EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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The JOURNAL

SWORN CIRCULATION.

March, 1907, Daily average.....28,850

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

March, 1907, daily average.....28,850
March, 1906, daily average.....25,121

Gain in the year, daily average.....3,729

The Journal was the first paper in the northwest—throughout the Oregon country—to publish its circulation every day and invite anyone interested to come and examine its records at any time. The invitation is still open to friend or foe, even to any representative of our rivals, who still have lingering doubts of THE JOURNAL'S figures. THE JOURNAL'S statements are accepted by all advertising authorities, some of whom have made examinations, and on the strength of which Rowell's American Newspaper Directory accords THE JOURNAL its guarantee star, which further insures the correctness of The Journal's claims and figures. THE JOURNAL having a greater paid circulation in Portland and in Oregon than any other daily paper it offers the greatest inducements to advertisers, those making time contracts being given the benefit of rates less than 2 cents per inch, per insertion, per thousand of proved circulation, a lower rate than any paper on the coast. The advertisers take advantage of both Journal circulation and rates, so much so that its columns are crowded with their business and results flow to them in satisfying quantity, while THE JOURNAL prospers and flourishes.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure, distrust is cowardice, and prudence, folly.—Johnson.

RAILROADS AND PEOPLE.

SUMMARIZING from a railroad point of view, yet in a rather reasonable way, "the legislative campaign against railroads," the Railroad Gazette thinks "the underlying desire of the electorate and its legislative representatives not to 'hurt' the state," will cause moderation and a "conservative reaction." This is a plausible view, assuming as the Gazette does that most of the legislation enacted or attempted is too radical and drastic, but there is a hint in its language of the common implied threat that is made by railroad mouthpieces whenever regulative legislation is proposed, the threat that if the railroads are not let alone by the lawmakers it is the people rather than the railroads that will get "hurt." This attempt to frighten lawmakers into subservience and the people into docility under gross abuses does not succeed any more, and will not, though it is true enough that legislators and the people who instruct them should be careful to be reasonable and moderate in regulative legislation and aim not to punish the railroads for past offenses, but only to compel them to do right in future. The Gazette seems at first to assume that all the enacted or attempted legislation is wrong and impracticable, and that as the railroads and allied interests are stronger and wiser in a contest than the people, it is the latter who will be "hurt" in the end, and that the railroads will weather the squall all right and then go ahead about the same as before. This seems to be about the correct translation of its following remarks:

> Let any attack on honest capital go beyond a certain limited bound and the hurt is sure to reveal itself in contracted enterprise and the slackened industry that constituencies see and feel and are quick to remedy if they can. The principle works out more slowly in the scattered agricultural communities of the west than in the factory and mercantile communities of the east, but it works out just the same; and, in the present period, it is the more likely to work out the quicker because general prosperity is apt to be sensitive to its own interests. If the granger movement beginning in 1873 could so soon die out notwithstanding the sting of industrial depression, even shorter life may be inferred for any really unjust anti-railroad law conceived during the prosperity of 1907. Philosophy may carry the idea further and count amid many evils of our national mania of materialisms one good at least, that is to say, the tendency to resist too radical attack on material interests.

Either ignorantly or insincerely, the Gazette assumes that railroad legislation is an "attack on honest capital," and that any attempt at regulation is a "too radical attack on material interests." The railroad periodical has something to learn yet, we think, pricipally this, that the people are learning. They know that they are not "attacking" "honest capital," but dishonest "water," and other real and gross abuses, and they know that the railroad people know this, too; indeed, many of them are acknowledging it. "Knowledge is power," and the people are rapidly gaining in this species of power. Among other things they are learning that the railroads are really theirs to control, rather than the properties of Rockefeller, Harriman, Gould and others, and that these men are only trustees, and must render a strict accounting of their stewardship. This is a view of the matter that eventually will percolate even into the sanctum of the Gazette.

The Railroad Gazette itself admits that some corrective legislation is at least excusable. "Not a few of the new laws," it says, "are aimed at actual evils." That is quite an admission. And the Gazette goes on to remark:

> Some betterment of the intelligence of state railroad commissions may also be looked for from their new burden of responsibility involving, as it does, liability to judicial review. Finally and from the higher viewpoint it may be said that the anti-railroad legislative drift, in so many states, besides its warning to high finance to stop going wrong and to begin going right has, with all its possible evils, other possibilities of rational readjustment of relations of railroad and state. The new laws bring the two into closer touch and even if the contact is, at first, one of controversy, out of such controversy searched by practical experience come ultimate compromise and peace.

So the railroads are not going to sit back on their high horses and amuse themselves in watching the people hurt themselves, after all. "High finance" realizes that it has had a "warning." And the railroad magnates and managers are going to condescend to get out of their private cars and confer with the bucolic statesmen from the cow counties about a "rational readjustment of conditions." Evidently the legislatures that have been "attacking" the railroads have not acted entirely in vain, nor altogether to the people's hurt.

AN UNTOUCHED ASSET.

A SHIP that came into port the past week challenges remark because of her cargo. She brought 20,000 barrels of cement from Rotterdam. She was more than five months on the voyage, a fact that in itself is testimony of how costly it is for Oregon to get her cement.

Oregon should manufacture every barrel of cement that goes into her industries. She ought to be an exporter. She is rich in every material required for its manufacture. Southern Oregon as well as other sections, as investigations at the agricultural college prove, has the limestone, clay and fuel needed to manufacture. Limestone deposits near Ashland have been proven to be 94 to 98 per cent purity. All that is lacking is the capital and business brains to develop an industry of exceeding importance.

The 20,000 barrels of cement just brought into port now go to the consumer in ordinary lots at $4.80 per barrel. During 1905, 40,894,308 barrels manufactured in the United States brought at the factory $36,012,189; or less than 90 cents per barrel. The product was higher in 1906, and 50,027,321 barrels brought at the factory $54,015,713, or $1.08 per barrel. At these figures there was naturally a good profit for the manufacturer. The difference between them and the figures which the Oregon consumer pays for cement is enormous, to-wit, about $3.75 per barrel.

Except the labor cost, Oregon should compete with any part of the world in the manufacture. In Europe the limestone has to be mined at great depths below the surface, which is costly; in Oregon the contrary is true. In Europe, and almost everywhere else in the United States, fuel is more costly than in Oregon. In any event, the manufacture and shipment of cement half way around the world, and its sale to consumers in Oregon when the state abounds in the raw materials for its manufacture is an extraordinary spectacle.

A fact that emphasizes the whole subject is that cement is fast coming into a very much widened use. Reinforced concrete buildings are everywhere growing in public favor. Their indestructibility by fire vastly heightens their popularity. They tried in Rhode Island recently, as an experiment with the material, to burn such a building, but failed utterly. Railroad bridges, piers, reservoirs, and even rafters for buildings, are made from cement. With a certainty that constantly growing quantities of the material will be called for by commerce, it is prodigal of Oregon not to make her own cement.

LANE'S PECULIAR POSITION.

IN THE exigencies of time, Mayor Lane of Portland has come to occupy a position peculiarly his own. Fate has singled him out to bear a distinction that has come to no predecessor in his office. In all annals, it is doubtful if a mark like it ever fell on any other man.

Because, as an official, he would put the public interest above any other interest, he is deemed in certain quarters unfit for the mayoralty. Because, as an official, he has administered his office solely in the public interest and to the disregard of all other interests, he is considered unworthy of reelection. It is unquestionably a case without parallel.

The attitude in which those who object to him place themselves is one fact that few would care to assume. It is highly probable that those who do assume it have not realized the logic of their position. Mayor Schmitz, for instance, has been an official who regarded other interests as paramount to the public interest. The interest of Mayor Schmitz, Boss Ruef Supervisor Gallagher and other supervisors were paramount with him, and the public interest subordinate. For coin of the realm the public interest was sacrificed to the interest of the telephone companies, the streetcar and other companies, and all with the result that San Francisco is bowed in shame and humiliation.

Of course those of his own party who object to Mayor Lane do not desire, but on the contrary loathe the Schmitz methods, and yet it is in the direction of the Schmitz ideas of government that their attitude inevitably points. They are unquestionably wrong and the mayor right, even from the standpoint of party, for the official who serves the public best serves his party best.

CURE FOR DECADENCE OF TOWNS.

THERE ARE many small towns in the country, a few even on the Pacific coast, that are growing but slightly, if at all. Their merchants find business dull, there is little employment for mechanics, grass grows in the streets, people of means, if they wish to move from the country into town, go to larger and livelier places, factories are not started, immigrants pass by, and the despondent inhabitants wonder what is the matter, or become too inert to wonder at anything.

Speaking of such places and the only means of reviving them, Maxwell's Talisman says the trouble is that they are surrounded by a limited number of big farms, of from 50 to 100 acres—but more frequently, in the west, the farms are from 100 to 500 acres. Hence the rural population is small, extra laborers needed are only transients, and, in brief, there are not enough people to create activity and start wheels of industry.

"Let the merchants and business men," says the Talisman, "devote to the breaking up of a portion of these farms into homecrofts a portion of such effort as they have vainly spent in endeavoring to secure manufacturing enterprises, and the cure of decadence is found. Each 'big farm,' heretofore occupied by a single family, becomes the seat of from 20 to 100 families, dwelling on crofts of from one to twenty acres each. Then there are several thousand persons for the stores and shops to serve, where they now serve only a hundred or two. To a small town thus surrounded new businesses come without being coaxed."

The "homecroft" project is a hobby of the Talisman's, but is a good one, and in its main purpose worthy of encouragement. Any movement is a good one that will tend to increase the number of rural home owners and land cultivators, and as the population of the country becomes denser the amount of land owned or cultivated by the average person or family, must necessarily be small.

There is a great deal of room in Oregon yet, room for hundreds of thousands of people more, and a due proportion of them in the country, without cutting up most of the farms into tracts of from one to ten acres; yet there is no doubt that smaller farms of land already improved, especially in the Willamette valley and near towns, would be of immense advantage to those towns, and to the whole valley and state.

In an authorized statement given out today for publication, George H. Thomas, who aspires to be the Democratic nominee for mayor, takes his stand flatly and unequivocally as a spoilsman in politics. It is true that he does not like the appellation, and would fain have the public believe that it is for the city's good and "the betterment of men on earth" that he should have a grab at municipal patronage. But his statement betrays in every line that his platform is simply that of the sordid, commonplace officeseeker, who wants to "get in" for what there is in it. It is idle for Mr. Thomas to strive to befog the issue.

The more Harriman's Alton deal is probed into and explained, the clearer it becomes that it was one of the greatest and most audacious bunko games in the history of modern high finance. For an offense not one-thousandth as great, men are serving sentences in state prison all over the country. Yet Harriman's lawyers say it was only a usual performance, in kind, in high finance circles.

Governor Hughes refuses to attempt to coerce, or even influence the New York legislature. It has its duties, he says, and the governor has his, and the two are entirely distinct. He will do his duty in recommending laws in the interest of the people, and in signing such bills if passed; but he will swing no big stick nor deliver himself of rhapsodies or rhodomontades in order to make himself conspicuous. If the legislature won't do its duty, that is not his fault; his business is to be sure to do his duty. This example might well be considered at the national capital.

The new state project is a dream, with little iridescence outside of Spokane. Not to mention many other difficulties, each city would insist on being the capital, and Spokane would have "the field" of its own proposed state against it.

Government engineers report that Pittsburg will some day be destroyed by a flood. That would be a calamity to excite pity, of course, but from all reports no city in the country more deserves such a cleansing.

If any one says or thinks that the president isn't stronger and more popular than ever, and the greatest man that is or ever was, he is a deliberate and willful l—r, and that settles it.

Whether in a municipal contest between "People's" and "Citizens'" tickets in Podunk, or the consideration of a candidate at the Holy See, the president deems it his duty to interfere.

The Play

"The Judge and the Jury" is a spectacular western drama, in which there is abundance of human interest, color and somewhat thrilling situations. It was presented by the Baker stock company yesterday to crowded houses at both matinee and evening performances.

It was written by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco and first produced in Los Angeles. Later it was offered in New York and met with a fair share of success. The scene of the play is laid in New Mexico. Typifying a western mining camp, the cast includes practically every character and nationality that is known in the west, the New York financier, "Greasers," long-queued Mongolians, cow-boys, miners and others.

The story deals with what happens in the town of Dos Bravos, New Mexico, after the arrival of the New Yorker, Maquita, the idol of the place, is happy in her love of Miles Chilcote, a miner, and everything is as it should be until Lester Greenway arrives from the east. He attempts to win the love of Maquita and the entire population of the camp arrays itself against him. He is finally saved from their wrath by Miles Chilcote, whom he has wronged.

The piece is magnificently staged, even for the Baker, where elaborate attention is paid to stage effects. In the second act especially are the efforts of the stage artists apparent.

It is possible that the success of the performance is due to the western glamour of the settings and the really good acting of several individual members of the company. Without such redeeming features it is not likely that the play of itself would be strong enough to create the pleasing impression that was made upon both audiences yesterday.

Among the members of the company the work of Miss Lillian Lawrence is preeminent. She is a charming idol of the camp and many believe that she appears to better advantage in this part than any in which she has appeared for weeks. It is largely through her acting that interest is sustained, for there are moments when the play drags.

Mr. Edgar Baume has the part of Miles Chilcote, the miner. It is one of the most unsatisfactory parts in which Mr. Baume has appeared during a remarkably successful engagement with the Baker company. He fails to portray the sterling qualities and admirable characteristics that the authors must surely have intended their hero to possess.

Mr. Arthur Mackley, as Lester Greenway, also fails to arouse the enthusiasm that is usually shown for his excellent acting. But there are opportunities for some of the minor parts to shine in this off-week of the principals, and those handling the parts take advantage of it.

William Gleason, as Steve Olds, William Harris, as Jim Bagge, William Watson, as Lem Chow, and Lynton Athey, as Manuel, the "Greaser," make the most of their parts and do excellent pieces of character acting.

"The Judge and the Jury" will be the bill at the Baker for the entire week. There is no doubt but that it will be immensely popular.

"A Stranger in Town."

There were laughs and laughs at the Empire yesterday and it was generally agreed that "A Stranger in Town" is the best farce that has been presented in Portland this season. It was played to big audiences at both the evening and matinee performances.

Frank Beamish, who has the reputation of being one of the funniest comedians on the road, certainly maintains that reputation in the piece in which he is appearing at the Empire. There was a laugh from the time of his appearance and the laugh at times increased to a scream. He has the part of Bartley Swift.

Edward Allor as Count Renrie de Brissac also does some clever work. He and Beamish keep the audience in a roar during the greater part of the evening. There are only eleven people in the cast, but each is unusually good and they succeed in giving one of the best shows of the season.

"A Stranger in Town" will be the bill at the Empire for the entire week. It was highly pleasing to two big audiences yesterday.

A Disappearing Prairie.

From the Chicago Journal.

Some years ago a topographer was sent out from Washington to make a survey of what was then Payne Prairie, Florida, a bit of land about 35 miles in extent. The survey was made and the prairie described. Three or four years later a new surveying expedition found that this land had been transformed into a body of water, and it was put on the map as Lake Alachua. It developed that this lake-prairie plays a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde game with itself, sometimes appearing as one and sometimes as the other.

Letters From the People

Must Share His Laurels.

Oakland, Or., April 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—As a citizen of Oakland, Oregon, I feel called upon to set aright the statement published in the Oregon Sunday Journal March 31, 1907, entitled, "Young Athlete Seizes Man Who Defies Town."

We will accord to J. M. Snell all honor due him for his assistance in the arrest of Bob Tapp (who is not quite as bad a man as portrayed in The Sunday Journal.) We will also grant that J. M. Snell is a young man of good gentlemanly appearance and we do not dispute his educational acquirements, but we do say that if the statement as published in The Journal was given out by him as the real facts of the case, he certainly has failed to acquire, in his search for knowledge, one of the fundamental principles required to carry out to the fullest extent an honorable and successful life—the principle of truth and honesty.

The real facts of the episode are as follows: Bob Tapp, who is quite a peaceable citizen when sober, became intoxicated and beat his father-in-law. Tapp found out or surmised that the city marshal was after him, and securing a rifle, chased the marshal to his home, then marching up the street, defied the marshal to arrest him, uttering no threats against our mayor or anyone else.

Our mayor, being at supper when the trouble began, was informed by telephone and immediately returned to his place of business and appointed John Beckley (the man referred to as the hotelkeeper), who has served the city as marshal before and is a man known in our midst as one worthy of the name and has the approbation of the citizens of Oakland for his coolness and quiet manner in which the arrest was made. Had he wished to do so he could have killed or winged his man, as is done so often, but instead J. M. Snell offered his services, as did also George Philips, and being strangers to Tapp, their services were accepted and the plan adopted and executed.

Tapp was crossing the street and was met half way by Marshal Beckley and his two deputies. Tapp turned out on Snell's side of the walk, which was the signal for Snell to grab Tapp. This duty was no sooner performed than Marshal Beckley seized the gun and kept the muzzle toward the ground. There was no knife drawn by Tapp. Had Tapp turned out on the opposite side he would have met the same fate at the hands of George Philips. The arrest was witnessed by 20 or 30 of the citizens of our city. It is needless to say that those who know our mayor know better than to accuse him of cowardice or failure to perform a duty.

A CITIZEN OF OAKLAND.

Thinks Ordinance Desirable.

Harrisburg, Or., April 6.—to the Editor of The Journal—Dear Sir: The Good citizens' league of Harrisburg has again presented a copy of the Eugene ordinance regulating cigar stores, soft drink parlors, etc., to the city council, accompanied by a petition signed by quite a number of our "fair and liberal-minded voters" and "among them our best citizens and heaviest taxpayers."

The petition requests that the city council adopt the ordinance as a whole for Harrisburg, "not as an amendment to any other ordinance nor to be amended." The ordinance and names on the petition were read and the whole placed on file.

We do not see how any "fair and liberal-minded" person can have any objections to the proposed ordinance, as it will interfere in no way with legitimate business, only serving to support laws already in force. CORRESPONDENT.

The Muse and the Man.

By Wex Jones.

A poetess has sued for divorce because her husband laughs at her verses.

When Smith came to breakfast his wife would recite
A poem of passion red hot,
And Smith would protest that her verses were warm,
But her coffee and biscuits were not.

"Was there ever a meter," said she, "that was sweeter
Than mine in 'The Loveliest Lass'?"
And Smith would remark, "You don't write in the dark,
By the meter that measures the gas."

And when she bestowed on her husband an ode
"To Penn, the Original Quaker,"
He'd say, with a sneer, "That doesn't come near
To what's owed to the butcher and baker."

Oh, Smith was a brute that the muse couldn't suit—
When listening to "Spring and Its Meaning."
He'd say, "This here Spring doesn't gain me a thing—
Why don't you go in for Spring cleaning?"

The churl was so rash as to say corned beef hash
With a poached egg placed lightly upon it
Would tickle him stronger and stay with him longer
Than an epic or lyric or sonnet.

So the poet's recourse was to get a divorce,
To spend all of her time on her book;
And Smith, who was left of his Sapho bereft?
Oh, he smilingly married a cook.

Today in History.

1782—Naval battle between Hyder Ali and General Monk.
1805—Alliance of St. Petersburg.
1818—King Christian IX of Denmark born. Died January 29, 1906.
1830—Omnibus first used as a public conveyance in New York.
1848—G. Donizetti, composer of "Lucia di Lammermoor" and other operas, died.
1863—Naval attack on Charleston, South Carolina.
1864—Battle of Sabine Cross Roads, Louisiana.
1875—Martial law declared in the Pennsylvania mining region.
1902—Convention signed at Peking between China and Russia, the latter agreeing to evacuate Manchuria.
1904—Anglo-French colonial treaty signed in London.

Cruelty to Children.

The Japanese language is not difficult, but a foreigner needs immense application before he can read a single sentence of the Chino-Japanese hieroglyphics. It is a curious fact, however, that the complexity of the system makes no difference in education, for it seems proved that though the apparatus required for reading Japanese is two syllabaries and more than two thousand characters (many of which have more than one sound), yet a Japanese child learns to read as quickly as a European one.

Breeding Is Shown by Your Habits

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Small habits and mannerisms betoken good or bad breeding.

It is hard to cure oneself of everyday mannerisms, but it can be done if you keep at it perseveringly.

Take, for instance, the habit of yawning in public without making any attempt to conceal your widely opened mouth. No man or woman who had any claim to good breeding would think of such a thing. Not only is it extremely unbecoming to stretch your mouth from ear to ear, but it is not a pleasant sight for other people.

Of course you can't keep from yawning, but you can place your hand over your mouth when you do yawn.

Another rude and exceedingly aggravating habit is that of interrupting conversation, taking the words out of people's mouths and carrying on the story yourself. Wait until the other person is finished, and then have your say.

I know a woman who always breathes right into your face when she talks to you. If you move back she moves a step closer. It gets on your nerves until you almost could give her a good, vigorous push.

A very objectionable habit in women is that of crossing their knees. It is unladylike, and no modest, well-bred woman ever does it in public.

To walk out of a restaurant with a toothpick in your mouth or to use a toothpick at all is the very acme of ill-breeding. Incidentally toothpicks are very bad for the teeth; they pierce the gums and create no end of trouble in the mouth.

Don't talk at the top of your voice about your own private concerns when in public; the public is not interested and prefers to read its newspaper in peace.

There is another very annoying habit that is common to a great many people. It is the habit of asking questions and not listening to the answers, which necessitates asking the same question three or four times.

It is a habit that makes a man push past a woman getting on or off a car. He does not save 10 seconds by his rudeness, but he is so in the habit of pushing his way along that he does it mechanically.

A very good looking woman of my acquaintance has a habit of pinching her nose. It is a very nice nose, but she makes it fiery red about half the time by her pinching. She does not realize how often she does it, and eventually it will spoil her looks.

It's no use saying that you can't cure a habit like any of the small ones mentioned. You can if you exercise your will power. It won't take long; just keep it continually on your mind, and never give way to it.

After a while you will forget all about it.

Dozens of babies cure themselves of sucking their thumbs. Surely you can do what a baby can do.

You probably have your own pet habit—most of us have. Get to work and fight it.

Remember that if you don't conquer it it will conquer you. The little habits are just as important as the big ones, and some of them far more irritating.

Don't wait; begin right away. A bad habit is like a snowball—it grows daily.

The Tragedy of Being a Negro

Ray Stannard Baker's account of the Atlanta riot and of the reconstructive work that followed it—published in the April American Magazine—is one of the greatest pieces of reporting done in many a day. It is full of real stories, and presents a wonderful picture of the tragedy of race antagonism. Following is a letter which Mr. Baker got hold of, a letter written by a young negro who is now a student in the north. This negro is writing frankly to a friend. He formerly lived in Atlanta:

"It is possible that you have formed at least a good idea of how we feel as the result of the horrible eruption in Georgia. I have not spoken to a Caucasian on the subject since then. But, listen: How would you feel, if with our history, there came a time when, after speeches and papers and teachings you acquired property, and were educated, and were a fairly good man, it were impossible for you to walk the street (for whose maintenance you were taxed) with your sister without being in moral fear of death if you resented any insult offered her? How would you feel if you saw a governor, a mayor, a sheriff, whom you could not oppose at the polls, encourage by deed or word or both, a mob of the best and worst citizens to slaughter your people in the streets and in their own homes and in their places of business? Do you think that you could resist the same wrath that caused God to slay the Philistines and the Russians to throw bombs? I can resist it, but with new outrage I am am less able to resist it. And yet if I gave way to my feelings I should become just like other men * * * of the mob! But I do not * * * not quite, and I must hurry through the only life I shall live on earth, tortured by these experiences and these horrible impulses, with no hope of ever getting away from them; they are ever present, like the just God, the devil, and my conscience.

"If there were no such thing as Christianity we should be hopeless."

A Spring Song.

Oh, to be, to be
A glad green tree,
With the wind through its branches blowing,
And the fragrant wine
Of a youth divine
From root to crown overflowing!

When the primal dawn
Of the earth drew on
There sprang from the world's gray nether
An elm and an oak—
With one pulse they woke
And mingled their songs together.

Do you hear the sigh
When the spring is nigh?
O love, when the days grow longer
Does the fiery thrill
Of the old life still
Make the new sweet bond seem stronger?

—Ada Foster Murray.

Idiotic Advice.

From the Roseburg News.

"The best preventive for hard times," says the Portland Oregonian, "is the buying of town lots." That may be good advice to the individual having idle money lying around loose or in the bank at 4 per cent or less, but to the man who is out of work, or whose salary is barely sufficient to pay the rent and grocers' bills from month to month—the class who really know what hard times are—such cheerful optimism as expressed in the editorial wisdom of the city daily is idiocy pure and simple.

Small Change

Don't ask Cortelyou; he won't tell.

* *

Dame Fashion is the great promoter of race suicide.

* *

It is doubtful if Mr. Thomas could even get into the also-ran class.

* *

Some men are worrying because the peekaboo season is so slow in arriving.

* *

Nobody could guarantee that the most beautiful woman is the best housekeeper.

* *

The president, like a great many other people seems to have written too many letters.

* *

It seems to be fully time that Miss Spring got a hatpin and prodded Winter out of her lap.

* *

"Missouri stands by the mule," says an exchange. Well for'ard, though, having been shown.

* *

"You can't stop the brick building construction in Salem," says the Statesman. Who is trying?

* *

Yes, $25 a month looks like small pay for a councilman, but averaging them up it seems to be enough.

* *

Might it not be well for the treasury department to establish a sort of Keeley cure adjunct for the benefit of Wall street?

* *

There being nothing to indicate the contrary, it is supposed that even Mr. Varnum recovered from his awful spelling reform spasm.

* *

The new senator from New Jersey being an expert boxer, it is supposed that he will be clasped to the presidential bosom at once.

* *

Haywood, Moyer, et al., may also be tried during this year. The trial will last for months, with not more than one chance in 100 of a jury agreeing.

* *

The end-seat hog is not the only one; another is the fellow who persists in taking up two thirds of a seat that will hold only two, when half the seat is enough.

* *

A Connecticut man sued for a divorce because his wife put carpet tacks in liver cooked for his supper. He might have stood wooden shoe pegs, but carpet tacks were too hard for him.

* *

If the Oregon girls going east will really dress in squaw style they will have a whole lot more comfort than if they adhere to "Boston" fashions.

* *

And then it is fondly thought that occasionally a man might be willing to serve his home city without being amply paid in cash for all the time and labor expended. Such a thing has been heard of.

* *

Senator Fulton having rightfully inherited the salmon lunch hostship, Senator Bourne will have to invent something else; perhaps he will distribute a carload of Oregon apples—but not all from Hood River, of course.

Oregon Sidelights

Despite the steady rap, rap, rap of the hammers Baker City is to have an electric street railway.

* *

It is estimated that 25,000 fruit trees will be planted in the immediate vicinity of The Dalles this spring.

* *

An Albany real estate man reports more sales during the past six months, of city property, than during the 12 months before.

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A drummer told Corvallisites that theirs was the best town in Oregon—but maybe he said the same thing in each town he visited.

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Within less than 10 years Umatilla will be the second most populous county in Oregon, predicts the Pendleton Tribune. Like enough.

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There are nine Democrats in Woodburn; at least, the Democratic warhorse, Pearne Cochrane, received that many votes out of 350 for mayor.

* *

Gold Hill News: Bags of placer gold are being brought to the bank daily. The heavy rains and high water has made it possible to reach rich ground and good returns result.

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Albany merchants report an increase of 10 to 25 per cent in their business over that of the corresponding time of last year and the bank deposits have increased over 40 per cent.

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Several Wallowa county young men have made considerable money the past winter by hunting and trapping coyotes, mink, raccoons, bobcats, skunks and other furbearing animals.

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Coyotes in the mountains above Weston are rapidly increasing in number and destroy many chickens, young pigs, and even occasionally a calf, besides pheasants, quail and other ground-nest birds.

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In a pool of water on Main street in Corvallis a large placard fastened to a stick bore the following inscription: "No hunting or fishing allowed, by order of Mayor A. J. Johnson and the street committee. Citizens take notice."

* *

A Toledo woman, says the Leader, placed a duck egg under a hen, just to afford the hen a little amusement, and three weeks later Biddy came off the nest with a downy little duckling. This beats the average time for hatching ducks by one week.

* *

Union received a carload of automobiles last week, and the Republican says: Union has more automobiles than any town of its size in the state, and this new lot places this city far ahead of many larger cities in this respect.

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While the "Cherry City" has been adopted as an appropriate appellation for The Dalles, "Peach City" would apply quite as well, says the Chronicle, for orchards are also running to peaches, and for that matter apricots are becoming very popular, while no orchard is complete without plums and prunes.

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A Corvallis Chinaman who is cook at a hotel is also owner of a hopyard. For his last season's crop he was at one time offered 16½ cents. Now he can't get above 10½, if that. "Oh, all sem in 100 years," he said. "No sell 'em at 15½ cents now. All sem. No trouble. Just sem gamble. Play cards, hav thiee kings; get 'em beat, losem money. All sem hops. Jes gamble, that's all."