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LET THE BLAME REST WHERE IT BELONGS.

Mark Hanna, by inference, conceded the entire contention of the tariff revisionists when he challenged Tom L. Johnson to debate the tariff, but stipulated that there was to be no reference in the discussions to the relationship between the tariff and the trusts.

It was a grievous error for so astute a statesman as the Ohio Senator is admitted to be. It was an admission that he could not successfully hold the ground that the high tariff rates charged upon imports have permitted the trusts to grow and strengthen until they possess almost as much power as the general government itself.

The latter is the contention of the revisionists; that is, of the Democratic revisionists. It is also conceded by thousands of Republicans, which is proven by the fow platform and the action taken in dozens of quarters looking towards lining up the national Republican party for tariff revision.

It has been claimed to be a fact by Democrats for years. Tariff revision has been the demand by the national Democracy. It has never been rationally attained. It was not attained rationally by the Wilson bill, which, when it emerged from the councils of the congressional politicians, was almost more a protective measure than the McKinley bill. It was a patchwork measure, worse than straight-out free trade or ultra-protection.

But, tariff revision has been the demand of the Democrats, nevertheless, and it would have been realized rationally by the Wilson bill, had it not been for such pretended Democrats, but real Republicans such as Gorman and his ilk, who betrayed their party for selfish ends.

The Democracy urged during past years that the high tariff schedules and the policies of the Republican party would eventually enthrone the Wall street interests in a position of greater power than that of the general government. It was plainly pointed out that the policy of the Republican party tended to encourage such a condition as that which the American people now face.

And at this time come Republicans trailing along behind the Democrats, advocating what the Democracy has advocated for years and years, and claiming credit for what they expect or hope to do.

In reality, they are worthy severe condemnation for bringing to pass the very conditions they and others are now anxious to cure.

President Roosevelt, sincerely desirous of correcting the economic evils that afflict the country, himself has been a party to the course of legislation that has compelled this deplorable situation.

Let this not be interpreted as reflecting upon the honesty of the President. That is not the intent of these words. Yet it is intended to set forth clearly this glaring fact—the men in the Republican party who now pose as saviors of the nation from bad conditions are guilty of bringing these bad conditions into existence.

At this juncture, it is well to bear this truth in mind: It is somewhat like the case of a suppositious man who willfully spread contagion and then boasted when he took steps to cure it because his own family were threatened with disease.

OUR ALIEN SUBJECTS.

The United States Circuit Court in New York has just decided a peculiar case, and from a layman's viewpoint, decided it in a very peculiar manner. It settles, or rather, unsettles, the status of the inhabitants of Porto Rico. A dozen of that island went to New York City with the intention of remaining there, with relatives, who had a glad welcome for her. The immigration authorities objected to her landing, because that circumstance made her an undesirable addition to the population, and so, as an alien, she was barred out. The relatives contested the decision, denying that she was an alien. The court has decided that she is an alien. She is not a citizen of Porto Rico, for that is not a country, only just an island, under the control of the United States, and, its people have no rights which the United States is bound to respect.

Other Porto Ricans who have moved into the United States find themselves in a peculiar position, for there is no way existing by which they can become citizens of the United States. Subject to the government of the United States, and owing no allegiance whatever to any other government, they are yet declared to be aliens. Immigrants from Europe, Africa, or any old place which is not now, or has not been, under the jurisdiction of the United States may become citizens readily, but your Porto Rican is shut out. He is already a subject of the United States, and no means have been provided by which he can change his relations toward the government that owns him. He cannot renounce his allegiance "to every foreign power and potentate, and especially to Alphonso, King of Spain," because the government looked after that when it "benevolently assimilated" the little island and all therein contained.

It took it just as a souvenir, a reminder for future generations, of the time, when moved by infinite pity for the wrongs of Cuba, possessed only of a desire to oust the cruel Spaniard, lift up the downtrodden, and extend our markets, this country rose in its might and smote the haughty Don with an almighty smite.

The Porto Rican got left. He was not the bone of contention, but Spain lost him, the United States wouldn't have him, and it wouldn't give him his freedom. He cannot become a citizen of this country, he cannot be a citizen of any other. He resides on the island of Porto Rico, and the only absolute right guaranteed him in his relationship to this government is that he is only permitted to pay at least his share of taxes and the tariff.

THE WORDS OF A PATRIOT.

Governor Odell, of New York, in an interview with the presidents of the coal roads, gave utterance to the following bit of patriotism, which sounds refreshing in the midst of so much "wishy-washy" diplomatic nonsense. He said: "What do you mean by politicians? I want you and all of the operators to understand that I am governor of the State of New York! The chosen representative of seven million people, and I am here to act in that capacity, and relieve, if possible, this intolerable situation! And what is more, I intend to use every power at my command to do it."

A few sentiments like these flashing out of the shadows of the strike situation will have a tendency to restore the people to confidence in the supremacy of the state. It left its imprint upon the minds of loyal citizens, who are watching the proceedings of this threeseo indusro-drama. With more and more faith in the wisdom in the masses, we say, "Lay on, Macduff."

COAL IS DUTIABLE.

In many well informed circles there is an impression that anthracite coal is on the free list. It is not a matter for surprise, as the "Dingley" act is so adroitly worded that only the specialist, or those for whom the advantage was intended, would know of the duty until they tried to get some coal through the custom house free, when they would soon learn the difference.

In one section of the act, anthracite coal is declared to be free, while subsequent sections levy a duty of 6 per cent on all coal containing less than 92 per cent of carbon. As pointed out by Mr. William J. Gibson, formerly counsel for the Treasury Department, in a letter to the New York "Times," this really "involves a duty of 67 per cent on all Welsh coal." Further, it has been held by the courts that anthracite coal is dutiable.

SOME REASONS FOR A SPECIAL SESSION.

In the first place, the interests of the entire State of Oregon warrant calling a special session of the Legislature. Secondly, the considerations local to Portland and Multnomah County call for the extraordinary convening of the commonwealth's law-making body. Governor Geer will do but his duty if he issues proclamation calling together, some time next month, or thereabouts, the Representatives and Senators.

Before discussing the reasons for making the call, let it be said that the onus of arriving at a decision rests upon the Governor. He was elected to assume the responsibility in such matters. He is presumed to take all phases of public questions into account, weigh the merits and demerits, and act upon his conclusions bravely and independently, without fear or favor.

His is a branch of government co-ordinate with the legislative and judicial, and in such situations as that now present it is even in a sense paramount to the legislative, for it rests within his power to compel the Legislature to convene when in his judgment the interests of the commonwealth warrant such action.

It is therefore "up to" the Governor to decide according to his judgment without waiting for expression from all over the state in the form of petitions, which amount to holding an election, a thing to avoid which the organic law of the state provides.

The people of the state are anxious that the flat salary law be made effective and made effective in a manner to prevent the officials from pleading ex post facto principles of our government as arguing against any alteration of the financial status under which they are to work after they have begun their coming terms.

The people are anxious that the initiative and referendum be carried into effect at once. It has been willed by the majority, almost by unanimity, that the initiative and referendum shall hereafter be possible to the people to cure legislative ills and prevent wrong acts by their representatives.

These considerations argue cogently for a special session. The people of the state, so The Journal believes, will accede to the proposition.

Again, there are powerful reasons for the special session in the consideration of the Lewis and Clark Fair appropriation. There is danger that this enterprise and its needs, which should and do appeal to the people as representative of the whole state and the Pacific Northwest, will be made the occasion for designing politicians to involve it in log-rolling that will make the entire regular session a fiasco.

Then, too, the coming Senatorial election should not in any manner be connected with the Lewis and Clark appropriation, and all well-informed men will grant that at a regular session an election and the appropriation will become entangled in an inextricable mass of counter-currents and schemes that will entangle everything connected with the session.

Portland people and others of the county, too, have excellent reasons to support the special session move. They have even more interest in the Fair appropriation than has the balance of the state, and have an additional reason the need to provide adequately and in time for the dry-dock finances. Delay in this matter will be fatal, as all know who understand the exact situation and the laws provisions on the subject.

Then, too, the charter could and would be gotten out of the way at the special session, and this would be good not only for the city but for the state. It would be one more special matter ended and that much less involving of local questions with those pertaining to purely state interests.

Oregon is just now at a critical period. A forward movement has begun. There should be such co-operation as will permit the fullest application of possible materials for improvement, and all possible lack of hampers upon progress.

The Journal believes, looking at it from the standpoint of the entire state and from the standpoint of the city and county, that Governor Geer should call the special session.

It is before him, however, as the deciding power. No one may compel or prevent. It is his duty to act according to his best judgment, and The Journal believes he will do so.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

In Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, the ladies are making strides toward the higher life, as the following ticket to a church event will bear testimony:

The Holder of this Ticket is entitled to a reserved seat on:
 Mrs. Waldhler's fence to see the:
 Ladies of the First Presbyterian Church
 DIG POTATOES,
 From 2 to 4 p. m., today, Tuesday,
 September 1, 1902. Proceeds of sale to go to the church.
 Price of ticket from 25 cents up, according to liberality of purchaser.

"The Supreme Court of Nebraska has handed down a decision which frobids the reading of the Bible and the singing of hymns in the public schools of that state. It would lead one to believe that two good corn crops in succession had caused the Nebraskans to forsake the good old custom of praying. They will need rain next year and may have to ask for it."

A Swedish farmer was arrested for vagrancy in a Dakota town, in which he was a stranger. Upon investigation, it was found that he had money and drafts upon his person to the amount of \$25,000. What a happy diversion it would be to practice vagrancy under those conditions if for only one hour.

The school board of South Omaha has been arrested for taking bribes from teachers and a teacher in Dakota is under arrest for killing two members of the school board. It is a nice legal point to decide upon, in this day of the grater, which is the worst criminal?

Professor Moses, Commissioner of Education for the Philippines, says he didn't hire out for a soldier. He is willing to teach the natives everything he knows about the science of political economy, if some one will catch them for him.

A Montana man has sued the Great Northern for damages for carrying him by his destination. The extreme limit should be given him, if he was riding in an emigrant car which had not been ventilated since leaving Chicago.

The good old Puritan Mayor of Salem, Mass., wants to hang the coal barons. They are furnishing so much good reading matter just now, brother, that we can't bear to have them hung.

Postmaster-General Payne knows how it tastes to be a poor man now. He drunk a cup of coffee last week, in a White House cafe, which the keeper had poured out for an "unclassified" clerk.

A New York wreckage company is now trying to locate a fabulous treasure somewhere on the Atlantic coast. A scow, loaded with coal, was lost three years ago.

Once more the Moros have been routed. From the number of times they have been "routed" during the past two years the roads through the jungles must be

continually hot. They don't have time to cool off from one "route" to another.

The Philippine Commission has ordered the census of the archipelago to be taken. It will be quite necessary to "take" the Filipinos before we take the census.

It is discouraging to the cause of "hip-pocket reform" to have the Idaho Supreme Court allow citizens of that state to carry concealed weapons.

Reports say that forest fires are raging in Greece. A half-grown Oregon forest fire in that little country wouldn't leave a "Greece" spot.

The picture of our sweetheart standing up might be called an "unset jewel."

It is a poor way to "restore confidence" to sentence "confidence men" to jail.

The latest society for physical culture—the "Boxers."

THE HEADSMAN'S PERQUISITES.

Strange and unreasonable laws guaranteed to the headsmen his full share of emoluments. He was well paid for his work and never suffered from a dull season. From the towns he received poultry and fodder, from the monasteries fish and game. The Abbot of Saint-Germaine gave him every year a pig's head; the Abbot of Saint-Martin five loaves of bread and five bottles of wine. Cakes were baked for him on the eve of Epiphany. For each leper in the community he exacted—howen knows why—a tax at Christmas time. Les filles de joie were his vassals. It was his privilege to seize in the market place as much corn as he could carry away in his hands and the peasants thus freely robbed were admitted without a murmur, crossing themselves with fervor as he passed. He had the power to save from death any woman on her way to the scaffold, provided he were able and willing to marry her. He was the first official called to the body of a suicide, and, standing on the dead man's breast, he claimed as his own everything he could touch with the point of his long sword—Agnes Repplier in Harper's Magazine.

NO FURTHER DELAY.

A couple had been engaged to be married for about fourteen years, and still the swain had not mustered up courage enough to ask her to name the happy day. The other evening he called, in a peculiar frame of mind, and asked her to sing something tender and touching. Imagine his surprise when she sat down at the piano and sang, "Darling, I am growing old." There was no further delay.—Scottish American.

BAMBOO IS KING.

Bamboo is the very mainstay of Japan, and it is a material which would find many uses in this country if it did not cost so much to import. The agricultural department is therefore trying to introduce its cultivation here. It requires a hot climate, with plenty of moisture to the roots, and it will not stand frost. It is believed that it will flourish on the waste lands of the Southwest.

SMILING CATS.

Trained cats are the latest fad of French society women. Fashion decrees that the animal must be "educated" entirely by its owner, and several of the best known society women in Parisian society are giving an hour a day to training their pets.

BY THE WAY.

"It do be a shame," complained Nora to the girl next door. "The mistress is after havin' me attend the Cookin' School." "Nora," says she, as sweet as crame an' sugar, "it's to the Domestic Science I'll be sendin' ye," says she. "That's thin," says I. "It's the Cookin' School, Nora," says she, "an' ye'll learn to cook an' kape the kitchen clane. An' I'm takin' lassons meself," says she. "An' I up an' told her she could do her own cookin' if she didn't like me ways. The idee of me as has been gittin' me twenty dollars a month these last two years, a takin' cookin' lassons!"

But the girl next door, who is a modest little maid, with a desire to do things well, replied with a wistful look in her blue eyes. "Ach! I wish I could have dem lessons, too."

Everybody who's anything to do with the Domestic Science Association is happy because Mrs. Henry Jones is president. Many recall with sympathetic pleasure the anxious, busy days of the Spanish-American war, when, as administrative head of the emergency Corps, she endeavored herself not only to her thousand or more co-workers, but to mothers all over the land whose sons had enlisted for service in the Philippines.

"There is one woman in Portland who is, in my estimation, next door to an angel," remarked the hardened sinner to his vis a vis at luncheon today. "No, I don't know her name, never saw her but once, and that was the other day. She was in her trap, one of the swiftest turn-outs in town, by the way, and there was a small urchin perched on the cushions between two dining room chairs, digging both dirty fists into his eyes in a vain attempt to dam the tide of his fast flowing tears. The beautiful woman caught sight of him and reined in her high-stepping equine. Enquiring as to the cause of his grief it transpired that he lived on Portland Heights somewhere, had no carfare, and had to lug those heavy chairs all the way up the hill and be at home by a certain hour, impossible under existing circumstances.

"And," he sobbed, "my mother'll whip me—if I ain't there."

"The woman grasped the situation instantly. She took that youngster up, had the chairs loaded onto her trap and was driving up the street before you could say Jack Robinson, unmindful of the laughter of a group of her fashionable friends, who wanted to know if she had set up a delivery wagon. That's the sort of a woman who restores a man's faith in the things he learned at his mother's knee."

She was a young woman who is known among her friends to have literary tastes and an inclination to art. It was her first visit to the art gallery in the Free Library building, and as she came down the steps she was heard to remark in a deprecatory tone to her companion: "Wouldn't you think they would put a little drapery on some of those figures? I've heard so much about the Apollo Belvedere, and do you know, I was really ashamed to look at him standing there without a stitch of clothing on?"

The abnormal modesty of this Portland young woman is only equalled by that of a fair young maid whom I once met in the wilds of the Sierras, who, having been presented with a very beautiful little picture of Cupid clad in wings and a bow and arrow, immediately got out her box of water colors and proceeded to paint a petticoat on the God of Love, because, she explained, she could not think of exposing him to the gaze of the public in his original nudity. That picture was always a source of unflinching amusement to me. It was the first and only time I ever saw Cupid in petticoats, and the effect was one to convulse the gods.

There's fun and fight in Irish blood. The bravest, England knows. For Irish blood (of England's fields) Of war like water flows.

But when it comes to Ireland's pleas In English parliament, Brave Ireland's voice must be suppressed. Her statesmen be content.

When Balfour says the government Can only recognize The English members of the House—Oh! isn't Balfour wise?

COMPOSITE.

DUTCH TREATING.

I know a company of young men who have adopted right here in Portland a custom that works an absolute temperance reform, and yet they are not abstainers. They never partake of too much, unless it be that some of the radicals are right and I am too much.

These young men—and I am one of them—meet almost every day after the affairs of the evening are over, and sit round a round table together. The same fellows are of the company each evening, with an occasional stranger asked to enjoy the delightful association that such a relationship affords. Speaking of the others, everyone is well educated, refined, well read, a good conversationalist, of excellent principles, and all in all a charming companion. The talk is ever along decent lines, and might be participated in by any good woman without offense. I know no place in Portland—lacking, of course, the presence of women—where I would rather go than to this nightly group of good fellows. It would be a loss to me to be compelled to forgo the pleasure of meeting there with that good company.

Wherein, then, consists the element of temperance reform? Wherein lies the good of such an arrangement as that into which we have entered? It is merely that we agree and keep the agreement that not one of the company shall ever "treat" another. It is simply the "Dutch treat" adopted as the hard and fast rule by a small club of young men who meet on another man's premises, having no premises of their own, being each one a bachelor, and therefore in a sense homeless. This is not to bid for sympathy, for not a fellow of the lot is bewailing his fate in being single; at least, not one would dare to exhibit such treason to the feeling of good fellowship that rules

among this small company of Knights of the Dutch Treat Round Table. It is merely to set forth the social situation of the group.

We walk in at about 11 o'clock p. m., and the first takes possession of the round table that is reserved for the company. If he desires it, he orders a stein of beer; if he does not want any, he awaits the coming of the others, reading the evening papers. The remaining members of the little temporary club drop in from moment to moment, until at a few minutes after 12, the entire membership is there. None of the company fail to appear, excepting upon rare occasions. Each man orders what he wants, the keeper writes the score, and when the dean of the company, a professional man of attainments, declares the session adjourned, each settles his bill, which is never more than forty, usually thirty, or even twenty cents apiece. Not one of the lot has been prompted to drink more beer than his good sense dictates. There has been no "Have something with me, old man," and then the reciprocating all around, until every fellow of the group has partaken of several times more than he really wanted, with consequent bad results.

Will anyone deny that this is fairly good temperance? Will anyone indicate how better we could arrange to cure the practice of inducing men to drink when they do not want to? Is there any objection to this plan, to be urged upon any rational ground? I acknowledge that the radical person will inveigh against any plan that permits a man to drink a drop of any liquid containing a percentage of alcohol, and I am not contending that it is necessary for us or others ever to drink one of those drops. Yet, so it appears to me, this is near enough to the proper settlement of the drink problem to be at least better than the common custom of treating and urging and inducing men to drink when they otherwise would not do so. I do not know if The Journal will print this little screed of mine; but I believe that it contains a suggestion that if followed would eventually stop the serious abuse of the handling of alcoholic beverages.

ONE OF THE DUTCH TREATERS.

HOTEL CHAT.

"News Butcher" on the Wreck. An O. R. & N. news agent who was coming west on No. 4, on the date of the recent rear end collision at Union, told his experiences to a Journal representative today:

"It was the first time this train had been on time," he said, "for a month, and we were in good spirits. The passengers were enjoying the novelty of running on time as well as the crew. The engineer had just whistled for Union Station and I took a few copies of the Salt Lake papers which I handle coming West and stood near the head end of the smoker, wondering how much my profit would be in the next few minutes. About two minutes after the whistle had sounded, a crash came, which threw me against the end of the car. I was sticking against the wall like a postage stamp, when a passenger from the rear end of the aisle struck me in the back with his head, and we were both covered with falling umbrellas, shawls, grips, bundles, hats and children. In an instant I recovered from the confusion and used every effort to pacify the women and children, who were badly frightened. As soon as I could induce them to sit down and be quiet, that everything in our car was all right, I ran out to see if the engine crew needed help. It was dark as Erebus and in stepping to the ground I put my foot upon something, which sent a cold chill over me. It was flesh of some kind, and my blood froze to think I had stepped upon the mangled form of one of our crew. My hair was bristling on end and I could scarcely breathe. It was horrid to think of and I hesitated to strike a match, so great was my dread of the sight I should behold. In an instant and I knew that something must be done. With shuddering and fear I stooped down and felt around in the dark and with my naked hand felt the mangled body of one of my companions. It was too much for me to bear. There was a lump in my throat and tears came into my eyes. I rushed into the car and grabbed a lantern with which to see the unpleasant and horrible sight. On reaching the ground I found several hundred pounds of jerked beef lying scattered about. We had struck a refrigerator car, loaded with sugar cured hams and dried beef, from an Omaha packing house, and the right of way was full of meat. I sat down on a rock to recover my wits and was brought back to consciousness by the man who struck me in the back, with his head.

Lumbering in Eastern Oregon. William Eckles, the pioneer sawmill man of Viento, is in the city from Astoria. Asked by a Journal representative for an opinion on the growing issue of timber preservation in Oregon, he said: "I came to Oregon in 1888, and found sawmill sites down in the low foothills of Eastern Oregon hardly considered worthy of any notice. There was timber every where, even at that late date. I remember that men were glad to sell timber from homesteads for a song. They seemed to think that timber would never be exhausted. But as the Eastern market for ties and lumber warmed up, sawmill men began to flock into the country. From one mill at North Powder we could see the smoke from ten other mills, within a very small radius. Freight rates were high in those days, yet, there was fair profit in shipping lumber, at its small cost on the stump. Wages were high, supplies were high and everybody connected with the business made fair money. It only required two or three years to saw out the convenient timber. Then, instead of going to the higher timber belts near by, the mill owners moved to new pastures where timber could be reached at small cost.

This same haphazard method prevailed in Utah and Idaho, as in Oregon. In the interest of the future, some delicate means to save or replenish our timber supply must be instituted. The sawmill men want to see that this great resource is not impaired. Whatever method will exert the most lasting and permanent influence, we are ready to champion."

Some Mignonette. Sweetheart, he wrote, this mignonette, With fragrance deep and delicate, I send to you. My mignonette, to tell The simple words, "I love you well," I do, I do.

The Fox and the Crow. The Sly Fox halted beneath the tree where the Wise Crow was examining a Biscuit which he held in his bill. "Ho! friend! called the Sly Fox, "open your Aristocratic Mouth and let us hear your beautiful Voice warble a Few Straits of that latest Sonata in G Minor!"

Now it was so that this Crow was a Twentieth Century Bird and he was Dead Wise to the Fox's Graft; but he Looked Flattered and forthwith opened His Bill to Sing. "De-Me-Me," he sang, then paused and looked down, for he had heard a Dull Thud from below. The Cooking School Biscuit had Crushed the Sly Fox's Skull. Moral—Keep wits Up on Modern Crows. Another Moral—Try your new wife's Biscuits on your Worst Enemy. L'Envol—When you see Something you think you Want and the Other Fellow Lets Go too readily—stand far under. You don't Need It in o'ur Business.—San Francisco Bulletin.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

We Can't Get Back. How dear it is to dream again of days long gone before, With tender memory to trace The paths we trod of yore; To roam in fancy, through the scenes Of childhood's happy days, Where once we played, light-hearted boys, In childhood's happy days.

To think the old folks now, as then, Would pay our little bills, And buy us all our winter clothes, And take us off to Sunday school, And—curses, and plays, And give us money, as they did In childhood's happy days.

Oh! those were days of happiness— We had no thoughts but fun, We ate our meals and wore our clothes And never feared a dun. We didn't smoke tobacco then, Or have to run our face For anything, cigars and such, In childhood's happy days.

A Fable of the Tamarack Tail. A Tamarack grew by the old highway— For which a tradesman duns me— And many a jade enjoyed the shade, E'er his foliage began to fall!

They flocked to his sheltering wing and ate Full many a public feast; They planned, made and drank their fill— Political bird and beast!

They praised his shadows upon the earth; And measured his prospects high; They blessed the shelter that shielded them From the glare of the summer sky!

Then the autumn came and thinned his leaves, As the autumn comes to all— Then bird and beast forsook the feast In the shade of the Tamarack Tail!

The empty nests where the birdslings lay Hang spectral and stark and alone— And down at his feet his dim eyes meet The gnawed political bone!

And standing there by the highway broad Is the giant that used to be— Ah, there is seen the likeness keen 'Twixt a man and a leafy tree!

—Bert Huffman.

Welcome. Pouring into Oregon—gates all open wide— Let the torrent, when it flows, no one is Latch string outside, where; pilgrim, be at home— If you hail from Sweden, "Old Missou," or home!

Wipe your shoes upon us; tread upon the flowers— Crow your hearts with sunshine, brighten— er through the showers! Shake off every odor of your olden clime— Drive a nail in Oregon—waste no precious time!

Here's the grip and password—don't forget the grip— Good the whole world over—full of nerve and vim— Here's the key to the Oregon—only wear it tight. Opening by the treasures everywhere—in sight!

Singly come, or wedded—maimed or fair Here's a mate awaits you (and your race to be)— Here's the land to spread in—here's the Oregon's the watchword—pass it down the line!

Journalism Under Difficulties. There's a sweet piano-player just across the hall from us— Whose rose-tipped, nimble fingers keep up an awful fuss; When the comic paragraph is about That old piano thunders as if its sides would split!

And when in some sweet vision the moonlight soars, A torrent of distraction across the hall-way pours!

The pencil of the editor has got the flimsy, too— It starts out on a sermon and ends in "Waterloo." She splices along the gamut like a mouse across the floor— With tribs and semi-quavers, and high-class tunes galore!

If something doesn't happen to cause the art of journalism will vanish from this shop!

A Hood-River Girl. I saw her; ne'er was vision half so fair, The West wind toyed with her nut-brown hair. Whose curling tendrils o'er her rose-laden cheek In wanton gladness played at hid-and-one hand, 'tis tapering fingers spread, One hand, 'tis pressed her dainty breast; The other, with its snowy arm half bare, Pushed back the romping tresses of her hair.

So stood she, picture of unconscious grace, As Psyche, beautiful in form and face, One lover's joy, a hundred's dark despair, Nature was cruel that made her so fair.

J. H. CRADLEBAUGH.

Some Mignonette. Sweetheart, he wrote, this mignonette, With fragrance deep and delicate, I send to you. My mignonette, to tell The simple words, "I love you well," I do, I do.

The Fox and the Crow. The Sly Fox halted beneath the tree where the Wise Crow was examining a Biscuit which he held in his bill. "Ho! friend! called the Sly Fox, "open your Aristocratic Mouth and let us hear your beautiful Voice warble a Few Straits of that latest