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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1912.

A STORY OF A LAWYER.

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, there dwelt a lawyer Cormorant in the City of Utopia and the State of Atlantis. There are no lawyers like him now, but we fear there may be some in the future and therefore we are going to relate a few tales from his biography for the warning and admonition of the young. In those days there were a great many lawyers like Cormorant, but since his time the character of the profession has been exalted and if his deeds should now be imitated by any member of the bar he would be cast out in disgrace and sent to prison. It is to warn the young from a possible fate of this sort that we undertake the disagreeable task of narrating some selections from the voluminous record of Cormorant's misdeeds. Once he was employed by a man named Gammon to collect a claim of $850 for him from a certain Mr. Roe. Cormorant collected the claim without much difficulty, but, instead of turning the $850 over to his client, he followed the good, old rule of keeping whatever you get and pocketed it. This was all the more astute on Cormorant's part, because he had already been paid his full fee for the service. Before Gammon got his money he had to hire another lawyer to sue Cormorant, which made business lively in the profession, though it was hard on the poor client. Still, since the public then existed for the benefit of the lawyers, it was commonly agreed that Cormorant's conduct had been for the general welfare.

On another occasion Cormorant was employed by a man called Simpleton to defend him in court. At the trial Simpleton was set free for want of any evidence against him, but he had put up $500 bail, and this, by some process which the reader may think out for himself, fell into Cormorant's hands. Did he pay it over to poor Simpleton? Not he. He kept it, just as he did Gammon's claim, and again it was necessary for his client to hire another lawyer before he could get his dues. This little piece of sharp practice on Cormorant's part was much admired by his fellow lawyers in those benighted days. Now they would all be horrified if such a thing were to happen.

But the climax of Cormorant's sable-hued career came in his dealings with Jennie Sago. Jennie was a mature woman who had worked all her life and managed to lay up a little money, about $813. Cormorant, smelling out this fact by a marvelous instinct which was common in those days among lawyers, inveigled Jennie to work for him as a maid servant. In this capacity he won her confidence and got the $813 into his hands. Part of it he lent on a mortgage. The rest he kept. When Jennie asked him for the note and mortgage he refused to give them up to her. He collected the interest on the loan and assimilated that also. Jennie finally left his service and found another place. Her new employer, taking pity on the woman for her evil fortune, tried to wrest some of her money from Cormorant's possession. The lawyer at first pretended that he never had heard of such a woman as Jennie Sago. When that pose became impossible he cooked up a story that she owed him lawyer's fees enough to eat up all her money. Meanwhile the forlorn woman began to have fits of despondency. The money which Cormorant had swindled her out of represented the savings of her life and she declared that if she must lose it she wanted to die. A short time afterward she committed suicide. Did Cormorant care? No, indeed. It was all in the way of his business. Everything he had done was quite professional in those days.

So regular and strictly professional was it all that when a vacancy occurred in the municipal judgeship of Utopia, the Mayor, a most learned and pious man, appointed Cormorant to fill the position. The Mayor knew all about Cormorant when he gave him the appointment, so it stands to reason that he approved of his conduct. As a judge, Cormorant pursued the same course of conduct which had won him so much credit when he was practicing at the bar. For example, a certain lewd woman was jailed one day and about to be tried in Cormorant's court. A day or two before the trial the judge visited her in her dungeon and ordered her to employ one Goldsmith, a dear friend of Cormorant's, to defend her. If she employed Goldsmith she would be acquitted, Cormorant told her. If she did not, she would be convicted. That was the way justice was dispensed in those days in the Municipal Court of Utopia. The lewd woman was ordered to pay Goldsmith for his services $150, which was to be divided into three parts, one going to Cormorant, the judge; one to Goldsmith, and the third—who was to get the third nobody knows.

Let us all be thankful that in these happy times there are no lawyers like Cormorant, and that, if there were, none of them could ever hope to be appointed a judge. Such is the purity of the legal profession now that no member of it would dare to appropriate money belonging to his clients or cheat his maid servant out of her property. If he did such deeds he would not only be punished by legal process and expelled from the bar, but not a lawyer in all the land would be seen speaking to him for fear of sharing his disgrace. Municipal judges do not abuse their power in our blessed times to wring money from prostitutes nor do Mayors select swindlers and blacklegs for positions on the bench. The events which we have narrated happened long and long ago, when our civilization was primitive and the ideals of the bench and bar were very low. Cormorant is dead and gone to his account, and the Mayor who made him a judge has had to answer for it before a tribunal which is not subject to political influence. Still, the circumstances seem to convey a lesson even for our own day, though we are not quite certain what it can be. If such things were to arise now, the State Bar Association, through its grievance committee, would pursue the infamous Cormorant by day and by night until he was expelled from the ranks and landed in prison, and the imputation that might rest on the legal profession through its tolerance of criminal practices by any lawyer would be removed.

MICHIGAN AND CALIFORNIA.

If we have been inclined heretofore to find fault with the third party for constituting itself an itinerant body, so that it might move on, or move back to the Republican party, as occasion suited, we are to an extent reassured by the latest Oyster Bay ultimatum via the state of Michigan. The still faithful Dixon has been in Michigan with full authority from the Colonel to say what's what. This time the sovereign command is that the way to organize a new party is to have a new party. The National Progressives of Michigan are therefore directed to place in the field "a full ticket, embracing Presidential electors, and state, congressional and legislative candidates."

Do the National Progressives of Oregon get that? Apparently Fred Mulkey is the only real live progressive who has been willing to wet his feet by crossing the Rubicon, for he is safely on the other side, in the progressive camp, though all alone, all alone. All the rest have stayed and raised the rebel flag over the camp, armament, muniments, and impedimenta of the Old Guard. But some day they will have to cross over, too, and the guerilla warfare will be over and an open and honorable conflict will be on.

Colonel Roosevelt ought to send Mr. Dixon out to California to give the bushwhacker Johnson some notion of real warfare. The Johnson purpose is to confiscate the whole party machinery, usurp the party function, and destroy the Taft minority in the state by outlaw methods. It is proposed that the coming Fall the state Republican convention, being in the Johnson control, shall nominate Presidential electors pledged to Roosevelt, and that the complicated machinery of the election laws shall be employed to deprive Mr. Taft of any candidates for elector. The voter who wants to vote for a Republican elector, or for Taft, has only the alternative of Roosevelt, Wilson, Socialist or Prohibitionist. Thus a hundred thousand and more sovereign voters are to be disfranchised through trickery and dishonorable manipulation of the steam roller by the impeccable Californians who made so uproarious a protest at Chicago about the tactics of the remorseless majority.

Thou shalt not steal. The Bible says "thou," it will be noticed. The discovery that it says "thou" and not "I" or "we," was evidently made in California.

STAYING ON THE BENCH FOR LIFE.

Senator Cummins the other day called attention to the fact that Federal judges are appointed to hold office "during good behavior" and not for life, as most people and all judges assume. But there is no method provided in the Constitution by which a judge may be dismissed from office except under impeachment for "treason, bribery and other high crimes and misdemeanors." Drunkenness is hardly a high crime, except in a social sense; and engaging in a private transaction to buy a culm bank at a low figure from a corporation that may happen to be a frequent litigant is not treason; but clearly it is not good behavior.

The clumsy and solemn process of impeachment presents such formidable obstacles to the enforced retirement of any Federal judge that it has been seldom followed. The constitutional lawyer has not yet arisen to say that the President has the arbitrary power to strip of his ermine any erring judge who is guilty of bad behavior; yet it would seem that the authority which appoints ought also to have the right to discharge under the "good behavior" rule.

Our Federal judges as a class are men of conscience, courage, intelligence and industry. The history of the Federal judiciary reflects credit upon its incumbents and honor upon the country.

But occasionally the bench is dishonored by a judge who is either partial or lazy or dissipated, or perhaps venal. It is only occasionally; yet the misconduct of such a judge does much to bring all judges in public disfavor, and is largely responsible for the clamor that has gone up throughout the country for reform of the judiciary.

A summary method ought to be devised for removal, or at least suspension, of any judge on the sufficient ground of unfitness. In a state it should be lodged with the Governor, or with the Supreme Court; in the Nation with the President. A good judge ought to welcome scrutiny of his acts; a bad judge is made worse by knowledge that he is safe for life.

The judicial recall is a bogey that has alarmed the country. It has existed in Oregon for years, and has never been invoked, or seriously threatened, but once. Yet every judge in the state is, and has been, under the menace of a recall in his re-election and every judge is made aware, in one way or another, that the public favor is his most important political asset. The recall worries no Oregon judge; the popular method of election concerns them all.

OLYMPIC GAMES AND THE METRIC SYSTEM.

From one point of view the most interesting feature of the Olympic games has been the use of the metric system. The race courses, the hammer throws, the high jumps and so on are measured in meters and centimeters. When the young men from the various countries of the world return home their haunts will resound with talk in which the decimal scale will form an important part. Feet and inches are things of the past as far as international athletics are concerned. Miles will no more be heard of. In place of them we shall speak of kilometers.

Perhaps the introduction of the scientific French system into athletics will facilitate its use in other departments of life and this generation may live to see the last of our awkward and dificult method of computing weights and measures. According to our table, twelve inches make a foot, three feet a yard, five and a half yards a rod and 320 rods a mile. It is as irregular and meaningless as a table could possibly be. Contrast it with the French table, where ten millimeters make a centimeter, ten centimeters a decimeter and ten decimeters a meter. This is as simple as dollars and cents.

The entire metric system runs in tens. It has been extended to distances, land measures, estimating wood, weights and everything else for which exact computation is required. It imposes but little strain on the memory and is much easier to apply in practice than our cumbersome tables. Yet the metric weights and measures have never made much headway in the English-speaking countries. Our children are obliged to master the old, irrational scales in school and this indisposes them to seek for anything better. We cling to the inconvenient by force of bad habit.

The fresh interest in the metric system which the Olympic games must awaken will no doubt help to break the spell of our inertia. When boys have learned the facility and economy of a scientific system of measurements for their sports its application to business ought not to be long delayed. Old-fashioned pedagogues affect to despise the metric system as they do agriculture and domestic economy, but, be it thankfully said, their day is about over.

OPPORTUNITY LIES WESTWARD.

"Go west, young man." Nearly or quite half a century has passed since Horace Greeley uttered this sage advice. Millions of young men have profited by it. The West has grown and blossomed and prospered. Today the same advice is repeated by five great financiers of the East. The West still possesses boundless opportunities. They are here to be grasped by young men of energy and attainments.

On July 14 the New York World published a full page symposium of opinions it had received from men of prominence in the fields of politics, business and finance. These opinions were given in response to the query "What should the young college graduate do?" Most specific of any as to locating for life's endeavor is the answer given by Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston financier. "Were I graduating today from college east, west or south," he says, "I would head for the great undeveloped Northwest. I would buy my ticket for Portland, Oregon."

A. B. Hepburn, chairman of the board of directors of the Chase National Bank of New York, mentions Oregon, with Washington, Montana, Idaho and British Columbia. "I should say," he continues, "that for a young man just leaving college the most promising field is the Northwest, and that in regard to a calling or profession to follow he may just as well follow his own inclination, for providing he is eager to work he will find abundant opportunity in a hundred directions."

"Be self-reliant, keep minute accounts and go west of Chicago," in brief is the advice given by William Sherer, manager of the New York Clearing House Association.

B. F. Bush, president of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, declares that the best chances for success lie west of the Mississippi River.

From F. L. Wilk, banker and railroad man of Chicago, comes the opinion that for a young man thrown upon his own resources the West and Northwest offer the best opportunities.

Of seven men quoted, only one, James G. Cannon, president of the Fourth National Bank, New York City, specifically advises the young man to remain in the East. "Stay right at home and be a farmer in New York State," he says in effect.

Governor Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana urges young men to take up scientific farming. Indeed, this opening is pointed out by nearly all the writers as one of the most promising of the day.

There is more than one significance in the suggestions. These men are successful in life, observant of conditions, in touch with the industrial, commercial and financial phases of every large locality. Doubtless their recommendations will promote settlement of lands where it is most needed. Moreover, there is an implied indorsement therein of Western development enterprises. These financiers have spoken their confidence in the Northwest. Their opinions ought to make easier the obtaining of capital for worthy, legitimate enterprises.

"Go West young man" has been sound advice for 50 years. It will remain sound until a century or more has sustained the prophetic vision of the man who first gave it to the world.

BOLTERS WHO DO NOT BOLT.

At Dairy, Oregon, we are informed by a subscriber, there is much discussion over two questions. They are these:

> Can a defeated party candidate for a nomination in the April primaries re-enter the race for the same office as an independent at the following November election?
>
> Can a successful party nominee at the April primary withdraw from the November election?

Doubtless the same questions have been propounded and are being discussed in many other communities. One, the second query, goes into a very material issue in view of the suspected or announced attitude of some of the Presidential electors and the openly declared stand of one Republican candidate for Representative in Congress.

We know of no provision in the law which prohibits a defeated aspirant for nomination in the party primaries from seeking office as an independent candidate in the subsequent general election. There is, however, a provision in the primary law which deals with withdrawals in such a way as seemingly to preclude the retirement by any nominee who may become dissatisfied with party procedure or party platforms.

The nominating election laws that existed prior to enactment of the direct primary law contained two sections relative to withdrawals. They are now sections 3343 and 3344 of Lord's Oregon Laws. Section 3343 originally permitted any person who had been nominated and who had accepted such nomination to file a withdrawal in writing prior to the general election. Section 3344 prescribed the method of filling vacancies on the ticket caused by death or withdrawal.

The direct primary law adopted in 1905 modified these provisions. Section 19 of that law (Section 3367 L. O. L.) reads as follows:

> The provisions of sections 3343 and 3344 (withdrawals) shall apply to nominations or petitions for nominations made under the provisions of this law, in case of the death of the candidate or his removal from the state or his county or electoral district before the date of the ensuing election, **but in no other case.** In case of any such vacancy by death or removal from the state or from the county or electoral district, such vacancy may be filled by the committee which has been given power by the political party or this law to fill such vacancies substantially in the manner provided by sections 3345 and 3346.

The law as it has been amended by the Presidential primary act makes a peculiar situation in Oregon. Party choice of candidates is made before the National convention acts. Candidates for office on the Republican ticket thus named who cannot subscribe to the principles enunciated in the National platform and those candidates for Presidential Elector who will not support the party candidate for President are not Republicans. They are prospective members of a new party, yet they will go before the people soliciting the votes of their political enemies and repudiating the implied pledge to which they subscribed when they sought the Republican nomination. Not one has yet indicated a desire to withdraw his name from the Republican ticket. Each seems to glory in the anomaly and unmorality of his position. Doubtless it would make no difference if the law concerning withdrawals of candidates read otherwise. They are so enamoured of office that most, perhaps all, of them would take it no matter how they got it. With them "Thou shalt not steal" bears a literal construction. The highly moral motto applies to "thou," not "us."

As a result of the situation brought about by the Chicago bolt there is cause for amendment of the Oregon direct primary law. To alter the section quoted in full herein would not reach the issue. Voluntary withdrawals by men in whom party confidence has been misplaced are not to be expected even when permitted by statute. We might extend the recall to party candidates, but there is a simpler and cheaper method. Candidates should not be named until party issues are made up.

THE CASE FOR GREEK.

The debate upon the value of Greek as a college study still rages intermittently among the learned. No common person cares enough about the language of Plato even to quarrel over it, but university professors find it useful as a subject for more or less animated discussion when other topics are worn out and conversation threatens to languish over the wine or academic periodicals lack a page or two of respectable filling. When every other theme has been exhausted it is always possible to say something in favor of making boys and girls learn Greek which shall sound orthodox and conservative. The fact that no student ever does learn it, even where it is taught longest and most laboriously makes no difference to these portly champions. They are so used to dealing with unrealities that they can easily imagine a whole world of people mad with enthusiasm over Aristophanes and Menander and they proceed to talk and write as if their airy phantom were substantial. There are still a few colleges in America where Greek is compulsory for the degree of bachelor of arts. This requirement usually goes with obligatory attendance at morning chapel and a portentous reverence for secret societies.

These three fetishes have about the same value. The student who attends morning chapel because he does not dare to stay away can scarcely be expected to be very ardent in his devotions. The secret society which makes the greatest parade of mystery is the emptiest of the whole empty family. And the language which is studied only because it has long been the fashion to study it leads to nothing but vanity. It is doubtful if there is a solitary college graduate in the United States who is able to sit down and read a page of Aristophanes, even with the aid of a dictionary. Some few remember a half dozen sentences of Plato for a year or two after they graduate. Then that fades too and for all the time and pains they spent over their "classical studies" they have nothing whatever to show except a vacancy in the head. To be sure they have the consolatory distinction of saying to one another that they have studied Greek, just as fellow members of the awful society of the hip bone and cervical vertebra can discuss the fateful initiation ceremonies, but what of it? Who cares?

If all the secret societies in all the colleges in the country were to collapse today and be heard of no more forever it would not make an atom of difference to the progress of the world; and if no class in Greek were to be taught next year or in any subsequent year things would go on precisely the same. Nobody would be any the worse except a few superfluous professors who would probably lose their chairs and nobody would be any the better. The students who now waste their time over Greek would probably waste it over something still more senseless. So we might as well let the Greek classes proceed. The study of that lovely tongue is an elegant and innocent way of dawdling through the four college years. The fancy that they are learning something as they putter away idly at their dictionaries and Greek texts agreeably divert young men and maidens who have nothing better to do, while it provides an income for a number of irreproachable professors most of whom have families to support.

Students who really want to learn something useful and prepare themselves for an active part in the world's work do not go to colleges where Greek and other futile branches are required. The choice of institutions is wide enough to suit every demand. Those who want an old-fashioned orthodox "education" without any admixture of common sense can easily find colleges which will gratify their desire. Those who want to soil their hands with machinery and chemical experiments and study the organization of the social world can find colleges just as easily which will provide what they seek. The educational world is very agreeably organized. It has room for all sorts of dispositions and tries commendably hard to please all tastes. Those who want to be indolent can find plenty of highly respectable colleges to educate them for that vocation. Those who want to be useful need not go begging for instruction. If it were worth while to institute a comparison among the more or less vapid college studies no doubt Greek would win the palm for utter vanity. But it is not worth while. The arguments for continuing this bootless branch of instruction are sufficiently strong to convince those who make their bread by teaching it and what more can you ask? After all, the principal purpose of a college is to provide a comfortable living for the professors.

The foremost of these arguments is that the modern world owes an immense debt to Greece. From that undeniable fact the conclusion is drawn that every college boy ought to study the Greek language. It is just about as logical as it would be to conclude that because the human race owes an immense debt to the horse therefore every man ought to eat oats. We can show a befitting gratitude to ancient Greece without compelling our youths to waste four of their best years pottering over a language which they cannot learn and which would be useless to them if they could. Greek history is related in English works a great deal more accurately than it is in Thucydides and Xenophon. Grote has resolved problems of Hellenic life which Thucydides never understood. The poetry of Homer and Sophocles has been translated over and over again so well that even a professor of Greek cannot miss its beauties. Plato can be studied in Jowett's translation to better purpose than in the original. Why under the shining stars, then, should we force youths to waste their time pretending to learn the Greek language? Everybody knows why. It is for mental discipline. Aimless doddering for four years over a subject which begins in nothing and leads nowhere is supposed to have immeasurable disciplinary value. Such is the degree of common sense which we find among some of our college professors.

PRACTICABLE REFORMS.

A correspondent whose letter to The Oregonian is printed today in another column, does us the honor to quote the following from a recent editorial article in this paper: "We do not admit that $600 a year is enough money to spend on a growing American family in a big city and we want conditions improved in some way, so that the man who needs $900 can obtain it honestly and without toiling unreasonably hard for it." Our correspondent then proceeds to ask if we "have no way to suggest?" plainly implying that we have none, while he, speaking for the socialists, has any number. He does not tell us what they are. Hence we are not in a situation to pass judgment upon them, but we are not quite so destitute of remedies on our own part as he seems to suppose.

The Oregonian has been advocating for a long time several perfectly definite and practicable measures which would help relieve the working man of some of his burdens. They would not cure all the evils of society in an instant, but would appreciably improve conditions and make the next step forward easier to take. In our opinion the world must be cured of its troubles gradually. We believe in evolution and have but small faith in the revolution which our correspondent predicts. If such an event were to occur the workingman would lose much by it and gain nothing.

To speak in detail and not in those "generalities" which our correspondent rebukes we may mention that The Oregonian favors a parcels post. This wholly desirable measure would at once lower the cost of living to city dwellers and increase the farmers' income. It would eliminate a host of parasitic middlemen who at present perform no useful function and fatten at the expense of both producer and consumer. Besides that, the parcels post would aid powerfully to spread intelligence in the rural districts, would promote agriculture, encourage roadmaking and help build up churches and schools. There is no other single measure which would begin to do so much for the improvement of both urban and rural conditions as the parcels post. While it might not directly operate to raise wages, it would make current incomes go so much farther that the effect would be the same as if it did.

Again, The Oregonian has spoken in season and out of season for cooperation among producers and consumers. We feel positively assured that by the judicious combination of purchasers the cost of living could be materially reduced to every family in the country. On the other hand, were producers to unite their interests they would receive more for their goods without raising the price to buyers.

So we might go on rehearsing the ameliorative measures which The Oregonian has advocated for years, but no doubt enough has been said to show how far from the facts our correspondent has permitted himself to stray. If he and others who wish well to the world would unite in promoting practicable reforms, instead of clamoring for a foolish and impossible revolution, we should all move much faster toward the perfect state.

WOMEN AND HEATHEN RELIGION.

Many persons concerned with the welfare of foreign missions are greatly exercised over the spread of some of the so-called heathen religions in the United States. The situation seems to be much the same as it was with Carthage when the Romans sent an army to invade Africa while Hannibal's troops were in Italy. There is more than one flourishing Mohammedan mosque in the United States. At Green Acre, New Hampshire, there is a sort of Chautauqua, amply endowed by the late Miss Farmer, where the mysteries of the Vedantic philosophy and Hindu mysticism are taught every Summer to rapt throngs of converts. All over the country there are classes in "Yoga" which set the Hindu scriptures above the Bible. Almost everywhere among a certain class of intellectual people one meets with the notion that the sacred books of India contain a treasure of religious wisdom not to be found anywhere else. The ancient faith of Zoroaster is professed by several congregations in Chicago and other cities. The great god Ahura Mazda has two temples in Illinois, with a third in course of construction at Montreal.

Thus it is evident that while our foreign missionaries are diligent and often successful in their propaganda of Christianity, the heathen faiths have begun to retaliate by invading the home of Christianity. Perhaps the time will come when, as in the early centuries of our era, a struggle for existence will arise between the religion of Jesus and that of Zoroaster or Buddha. It was a form of Magianism which overran a great part of the Roman empire at about the time of St. Augustine and narrowly missed extinguishing Christianity. Augustine himself was a Maniachaean, as the devotees of the sect were called, in his youth, but by the labors of St. Ambrose he became a convert to the true faith. Which of the many heathen cults that are spreading in the United States is likely to become predominant nobody is in a position to say. Very likely none of them will become really dangerous except to individuals, but, on the other hand, it is impossible to assert positively that some old heathen belief may not take root and spread all over the land. The progress of a false religion is like that of a cancer occasionally. It lies dormant for a long time and is scarcely perceptible. Then all of a sudden it begins to subdue everything in its way, devastating the entire body. It would be unwise to despise American Mohammedanism or Mazda worship because up to the present their congregations are small and scattering.

The devotees of these foreign faiths are of all ages and both sexes. A few scholarly men have been attracted to them. Of course children are to be found in all the congregations. But by far the larger number of the converts to Vedantism, theosophy, Zoroastrianism and the other outlandish cults are women. The fair sex has taken to experimenting in strange religions today, just as it did in Rome at about the period of Augustus, and, no doubt, for the same reason. In those days an industrial revolution had taken place in Rome which left the women with little or nothing to do at home. The old domestic vocations had passed into the hands of slaves. In the early days of the republic the wife and mother spun, wove, sewed and cooked for her family, but in the Augustan age she no longer did anything of the sort. Slaves had usurped all of her domestic tasks. Left, with vast unoccupied stretches of time on their hands, the Roman women naturally sought for something to interest them, and nothing offered except religion. So they brought in new faiths from every part of the world and there was a veritable orgy of strange worship.

We have the privilege of witnessing a similar phenomenon in the United States in our own time. An industrial revolution almost exactly parallel to that in ancient Rome has deprived women of their domestic occupations. The work has passed, not into the hands of slaves, to be sure, but to machines, and it comes to the same thing. Multitudes of intelligent and active women are left with nothing to do. Nature forces them to seek an outlet for their energies to stave off insanity and vice, and, for want of something better, a certain class turn to the heathen religions. Their choice is unfortunate, but we should pity them for making it, not blame them. If they had been taught to appreciate their social duties and recognize the great tasks which the world demands of unoccupied women, they never would have fallen into this sad error. But they were taught in childhood that the first duty of a woman was to be foolish and useless, and in choosing to worship Zoroaster and adore Buddha they are simply obeying the precepts they learned in their youth. Indeed the same precepts are still taught to girls everywhere, and as long as they form the staple of female education we may expect all sorts of follies to flow from them in later years.

The way to overcome the drift to heathenism is to teach women that they are responsible members of society with social duties corresponding to those of men. As long as they are taught that it is unwomanly to be sensible and useful they will continue to be foolish and useless. If women had the right to vote and take an equal hand with men in public affairs, they would show as little disposition as men do to stray after heathen gods. An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

The Michigan progressives—T. R.'s progressives—have had the courage to declare for the initiative, referendum and the recall. That sounds like business. Probably the T. R. National platform will do the same thing. The Republicans forgot all about the initiative, referendum and recall, and the Democratic platform wholly ignores the Oregon system. Whereat various little papers and little politicians in Oregon are in something of a sweat. But here comes the Roosevelt platform with good strong stuff in it, and the only true friends of the Oregon system and enemies of all who are not friends of the Oregon system will sit up and take notice. Their home is with Roosevelt and there of course they will go. What else is there for the fellows who bellowed and roared for weeks because Taft never indorsed the Oregon system?

The conversion of Hetty Green is a spiritual victory in which the Rev. Augustine Elmendorff may feel pardonable pride. Only rarely do women, or men either, forsake their sins at the age of 78 years. Conversion takes place in childhood or not at all, as a rule. The scoffer might hint that Hetty has entered her second childhood and thus account for the event, but he would only be laughed at. There will never be any second childhood for that indurated Wall-street Amazon. We doubt if there was ever a first.

The statement that Professor Custer, of California, "was still alive but beyond resuscitation" involves a contradiction. Resuscitation is always possible as long as there is a spark of life. Some claim that even the dead by drowning can be revived. Professor Custer had been in the water a long time when he was found, but the chances are that he need not have perished. It is one of the sad defects of education that the simple methods of saving life are so little understood.

Typhoid fever has been uncommonly fatal this season. As Fall approaches and the rains wash refuse into wells and streams, its victims will be more numerous still. The typhoid fly breeds rapidly as rubbish accumulates toward September. This disgusting insect spreads the disease far and wide. There is no more excuse for tolerating flies than bedbugs in houses. Both are engendered in filth.

There is one point that the voters can't get around. That is, if this proposed taxation (single tax) is so very bad that it will ruin the country and take the stars off the flag, why the antis don't urge a trial of it in the three counties that its results may be an object lesson to this great country?

That's a hard one to get by on, isn't it?—Oregon City Courier.

Great scheme! We never thought of it, before. Let's be a horrible example. Let's try it on the dog and be the dog.

Mr. Thompson appears to have pursued his courtship of the fair Mrs. Goodeve mainly at Portland's most popular roadhouses and wayside inns. There is where the course of true love flourishes best—for awhile.

The Elks go, but their works survive them. For the bank clearances serve as a testimonial of the activity of the Elks in spending their money. Good money, too, and not tainted.

Mr. Wilson has politely determined not to mention his opponents during the campaign; but the Mentioner in the Outlook office will have its usual megaphonic attachments.

Steffens is worse than an Anarchist, he says, for he believes in Christianity, and practices it. Colonel Wood will have to go some to beat it.

If Senator Root tells what happened at Chicago, and all that happened, the Ananias club will have its most important accession.

The only First Party organize a third party? Never.

Scraps and Jingles

By Leone Cass Baer.

"I'll be O. K. again, I'll be bound," said the dilapidated magazine to itself.

* * *

Quaker woman weighs 300 announces a headline. Sort of earth quakers, as it were.

* * *

Speaking of Quakers wouldn't one be a bad second in a duel?

* * *

No Esther, the Charge of the Light Brigade was not written about the gas company.

* * *

Nowadays its handsome is as handsome has.

* * *

A kiss in time leads to nine.

* * *

Time, tide and suffragettes wait for no man.

* * *

Music hath charms to wake the silent guest and set all the visitors gabbling their best.

* * *

A sound critic is a musical critic.

* * *

Wit is a boomerang that quick returns to hand. But sarcasms, venomed shafts stick tight where 'er they land.

* * *

If there's a skeleton in every House, where is the one in the Senate?

* * *

Among the "horrors of the Titanic"—is a new popular song about it.

* * *

Miss Calamity Step-and-fetch-it, the charming and cultured lady poet of Kansas, has written a pretty ballad on "A Troublesome Pair." At first I thought it belonged in the fruit department—and was going to can it. Then I read the pome and saw I was plum wrong. Says Calamity:

Why, O why, must you go 4000 miles?
It throws our correspondence out of gear.
I can't afford to cable you, dear He—
Besides, to the sailors it might look queer.
You wrote of your rheumatiz—I sympathized.
You got my answer ten days after date
When you was up and around again,
Which you in your next letter did relate.
In the meantime I had wrote you one
In which the terrible heat made me sigh—
Now today when its so derned cold I sneeze
I get your sympathizing reply.
And so its bothering me considerable.
Our missives miss—are cold or fond;
There's just one cure—dear He, come home,
And then we'll meet—and cease to correspond.

* * *

Perverse Mankind

By Dean Collins.

The writing is upon the wall,
From California's Summer peaches,
Threatening boycott stern upon
Hotels that perch on manless beaches.

"Give to us men, or else we go
And leave you to your desolation."
This have they said to those who hold
The haunts of fashionable vacation.

Brave men they seek, who'll dare the chill
Of ocean surf—that cramp creator—
Wise men who understand the ways
Of cranky auto's carburetor.

Strong men, the type that undismayed
A lengthy dancing programme faces;
Deft men, who well can fetch and bear
Teacups and fans and scarfs and laces.

And the innkeepers, seeing how
They stand to lose full many a dollar,
Forth to the cities send amain
A raucous Macedonian holler.

Seductive rates do they declare,
Their hoped-for customers assuring
Of every kind of courtesy—
Truly a prospect most alluring.

Sooth, it is sad, when ladies call
And vexed and worried bonifaces
Make the way clear; that men should be
So loth to seek the summering places.

Perverse mankind! They hearken not;
They shun the swallowtail for khaki,
And, like lone Injuns, roam the woods
With gun and rod and pounds of "baccy."

Alone they whip the purling brooks
And waste their days with merely fishing,
While on the long and manless beach
A thousand maids are vainly wishing.

For, sooth to say, the brutes perverse,
If they be anywhere near normal,
Revert to the primeval woods
And duck the Summer beaches formal.

SOLUTION OF LIVING PROBLEM

Socialist Asks for Discussion of Remedies Not Condition.

PORTLAND, July 16.—(To the Editor.)—In an editorial July 9 replying to Mr. Uthoff's letter of same date you express a willingness that conditions as they are, be made known to the people. You say "we do not admit that $600 is enough money to spend on a growing American family in a big city and we want conditions improved in some way so that the man who needs $900 can obtain it honestly and without toiling unreasonably hard for it."

You "want conditions improved in some way." Have you no "way" to suggest? You acknowledge that the present method of distribution of wealth is wrong. We knew that long ago. What we want is a change of method that will correct the evils of the present system.

The Oregonian is a big paper with a powerful influence. In its columns you discuss, editorially, financial and political questions specifically and in detail, but you touch upon this vital economic question only in generalities. Will you not specify what you propose to do to relieve the millions who are suffering as a result of present unjust conditions?

Many people realize that a revolution is at hand, that a change must take place. A few are aware the change has been in progress many years and that the revolution they are looking forward to is all but achieved. The bulk of the production of wealth has passed from the hands of individuals into the hands of communities. Note the change in the textile industry. At one time the individual prepared the raw material, spun and wove it and turned out the finished fabric. Now a whole community of workers is required to produce the finished cloth and a hundred workers accomplish now what would have required several thousand by the old methods. It is the same with all the principal industries. An individual can no longer turn out a finished product. In other words the production of wealth has been socialized.

We socialists propose that the people take enough intelligent interest in their own welfare to socialize the distribution of wealth as well as its production. We have very definite plans for the accomplishment of this object.

If the people of this country are half as industrious in studying this question that so vitally affects their well being as the politicians are in studying ways and means of fooling them a solution of the problem will be quickly reached.

R. B.

Opinion On a Hobble Skirt.

Boston Transcript.

He—So that's your first hobble skirt. Well, how do you feel in it?

She—About the same as a mermaid looks.