Sunday Oregonian

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EVERY ONE HIS OWN PLATFORM.

Nobody has gone to the trouble of counting the number of political platforms brought into existence in Oregon by the present political campaign. Probably they number well over one hundred. We shall elect sixty members of the lower house of the legislature and about one-half the membership of thirty in the state senate. Each candidate for each place has made his own platform. Perhaps in some one important particular a large number of candidates are on common ground; but if that is so, nobody knows anything about it. On other matters a candidate here and there stands on a platform that no other candidate has seen fit to mention.

For the purpose of illustration only there may be cited the aspirant for nomination to the legislature who is out openly for a modification of the prohibition law to permit the sale of beer and light wines. What he will do or can hope to do in a body composed of ninety members none of whom are pledged to the same purpose or indeed are likely to be swayed by the most engaging eloquence on the subject from him if he shall be elected is one of the things that nobody will stop to wonder over. His platform will attract a certain support, hopeless yet rebellious. So it is with most of the others. Each one elected will go to Salem on his own hook, bound by no party principles and representing only himself and his own ideas.

The purpose herein is to contrast again the Oregon system with that of the neighboring state of Washington. The republican party in Washington has not abandoned the true direct primary principle and has even in its convention assembled at Bellingham declined emphatically to endorse the advisory convention method of centering party support on one of the several self-chosen aspirants for each state office. Yet it holds a platform convention. At Bellingham approximately one thousand republicans representing every portion of the state were actually in attendance. Each county delegation chose one member to represent it on a committee entrusted with the drafting of a party platform. The product of that committee was, except as to one issue, unanimously adopted by the committee and later by the convention without dissent. The delegates found a common purpose for which candidates for state office and for the legislature could seek the favor of political office.

Instead of a multiplicity of pledges as is the case in Oregon, there are certain policies which all candidates must endorse if they would continue to be considered republican candidates. In May the democrats in Washington will meet in Spokane and they there will define the party principles and policies on which all good democrats must stand.

Thus in Washington there has been a party expression by the republicans on national issues and there will be one by the democrats. The republicans have considered state problems likewise. They have pledged the party to a reduction in the number of state departments and offices and the elimination of overlapping and duplicating departments; they have pronounced in favor of better pay for school teachers, for an improvement of the state budget system, for withdrawal of public support from educational institutions which foster or permit un-American propagandizing among their students. Upon these and upon other issues a united stand is promised.

The Oregon direct primary law in its preamble makes brave pretense of upholding the integrity of political parties. But in its text it makes scant provision for carrying out its announced intent. In Oregon a republican cannot say why he is a republican and a democrat cannot say why he is a democrat until after the national conventions have met. Each is left to rely upon past traditions and past inclinations—upon faith that these traditions and these inclinations will be again carried out in the great national gatherings. No republican, no democrat has or can secure a voice in national platform making. Delegates, to be sure, are elected by vote of the people to the two conventions, but they go without instructions in the form of party resolutions; they are instructed only as to the state's choice of individuals for presidential nominations.

Oregon offers no party pronouncement on important issues for consideration by the national leaders. It sends on John Smith as a delegate because he is John Smith. In all matters of party policy everything is done for us nationally by persons not of Oregon. As for state issues, members of the state legislature and the state officers are pledged to nothing except that which each may have chosen to endorse. While elected as party members there is no party responsibility. The responsibility is individual. And in the legislature individual responsibility cannot be fixed for failure of any personal programme or platform. There are ninety platforms. "There were eighty-nine against me" is a perfect alibi.

In this respect the Oregon system is not a system. It is the antithesis of system. We have departed far from the method of government by parties and gone back to the town meeting plan with the secret ballot and the corrupt practices act as the only novelties. It is more reactionary than progressive.

SAD RESULTS OF A HEADACHE.

Stephen Leacock, who is a professor of something or other in a Canadian college, and who has a certain vogue in America as a writer of bromidic burlesques, has taken up his literary cudgels for the wets. He has written to the London Times a warning for all potential immigrants to keep away from the United States. He solemnly tells the solemn readers of the solemn Times that prohibition is an "appalling disaster" financed by "feeble-minded philanthropy" and supported by "brutal fanaticism." He sees a dreary future for all immigrants to America, for "bitter regret will seize them." "Social life," says the gloomy Leacock, "and hospitality are reduced to the level of a Sunday school feast. A dinner party becomes a gorge, followed by somnolence. A banquet is a feast of cormorants followed by public lectures. A deadly seriousness pervades all ranks, rendering work and recreation indistinguishable."

Professor Leacock is funniest when he is serious. Or can it be true that he wrote his astounding fulmination after a visit to dry America and in a fit of remorse caused by overindulgence in home-brew? If so, he must have fallen into the hands of a rank amateur.

One would think, of course, that if the desiccated plight of America is offensive to people of foreign birth or ancestry who are accustomed to their beverages, and who may even desire to get drunk on occasion, they would be leaving the American prohibition desert en masse. But nothing of the kind is occurring.

What is happening is that a certain candidate for president, who voted dry in the senate, is the white man's hope of that foreign element which has through many generations permitted its name to be identified with beer. They have besides unanimously turned their backs on that political party which may mildly support the wet cause. Then, again, it may not.

When Professor Leacock gets over his headache, and can think and see and write clearly, he will find that the thoughts of America are not now on prohibition.

NO APOLOGIES.

The old democratic guard is exhorted by State Senator Pierce to stand pat, keep the faith and offer no apologies. It is well enough for the democratic party to say nothing this year. What is there to say?

The Union county statesman, through long experience, knows when it is time to lie low. The skies are lowering, the clouds are muttering, and any shelter is better than none in a storm.

What are the portents? Here, for example, is that Literary Digest poll. Eleven million voters have been asked to tell whom they prefer for the presidency. No discrimination has been shown as to parties, but all alike have been asked to stand up and be counted. In round numbers 500,000 have cast their straw ballots. Of this great number 275,770 are republican and 77,539 are democrats.

What does the disparity of representation mean? Your democrat can read and write, generally, despite the old joke at the expense of his presumed ignorance. Yet he is keeping still, mostly. He has nothing to say, or he is ashamed to say it. There are other Senator Pierces throughout the land who are preaching the virtues of silence; and they are being heeded.

The democratic numbness or dumbness is markedly and mournfully observable in Oregon as well as through the nation. At the offices of the O.-W. R. & N. company there was a thorough poll the other day, with a total of 442 votes. There were 354 republicans and 88 democrats.

If anyone says that a railroad office is a highbrow joint, let him look at the Peninsula shipyards. In the poll there 137 republicans and 12 democrats responded. The republicans nearly all enrolled themselves for Johnson, who is having one of these rare spells of republicanism which interrupt his picturesque political course. That is the reason a great many of the shipyard men are republicans; but that is another story. Yet it all shows the deserted fortunes of the democrats.

Why should a democrat worry? He knows that the worst is yet to come, and it is sound philosophy to grin—if he can—and bear it.

CLOSING THE DOOR AT TSINGTAU.

Evidently the British-Japanese alliance does not extend to British merchants in China, for the latter want the open door at Tsingtau on Kau Chau bay, and they accuse Japan of closing it against them. The North China Standard, published in English at Pekin, contains a report of the annual meeting of the British chamber of commerce of Shanghai, at which the president, A. W. Burkill, said that the British merchants at Tsingtau were "in full sympathy with China in her natural desire again to secure control of the province" (Shantung). The article continues:

> Considering that Japan, in taking Tsingtau with the help of British troops, only did her part as an ally, Japan's present attitude is hard to understand. Japan is taking deliberate steps to control the whole land surrounding the harbor, docks, wharves and railway terminus and is placing every obstacle in the way of other nationals acquiring any property in what undoubtedly is the business center. Japan's policy at Tsingtau admits of only one construction, namely, that she is not going to allow any other nation to have an opportunity of trading on fair and equal terms with her nationals.

This action of Japan does not square with the promises of its statesmen that Tsingtau should be open to all nations with equal opportunities to do business. American merchants are as much interested as those of Great Britain in securing fulfillment of these promises, but if the United States should attempt to hold Japan to its word, it would not be in the strong position which would have been afforded it as a signatory of the Versailles treaty and as a member of the league of nations. In that event, this country could have enlisted the aid of all other signatories of the treaty and of the entire league in forcing open the door at Tsingtau and in keeping it open. It could have invoked the same aid in securing that which Mr. Burkill also desires—that the Shantung railroad "should be managed on an economic, non-political basis."

If the senators who stood with President Wilson against reservations had voted for ratification with reservations, or if the senators who voted to kill the treaty with or without reservations had voted for ratification, the treaty would have been ratified. The United States would then have been aligned with other nations in defense of the rights of China and of the rights of all nations in China. It is isolated in dealing with those matters through Mr. Wilson's refusal to tolerate any way of keeping peace and establishing justice among nations except his way and through determination of the irreconcilable senators to destroy the only means offered for cooperation between this and other nations, all on the pretense of upholding Americanism and defending China. Both America and China have good cause to pray for salvation from such friends.

AN AMERICAN FEUDAL SYSTEM.

Charles II of England, a monarch addicted to pleasure but capable of useful exertions, granted on May 2, 1670, 250 years ago today, to eighteen of his subjects a sheaf of rights, privileges and monopolies the far-reaching consequences of which in the history of North America the most visionary of promoters could hardly have forseen. This was the charter of the famous Hudson's Bay company. A little more than a century later the effects of the charter began to be felt in Oregon. The whole history of northern America was profoundly influenced by this truly remarkable document. It is a paradox, but it came to pass, that a distinctly feudal system by indirection grew to be an instrument for the spread of democracy in the new world.

Charles was surrounded by enterprising and impecunious advisers, some of the greedy spirit of whom he must have absorbed. The old world, stimulated by the discoveries of a previous century, was turning to adventure and trade. If Henry Hudson had persisted in his original plan to seek the northwest passage to India by way of Nova Zembla, if he had not by sheer luck discovered the bay that bears his name, if the French adventurer Raddison had not taken home with him a cargo of 600,000 skins, if the intrepid New Englander, Zachariah Gilliam, sailing a king's ship, had not succeeded in establishing a British fort in the far north, the history of our own country would have been written differently. But these events led to the chartering on that day two centuries and a half ago of the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, Trading into Hudson's Bay." That was the full name of the Hudson's Bay company. The Duke of York, Charles' brother, was one of the stockholders. Prince Rupert, "Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria and Cumberland," etc., the king's cousin, was another. John Portman of London, a goldsmith, is the only member named who was neither nobleman, knight nor esquire. The historian, George Bryce, aptly suggests that "he would seem to have been very useful to the company as a man of means."

The old charter was sufficiently sweeping to satisfy the most avaricious design. Like the charters of the English colonies along the Atlantic coast, which were held to carry with them a strip of land all the way across the continent, it atoned by large-hearted generosity for that which it lacked in definition of metes and bounds; unlike them, its original grants were expanded and not contracted with the lapse of time. The "nonsense of the charters" alluded to by Lord Shelburne in the settlement of the peace after the American revolution was no nonsense in the American north and west. Originally embracing a quarter of the now known area of North America, it was enlarged by acts of the company's agents to include far more than that. With a stroke of his pen, Charles deeded into private suzerainty an empire almost as large as Europe. The company was empowered to hold the whole trade of all the bays, rivers, creeks, sounds and "streights" tributary to Hudson's straits. Streams rising near Lake Superior find their way into Hudson's Bay. The Red River of the North and the Saskatchewan, springing from the heart of the Rockies, were legitimately covered in the language of the charter. Less legitimately, but under the rule that flowed from it, the company later acquired control of territory on the Arctic and on the Pacific slope. As the direct result of this stimulus, but acting for another company which was later absorbed by the Hudson's Bay, Simon Fraser and David Thompson made their surveys on this side of the Rockies. Thompson under the latter venture laid claim on behalf of Great Britain and Canada, to the region watered by the Snake. Peter Skene Ogden explored the great desert region between the Pacific coast and the western confines of the prairies. Traitorous abandonment by Astor's partners of their claims on the lower Columbia to the concern which the Hudson's Bay subsequently absorbed led to the sending of Dr. McLoughlin to Oregon, to the race for occupancy, the contest between the fur traders, whose policy it was to preserve the wilderness for their trade and the American pioneers whose theory of title to occupancy was use.

No more interesting document is found in all the archives of the seventeenth century than that old charter of May 2, 1670. It granted not only the usufruct but the right to hold in "free and common socage"—in absolute proprietorship—a vast empire. It surrendered even military function that jealously guarded power of all governments, the right to levy war, subject only to the proviso that war should not be made on any Christian power. Saracens, Jews and heathen were legitimate prey in King Charles' time. For generations the company administered justice, executed the criminal law, and enforced civil contracts, throughout a region devoid of any form of representative government.

Dr. McLoughlin, whose name links that of the Hudson's Bay company with the history of Oregon, ruled over a kingdom as large as Italy, France, Spain, Germany and Switzerland. Peter Skene Ogden's explorations were conducted under authority then assumed to be supreme over the entire Oregon country, which then included everything west of the Rocky mountains not claimed by Spain. But the company's plans probably were not much circumscribed by the latter claim. The Russian territory on the north, the lightly held Spanish acquisitions on the south, would have become Hudson's Bay provinces if events had not ordered otherwise. Two of our own wars helped to determine the status of the territory on the Pacific coast, notwithstanding the resolution of the "gentlemen adventurers." The Spaniards might have possessed the country if they had been content with furs and not been obsessed with lust for bright gold; the gentlemen adventurers undoubtedly would have written a different tale if they had heeded the lesson of the changing times. A group of men like Lord Selkirk, who first conceived the scheme of settlement on an immense scale, might have succeeded where a single visionary failed, and thus have recast the economic history of the world.

The Hudson's Bay company had occupied the field 162 years to a day when the issue whether the land was meant to be populated by homebuilders or held as a royal game preserve was brought to a crisis in Oregon. Our Founder's day is also the anniversary of the granting of the famous charter to the gentlemen adventurers. It was on May 2 that American settlers, discontented with a policy frankly meant to discourage settlement, resolved to take matters into their own hands. In this, the Hudson's Bay people unwittingly contributed to their own undoing. People who were coming west to "find room to breathe" found a not unsympathetic host in Dr. McLoughlin, the Hudson's Bay factor. Nathaniel Wyeth and Jason Lee and their companions might have fared differently with a less humane satrap in charge of the company's affairs. McLoughlin was loyal to his employers so far as loyalty was consistent with his greater duty to his fellow-men. But he saw not only the larger duty, but also the trend toward democracy that was setting in throughout the world. The later history of the company is a history of gradual modification of power, of abandonment of monopolies, of withdrawal of medieval claims, of adjustment to the growth of the times. Yet we shall fail to do justice to the spirit which animated these early rovers unless we regard them in connection with the period in which they lived. It is also a tribute to the capacity for orderly progression of the Anglo-Saxon that the latter should so long have conceded the validity of the charter because of the vested rights that it had created, while at the same time he contrived to bend it to his eventual purpose and to make it ultimately a powerful instrument for the development of that which might otherwise have been a wilderness to this day.

PROTECTING AN AMERICAN SHRINE.

Americans will watch with interest the outcome of the effort now being made in Connecticut to extend the law of eminent domain to cover condemnation by the state of the historic home of Mark Twain at Hartford. Friendly interests, as is usually the case, aroused themselves too late to seize the opportunity to acquire the property when it was obtainable at a moderate price. Speculators who paid $55,000 for it only recently are said to hold it at $300,000, and to be determined that they will not take a cent less. They say that they did not buy for sentimental reasons, and that they do not propose to develop the property for historic purposes. Somewhere between the price they paid and the present "asking price," perhaps, lies the value which those who would save the historic property feel would fulfill the equities of the situation.

Rival claims of the little Missouri town that was honored by being chosen by Mark Twain as his birthplace will not detract from widespread feeling that the house in which the greatest American humorist did the most of his enduring work deserves a place among our literary Meccas. After he had written the book in which was included the most widely read of all his purely whimsical efforts, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," and had made a name for himself with the stories of his early travels which appeared in book form as "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It," it was in the Hartford home that he created the inimitable Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, where he wrote two of his more serious books, "The Prince and the Pauper" and "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," where he made the unforgettable contribution to our knowledge of early American customs in "Life on the Mississippi," and where, with growing literary skill, he expanded Huckleberry Finn into the book that bears the name as its title.

Albert Bigelow Paine says that the Hartford house, which Mr. and Mrs. Clemens built in 1874, in which they lived for seventeen years and in which they planned their work and reared their children, was the only real home they ever had. Ten years of the author's life, unfortunately for those who would like to preserve all the relics relating to it, were spent abroad. The house in New York in which he lived at intervals after his return to the United States lacks the chief elements of historic interest that attach to the Hartford home.

"The ornament of a house is the friends that frequent it," is the inscription carved above the old Clemens fireplace. By this standard of Mark Twain's own, the Hartford house is distinct from every other. It was there that he entertained his friends, including Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Dean Howells, Matthew Arnold and Sir Henry Irving. It was near the homes of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Charles Dudley Warner, between whom and his own family there existed a lifelong intimacy. Rudyard Kipling made a record of it in his "American Notes." It was sold by Twain because of financial misfortunes, also historical, the outcome of which should further stimulate the effort to acquire it as a public property. It is rife with the Mark Twain personality. The kitchen was built on the front end, next to the street, for the reason, he said, that servants liked to run to the windows when there was anything going on in the street and he wished that they might do so with the least possible inconvenience. It was unlike other houses, as Twain was unlike other men.

Some of the impatience that Twain himself felt over the multiplicity of details connected with its forced sale will be shared by those now watching the formalities associated with the effort to acquire it as a state park. There seems to be a law in Connecticut, previously invoked to preserve other monuments of Americana, which may empower the commonwealth to obtain possession by condemnation for a public use. There is no reason to believe that Twain, if he were alive, would assent to any measure bearing the suspicion of confiscation. The lengths to which he went to discharge the debts incurred by his publishing house, neither morally nor legally a charge against him, are a complete negation of such a supposition. But neither will it be believed that he would have had much sympathy, in a case in which another was involved, with profiteering. And the difference between $55,000 and $300,000 will seem to most persons to represent a largely speculative interest, which in the especial circumstances the prospective purchasers are justified in resisting by every legal means.

SUGAR-COATING THE PILL.

Although it is open to question that any movement is advanced by being labeled "purposeful"—the unpopularity of purpose novels and dramas being symbolical of our aversion to being uplifted according to other people's formulas—there is a chance that the California women's college club which has just been organized for "purposeful walking" will succeed with its experiment. It is, in any event, a novel plan, and it deserves publicity.

The first requirement of members of the club is a pledge to walk at least 400 miles a year. The second is that every hike must have an educational purpose other than health benefit from the walk. Suggestions for purposes are "seeking geographical, geological, botanical or economic knowledge of the country, or study of birds, sketching or map-making." A walk unaccompanied by another student of the college does not count as a mileage credit.

There is an oriental legend of the times when tyrants held the power of life and death over their subjects, about a wise physician who feared to tell his emperor that the latter's illness was due only to the fact that he was fat and lazy, and who resorted to the subterfuge of presenting him with a medicated battledore with a hint to wield it vigorously as the means of invoking its magic properties. The tale contains a universal philosophy. We suspect that the college authorities have been reading their Persian literature to advantage.

Walking is a universally accessible form of physical exercise. It ought to need no sugar-coating to make it popular. Four hundred miles a year—a little more than a mile a day—is not an over-ambitious programme, though it may be a beginning. Yet it is perhaps a warning sign that in the effort to revive so commendatory a practice it should be found expedient to to disguise it as "botanizing," or something else, as an older generation does when it thinks it is playing golf. The interesting and important phase of those purposeful hikes, however, is the still cunningly concealed purpose of the ingenious mind that conceived the plan.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

Study of various indices of success confirms belief that growing demand for more general and better education is the result of increasing realization that education pays. It has been shown by statistics, such as those of the Educational exchange, which indicate that each day in school is worth $11.50 to the average of all pupils attending school, and those prepared by Northwestern university, in which it is estimated that a college education is the equivalent of an invested capital of $25,000, that there is close relationship between education and productiveness, which means prosperity for the community as well as of the individual. The demand alluded to is the symbol of enlightened self-interest, to which the proponents of higher education appeal with confidence, in the belief that both its immediate beneficiaries and those who more remotely enjoy its rewards will be convinced that it is in their mutual interest that youth shall devote its time and the people the necessary funds to encourage education in the highest possible degree.

An interesting analysis of "Who's Who in America," made by the Young Men's Christian association at a time when that encyclopedia of success contained 17,000 names, showed that the totally unschooled furnished no prominent men, that the common school trained furnished one in 9000, the high school trained one in 400, and the college or university trained one in forty. It will be borne in mind that the measure of prominence of these 17,000 Americans was not principally the acquisition of material wealth, that the list contained a predominating proportion of men and women who have performed valuable service for society, and that it is rairly representative of all sections of the country. This analysis, phrased in a different way, shows that a high school education gives the recipient twenty-five times as good a chance as a common school education, while a college or university education gives ten times as good a chance as a high school training and 250 times as good a chance as a common school training.

Another study, similar to the foregoing, made by Dr. Charles Franklin Thwing concerning 15,142 eminent men mentioned in Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography, serves to emphasize these conclusions. Dr. Thwing found that in proportion to the total number in the United States possessing a college education, there were 352 times as many as there were of non-college men who had become members of the national house of representatives, 1392 times as many who had become presidents and 2027 times as many who had risen to the honor of justice of the supreme court. Of more than 10,000 prominent and successful men in all lines who were still living when the review was made, 58 per cent were college graduates and 75 per cent had had some college training. These figures, to be fully illuminating, must be read in connection with the fact that at present only about 1 per cent of the population are graduates of colleges. On the whole, it appears, the college-bred attain enough eminence to be mentioned in a national encyclopedia 870 times as often in proportion to numbers as the non-college-bred. It will bear repetition that wealth does not often figure in the degree of eminence entitling the subject to mention in the encyclopedia.

The war caused an interruption in collection of statistics of education. The latest figures bearing weight of authority are those for 1916, compiled by S. P. Capen, for many years an investigator for the United States bureau of education and now secretary of the American Council on Education, who estimates that fourtenths of 1 per cent of the total population in that year were attending institutions of higher learning. The percentage in the north Atlantic, north central and western states ranged from .43 to .51 of 1 per cent. These are the wealthiest and most productive of the states. The six states spending the largest amounts on higher education per capita of population were Delaware, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Virginia, Wisconsin and Connecticut. The United States bureau of education in 1915 estimated the per capita cost of students in the higher institutions throughout the country at $335. This did not include, however, investment in buildings and equipment. The figures correspond closely to estimates made by Oregon authorities on education, who placed the average at $325 for the country at large. They contrast with estimated present expenditure per student for higher education in Oregon of $203 by the University of Oregon and $180 for Oregon Agricultural college. The estimates of the federal bureau of education are for 1915, and those for the Oregon institutions are for 1920, when a dollar buys a good deal less than it would buy in the earlier years. Investment in buildings and educational equipment at the two Oregon institutions mentioned is about one-third of the average for the entire country, which is a sufficient explanation of the embarrassing situation as to physical accommodations in which the Oregon institutions find themselves.

The appeal for adequate educational facilities, both in material and in personnel, in Oregon as elsewhere throughout the country, is a dual appeal to the utilitarian spirit of the age and to the sense of justice that would deny to no aspiring youth the opportunity for advancement that is his by right. It would be a tragedy to close the doors of the college of the country to any who have proved themselves worthy of its benefits. That which the endowed institutions of the older states are seeking to do trough private benefactions in a score of "drives" is in the newer communities a duty which the states have themselves assumed and which they are now being called upon to fulfill. And there is reason for assuming that democracy in higher education is well served by adequate support of state colleges by the people themselves.

One of the names that it is announced will go on the preliminary ballot for the Women's Hall of Fame this year is that of Jane Cunningham Croly, well known a generation or more ago as "Jenny June," the name under which she broke new ground for the entrance of women into the field of magazine writing and editorship. She was practically the founder of the "woman's page" that is now a current newspaper feature, and is credited with being the originator of the system of duplicate correspondence. As the founder of Sorosis, the first and most famous woman's club in the country, she achieved international celebrity, and did much to promote the idea of fellowship among her sex which was dormant when she began her work.

We are soon to hear a great deal about the census revelations on divorce. The pity of it is that the census takers did not inquire into the happy marriages at the same time. There must be quite a number of them.

Chauncey Depew at eighty-six is a standing refutation of the notion that a man loses his usefulness at any particular age. He can still tell an old story in a way that makes it seem as youthful as he probably feels.

It is said that Huirt confessed to the murder of two of his wives in the hope of gaining clemency. Perhaps he thought that two hangings wouldn't be so bad as twenty-eight of them.

Seven items on the bills of fare of Chicago restaurants have been reduced on the eve of a grand jury investigation. At last a way has been found to make grand jury duty popular.

Failure of the people of Mars to say anything may be taken as evidence that there are no women there, anyway, in which case it must be a highly uninteresting planet to live on.

The allies' reply to Germany's plea for a bigger army in order to restore order is that she would better behave herself or the army will be furnished her from the outside.

With New York theaters threatening to charge $5 for seats this season, there is a chance for the overall idea, if not for overalls, to get in its perfect work.

It is estimated that it took 395 shells to kill a man in France. Which is pure theory to the poor fellows who fell before the 395th shell was fired.

Akron, O., has all the resiliency of its principal product, with its announced increase of population amounting to 201 per cent.

There is another peace resolution in the senate, but the senators know how peace could be brought nearer in a more practical way.

Many go to Champoeg year after year, and honor themselves as much as they do the founders of Oregon.

Whatever else may be said of him, Mr. Bryan will hardly be regarded as a dark horse for the presidency.

We knew the overalls movement was doomed when they began to make tuxedoes out of denim.

"Yankee Weds Princess," says a headline. Why not? Isn't a princess good enough for a Yankee?

The effort to make May day our national Hate day seems to have been a fizzle again.

"Legion to combat reds." And woe betide the bunch that starts "boring from within."

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Science Analyzes Man as the Equal of 1000 Eggs, Shells and All.

"Oh, what a piece of work is man."—Hamlet.

A man weighing 150 pounds contains approximately 3500 cubic feet of gases—oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen—in his constitution, which at 80 cents a 1000 cubic feet would be worth $2.80 for illuminating purposes. He also contains all the necessary fats to make a 15-pound candle, and thus, together with his 3500 cubic feet of gases, he possesses considerable illuminating possibilities. His system contains 22 pounds and 10 ounces of carbon, or enough to make 780 dozen, or 9360 lead pencils. There are about 50 grains of iron in his blood and the rest of the body would supply enough of this metal to make one spike large enough to hold his weight.

A healthy man contains 54 ounces of phosphorus. This deadly poison would make 800,000 matches, or enough poison to kill 500 persons. This, with two-ounces of lime, makes the stiff bones and the brains. No difference how sour a man looks, he contains about 60 lumps of sugar of the ordinary cubical dimensions, and to make the seasoning complete, there are 20 spoonfuls of salt. If a man were distilled into water he would make about 38 quarts, or more than half his entire weight. He also contains a great deal of starch, chloride of potash, magnesium, sulphur and hydrochloric acid in his wonderful system.

Break 1000 eggs, including shells, into a huge pan or basin, and you have the contents to make a man from his toenails to the most delicate tissue of his brain. And this is the scientific answer to the question, "What is Man?"—Electrical Experimenter.

* * *

People from what New York calls "The Bush"—otherwise the more kindly, decent, intelligent, American part of America—complain that one has no neighbors in New York. One lives in the same apartment house year after year and knows no one to speak to except the West Indian magnate who employs his leisure time in answering the hall telephone. But what is to be done about it? asks Herbert Corey, the New York correspondent. It isn't safe to have a neighbor in New York unless you have first looked that neighbor up, and how are you going to do that? Here is a sample of what I mean:

"How do you do, Mr. Shenk," said a friend to a man who emerged from a handsome house on Riverside Drive. "Nice morning."

Mr. Shenk said affably that it was a nice morning. Then he got into a jeweler's box of a limousine and drove away.

"Who's Mr. Shenk?"

"I don't know," said the other fellow. "I got acquainted with him by accident. That's his house. He's all right, I guess."

Mr. Shenk's sentence to a year in the penitentiary has just been affirmed by the court of appeals. He has been called the vice king of New York. The evidence in his trial showed that he leased 112 houses for illicit purposes and owned 12 outright. His income amounted to a $1,000,000 a year, and he paid to his slaves $100,000 annually. Yet no one knew about it on Riverside drive.

No wonder New York does not take a chance with neighbors.

* * *

The literary beginner is apt to be downhearted when his pet production is returned with a cold printed intimation that it is not acceptable to an editor or publisher. But he is in good company.

"East Lynne," as novel and play, has been more profitable than a gold mine, yet it was rejected by George Meredith when publisher's reader for Chapman & Hall.

That famous sensational novel, "Called Back," was published by the Bristol publisher Arrowsmith, and just when it was at the height of its success a young man sent some new stories from India, with a letter which made the publisher imagine the writer thought too much of himself, so he rejected the stories. He regretted it to the day of his death, because the young man was Rudyard Kipling.

Rider Haggard said that "Dawn" was sent back to him at least six times before it found a publisher.

W. W. Jacobs had a similar experience with "Many Cargoes." He tried it all around London until another humorist, Jerome, took pity on it and ran the stories in Today.

J. J. Bell actually had to publish "Wee Macgreegor" himself. He got John Hassell to draw the famous cover and became his own publisher with excellent results to himself and the public.

One publishing house has the record of having declined Stevenson, Barrie, Kipling and Crockett! Certain it is that R. L. S. did not find it easy to sell "Treasure Island."—Stray Stories.

* * *

"Away with empty etiquette," is the plea of Yukio Ozaki, former minister of justice, who recently returned to Tokio from his tour of America and Europe.

"In Japan it is thought an inexcusable omission of social etiquette not to see one's friend off at his departure for foreign parts or even for a trip of a few hundred miles. If the recipient of empty etiquette suffers inconvenience or discomfort, the advocates of empty etiquette are not in the least concerned. Another form of empty etiquette is the exchanging of new year cards.

"Toward the end of the Hojo and Ashikaga administrations the country was full of all sorts of empty etiquette and similar instances may be cited in the history of many other countries. The prevalence of so much empty etiquette in Japan as at present may mean the approach of national ruin."

* * *

They had been out together the night before, and were comparing notes in the morning.

"I had a rotten time," confessed Smith; "the missus jawed me for half an hour. "How did you get on?"

Jones groaned miserably.

"You got off light," he said. "You don't know what it is like being married to a woman who has been a schoolteacher. She didn't say much, but she made me sit up till I had written out, 'I must be home every night by 10 o'clock' 100 times on a slate."

Dream River.

By Grace E. Hall.

What drear, dark magic has the lonely night
When, agonized with grief, the long hours drag
Their pained and mournful seconds through, and fright
With anguish blends to make the moments lag!
Fright at the awful pictures of the mind
That intermingle with the actual facts,
For in the gloom of darkness one can find
Imagination that the daytime lacks.

On such a night, fair Isis bade me stroll
Into the woods to gaze upon her art.
But pausing on the peak of near-by knoll
A sudden chill seemed clutching at my heart;
I looked into a valley where this night
A river purple-black flowed swift and deep,
With not so much as one pale ray of light
To flash a gleam across its sullen sweep.

I saw a battered wharf not far away,
Heard the dull wash of waves against the shore,
The everlasting lap of tongues of gray—
Grim dirge that shall go on forevermore;
A single boat put out from silent quay,
Black as the somber night and all alone,
And louder still the waves washed, sullenly,
A note of desolation in each tone.

I watched the sailor ply the slender oar,
Then sent a ringing cry into the black—
The stream was that of Destiny—no more
Would tides turn in, to bring that skipper back;
For he who plies Dream River takes our best—
A silent boatman passing towards the sea;
While on the shore the phantom millions rest,
Watching, regretting, praying—hopelessly.

THE GYPSY'S GRAVE.

Her grave is where bright willows droop
Their dewy fronds and weep;
And mournful birds of darkness croon
Above her sullen sleep.

Wild weeds have withered o'er her form,
Which cold and silent lies;
There falls the chilly, slanting rain
From gray and sunless skies.

Far wound through many a stranger clime
Her lonely Patteran,
Since banishment of heart denied
A dwelling place with man.

Down India's mystic, magic way
By that wild fever drawn,
A gypsy's soul, a gypsy's foot—
Forever on and on!

No rest at morn, no rest at eve,
O'er hill or ocean's foam
No kindred spirit shared her path,
No land she called her home.

Fair stood her tent by many a stream
Or music-haunted grove;
And fond she kept, when rose the moon,
The burning trysts of love.

Today her airy court was seen,
A place of song and mirth;
Tomorrow it had vanished as
A shadow from the earth.

The snow will come and covering keep
Her burning secret well,
And here the shuttles of the spring
Will weave their magic spell.

While changeless Melancholy broods
Along the lonely vale;
And pensive Sadness haunts the spot
With brow low-bent and pale.

Ah, well I know that sleepless thing
Which would not let thee rest,
Because its deathless fever burns
Deep in my stormy breast.

—GUY FITCH PHELPS.

AN EX-RAY OF OPAL.

Congratulate the editor—
A man of impulse knightly—
Who once through glass but darkly saw
Now sees through Opal Whiteley.

At least he feels quite sure he does;
She told him her life story,
How she did print her diary—
Her parents gone to glory;

How she did keep it many years
Until a wicked hussy
Tore it to pieces—spite of tears—
And left it frightful mussy.

But Opal picked the fragments up
And hoarded them religiously.
She showed them to the editor,
Impressing him prodigiously.

"A genius rare," he said, "is here,"
"A gem of the first water.
I have an understanding heart,
And that is why I've got her."

Now Opal must the fragments take
And patch them all together
To make a copy for the press—
Unless she has another.

If she has fooled him let us hope
She'll ne'er confess the caper.
'Twould kill the editor who based
His faith on scraps of paper.

GEO. O. GOODALL.
Eugene, Oregon.

BITTER-SWEET.

You claim the world is full of joy and gladness
And ask: Why trace a line that breathes of sadness?

When leaves in autumn fall and sad winds sigh,
Who may fair nature's sorrowing tone deny?
View ocean's restless wave and list her ceaseless moan,
Then answer in thy soul: Is there no undertone
Of sadness? Is not a theme more truly wrought
By him attuned to nature's deepest thought?

And strangely cloying wert continuous June;
The blending seasons yield the perfect rune;
Earth is refreshed for spring by winter's snow,
As grief is sooner soothed if tears may flow
'Twas infinite wisdom's plan thus to complete,
By intermingling joy and bitter-sweet.

—JANETTE MARTIN.

GOLDEN TREASURE.

That I may live and sing my song
And fill my place the whole day long
Nor whit how humble that may be,
Of dishes washed my melody,
Or floors or tubs or office file
Or books or brooks my time beguile.

Where'er my place there I would be
And fill my time quite willingly,
Quite merrily though beating rhythm
In humble sphere or wider places.
Still will my song beat out its measure,
Each moment counted golden treasure.

MRS. SOUTHARD.