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SHOULD BE A COMPROMISE. "The whole thing is a compromise or balance of theories."

This remark is attributed to some one who commented upon the new charter, in a statement to another newspaper of this city. The remark was made in a spirit of hostility to the charter, and as a reason why it should not be adopted in its present form.

The question arises—should it not be a "compromise or balance of theories"? What else is society but a compromise of theories as to how men should act and live? What else is government but a compromise between conflicting opinions as to economics and governmental methods? Indeed, the new charter is excellent for the reason that it is a compromise arrived at after months of discussion and careful going over the points involved. The discussions were open above board. They were exploited in the newspapers. Everyone had right and was urged to present his views, to give reasons for what he believed, to be best, and the result was the instrument was adopted by a 10-to-1 vote at the last election.

Because it is a compromise, a balance of differing theories, because it is representative of an average demand, because it is up to date in applying modern principles to municipal government, for these reasons it should be enacted into statutory law by the Legislature without alteration.

Anyone familiar with affairs in the Legislature knows the dangers of opening the charter to amendment. Once the steps are taken permitting any one amendment, comes the opportunity for jobs and subtle changes that will not appear in their real character until later when exigencies arise.

There is an illustration of this in the discovery that coal is a dutiable article. By one of those "innocent" changes in the tariff bill, the coal barons secured a clause placing a duty upon coal, and now under existing strenuous circumstances the fact comes out.

If the Portland city charter be opened for "innocent" amendment, all sorts of possibilities will be present for defeating the will of the people as expressed when they voted 10-to-1 to adopt it as the city's organic law.

SHOULD STUDY THE TARIFF. President Roosevelt said, and no doubt believed what he said, that there was no duty on anthracite coal. It was inexcusable ignorance, and shows how little know about their "Protection to American Industry" laws. Now comes a Secretary of the Navy Moody, and in a speech at Madison, Wis., says:

"The duty of 67 cents a ton on anthracite coal was smuggled into the tariff act in a sneaking and cowardly manner, and ought to be repealed at the short session of Congress."

We agree with the Secretary about the repealing of the law, but regret having to call the Secretary's attention to the fact that he is just as poorly informed, as a body mistaken in his statement, as was the President.

If he would turn to the Congressional Record he could easily find that when the tariff bill was under consideration the tariff on coal was deleted, and that Senator Vest of Missouri pointed out this very little joker the coal men had fixed up, and insisted that this clause be stricken out. It was put in deliberately and for the especial purpose of strengthening the power of the coal operators, a little job which was presumably kindly remembered in the way of a subscription to the campaign fund.

Nor is this all. In his zeal to serve the party, the Secretary loses his head and talks with a charming frankness that should be appreciated by all, regardless of politics. He declared the President had

no power to seize the anthracite lands by exercise of the right of eminent domain. "And if he could," added Mr. Moody, "I should, for one, resist the latter action to the utmost, for I have seen far too much of the extravagance of government to want more of it. Its printing costs the Government twice or thrice what private concerns do it for, and the 17,000 men in the navy yard get 70 per cent more per hour than those in the Cramp yards, this being due to numerous holidays, short hours, etc."

As Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Moody's statement as to the navy yards' employees getting 70 per cent more per hour than others must be taken as true. But if so, why? Mr. Moody could probably explain that more readily than anyone else, and also why he permits this state of affairs to exist. Or, if that is beyond his power, why his party permitted this condition to materialize. There is an old saying that "God makes fools, but the devil furnishes corks," and it might be paraphrased by saying that God made language, but the other fellow made moose. [Roosevelt has conscientiously tried to settle that strike. He has been grossly insulted by Baer and his colleagues, and not only he, but the American people whom he represents, have been slapped by these upstarts. In that, the indignation of the people is aroused, that their President should be so treated. Moody, however, is one of the President's own choosing, his own fault, and perhaps his misfortune. With the Secretary of the Navy admitting extravagance, and the Secretary of the Treasury openly directing those in his department to violate the tariff laws, by not measuring too closely the amount of carbon in imported anthracite, so that it could evade paying duty, the President is really having a strenuous time. The people of the United States are kindly disposed toward Mr. Roosevelt, and take him at as near his own valuation as they conscientiously can, but they fully realize that the Administration's spiritual seance has too many fakes in its cabinet.]

THE GOSPEL OF FORCE. The New York Sun, which has bloomed out as the leading trust organ, prints the sermon of Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, delivered in the Church of the Messiah, at New York City, October 5. The reverend gentleman devoted his time, his talents and his religious fervor to convincing his congregation that the striking coal miners in Pennsylvania should be converted to his way of thinking by the old-fashioned, kindly method of killing them. His text was: "Keep ye judgment and do justice." Isaiah I, 1. The gist of his argument was:

The United Mine Workers of America have put themselves beyond the pale of the law by countenancing the outrages in the mine regions, and that it is the duty of the Governor of Pennsylvania immediately to call out the full military force of the state to permit those who would work to do so, and if that is insufficient to call upon the President of the United States to help him.

Finally, Dr. Savage suggested that if the Governor will not do this, the President might constitutionally call upon him by proclamation to furnish such protection, and if he did not do it might intervene in the state's affairs, in the common interest of the people of the United States. Several times the sermon was interrupted by applause.

It is freely admitted that a preacher is as much entitled to his political beliefs as any other man.

When a reverend gentleman like Mr. Minot advocates the calling out of troops to suppress the miners of Pennsylvania he outrages decency and refutes the teachings of the Master, whom he professes to serve.

Did the reverend gentleman never hear those divine words, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you?"

Did he never read that the religion he so ably interprets teaches "peace on earth, good will toward men?"

Did his soul never drink in the love, the tenderness, the divine sympathy, and the infinite pity of Him who said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way and sin no more?"

Perhaps his name has something to do with his savage instincts, and perhaps it was the character of the congregation to which he preached that caused the bubbling over of his wrath, at so many dollars per bubble. He preached not the gospel of love, but the doctrine of force, and bloodshed and tyranny, and he very likely took the view of the case his congregation desired him to take. Their money, or a considerable part of it, was probably invested in coal, or other trust concerns. Their religion consisted in getting as much returns from their money as possible, regardless of the rights of humanity, and they were willing that the blood of their fellow men should flow, and widows mourn, and orphans call in vain for those butchered by the advice and consent of their pastor, as long as the killing was done out of their sight.

Then again, we are told "the sermon was interrupted by applause." The divine teachings, so ably presented and advocated by the gentle and venerable pastor; the blessed thought that they should love their neighbors as themselves, dead or alive, and the comforting hope that the survivors of the conflict might have the consoling belief that their relatives and friends had met their death at the hands of gentle, tender-hearted Christian soldiers, who bore them no ill will, but who fired on them because Rev. Minot J. Savage, and others of his class, demanded it. Instead of being massacred and scalped by hideous Apaches, moved by ignorance, and race hatred—Is it any wonder that that kind of religious doctrine, proclaimed from the pulpit, should make the hearers forget they were in God's house, and break out into the applause and cat-calls, deemed the appropriate at political gatherings and vaudeville entertainments?

Is it any wonder that church attendance falls off, or that the baseball game and Sunday amusements find ever-increasing patronage from what Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage designates as "the lower classes?"

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

"Old war-horse" has long been a complimentary and affectionate sobriquet bestowed on veteran political workers by their party confederates and admirers. A Washington correspondent endeavored to compliment Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other woman suffragists by an adaptation to suit their sex. He referred to them as "old war mares." He protested that he had heard them say there could be no optimism in sex—but he lost his job.—Sheridan Sun.

Government by Injunction has its limit. The father of Miss Helen DeLong of Scranton, Pa., got out an injunction to prevent his daughter's marriage. Helen paid no attention to it, and got married just the same. She has shown her contempt for the court, and its all up to the Judge to find the line of procedure. Helen is still married.

Gulliver thought he was in Lilliput.

but discovered it was Brobdignag. After

As I turned to take this story to the office, another still older subscriber, with grizzled beard and a smooth-shaven upper lip, a cord run around the brim of his hat to keep it from lopping, and a hickory cane from the Ozarks, gave me a knowing wink.

"Don't be in a hurry, young man," he began, "I've got something for you."

I stepped aside just in time to avoid being struck by the mail cart.

"Say," he continued, leaning his cane against the wall. After putting on his glasses he began delving into an inside pocket with both hands. "Well, I swear," he growled after I had stood for two minutes, on one foot, waiting for results.

"If I ain't lost it, I'll be blessed," he continued, turning his pockets inside out. "Well, anyhow, Bill has just graduated back in Michigan, and I wanted to show you what the paper said about him: You know Bill, didn't you? He'll be home Thanksgiving and I've got a surprise for him. I've rented an office and put in chairs and office fixtures and I want to advertise for an old horse for Bill to practice on," he said with another knowing wink.

"What is William's profession?" I queried.

"Veterinary surgeon."

A Pioneer Sketch. Thief Valley, Union County, Oregon, was named after a gruesome tragedy which took place on its lonely river bank years ago. A train of immigrants passing through Powder River Valley in 1868 had their stock stolen one night. It was thought at first that Indians had committed the depredation, but upon closer examination by the "vigilance committee," which took the case in hand, it was found that white men had stolen the stock and had driven them eastward through the hills. The "vigilance committee" followed the trail of the stock for two days, up and down hills and cliffs, over streams and down the almost inaccessible Powder River Canyon. They came upon the camp of the thieves about dusk, and found two lone Mexicans in charge of the stolen stock. Several shots were exchanged without effect, when the "crossers" were captured and hanged to a cottonwood tree on the banks of Powder River. There was no settlement in Eastern Oregon in those days without its vigilantes, and many a swift retribution was visited upon wrong-doers by them. The stock was returned to the needy immigrants and the bodies of the thieves were left hanging in the trees, to point a moral and adorn the valley with a name.

Wood Growing Scarcely. With wood ranging in price in Eastern Oregon from \$4 to \$6 per cord, it looks very favorable for a revolution in the fuel question. Nearly all the timber suitable for fuel along the lines of railroad has been cut off for four or six miles back. The expense of getting wood on board the cars will naturally increase from year to year. Working people find it difficult even now to meet this growing expense. Within a very few years they will find it necessary to turn to coal as a fuel. Other lines of road will have to be built to meet the urgent demand for fuel and lumber. Timber land is being located in every conceivable corner of Oregon. Even the highest, most abrupt mountainous ridges in Eastern Oregon are being filed upon, and the timber run down to the level in chutes. Wood and meat are the two most costly necessities of life just now.

The Platform of the Oregonian. With most Oregonians, there is one common platform—broad, high, equitable,—upon which they can meet with fraternity and fellowship, aside from all minor considerations of party, place or power; that platform is, "Oregon—and her interests."

The demands in this platform came by instinct to the believers in it. No committee on platform has ever been called upon to violate its sacred meaning.

The language is not florid, but it is vital with thought an activity.

Oregon is in the formative period. Although half a century old, as a government, she is an infant in growth. Her vast territories have never been tried to the utmost. Her resources, like bound

CONFIDENTIAL SIDE TALKS.

An old subscriber called me aside this morning and told me some of his dislikes in regard to newspapers. "You see I am past 60, and can't see a bit good," he said. "I like to read better than I ever did, and have more time than ever, but I can't get much satisfaction out of my papers. You people are trying to carry what you used to call on the farm 'a lazy man's load'—you newspaper men, I mean, not you alone, but all of you. You are putting too much reading matter in one issue. Your type is so small I can't read for more than 10 minutes at a time. I am not kicking, but I just wanted to mention this to you. I am speaking for all the old subscribers. We love to read the news. We enjoy 'keeping tab' on the times, but you pack your news into the columns like sardines in a box, in such fine print that I guess at most of it. Why don't you start an 'old folks' page,' with large type, that can be seen by the oldest veteran? We have to be humored, you know. They make easy chairs, tricycles, shady corners in Good Time Gardens, and other favorite luxuries for us, so why don't you start a page for Dim Eyes?"

"Another thing I don't like," he continued, "is the long-winded editorial. I am not a director of your paper, but as a subscriber I claim the right to advise. What we enjoy now—days is a dearth of words. We don't have time to read a column before breakfast. You must follow the example of the orator and the preacher. The Fourth of July oration and the funeral sermon have been cut in two. You must do likewise with the editorial. Of course, you are running the paper. I am just talking. But these things occurred to me, and feeling in the right mood I give you the benefit of my observations. Be stingy with your talk. Don't use many words, but put a kernel in every one of them."

"Well, that very argument is the reason for using small type; we want to say much in very little space—but he turned away to hail the street car and left my unfinished speech sticking in my mouth.

An "Old Folks Page" is a future possibility.

LOUIS JAMES' BIRTHDAY. Last Friday was the 60th Birthday anniversary of Louis James, says the Tacoma News, and his friends in the James-Warde Company took advantage of the occasion to express their regard and admiration for the popular tragedian in a most fitting manner. When Mr. James entered the Tacoma Theatre for his performance of "Caliban" last evening he found his dressing-room transformed into a bower of flowers and palms. The walls were decorated with flags and colored streamers fell from an illuminated Japanese lantern in the center of the ceiling. Over Mr. James' dressing table hung a portrait of himself, surrounded by a laurel wreath, and a large easy chair was placed in the room for his personal comfort. After the last act of "The Tempest" Mr. Ward presented the veteran actor with a handsome loving cup in behalf of the company; also a scroll beautifully inscribed by the engraver's art, bearing a testimony of esteem, the contents of which had been written by Frederick Ward at the request of Mr. James' friends in the company. In a clever way Mr. Ward paraphrased the famous seven-act speech from "As You Like It," substituting the chief events of Mr. James' career in place of Shakespeare's images. It was an admirably conceived idea, and a beautiful expression of the friendship that has existed between the distinguished actors and comrades for many years. It is as follows:

The students of great Shakespeare's classic pages are the kind of a man the people of the United States wish to keep out of the United States Senate by placing the Senatorial ballot in the hands of themselves instead of the hands of State Legislatures easily controlled.—Albany Democrat.

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Capital and Labor. It seems as if capital, or more properly speaking, organized capital in the form of corporations, and organized labor are drifting further apart. Neither side will feel satisfied or safe until assured of the complete demoralization of the other as a "controlling" power. One is certainly in need of the other, but which shall dictate as to wages and time is the great question yet to be determined even if a revolution results in the effort. It is true, the laws are on the side of capital in so far as protecting property and according individual liberty, but this must be of anarchy will prevail. Some of our most eminent men are now endeavoring to hatch a scheme that will solve the problem and ward off the greatest combined strike in the near future that history has ever recorded, and it is to be hoped they will succeed in formulating plans that will meet with general approval.—Aurora Borealis.

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PAYING FOR TIME. Friend—You have new tellers here, I see. Banker—Yes. We are short of currency, and as banks are not expected to cash checks without proper identification, we've put in some new tellers who do not know anybody.—New York Weekly.

ORIGIN OF THE CANNON. It is a curious fact that the first cannon was cast at Venice. It was called a "bombard" and was invented and employed by General Pisani in a war against the Genoese. The original bombard, which bears the date of 1380, is still preserved and stands at the foot of Pisani's statue at the arsenal. The bombard threw a stone 100 pounds in weight; but another Venetian general, Francisco Barde, improved it until he was able to handle a charge of rock and boulders weighing 3,000 pounds. It proved disastrous to him, however, for one day during the siege of Zara, while he was operating his terrible engine, he was hurled by it over the walls and instantly killed.

THE LIPARI ISLANDS. From the Lipari Islands of mythology, the abode of Aeolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari Islands of today is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are almost unknown to tourists, while the 13,000 inhabitants are almost in a state of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion. Horses are unknown in the island.

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Not in the Same Class. Some one has figured out that J. Pierpont Morgan has an influence equal to 5,556 miles of railroad. That goes a long ways. The President isn't in the same class at all.—Albany Democrat.

The Good Roads Convention. The season is approaching when the people of Oregon would appreciate good roads, if they had any. The Government Good Roads Convention in Portland, next Tuesday and Wednesday, ought to be largely attended by people from the Willamette Valley, and from all over the state.—Salem Statesman.

Ex-Secretary Alger. The Michigan Republicans have endorsed ex-Secretary of War Alger, the poorest the Government has ever had, for United States Senator. He is a millionaire and about the make-up of the average United States Senator. He is about as close to the people as Albany is to the North Pole. If elected he will represent only a few in Michigan. He is just the kind of a man the people of the United States wish to keep out of the United States Senate by placing the Senatorial ballot in the hands of themselves instead of the hands of State Legislatures easily controlled.—Albany Democrat.

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Would Shut Up Shops. When Russell Sage takes a pill, Wall Street trembles. If the aged miser should die it is thought Wall Street would shut up shop.—Eugene Register.

A Bad Time to Start. If Coxe's army was to start for Washington now, it would have more trouble getting there than it did before. It wouldn't get very far until the whole army would have a job.—Medford Mail.

Should Be No Discrimination. Among the measures that the State Federation of Labor will endeavor to have passed by the State Legislature next winter is an eight-hour day law. In this for skilled labor only? If so, why the discrimination? If not, would such a law apply to labor on farms as well as in the cities? There should be no class legislation. Consistency is always a jewel.—Woodburn Independent.

Playing Politics With Strike. There is gloom among the Republicans of the East, who fear the coal strike and the growth of general sentiment against the trusts will change many votes to the Democrats. Hill is shrewdly making the most of the situation in New York. Quay seems to be afraid he will lose Pennsylvania, where Governor Stone is also playing politics with the strike. The Republican factional row in Iowa threatens to send a Democrat to succeed Henderson. But there is considerable political enthusiasm in Ohio.—Rogue River Courier.

Not in the Same Class. Some one has figured out that J. Pierpont Morgan has an influence equal to 5,556 miles of railroad. That goes a long ways. The President isn't in the same class at all.—Albany Democrat.

The Good Roads Convention. The season is approaching when the people of Oregon would appreciate good roads, if they had any. The Government Good Roads Convention in Portland, next Tuesday and Wednesday, ought to be largely attended by people from the Willamette Valley, and from all over the state.—Salem Statesman.

Ex-Secretary Alger. The Michigan Republicans have endorsed ex-Secretary of War Alger, the poorest the Government has ever had, for United States Senator. He is a millionaire and about the make-up of the average United States Senator. He is about as close to the people as Albany is to the North Pole. If elected he will represent only a few in Michigan. He is just the kind of a man the people of the United States wish to keep out of the United States Senate by placing the Senatorial ballot in the hands of themselves instead of the hands of State Legislatures easily controlled.—Albany Democrat.

Worked an Aged Excuse. Seid Back, a mogul among Portland Chinamen, was caught with the common herd when policemen battered down the door to a Chinese gambling room in Portland one night recently. At his trial in the Police Court, Thursday, the wily Back, in a bid to save his name—claimed that he was in there behind the strongly barred doors merely "to see a man." The excuse served its purpose and Seid went free.

Who says the Chinaman is not imitative? Every night of week-days all over the land there are thousands of men going out of theaters "to see a man" and coming back with breaths redolent with clove, yet probably not one of that great throng would, like the Chinaman, have presence of mind to catch in some questionable resort to claim that he was there "to see a man."—Eugene Guard.

Capital and Labor. It seems as if capital, or more properly speaking, organized capital in the form of corporations, and organized labor are drifting further apart. Neither side will feel satisfied or safe until assured of the complete demoralization of the other as a "controlling" power. One is certainly in need of the other, but which shall dictate as to wages and time is the great question yet to be determined even if a revolution results in the effort. It is true, the laws are on the side of capital in so far as protecting property and according individual liberty, but this must be of anarchy will prevail. Some of our most eminent men are now endeavoring to hatch a scheme that will solve the problem and ward off the greatest combined strike in the near future that history has ever recorded, and it is to be hoped they will succeed in formulating plans that will meet with general approval.—Aurora Borealis.

Hard on Portland. It appears to us that Portland's efforts to raise enough money to present Admiral Clark, who commanded the battleship Oregon during our unpleasantness with Spain with a sword, has about as much procrastination