

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY'S CAMPAIGN.

WHEN, at length, the Tammany leader became alarmed over the election outlook in New York he promptly communicated with the great corporations. "The outcome," he said, "is of as much consequence to you as it is to me. You know you are assessed a third to a twentieth of what private people are forced to pay and as a mere money investment you cannot afford to let Hearst in."

No higher tribute could possibly have been paid a man. In this campaign he is the apostle of the square deal. Jerome represents much. It is known that if he is elected the thieves and scoundrels without regard to their social standing will get what is coming to them if he is able to encompass it. But the common people of the city, the men who are groaning under the burdens of taxation direct and indirect, who pay so heavily for their welfare, who is there to help them? Jerome cannot and McClellan will not for he can only be put in power by the very elements that must be fought if justice is to be done.

Tammany as an organization is simply an organized appetite. It represents, with the Republican machine, to which it gives over the state, a so-called political organization that is frankly for the protection of public plunderers. It enriches its leaders and it protects and enriches the great predatory corporations at the expense of the city and the masses of the people. It is known for precisely what it is. The extraordinary upheaval in progress there becomes understandable in this way; otherwise it would be inexplicable. Apparently Tammany was never more powerful; in recent months it has been less under the limelight of fierce criticism than had often theretofore been the case. But the people had been quietly putting two and two together and reaching conclusions. They observed the close affiliation of the two great political parties; noted Tammany's close affiliation with the great corporations which were given what they asked irrespective of rhyme or reason and observed that the Tammany leaders, poor when they emerged from obscurity, soon became so wealthy that they were rated among the very rich even in that rich metropolis.

And so it is the realization of this that has shaken New York from center to circumference. Can Hearst be elected? The answer depends upon the question whether the people of New York are strong enough to enforce a square deal. Every voter interested in New York is bitterly opposed to him, every insurance grafter, every man who is getting from the city what he is not entitled to is uniting in the effort to defeat him. Money is being spent like water, for that sort of expenditure by men with special privileges is simply in the nature of an investment: They may encompass his defeat but of this they may be assured that the day for New York's house-cleaning is merely postponed and it will come a little later on with a vengeance.

THE SLAUGHTER IN RUSSIA.

BURN, SHAY, KILL. That is the order of day in Kishineff and other Russian cities. With "fire and sword" the wrongs of centuries are being avenged, as they always will, in God's good time!

Something happened in France about 100 years ago. Several men wrote about it, but one man portrayed most artistically the terrible, interesting thing correctly—and he was a Scotchman, named Carlyle. Hugo pictured the battle of Waterloo better than did Carlyle, but the cranky northerner really gave the world the best story, despite its drawbacks and inaccuracies, of what happened about 100 years ago in the sunny land of vines and flowers and beautiful women.

Who shall tell the story of what is happening in Russia today—and why? The why is always the important thing. Why are people by thousands being killed? Why are thousands starving? Why have others, tens of millions? Why doesn't anybody, from czar to the lowest peasant, know what to do, or how to do it?

In blood, in conflict, in terror, in agony, in glamour, in ignorance, in whirlwind, in cataclysm, in the crush of things not known or understood, the human animals are trying to right a wrong.

Perhaps they are mounting a step, over the bleeding bodies of innocent thousands, to a higher future life. Let us hope so; let us look for, hope for, and work for that better, brighter day and time.

MRS. HANNA OWNS COOK IN HOTEL.

General Corbin offered a toast in her honor. As the 200 guests rose cheerfully from their chairs the beaming Magie bowed her thanks from the kitchen door.

"Hanna's Magie" owns a snug little Ohio farm and has money enough to keep her the rest of her days in solid comfort. Her son, Hanna, attended to that in his will.

Wires Can Be Buried.

"The disfiguring telegraph and telephone poles have been waxing more and more aggressive every year along country and village roads," says an editorial in the November Country Calendar.

The elms that glorify New England village streets are religiously decimated; the branches lopped off, or entire trees murdered, to put up a naked and wire-burdened galloway of the Anglo-Saxon and So Telegraph company. The companies have been in the habit of explaining that it cost too much to bury the wires. We notice, however, that one large telegraph and telephone company has revised its calculations on this subject. The New England company is burying its wires between New York and Boston. Undoubtedly the increasing price of the larger poles, necessary to carry the burden of a hundred miles or more, has led to this move. Let us hope that this method will prove successful in every way, and that these gaunt reminders of haste and worry will gradually disappear from the countryside.

Athletes of the West.

From Everybody's Magazine.

Out of the West come many young Lochinvars. In the last football season the Yale eleven had six westerners. Harvard had four, Princeton had three and Pennsylvania three. Twenty-seven per cent of Yale's student population are westerners. Yet this 27 per cent furnish 45 per cent of the athletes. There are 572 westerners among the 4,223 men at Harvard university, or 13 per cent, and the westerners furnish 77 per cent of the athletes. Either the westerners have better muscles and more of them, or they know better how to use them.

Modest in Comparison.

From the Montreal Star.

Three burglars in New York claim to have robbed 400 homes. It's a great record, but it looks dim beside the record of three insurance companies who have touched 4,000,000 homes.

TAXATION OF PHILIPPINE ISLAND PRODUCTS.

SENATOR NEWLANDS, just back from the Philippines, says times are bad there; that the sugar and tobacco interests are languishing. Certainly they are; and if, after starting in with the hard job of benevolently assimilating the Filipino brethren, and assuming unnecessarily a large and heavy load of the "white man's burden," we really intend to carry out that contract, there is only one just, reasonable, practical way in which to do so, and that is to establish free trade in sugar and tobacco and hemp and whatever is produced there with the Philippine islands. Even then the trade wouldn't pay us 5 per cent of our expenditure, in money, and blood, and loss of self respect.

But our big man Taft says there should be free trade in sugar and tobacco with the Philippines, and assuming that we own or control those islands, he is undoubtedly right.

But here comes a curious consideration. Mr. Taft comes home, and Newlands comes home, after their fine junketing tour, and they meet men who say to them: "There shall be no free trade in sugar and tobacco with the Philippines; we are the bosses, not you; we put you into congress or cabinet positions; we have to get a great deal of money to run the politics of this country—and a good deal of it comes from the tariff tax on sugar and tobacco. We are Havemeyer, Gorham, Aldrich, Platt, et al.; we have our plant tools in congress, and even in more sacred places; go to with the heathen Filipino; we first killed a lot of them, in order to civilize the rest, and now we are robbing them to build palaces on Fifth avenue, disport ourselves at Monte Carlo or Baden Baden—or even, by way of diversion, in Manila itself—and we must have a tariff on their products."

There is sugar in the business for our professed statesmen, and robbery of the Filipino. Very well; we are the saints and salt of the earth—principally on account of the color of our skin. Perhaps we will benevolently assimilate the Filipino as we did the so-called Indian; none of them was "good" until he was killed. It is poor Christianity; it is worse politics; it is a travesty on civilization; but our trusts must have money, and their senators must be supported. So rob the Filipinos.

NEED OF STREET IMPROVEMENT.

THERE IS NO INVESTMENT which the people can make that will count for more than good streets and sidewalks. Encouraging progress has been made in this direction in the past two years, but what has been done should simply stimulate to further progress in this same direction. There are still, even in the best residence sections, many wooden sidewalks that are a constant source of danger to pedestrians. These should all be removed and replaced by cement walks and curbing. Most of these sidewalks are about vacant lots which, above all others, should be forced to keep good sidewalks. There should be inaugurated a general campaign in this direction so that there may be created a public sentiment which will not tolerate the slipshod methods that have prevailed in the past.

But it is not enough that good sidewalks be laid, for there is great need in this moist climate of good streets. Hard surfacing the streets produces no very gratifying results. They may serve the purpose for the dry seasons, but the moment the rains begin they are quite as muddy and almost as impassable as the natural streets. Experience has pretty clearly demonstrated what is best for Portland in this line. In the pretentious sections of the city no temporary improvement should be tolerated. Good, permanent streets should be laid and they should be of such a character that they will be good streets in the middle of winter as well as in the middle of summer.

There should be miles of good streets and sidewalks laid during the coming season and there should be a public sentiment back of all such improvements that will make it exceedingly uncomfortable for the property owner who tries to stand in the way of such legitimate enterprise. There is much ahead of Portland in the way of fine new buildings but there is not enough in the way of street and sidewalk improvements. Both the mayor and city council are ripe for such a movement and the public should lend its cooperation, for much as these improvements may do for the city at large, they will not do much more for the property owner who submits to this species of taxation.

We gather the impression that Mr. Harry Murphy was also present at the chamber of commerce meeting.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

The Shantico Bee is the latest new state paper.

The Dalles Chronicle: They don't mourn long in The Dalles, but are cut down before their business among us is fairly launched. A young fellow began seeking a "hand out." It wasn't long before he was in the marshal's clutches and had been given 15 days by the recorder.

Klamath Falls Express: Two game wardens from Roseburg, E. G. Hodson and J. D. Wilson, intercepted William Wilson, a brother-in-law of Hanna Warden, when he was hauling 12 sacks of ducks in a wagon from Tulare to the Merril boat landing for shipment to San Francisco. The ducks, 35 in number, were taken to Klamath Falls and stored in the county jail. The house of Hanna Wilson today in Paris, Berlin or St. Petersburg as the fact that neither president, Kaiser nor czar can get along without him. But when to such causes of race hatred we add the personal victory of Esther over all the daughters of the great families of Persia, we might well believe that the first to feel the blow aimed against her race would be the queen. And this is the only way that we are active in saving others we are but saving ourselves. If the nation relapse into vice, we perish. If the nation relapse into vice, we perish.

Forest Grove Times: Mr. Peterson showed good judgment by not staying any longer up in his Canadian country, for we have it that it sometimes gets down to 50 degrees below zero there and it would be tough for an Oregonian to be caught by a blizzard while up there and have to stay all winter.

Fern Hill Correspondence Forest Grove Times: The farmers are busy seeding some of them are through and are plowing for spring planting. Mr. Hulsman is digging a well, has dug 70 feet and no water yet.

Rainier imports apples from Yankton, South Dakota.

SMALL CHANGE

Cut up the big ranches. Can't the old thing quit squealing? Too much dirt in food, no doubt. The New York political fight is becoming interesting.

The United States should treat China better, but we will not admit coolie labor.

This weather won't last all winter.

Yes, Portland merchants ought to get much of the Alaska trade.

But the people who helped elect them, and knew all about them, then as well as since, are the first to call on them to resign!

No, Mr. Scott will never be senator.

Salem Journal: There is a good deal of excitement in North Salem. A girl in that part of the city was seized with an ambition to become a chorus girl, hence "The National" in Newburg and her father spanked it out of her.

Divorces are altogether too easy.

The sage of the Albany Democrat remarks: No Republican governor of Oregon has ever succeeded himself. Several Democratic governors have, Grover and Penney, and a third, Governor Chamberlain, will probably succeed himself.

Newburg Graphic: Street loafing is bad for any one and especially so for boys. There are several in Newburg who might learn a valuable lesson from the fate of one of their associates, who is now an inmate of the reform school. It is to be regretted that boys will get beyond parental control, for in every case they come to some bad end.

Poor Russia. Poor czar. Poor people.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Actual construction work was commenced this week on the Pacific States Telephone company's line from here to Wintilla, so as to provide a direct line from Pendleton to Portland. It is a little curious that Portland and Pendleton have never before been directly connected for public purposes.

Deputy Sheriff Wolfe was hurriedly summoned to the vicinity of Twin Buttes Friday night to arrest a supposed crazy man who, the frightened messenger on his foam-soaked steed declared, was "shooting up" and murdering the entire neighborhood. When the deputy sheriff arrived on the scene all was quiet and the people of the vicinity either did not know anything about the disturbance or else were afraid to disclose the facts to the officer. This is another weird mystery, says the Brownsville Times.

Turkey crop larger than ever in Lane county. It pays to raise poultry there, says the Eugene news.

Cottage Grove Nugget: The Mule creek mines are experiencing a great amount of trouble in getting their machinery to the mines from West-Fork, and which point a large amount of machinery and supplies have been shipped by rail. The great difficulty is caused by a scarcity of pack horses. Tom Billings was in the city last week trying to get the necessary men and horses to bring the supplies out.

Many more miners needed in the Beaver Hill coal mines, Coos county.

Salem is going to try to become celebrated as a flower city. And it can.

The winter of 1904-05 will see more substantial improvements and real advancement in the Irrigon irrigation district than any season of its brief history. The rush days are over, the whoop and hurral times of novelty and newness are past, and the attempt to carry out the irrigation and advancement will be made strictly on business lines, says the Irrigator, and it presents some interesting facts to prove its statements.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for TOMORROW

[Note—For the convenience of out-of-town readers, our Sunday school lessons will hereafter appear on Friday instead of Saturday.]

November 5, 1905—Topic: Esther Pleading for Her People.—Esther iv: 10-13.

Golden text, "Jehovah preserveth all them that love him"—Ps. cxlvi: 20.

Responsive reading: Ps. cxlv.

Introduction.

Although the foundations of the second temple were laid under most favorable auspices (Ezra vi: 2), the work made but slow progress. The shocks of neighboring tribes (Ezra vi: 5, 6) aroused suspicion in the Persian court, and in addition to this, the people of Judah were poor and greatly burdened by their immediate necessities. After the first steps were taken, but little more was accomplished during the remainder of Cyrus' reign, or during the reign of Cambyses (B. C. 529-522). Under the very bitter reign of a certain work seems to have been begun, but it was not until the second year of the reign of Darius (B. C. 518) that it was renewed with vigor. Four years were required to complete the task, so that the first stage of the temple and its foundation of the temple and its joyful completion.

Ahasuerus, known to the west as Xerxes, came to the throne, succeeding Darius in 486 B. C., and reigned 21 years. He was proud, self-willed, impulsive, and he wished to exhibit, as something of which to boast, the charms of his queen, no womanly modesty, no queenly dignity, would be permitted to stand in his way. With the autocracy which "Mordchai" belonged to, he was without hesitation and chose an autocrat without protest. By a process of selection described in the second chapter of the book of Esther, the choice of the king fell upon a maiden of the Jewish race who had been carried captive from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar (Esth. ii: 8). A cousin, much older than herself, had brought up the beautiful orphan (ch. ii: 7), whose Hebrew name was Hadassah. "Mordchai" was probably not over 15 or 16 years of age at this time, a woman in Persia being considered of middle life at 20.

Despite her youth she was of a brave spirit and a quick invention. Called to manage the place at a banquet given her, upon her courage and readiness to wit the fate of her nation hung. Her foster-parent, Mordchai, had embittered the king's prime minister by neglecting those slavish obeisances which upstart Persians demand beyond measure. The spirit of revenge which was in the king thereupon spread a net in which not only Mordchai but all his race were to be taken. So shrewdly had he laid his plans that only by direct interference of the king, a most difficult thing to secure, could the extermination of his race now be averted. It is at this juncture of affairs that the lesson begins.

The Lesson.

Verse 16. What added to the difficulty of the position was the fact that Esther in the palace as queen was now a Jew. Her communication with her relative, Time was pressing and yet to disregard the rules of the court would be to lose everything at the first step.

Verse 17. How should the queen secure an audience, a private, confidential audience with the king, except at his request? For 30 days she had not seen him. She might see him before by any chance, but she could have no opportunity to speak with him again. Living in perpetual fear of his lives as Persian kings did, whoever sought to venture to intrude upon the king's private apartments would be subjected to a cruel and certain death. Esther was a newcomer. Little was known of her past. Less was taken for granted as to her future. To thrust herself into the king's presence would subject her to suspicion of treason, likely to result in instant death. To be sure, the king might spare her, but then he might in a paroxysm of fear have her seized and slain before she could open her mouth.

Verse 12. All this had to be carried to Mordchai, who had, so the queen thought, not realized in his anxiety the personal history of Esther over all the daughters of the great families of Persia, we might well believe that the first to feel the blow aimed against her race would be the queen. And this is the only way that we are active in saving others we are but saving ourselves. If the nation relapse into vice, we perish. If the nation relapse into vice, we perish.

Verse 13. The answer of Mordchai may appear harsh, but it has the merit of being true. Esther, a Jewess in a doomed race, the king's decree was not only irrevocable but sweeping. It made no exceptions. Esther might well realize that her unprecedented exaltation subjected her to far more than ordinary animosity. Her race was hated for its very superiority. Its commercial, diplomatic and executive abilities all damned it in the eyes of stupid and blundering nobles. Nothing makes the few Jews so obnoxious today in Paris, Berlin or St. Petersburg as the fact that neither president, Kaiser nor czar can get along without him. But when to such causes of race hatred we add the personal history of Esther over all the daughters of the great families of Persia, we might well believe that the first to feel the blow aimed against her race would be the queen. And this is the only way that we are active in saving others we are but saving ourselves. If the nation relapse into vice, we perish. If the nation relapse into vice, we perish.

Verse 14. The further reply of Mordchai is full of trust and is suggestive of light. It is not God's purpose that his people be destroyed. They will be saved. God's beneficent purposes will be accomplished. It is only a question as to persons, not as to results. This nation of ours in America is to be lifted out of the pit. We may take part in its redemption or we may withhold ourselves from that work of salvation. Shall the ages owe a debt of gratitude to ourselves or to some wretched generation? If so be we of today stand upon the perilous edge of destruction, it ought to be taken by us as a token of honor. If this is an age of doubt, is it not that we may show the world how beautiful and imperishable is faith? In times of great peril commends us for volunteers. Knowing us and knowing our times, the captain of our host appoints us to fields of difficulty and danger. What greater honor could he show us than that?

Verse 15. In an instant this woman, girl as she was, chose her task. She did not wince nor cry nor grovel in the dust in weak irresolution. She did not whimper, neither did she boast. She saw her path and resolutely entered upon it.

Verse 16. It has often been said that the book of Esther contains no direct religious teaching, that it does not mention the name of God. What faith would have more lofty than the faith of Mordchai in an overruling Providence and a world-detracting sovereign? Or what could Esther do more indicative of her reliance upon God than to commit her life or death solemnly to Him

JOURNEY OF LEWIS AND CLARK

On the Columbia, passing Vancouver and the Willamette's mouth. November 4—The weather was cloudy and cool and the wind from the west.

During the night the tide rose 18 inches over our camp. We set out about 3 o'clock and as the distance was three miles came to the lower end of Diamond (Government) Island. It is six miles long, nearly three miles in width, and like the other islands, thinly covered with timber; it has a number of ponds or small lakes scattered over its surface.

Besides the animals already mentioned, we shot a deer on 13th morning. Near the end of Diamond Island are two others, separated by a narrow channel. One is a high ridge, which continues up the river for the distance of three miles; and like the adjacent low grounds, are thickly covered with pine. Just below the last we landed on the river bank, which is a bare, rocky shore. All of these were thick with straw and built of bark, except one which was about 50 feet long, built of boards in the form of those higher up the river, from which it differed, however, in being covered with broad boards and covered with broad split boards. This village contains about 200 men of the Skilloot nation, who seem well provided with the necessaries of life, at least 50 some of the very large, drawn up in front of the village.

On landing we found the Indian from above who had left us this morning and who we had supposed to be at the lodge of which he had spoken, in a boat on the river, but he was in the village, and he treated us with a root, round in shape, and about the size of a small Irish potato, which they called wapato. This is the common arrowroot or sagittifolia, and it is a vegetable of the same class of which genus is so much cultivated by the Chinese; when roasted in the embers till it becomes soft, it has a agreeable taste and is a very good substitute for bread.

After purchasing some more of this root, we resumed our journey, and at seven miles distance came to the head of a large island near the left. On the right side of the island was a small opening about a mile back of which the country rises and is supplied with timber, such as white oak, pine of different kinds, willow and several species of undergrowth, such as hickory and ash. On the river there are only a few cottonwood and ash trees. In this prairie were also signs of deer and elk.

When we landed for dinner, a number of Indians came to the boat, and carried down for the purpose, as we supposed, of paying us a friendly visit, as they had put on their favorite dresses. In addition to their usual covering they had some of them shirts, breeches, hats, and trousers, shirts and hats. They had all of them either war axes, spears and bows and arrows, or muskets and pistols, with tin powder flasks. We smoked a pipe with them, and they showed them every attention, but we soon found them very assuming and disagreeable companions. While we were eating, they stole the pipe which they were smoking, and some of them came to the men. We immediately searched them all and discovered the coat stuffed under the roof of a tree where they were sitting; but the pipe we could not recover. Finding this we determined not to suffer any indignity and discomfited with them, they showed their displeasure in the only way which they dared, by returning in an ill humor to their village.

We then proceeded and soon met two canoes, with 12 men of the Skilloot nation, who were on their way from below. The larger of the canoes was ornamented with many flags, and had a fire in the bow and a man in the stern, both nearly as large as life, both made of painted wood and very neatly fixed to the boat. In the same canoe were two Indians, finely dressed in their robes. This circumstance induced us to give the name of Image-canoes to the island, the lower end of which we now passed at the distance of nine miles from its head, while passing a low bar across to the right and three more near its lower extremity. The Indians in the canoe here made signs that there was a village behind those islands, and indeed we were very frequently informed that (left) side of the river, for one of the canoes passed in that direction between the small islands, but we were anxious to press forward and therefore did not stop to examine more minutely. The river was now about a mile and one half in width, with a gentle current; the bottoms were extensive and low, but not subject to be overflowed. Three miles below Image-canoes island we came to four large houses on the left side, at which place we had a full view of the mountain which we first saw October 15, from the Musselshell rapid, and which we called in French, "Montagne de Helen" of Vancouver. It bears N. 25 E. about 90 miles distant; it rises in the form of a sugar-loaf to a very great height and is covered with snow. A mill race, which passes a bar across on the left and another on the right.

The Indians had now learned so much of us that their curiosity was without any mixture of fear, and their visits became very frequent. In the evening we therefore continued on till after night, in hope of getting rid of them, but after passing a village on each side, which on account of the lateness of the hour we saw no Indians, and when there was no smoking from their impurities. We therefore landed at the distance of seven miles below Image-canoes island and camped near a single house of the right, having made during the day 23 miles.

The Skilloots whom we passed today speak a language somewhat different from that of the Echeloos or Chilluckiteguas near the long narrow straits. Their dress is similar, except that the Skilloots possess more articles procured from the white traders; both males and females have their heads flattened. Their principal food is fish and wapato roots, with some elk and deer, in killing which with their arrows they seem very expert; for during the short time we remained at the village three deer were brought in. We also observed there a tanagers.

As soon as we landed we were visited by two canoes loaded with Indians, from whom we purchased a few roots. The ground along the river continues low and rich, and is covered with shrubs which cover them is a large quantity of vines resembling the raspberry. On the right the low grounds are terminated at the distance of five miles by a range of high hills covered with tall timber and running southeast and northwest. The game was usual very abundant; among other birds we observed some white geese with a pair of their wings black.

Carnegie's Booth.

Portland, Nov. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Will you kindly state through your valuable paper if Andrew Carnegie has a residence in this country or Europe? ONE OF YOUR CONSTANT READERS.

Mr. Carnegie's home is in New York, that is, his office residence, but he has a castle where he lives part of the year at Skibo, in Scotland.

OPPORTUNITY FOR DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE

The greatest opportunity ever presented for the Development League to bring results to Oregon is now at hand—is now pressing for consideration.

The interests of the state and the entire Inland Empire demand that you call a mass meeting of citizens of Oregon, immediately, at Portland, Pendleton, Salem or some other convenient point, for the purpose of electing a delegation of citizens from Oregon to Washington, District of Columbia, to urge before congress the burning need of an appropriation for the Columbia river improvements.

Under this is done the appropriation will not be granted except by congress.

Oregon is practically without representation in congress.

The situation is delicate and embarrassing.

The state will suffer an irreparable loss from this situation, unless the Development League comes to its relief and elects a strong delegation of citizens to Washington to plead for the river appropriations.

There is no time to lose. The mass meeting should be called at once and should be responded to by every patriotic citizen of the state.

No past orials in the history of the state equals this in pressing importance.

No other question involves so vitally the life, growth and unfolding of the northwest as the failure of the war department to provide adequate funds for the river improvements.

Storms and waves will wreck and destroy the jetsy now completed if it is left thus unfinished for lack of funds. The millions already spent for this magnificent public improvement will be totally lost to the people, unless it is carried to completion.

Let the Oregon Development League arise to the occasion.

The very life of industrial development in the northwest lies in the keeping of the league at this critical time.

Twenty strong citizens, armed with petitions and resolutions and entreaties from the sorrowful people of Oregon should carry the plea to congress.

Unless this is done the state must be left with her wings clipped, helpless in the dust. It is a crisis.

Newport and Venice.

An odd comparison is that instituted by Dr. Edward Everett Hale in one of his "Dears at Home Travels" in the Outlook.

Tarry Richard Greenough used to say to me that in matters of art Newport was an American Venice. He used to ask me whether we might not manufacture a theory in which south winds off the sea, with those fog that soften harsh outlines and that more even temperature which soothes all audacity, bell I say with a sort of dew which allows a high reveler to believe, conceived—he used to say that all that saved to men in the Italian Venice a charm of color, a certain indecision in outline and with a wealth of fancy and imagination which had made the Venetian school of art. According to Richard, you may trace such influences of climate in the work of Titian, Savarotti di Tintoretto and the rest, and according to him there is a school of our American painters, which belongs to his American Venice, a Venice on an island, a Venice where you go about in boats, a Venice where the water plashes against your doorstep and where the south winds blow off the sea. He reminded me that our dear old Hamlet was established here, Cooper's teacher. He said that such was the training place of Malbone, of Gilbert Stuart and Allston and in our later days of Stagg.

And he said he had seen a picture to live himself? Where did Hunt go? Why else does Mr. Richards make his home as near this Venice as he can? Why are there so many pictures of the best on the walls of your friends in Providence and Bristol and Newport?

Family Feeling.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tommy Jones—You asked how a boy can best learn to be useful to his parents and his brothers and sisters. That's easy, Tommy. Let him become president of a great insurance company.