EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

A DEMAND has sprung up in recent years for full publicity as to campaign expenses. This is now required by law in several states. A bill for that purpose as to presidential and congressional elections was urged in the last session of congress, but was defeated by not allowing it to come to a vote. The demand has grown up and become insistent chiefly because of large contributions to campaign funds by the trusts, by corporations, by "the interests," which in consideration therefor expect, and usually not in vain, to be favored in legislation and administration, at the great expense of the common people and to the detriment and degradation of the public service. That such contributions have regularly been made in national and in many cases in other elections, with the result stated, nobody denies. That this is a great evil nobody disputes. This being recognized, the people considered how to combat the evil, and framed and urged the passage, in congress and the various state legislatures, of what is named after an English law the "Corrupt Practices Act," a main feature of which is this publicity of all campaign expenses incurred by a party committee or by candidates. In this matter Oregon did not last winter keep up the good, progressive record that it had made in enacting the primary nomination law and adopting the initiative and referendum.

But though we have no such law as yet, the need of such an exhibition of campaign expenses is none the less desirable. It is commonly reported and generally believed that a large sum of money has been contributed toward Mr. Devlin's election as mayor by certain "interests." If so, the money is expended by these "interests" as an investment. They expect returns for it, in one way or another. They do not usually throw money away. Nor do they make mistakes in the men they support in this way. They are well assured of getting good returns, somehow, in due season, if the candidates they support win the election. Their greatest chance of loss is in the defeat of these candidates, and they have been so generally successful that they are always pretty confident of winning, and indeed, usually do.

The people in control of these "interests" have no politics, or, rather, their politics is always adapted to the local circumstances. As Jay Gould was reported to have remarked, they support Republicans in Republican cities and states and Democrats in Democratic cities and states. They want to be in a position to say: "We helped you win; without us you would have lost." They would not consider it necessary to invest money in Mr. Devlin in so overwhelmingly Republican a city except that there is doubt, to say the least, of his election, and this they desire very much to secure. Not that Mayor Lane has done anything against them that it was not his clear, plain duty to do, but he has done nothing in particular for them. He has not been their mayor at all, but the whole people's mayor. This the "interests" wish to change. They want a mayor in whose eyes they will loom up larger and more important than the whole people besides. That they are supporting Mr. Devlin with a great deal of money shows that they suppose he is that sort of a man. They may be mistaken, but as we have said these astute business gentlemen are not apt to make such mistakes.

Now, under these circumstances, Mr. Montague's proposition to Mr. Cake for a full exhibit of campaign contributions and expenses was one that the masses of people, aside from the "interests" alluded to, approved. It was a reasonable and right proposition. An election is wholly a public affair, one in which all the people are interested. And considering the facts above narrated, they want to know and have a right to know where the money comes from and where it goes. Since Mr. Cake has declined to give the people this information that they want and are entitled to, he must not blame them for presuming that he has something to conceal, that he is receiving money from sources and spending it in ways that the people would disapprove and that he does not dare to disclose. Under such circumstances the masses of voters who want no special favors or privileges, but only a square deal for all, and who do not want the "interests" favored at their expense, will naturally and in their own interest and protection vote for Lane, who they know will serve no few at the expense of the many, but the whole people impartially.

AN INSPIRING SCENE.

THAT WAS an inspiring scene in Judge Coffey's court in San Francisco Saturday. It was a day for giving bonds, and the air was so redolent of the incense of millions that his honor's nose must have tingled with the new and natty perfume. Millionaires and multi-millionaires to give bail, and millionaires and multi-millionaires to go bonds for them met upon that level at the bar of justice where it has mostly been the fashion for only the humble to stand. Mayor Schmitz, a statesman, was also there, and greatness elbowed with gilded wealth in the ceremony of bond-giving. It was a spectacle, because of its tremendous import, not soon to be forgotten; for it is only in San Francisco, and of late at that, that it has become fashionable for captains of industry to condescend to the delicate ceremony of giving bonds for appearance.

With the spectacle comes the striking knowledge, hitherto regarded as a heresy, that law and order is not in the own and only keeping of the great and mighty. Here is a well-told tale that millionaires and multi-millionaires, in spite of their known and oft-recounted virtues, actually bribed and bamboozled public officials, corrupted them with money and turned them from duty. Here is testimony that "the interests" plunder the people, rob them, burglarize them by use of boodle, adding to their millions by forbidden and unlawful processes. The lure these men of millions placed before the San Francisco officials is the agency that has corrupted and degraded the officials of so many American cities. Does not Portland see in the picture manifold reasons, now and forever, to use discriminating care in the selection of city officials?

GET A SMALL FARM.

WHAT FARMERS can do on small tracts of good, well-tilled and properly utilized land is a subject that ought to interest multitudes of people, and in the course of a year a great number of these very interesting little stories are told in The Journal and in its exchanges throughout the state. One old sow produced $203 worth of pigs in a year. A man with 1,500 hens made $3,000 clear last year. Two men in Freewater, one day last week, says the Pendleton Tribune, picked over $100 worth of strawberries each from two acres of ground. This was one day's product, and strawberries ripen every day while the season lasts. Hood River strawberry growers expect to sell 75,000 crates, at from $3 to $5 per crate. Many orchards yield from $100 an acre a year up; occasionally one as high as $500 or $600 an acre. A garden of vegetables carefully and scientifically cultivated anywhere around Portland will yield from $100 to $300 an acre clear of expenses. On good alfalfa land from four to seven tons an acre can be raised, worth from $7 to $12 per ton, or more if fed to stock, besides affording months of good pasturage.

These instances might be indefinitely extended. What's the matter with people, that they don't get small tracts of land, cultivate them right, and get rich—or at least become comfortably well off? From 20 acres of right land, rightly used, a man in ten years can make enough to ride up to the bank in his own automobile to make his deposits. A box of strawberries costs 20 cents. A good chicken costs from $1 to $1.50. A sow is a good starter for a fortune. It takes from $5 to $10 apiece to buy ewes. A good span of mules sold the other day for $700.

Get a little farm, and then nurse it, love it, tend it carefully, get all possible out of it without abusing it; and be one of the most independent men on earth.

Some newsmongering joker started the report that Senator Cullom was going to resign, and then watched the old man's antics. As soon as the report reached him he said: "In the most emphatic and unequivocal language that I can use I want to deny that there is any foundation whatever for the rumor that I contemplate resigning in the fall or at any other time. You cannot make it too strong to suit me. I have not given any thought to resigning, and at this time have no intention of resigning." There was no need of all this heated emphasis on Uncle Shelby's part. Nobody really supposed that he had any notion of resigning. He is not of the resigning kind. Few are. Neither will Platt resign, nor Depew, nor Aldrich, nor Elkins, nor any of the others. Uncle Shelby had no occasion to become thus excited.

SUFFICIENT ANSWERS.

MR. DEVLIN has uttered considerable criticism of the management of the street cleaning department, and professes that if he is elected he will inaugurate certain reforms, among them flushing the streets. Mayor Lane has pertinently replied to this that he contemplated this method over a year ago, but found that the size and style of the catch basins and sewers rendered it impracticable, and it will be just as much so under Mr. Devlin as under Mayor Lane. Mr. Devlin's election will not of itself reconstruct and multiply the catch basins nor enlarge the sewers.

Mr. Devlin's criticism as to the cost of this department is sufficiently answered by Mayor Lane's following statement: "There was expended for street cleaning and sprinkling during the year 1904, the year before I assumed office, $64,890.15, with 170 miles of streets to clean and sprinkle, averaging $381.70 for each mile of street. During the year 1906, the first complete year of my administration, there was expended $67,504.40, with 201 miles of streets to clean and sprinkle, averaging $335.84 for each mile. This shows a decrease of $45.86 for each mile of streets to clean and sprinkle during the year 1906, as compared with the year 1904. This decrease was made in spite of the fact that the wages of the men were increased from $2 to $2.25 per day, an increase they deserved."

These simple and pertinent facts Mr. Devlin seems to have entirely overlooked, or else he did not consider it necessary to mention them. And if these are about the worst features of Mayor Lane's administration, it would appear that there can be very little to find fault with.

It was Nathan Hale who, with fire flashing from his eye, declared: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." It was Patrick Henry, of heroic mold, who stood in the Virginia house of burgesses and exclaimed: "As for me, give me liberty or give me death." And now comes the Portland machine and the north end ready to immolate themselves on the altar of imperishable glory to save the Oregon primary law from the villainous designs of Mayor Lane. Every crisis has its hero, and in this moment of peril Portland has "her'n."

Says the Detroit News: "It is a conspicuous truth that the best of our presidents have been the very ones who have not done the most for their parties, and who have refused to be coerced by platforms and conventions and partisan clamor. We have a splendid specimen of the type in the chair at this moment." And yet we have men here in Portland who argue that we should have a mayor who is a strict partisan above everything else.

Pity us poor people who live in town and have no berries or vegetables of poultry or livestock or grain to sell, but have to buy everything. The wonder is that instead of so many people coming to town from the country a lot of town people are not flocking to the country in order to make money.

Secretary Taft has traveled about a good deal, west oftener than to Wall street, and says no man can be elected president who is not in favor of tariff revision. Being in favor of tariff revision is well; the next question is, what sort of revision?

The "Vacation" Bluff.

There is no fiction more universal at present than the "going away" fiction in summer. The majority of persons who do go away go away for only a week or two, and during the remaining weeks of the year can be found at their usual address, engaged in their ordinary duties.

As far as school children are concerned, writes a teacher in the Etude, the summer months should afford them exceptional opportunities for improvement, and but for the fashionable fiction no doubt the fact would be recognized.

The Trouble With Decorators.

The great trouble with the decorator who fails to succeed lies in his predilection for one particular school of design. He becomes a monomaniac, declares Interior Decoration, on the subject of some special school of decoration. He goes in for arts and crafts and knows nothing else. He becomes colonial mad or he affiliates with the French school, and nothing is right that isn't French; or perhaps, being a German and German by education, he espouses German or Flemish art; or being English and English by education, nothing is quite correct that is not Elizabethan or Georgian.

Parson Weems

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

To the little hamlet of Dumfries, Virginia, belongs the credit of having sent out into the world one of the most curious characters in all our country history.

It was in the above mentioned village, in the year 1760, that the subject of this sketch, Mason Locke Weems, first saw the light of this world.

By the advice of friends young Weems went to London to prepare himself for the ministry. Returning to his native Virginia he filled various pulpits, being finally called to the rectorate of the historic Pohick church, near Mount Vernon, of which Washington was a vestryman.

Notwithstanding the fact that Parson Weems had in his congregation the "Father of His Country" and other social magnates of the Old Dominion, his salary was so small that he could not live upon it. Here was a "condition, not a theory," and the parson had to decide whether he would keep on along the old way or take up some new business that would give him a little more of the "needful."

He took the latter alternative and became a book agent, representing a well-known Philadelphia publisher. Selling enough of his worldly goods to buy him a horse and saddle, he filled up his saddlebags with books, strapped his fiddle behind him and set out to dispose of his wares to the best possible advantage.

Riding through the southland, he stopped wherever he could find a crowd and began to tell stories and crack jokes, and when he had got his audience interested in his yarns he would spring upon them the main business of the occasion—the subject of his books. As a general thing, he succeeded in exchanging them for the cash of which he was in such pressing need.

The parson was a fine fiddler as well as an accomplished story-teller, and when he could not sell his books by wagging his tongue he would set his fiddlestrings to vibrating, and as a rule the results were most gratifying. On one occasion, the story goes, Mr. Weems was playing with might and main at a young people's dancing party, when the screen behind which he was hiding fell down, revealing the fiddler in his sacred garb, "very much to the scandal of the beholders."

About 1800 the book agent and fiddler turned to literature, meeting with such success as seldom comes to an author. Weems' "Life of Washington" is said to have been "one of the most popular books ever written by an American," going through some 70 editions.

"The Life of Washington" was followed by biographies of Marion, Franklin and William Penn, all of which were successes.

Parson Weems, while an intensely interesting writer, cared little for the trifles over which some people haggle. It made no difference to him whether a story was true or false, so long as it was attractive. The parson was probably all right at heart, but he dearly loved a "taking yarn."

That is why he published to the world "and the rest of mankind" the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. It was a very pretty story—pretty enough to be true—and that settled it.

But whatever we may think of Parson Weems' usefulness as a historian, no one can doubt his patriotism. He was a patriot to the core. Nobody, in his opinion, was greater than George Washington, and no cause holier than the one for which Washington made so many sacrifices.

This Date in History.

1434—Hussites defeated at Lippau.

1660—George I. of England born. Died June 10, 1727.

1763—The Wyandottes defeated Lieutenant Cuyler at Point Pelee.

1780—Thomas Moore, Irish poet, born. Died 1852.

1786—Louis McLane, secretary of state under President Jackson, born. Died 1857.

1804—William A. Buckingham, civil war governor of Connecticut, born. Died 1875.

1816—Mrs. Gewson, original of Dickens' character of Miss Haviland in "Great Expectations," died.

1829—Sir Humphrey Davy, inventor of the miners' safety lamp, died. Born 1779.

1871—Fall of Paris Commune.

1875—Paul Boyton crossed the English channel in his lifesaving dress in 23 hours.

1898—Public funeral of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey.

1903—Presbyterian General Assembly enacted amendments to the Confession of Faith.

1905—Lewis and Clark Centennial exposition opened at Portland, Oregon.

Sheet Metal Musicians.

The Cleveland shops are full of little fakements fashioned from tin, copper or galvanized sheets, from many of which may be extracted bursts or sighs of music.

To me, writes a Cleveland correspondent of the Metal Worker, Plumber and Steam-Fitter, there's music in everything, whether it be a section of Keightley's lock-joint steel ceiling, pounded with a Sieger snowguard or a Washburn rotary screw ventilator breathed upon by the father of zephyrs, who has his nest somewhere out in Lake Erie. One of the fakements from which music is drawn is a guitar fashioned from aluminum coated sheets and prominent in the furniture of S. A. Lockwood's shop. It hangs convenient to Mr. Lockwood's desk, and when the collections are slow and the journeymen sing "I Thought I Saw Two Dollars" the strings of this sheet metal guitar respond lightly to his touch.

In another Cleveland shop the boss has a saxophone from one of Diekman's "heaviest gauge" elbows. It has a smooth and sympathetic tone, and I love the liquid tones which flow from its seamless throat.

Some Sundays all these Cleveland sheet metal musicians I have mentioned, and some others, meet together, and there may be heard tumultuously resounding the blare of a cornet, with its bell formed from a Valentine Clad ice-cream disher, and the oom-pah-oom-pah of a big bass horn converted from a Globe ventilator, and this is the music I like best of all.

The Best All-Round Bulldog.

By Judge Henry C. Beadelston.

My first care in judging is to weed out unsoundness and those distinctly not in the running, and to devote all the time necessary to a proper placing of the best half dozen. With this view, button ears, foggy faces and gaily carried tails, which give that undesirable terrier character, were heavily penalized. Thereafter it is my object to select for premier honors the best all-around dog with the many essential points of the breed in nice balance. In only one case do I recall giving a first prize to a specimen which did not fulfill this requirement. It was a case of an unusually good head attached to a long cast, pipe-like body on rather stilted but serviceable underpinning.

Letters From the People

Mrs. Duniway Draws a Lesson From the Case of Marie Ware.

Portland, May 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—For the benefit of friends in Eugene, who have been looking through your columns for several weeks for an article from my pen in reference to the case of Marie Ware McKinley, formerly of Lane county, in whom they are naturally interested, notwithstanding her downfall, will you kindly allow space for the following communication:

I remember Marie Ware, whom I used to meet in the days of my active itinerancy in the equal rights movement, as a remarkably bright and promising child, of whom her father, Judge Ware, was naturally proud. This judge, an honorable and courtly gentleman of the old school, was appointed to a federal position in his later years, and Marie was chosen as his confidante, typewriter and general assistant in his office. Judging other men by himself, Judge Ware died in the belief that his bright, pretty and gifted daughter would be as safe in the protecting care of other men as their daughters would have been in his own. But men of the Horace McKinley stripe, who leave their wives and children at home to go out in the world to hold governmental positions, too often and too easily learn to violate a fundamental law of morality.

"God saw in the beginning that it was not good for man to be alone." The rest of it the reader knows. But a semblance of the teachings of her childhood remained with Marie Ware, and she insisted upon obeying the legal requirements of man before surrendering herself to second-hand wifehood. It is unnecessary to recapitulate. And now comes the saddest part of it all. The press dispatches treat the downfall of Judge Ware's daughter as though it was all a joke. This is its language, from a San Francisco dispatch:

"Boodler after boodler sought the gracious company of Marie when the first one whose acquaintance she had manipulated piped the news that so attractive a young one had made her debut in graft society. * * * There were many jolly jaunts in automobiles to beach resorts; there were dinners with never a thought of the expense. * * * The girl with the rich brown hair, with plump, graceful figure and handsome gowns became the queen of the boodlers," etc., etc.

Her fickle husband, who had divorced his lawful wife for the purpose, had won her maidenly affections and she had married him under the shadow of the penitentiary. That she had not then become the prey of "boodler after boodler" was proven by her steadfast determination to preserve her honor as a wife by obedience to man-made laws.

The sequel is known.

A character-spoiled actress known as "Little Egypt" caught the fancy of Horace McKinley, and Marie Ware, deserted, disgrace, penniless, became

"Restless, bold and bad;
Her love was hate. She grew half mad
With thinking of her wrongs."

Then after "boodler after boodler" had plied her with "automobile rides to beach resorts," etc., etc., sparing no expense to lure her to complete destruction, arch "reformers" of violated human laws appear upon the scene, who in their zeal to prosecute offenders against the statutes of man, forgetting the laws of God that should have led honorable men to snatch poor fatherless and husbandless Marie as a brand from the burning, exerted other wiles. "Albert McKinley, a cousin of her husband, was one of Burns' chief stool pigeons in the new tenderloin," says the press. And poor Marie Ware, the idolized daughter of a cavalierly father whom death had claimed, was left to the tender mercies of one-sexed law, standed between the two fires of human law and human corruption.

And now the story goes that "Little Egypt," having tired of McKinley in his foreign retreat, the recreant husband has turned to poor Marie for consolation in his exile, and she, a bruised and wounded human bird, having nowhere else to go, has sailed for the orient to join him, beyond the pale of American jurisprudence.

While it is ardently hoped that each of these violators of both civil nad moral law will hereafter avoid the quicksands from which they are at last attempting to escape together, the chances are a thousand to one that McKinley will again desert his second wife, the daughter of Judge Ware, whose life he has ruined.

All of this points a moral to which I would earnestly call public attention. Fathers of daughters, how do you like the picture? Can you, in the face of the case just cited, persist in saying that women are protected by men? Of course I do not mean to speak of your own wives or daughters, but of the wives and daughters of other men, whom, under the man-made laws and customs of the land, you ought to protect with the same jealous care you bestow upon your own. Do you do it? Let the flippant public recital of Marie Ware's experiences answer.

What wonder that young and innocent girls, forced by the necessity for subsistence into the society of men who have no interest in them except as birds of prey, are so often lured to ruin? And what wonder that, finding themselves caught within the pale of evil, so many of them turn upon and rend the despoilers among whom they have been thrown, who, sowing the wind, reap the whirlwind?

For these alarmingly increasing evils thoughtful men and women can see but one remedy. The government must be made a government of homes. The rights and responsibilities of the sexes must be equal. If the presence and influence of motherly women were thrown around young girls in every walk and pursuit of life the silent influence of home would protect them everywhere. A great writer has said, "Government," that is, safe government, "is the home writ large." Men and brethren, it is your duty to "write it large." It is idle to blame women for going beyond the pale of the old-fashioned home to earn a livelihood when unless they do they cannot have any homes at all to keep. The commercial and industrial world calls them to duty. The political world being closed to them, except in cases like Marie's, the wonder is that more of them are not caught in the snares that are laid by lawmakers for their unprotected feet. Fathers of daughters, the remedy lies in your hands. Open wide the doors of government to the mothers of men if you would really protect from evil the daughters of men and the wives and sons of women. Remove by your votes the unjust, because unequal, conditions that surround the Marie Wares who are taught by law and custom to depend upon their sex for support. Do this, and the mothers of the race will gradually help you to do the rest.

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

Warpath to Railroad Presidency.

A charter has been granted for the first railroad that will have an Indian for its president. The road is the Indian Central railway, to be built from Ponca City, Oklahoma, to Paris, Texas, 460 miles.

Lincoln—the Man of Peace

By General Horace Porter.

Abraham Lincoln was of humble birth; he early had to struggle with the trials of misfortune and to learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. He came from that class which he always alluded to as the plain people. He always possessed their confidence, he never lost his hold on their affections. He believed that the government was made for the people, and not the people for the government, and that true Republicanism was like a torch—the more it is shaken in the hands of the people the brighter it burns.

If at the height of his power any one had sneered at him on account of his humble origin, he might well have replied, like the marshal of France, who was raised from the ranks to a dukedom, when he told the haughty nobles of Vienna, who boasted of their long lines of descent and refused to associate with him: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants."

Abraham Lincoln possessed in a remarkable degree that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. With him there was no practicing the arts of the demagogue, no posing for effect, no attitudinizing in public, no mawkish sentimentality. There was none of that puppyism so often bred by power. There was none of that dogmatism that Dr. Johnson said was only puppyism grown to maturity.

While his mind was one great storehouse of facts and useful information, he laid no claim to any knowledge he did not possess. He believed with Addison that pedantry in learning is like hyprocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it.

While he was singularly adroit and patient in smoothing down the ruffled feathers of friends who did not understand him, or even of political opponents, he wasted no time upon the absolute recalcitrants. He never attempted to massage the back of a political porcupine. And, as he once said himself, he always found it was a losing game to try to shovel fleas across a barnyard.

There are two names of presidents that will always be inseparably associated in our minds—Washington and Lincoln. But from the manner in which modern historians magnify trivial acts you would suppose one had spent his entire life in cutting down trees and the other in splitting them up into rails. There was one marked difference between them—Washington could not tell a story; Lincoln always could.

But he told them not for the anecdote, but to clinch a fact, to point a moral.

Ah, it was that humor of his that was his safety valve. It lightened his mind and relieved it for the time from the great responsibilities that were weighing upon him. He could cut the sting from the keenest criticism with his wit, he could gild disappointment with a joke. He knew better than most men that in speech wit is to eloquence what in music melody is to harmony.

But his mind was not always attuned to mirth; its chords were too often set to strains of sadness. There was the slaughter in the field, the depletion of the treasury, complications which arose. All these were so appalling that sometimes even the great soul of Lincoln seemed ready to melt. But just when the gloom was blackest he never, never took counsel of his fears. He always had the courage of his convictions. He never had occasion to look to the past with regret, nor to the future with apprehension. He had that sublime faith which is content to leave the efforts to man, the results to God.

For ages after the battle of Thermopylae every Greek school child was taught to recite each day the names of the three hundred heroes who fell in the defense of that pass. It would be a crowning art of patriotism if every American school child could be taught each day to contemplate the exalted character and utter the inspiring name of Abraham Lincoln.

Singular man! No one can pluck a single laurel from his brow, no one can lessen the measure of his fame. Marvelous man! In the annals of all history we fail to find another whose life had been so peaceful, whose nature so gentle, and yet who was called upon to marshal the hosts of an aroused people and for four long years to conduct a bloody, relentless, fratricidal war.

In the annals of history we fail to find another whose education was that of the cabinet, not the camp, and yet who died a more heroic death.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of man to strike the shackles from the limbs of bondmen and liberate a race. It has seldom fallen to the lot of man to die the death of an honored martyr with his robes of office still about him, his heart at peace with his fellowmen, his soul at peace with his God, at the moment of the restoration of his country to peace within her borders, to peace with all the world.

A celebrated sculptor in the fourteenth century in Florence was commanded to make a colossal statue, which which was to surmount a historic cathedral. When it was placed at the base of the cathedral, the ropes arranged for hoisting it, and it was there unveiled, the crowd jeered and hooted and criticised unmercifully the sculptor. It was all out of proportion; it was a failure. But soon the ropes began to tighten and as the statue moved up into the air the crowd ceased to jeer and finally, when it was placed upon the pinnacle at the proper focal distance as intended by the great sculptor who created it, the sneers turned to plaudits and the people then saw it in all the beauty of its true proportions.

And so Abraham Lincoln has so far receded from us in history that he is now in the proper focal distance. We can now measure all his great qualities as they appear in their true beauty and symmetry.

I am glad of the work of the Lincoln Farm association. It is well that his birthplace should be redeemed from individual ownership. It should be made the repository of all the interesting relics connected with him. It ought to be the seat of a national museum and a national park.

He is gone from us now, crowned with the sublimity of martyrdom. We have bidden a last farewell to him who was the gentlest of all spirits, noblest of all hearts, liberator of a race, savior of a republic, martyr, whose sepulchre is human hearts.

"Sick" Yachts.

There is a form of sickness among boats, declares Forest and Stream, that resembles hereditary diseases, in that they are handed down through succeeding years as a result of mere custom. The cause of this form of ailment, nine times out of ten, is some artificial limitations, called racing rules, to suit which the yacht's shape is distorted, just as women, to be in style, will lace themselves into a 16-inch waist measure or will pad themselves out of all proportion to their natural shape.

Small Change

Count Boni doubtless has much sympathy for Mrs. Howard Gould.

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If little Dick is good for nothing else, he may be useful to make a dicker.

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It may be difficult for a presidential candidate to stand pat and yet run well next year.

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Because a person orders tenderloin steak is no sign that he enjoys going slumming.

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There are still a few days in which Mr. Devlin can answer those pertinent questions.

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Secretary Wilson insists that as long as he holds his job, there can be no failure of crops.

• •

Yet Great Grandma Woods of Hillsboro was not reported to have smoked a pipe since girlhood.

• •

A man who talks partisanship in a municipal campaign comes pretty near insulting intelligence.

• •

Lincoln Steffens must be getting material enough in San Francisco to fill his magazine for years.

• •

The new laws will all be considered unconstitutional by lawyers of there is anything in it for them.

• •

Dr. Osler now says that the best medicine is hope. That's what makes Democrats so healthy and long-lived.

• •

Those good old days when strawberries were only 5 cents a box, and sometimes 2 for 5, will never come again.

• •

Realizing that a man of his avoirdupois will need a strong platform, Mr. Taft wants a tariff revision plank in it.

• •

A Chicago man stole 15 pies. If the death penalty were allowable for this crime, he might be sentenced to eat them.

• •

"Chewing tobacco makes a man think," says President Woodrow Wilson. Then he should think where he is going to spit.

• •

The defense in the Haywood case has secured another lawyer, making eight. If that many can't convict him, the state has a very poor case.

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Uncle Grover Cleveland is still pessimistic about the Democratic party. But as long as he can draw that insurance salary he will not entirely give way to grief.

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The Pendleton Tribune thinks it is giving Grover Cleveland a sharp jab by remarking that in 1895 wool sold there for 5 cents a pound.. Will Uncle Grover ever repent and try to make restitution?

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Sister Mary Ramsey Woods, who has just celebrated her one hundred and twentieth birthday in Oregon, is entitled to additional credit from the fact that she lived a good deal of the time up there in the rain.—Los Angeles Times. In just enough rain for health and comfort, thank you. Down in the southern California desert a person would dry up and blow away long before attaining that age.

Oregon Sidelights

Down-river fishermen are crying for a flood.

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Wheeler county will vote on prohibition again.

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The salaries of Salem teachers have been raised.

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"Better fruit" bears better fruit every month.

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Silverton hopgrowers have erected a 55x100 warehouse.

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Tillamook county claims the best roads in the state.

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A Heppner lawyer offers to contract wheat at 72 cents.

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Eugene and Cottage Grove, though saloonless, will celebrate.

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Creameries are talked of at Albany, Salem, Dallas and other towns.

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The rattlesnake crop is good—in number—in Powder River valley.

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A Dalles councilman says the dog tax should be raised to $5, and owners then compelled to keep dogs at home.

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Bert Knox, a 10-year-old boy near Condon has not been absent from school or tardy once in three years. That boy is likely to amount to something.

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The Wholesale Liquor Dealers' association of Astoria has gone on record in unequivocal terms as opposed to the presence of dance halls in that city.

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A Tillamook man was attacked by a vicious bull in his barn, and before he could get away from the infuriated animal he had four ribs broken, his head badly cut and was mashed up quite a bit.

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A Linn county farmer had an auction, 134 articles being sold, and 500 people being present. Though six months' credit was offered, cash was paid for every article, not a note being given, showing how the farmer has money under the new system of doing business, with dairying and poultry around.

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"The Apple From Orchard to Market," by C. I. Lewis, and "Orchard Management," by C. I. Lewis and W. H. Wicks, are two bulletins recently issued by the Oregon agricultural experiment station at Corvallis. The bulletins are nicely illustrated, and are worthy of close perusal by all orchardists.

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The Bridgeport correspondent of the Dallas Observer says: "The darky claiming to be a missionary visited our school a few days ago. He gave the scholars a talk and also frightened the teacher. He begged his dinner and also a recommendation. We think it is time this fellow was given his walking papers." But the fellow walks most of the time.

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Hillsboro, says the Argus, has without question the greatest opportunity ever offered any town of its size to double—yes, add five times its population if the people living here will only "do things." This is not intended as a "kick," but is plain facts, and the sooner this Rip Van Winkle lethargy is thrown off the sooner will Hillsboro come into her own—that of a thriving, important city of from 5,000 to 10,000 people.