rising murmur of discontent that finds its cause in the great increase in the cost of living and in the pectacle of our protected, trust-made millionaires increasing in number and wealth simultaneously with a decrease seems to lose the genial warmth that in the savings of the consumers. Sengiows around his British types, even ator Beverldge makes his plea for Cathe most abominable of them. He nadian reciprocity on the ground that nadian reciprocity on the ground that we have now reached a stage of development where the interests of the conimers as well as the producer are el titled to consideration. The Indiana Senator experiences some difficulty in

producers would profit by the change and his argument might strengthened had he stated that nelther consumer nor producer would be isolated cases, the free interchange of products, provided for in the reci-procity bill would have but little procity bill would have but little more effect than the present free interchange of the same products between Oregon and Washington. With no

The complaint of the agriculturists that the reciprocal agreement provides for the free interchange of cattle and other livestock and grain, while tains a duty on fresh meats and other food products and on flour, is answered by Senator Beveridge with the state-ment that the Canadians refused to "Special agree to such interchange. nterests have developed there just as they have here," says the Senator, and the fact that the Canadian protectionists would not agree on free trade throughout the list naturally would not warrant the United States In refusing to take advantage of the situation and secure free interchange of all the commodities with which reciprocity

was possible. was Canadian insistence more It than American willingness that re-sulted 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. Beverlege admits that there is merit in the argument that 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 seriously affected. The barley crop of the United States last year was 162,-000,000 bushels. That of Canada was 39,000,000 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 ques-tion are more easily discerned.

#### THE FOOL AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

Police Judge Tazwell yesterday sentenced to 15 days on the rockpils a reckless automobilist, who drove his car at breakneck speed through crowds at a busy street corner; and a jury in the State Circuit Court found a \$4000 verdict against another autoobile 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,

Last Sunday, a small army of fast drivers was arrested on Belmont street. They could not resist the temptation to fly along where the going was good. Each later paid \$25 for his disregard of the rules of the

But the real criminals of the flying motor-car are the men and boys-women sometimes—who rush along crowded streets, spin around corners, and hurry over crossings at high speed. There is danger enough in the suburbs; but much allowance may be made for the chauffeur who yields to the impulse to "hit her up" on a straight course; but none can be made for the automobilist who will not go slow on the crowded thoroughfares.

The automobile, in right hands, i a vehicle of convenience, pleasure, and necessity; in the hands of the speed manlac it is an engine of death and destruction. There are only a few of the latter. They belong on the rockpile. They should all be sent there.

John Reeves, thought to be the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States, died at his home in Tacoma a few days ago at the great age of 100 years. Concluding a notice of his life and death was a statement familiar, proportionally speaking, in old New In Seattle a woman vagrant clad in England, and indeed in pioneer annals two gunny sacks and with her hair board: "He was the father of sixteen if she were an art student or a disciple children, of whom four survive." This of Raymond Duncan, record is illustrated by thousands of little graves in pioneer churchyards showing the blight which maternal hardship and privation placed on infant life in those early years.

Colonists from Oklahoma find "old Yamhili" in the vicinity of Sheridan suited to their purpose of home-making, agriculture, dairying and the like, A number of families, we are told, expect to take up land in that vicinity. A sensible determination truly, and one that disproves the popular idea that in order to find public land for entry the seeker must go to Oklahoma some other section of which the climate, by contrast with that of Oregon, makes undesirable for farming purposes. Lucky colonists!

Decent people, who own automo-biles and have a pride in their conduct, will sustain the Municipal Court in an endeavor to preserve the duct. rights of pedestrians on downtown streets. The rockpile is the place for the speeder.

The difference between the colored man and the nigger is seen in Booker Washington and Pugilist Johnson. The whole world sustains the former and applands the judge who sent the later to jail.

A Japanese servant who is handy with a gun has been banished from Stevenson, Wash. Another serious nace of the war for which the Mikado is accredited by the jingoes for

Lobbying in the Legislature, according to ex-Governor Folk, has been stamped out completely in Missouri. Oregon unhappily still awaits to be shown the way.

are busy with domestic affairs, the buds are swelling, the leaves are out, and Oregon Spring is here. The Pacific Coast League will occupy the center of the world's baseball

The frogs are tuning up, the robins

stage next Tuesday. No other league eason opens prior to April. It is the "white man's hope" that Jack Johnson will have to serve his

jail sentence for speeding. The corrupt practices law is conducive to lying and deception, as the

Spring campaign opens. No doubt that Albany "House With the Eye" blinked when its 63-year-old

owner married again. The lesson of the day's disasters is

to be ready.

Leone Cass Bacr

The only compliments a woman con-siders had form are the ones paid some

Scraps and Jingles

other woman. Of two evils always choose the most

The catch of this season is a ripe. uicy cold. A good reputation may be a fair

estate if there's no cloud on the title. Either way you can't mortgage it. Medul has just been conferred on t man who has found an actual river within 600 miles of the position allotted

it on a war map. "He gives twice who gives quick-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.

Why.

I love you for your ratted halr, 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 pelf. But most of all I love you so Cause you're the only one I know Who lets me chat about myself.

The magic of first love is in its quick death and long memory.

Girl writes to ask if Bacillus is Latin for bachelor.

Miss Calamity Step-and-fetch-it, 'the sweet and cultured authoress, etc., of Kalama, undismayed by adverse criticism of what she calls her litry efforts, has sent in a thrilling poem about an automobile. She calls it "An eye for an eye and a toot for a toot."

"Happy is the man who findeth wisom," but his gice usually ends with the finding.

An equivocal note is sounded in a streetcar advertisement which reads 'Mrs. Somebody's Pies, none like

That perpetration, "What's underdone can't be digested," published in this column several Sundays ago, has brought a better one from a woman signing herself "Housekeeper," who "What's underdone cannot be STE helped."

In Oklahoma the Young Abstainers League has just celebrated its 13th anniversary. It is certainly interesting to note that the percentage of heavy drinkers under 10 years of age is steadily decreasing.

Just as if times are not already bad nough for artists Jack London, so report says, is going to illustrate his own books. The artists' union is naturally up in arms about it and by way of retaliation some of them intend to take lessons in spelling with a view to writing the text for their own drawings in the future.

It's mighty strange that civilization should add to instead of detract from the horrors of war. I've just read 399 "contributions" on the subject.

In Seattle a woman vagrant clad in Atlantic to the Pacific sea- flowing loose was asked by the judge

> Sensational confession has just been made by a woman who, racked by the torments of a wicked conscience, 'says she is the original instigator of the "cosy corner"; Grapery, over-stuffed cushions, bric-a-brac and all. Dispassionately speaking, she should be given no less than seven years at hard labor.

Some men may be judged by the ompany they keep, but a greater number are sized up by the company they

## Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian, March 26, 1861. We are credibly informed that near we are created; informed that nearly 2000 miners may be expected through Portland in the next month from the Willamette Valley and Jacksonville. A great many go by way of Sandy and the Cascades by land, but still more will go by water. The Nez Perce mines seem to be the principal attraction

WALLA WALLA, March 17, 1861. An express from Fort Benton reports 250 lodges of Snake Indians, amongst whom there were three of the chil-dren taken from the emigrant train which was cut off last Fall. "Win-ship Blake" (the original L. L. Blake) has started out with 49 men and several packs of goods to ransom them. A reward of \$2000 is offered for their recovery.

The Victoria Colonist complains that Oregonians come over to Victoria and sell their produce without paying li-cense, and thus have the advantage of their own people.

The Democracy are called on to par ticipate in a general pow-wow on the subject of the coming city election at the courthouse on Wednesday evening next. At that time it is anticipated that the duty of the party in the coming election will be made appar-

New Lease of Life for Fornker.

Washington (D. C.) Post.
"Former Senator J. B. Foraker, of
Ohio, is bound to come back into politics in the Buckeye State," said Ed-

tics in the Buckeye State," said Ed-ward Benton, of Toledo.
"Senator Foraker during his Con-gressional career occupied a most con-spicuous position in the halls of our National Legislature. If he had not been defeated for re-election, Senator Foraker would undoubtedly be the leader of his party in the upper branch of Congress today.
"He has all the qualities which go to

"He has all the qualities which go to He has an the make up one who is called upon to lead. Senator Foraker is aggressive, versattle and a man who expresses his opinions in the most vigorous terms possible. Such a man as Senator Foraker is bound to be heard from."

## TOPICAL VERSE

Is It Any Wonder?

Him wuzza tootest itsie-bitste pecious

lovie lamb,
And him des a sweetest pittie-littie single, yes, him am,
Wis 'im tunnin' itsie footsie, an' him sayin' 'Goo-goo-goo!'
Him was him muzzer's ownest lambie boysie-contsis-con'!!" boysie-cootsie-coot!!"
To this the baby listens by the hour

and day and week—
And yet his mother wonders why he
doesn't learn to speak!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

#### He Sald 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 blenk.
And they were uiter strangers
For most a week.
Louisville Courner-Journal.

#### In a Ballroom.

Behind the tall pillars half hiding, He heard the soft strains of the strings, ne looked at the gay dancers gild-

But he felt no delight in the measures.

And he wondered how others could care
To indulge in such profitless pleasures
Or deem this a gala affair.

As if they found joy in such things;

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 may turn to despair— Ah, fools and their foolish romances! He said with a desolate air.

He longed for untroubled seclusion And, watching the gay dar

And, watching the gay dancers
thought
Of love as a foolish delusion
With sorrow and suffering fraught;
He scoffed at the maldens for firting
And wondered how men could still

For the shoes 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 when the oldest lover has validated sto-the youngest sweetheart has died. We shall rest, and, faith! we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two— Till the master of loving missives shall set us to work anew.

And those who wrote well shall be hap-py; 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 loves to write to—

Rebecca, and 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;
only the master shall blame;
And none shall propose for money, 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 waiter's grip,
But he up and declined to take the tip,
And his smile was kind and beaming.
The thought of it stuck in my puzzled

head Till somebody shook me hard and said: Wake up, old man! You're dream--Exchange.

## The Able Complicator.

When public questions first arise seasons come and go The only answer that applies Seems either "yes" or "no." The issue seems so well defined. The right so clear and plain.

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; nd we are all 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; whole world may loudly declare I shall never Be worth the gunpowder to blow me

It may be I'm punk as a parlor reciter
And when I begin grown-ups take to
the woods; But that baby of mine! I can always de-Hight her. She vows I'm a wonder, she swears I'm

the goods, It may be I can't keep a tune for a It may be my voice wanders far from the key; It may be the nightingale, lark and the

linnet As songsters have quite a wide margin 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 She thinks I'm a corker, a lalapaloosa. She nightly applauds every stunt that

Sheld rather hear me than your John Philip Souss.

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 fee-ble endeavor.
The preise of my little one satisfies me.

And so though the big world goes by me unheeding, And never a grown-up takes notice of Though into my work failure others are

reading, I'm still a success to the babe on my When worn out and weary, my long day is ended. And homeward I turn, I forget my dis-

tress;
For I know that my baby still thinks
I am spiendid.
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 siore," Miss Money turned him down.

-Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.