EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

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A MISTAKEN BISHOP.

EASTERN OREGON people who are adherents of the Episcopal church, and many besides them, will extend to Bishop Paddock, the bishop of the new diocese, a cordial and a civilized welcome, notwithstanding the misconception of that region that he has as shown by some of his remarks, on his appointment. He is not to be criticised seriously, for his attention seems not to have been especially directed to that region prior to his appointment, and his idea of it is a common one in the east, and is frequently voiced by leading papers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other eastern cities—though as the new bishop's father was a pioneer in church work in the Pacific northwest, the son's ignorance regarding his new field is a little surprising.

The New York World said: "Substituting the dress of a cowpuncher for that of a clergyman and using the saddle of a broncho for a pulpit, the Rev. Dr. Robert L. Paddock, who has won fame as an enemy of vice in the 'Red Light' districts of this city, will go west in the near future and tackle the tough old cattlemen and golddiggers and Indians of eastern Oregon, and try to plant their reckless feet in the narrow path." And the new bishop is quoted by that paper as saying:

"I will be a skypilot out there, riding around and preaching to rough men. It will be totally different from my experience here. My office will be in the saddle, for I will not have a fixed residence."

The papers of eastern Oregon have been good-naturedly laughing at the new bishop's ignorance of that country, which he evidently supposes is the ultimathule of semi-civilization, and inhabited by rude semi-barbarians. But he will soon learn better; that there are no more intelligent or cultured people among an average lot in the country than those of eastern Oregon; that its cities, except in size, are the equal of those in the east; that the "tough old cattlemen" are frequently as suave and polished as New York plutocrats, and a good deal broader-minded. He will find farmers riding around in automobiles, merchants and bankers and professional men with a better knowledge of the world and humanity than is possessed by a like number in an eastern town; and in a word nearly all the comforts and conveniences of life to which he may have been accustomed, with a lot of pure life-giving ozone and sincere open-heartedness that he has been a stranger to, thrown in.

Bishop Paddock has been doing a good and for one of his cloth an unusual work and he will doubtless do a good work wherever he goes. But if he thinks he is going to have his office in a saddle and ministerially to semi-savage Indians and scarcely more civilized cowboys, he will be greatly disappointed.

THE FIGHT IN MILWAUKIE.

PEOPLE of the little city of Milwaukie will hold a meeting this evening to organize a good government league, and to nominate a ticket to be voted for on December 2 that will stand for good government in general, and for the abolishment of the Milwaukie club, the plague-spot of that pretty and historic little city, in particular. Since the district attorney and the sheriff of Clackamas county will not perform their duty and suppress this criminal establishment, a large proportion of the citizens of Milwaukie, we hope and believe a majority of them, will endeavor to elect a mayor and council who will perform that duty and relieve their town of the odium now resting upon it.

In an address to the people the good government league not only asserts that the alleged improvements and benefits to accrue from the existence of the gambling joint have not been realized, but pertinently says:

"Consider the gambling house as a business proposition. Do you think it pays to be burdened with a blackened reputation? Don't you think good men will hesitate when urged to reside in Milwaukie or to buy property here for a home? And the slightest breath of hesitation will kill a real estate trade nine times out of ten. Every day of operation of the gambling house Milwaukie has lost and is losing some of the elements that go to make up a good, ordinary American community."

All this is true, and more. Men who, and whose families, cannot afford to lose money are robbed, and rendered unable to pay their bills and perform the part of progressive, public-spirited citizens. Youths are inoculated with the gambling fever, and brought into contact with vicious and ruinous associations. And the whole community is vitiated with a contempt for law, which through the connivance of public officials violated every day.

No, it doesn't pay to maintain or allow such an institution as the Milwaukie club, from any point of view, and we shall be surprised if the good people of Milwaukie do not elect officers next month that will put it out of existence.

THOROUGHBRED STOCK.

THE Corvallis Times says: "Benton county is going more and more into fancy livestock. The movement in that direction has been going on for years. Many familiar names of Benton farmers are closely identified with fancy horses, fancy cattle, fancy sheep, hogs and goats." Mentioning particularly one firm of two men, it says "It has hitherto devoted its energies to breeding fancy horses. First they handled Percherons, but last year they added Belgian and German Coach classes to their stalls. Now, however, they intend to devote their attention not only to horses, but to several classes of livestock. They are gathering in the best registered stuffs in Short Horn cattle, Cotswold and Shropshire sheep, and Poland China hogs, and will push the industry with the same progressive spirit that has characterized their well-known attention to horses."

What is happening in this respect in Benton county is taking place also to a greater or less extent in Polk, Yamhill and other Willamette valley counties, and this movement is very commendable and encouraging. There is no better state for the raising of thoroughbred stock of all kinds than Oregon. This state is said not to have its equal for breeding fine-wool sheep, and certainly no better horses or cattle can be raised anywhere. Such stock is profitable, though it takes capital to make a start in raising it, and we expect that within another decade or two Oregon will become famous throughout the country for its super-excellent livestock. Those who are helping to give the state this reputation are its benefactors.

WALNUTS.

ENGLISH and French walnuts are another crop that Oregon is going to excel in and become famous for. The climate and soil of the Willamette valley are especially adapted to the culture of these nuts, which once the trees come to bearing, 8 or 10 years after planting, are very profitable. Unlike fruit trees, the walnut trees are not as yet subject to pests, they need scarcely any cultivation, and they are long-lived, will continue bearing through several generations. Many walnut orchards have already begun bearing, so that results are becoming pretty well known, and in all cases the trees show a return far beyond any other ordinary crop, and their care costs literally nothing. So it may be expected that walnut orchards will increase gradually; not very rapidly, because most farmers cannot afford to wait so long for returns from their land; but many who can spare the income from a few acres will plant walnut trees, assured of large returns in due walnut-tree time. As the world's area in which these nuts can be successfully cultivated seems to be limited, and as elsewhere even more than here landowners must keep their land producing something salable every year, there is no probability of the supply ever becoming sufficient to depress the price below a very profitable figure. Children of today, ere very old, can probably ride throughout thousands of acres of walnut orchards in the beautiful Willamette valley.

READ AND REMEMBER.

THE following from President Roosevelt's letter to Secretary Cortelyou, replying to the secretary's proposal to "relieve the financial situation," is worth republishing in this space, and reading and remembering and acting upon by every citizen. It would have been better if said earlier, but it is excellent counsel even now:

"What is most needed just now is that our citizens should realize how fundamentally sound business conditions in this country are and how absurd it is to permit themselves to get into a panic and create stringency by hoarding their savings instead of trusting perfectly sound banks. There is no particle of risk involved in letting business take its natural course and the people can help themselves and the country most by putting into active circulation the money they are hoarding.

"Crops are good and business conditions are sound, and we should put the money we have into circulation at once to meet the needs of our abounding prosperity.

"There is no analogy at all with the way things were in 1893. On November 30 of that year there was in the treasury but $161,000,000 in gold. On November 14 of this year there was in the treasury $904,000,000 in gold. Ten years ago the circulation per capita was $23.23. It is now $33.23. The steps that you now take, the ability of the government to back them up, and the fact that not a particle of risk is involved therein, give the fullest guarantee of the sound condition of our people and the sound condition of our treasury.

"All that our people have to do now is to go ahead with their normal business in a normal fashion, and the whole difficulty disappears; and this end will be achieved, if each man will act as he normally does act, and as the real conditions of the country's business fully warrant his now acting."

The matter of constructing a high, expensive bridge, one that will allow all vessels to pass under it, to replace the Madison street bridge, is one requiring extended and careful consideration. Would the advantage mentioned more than offset the extra cost, and, more especially, the heavier grades and greater distance that passengers over the bridge would have to travel? If the best judges of the matter can reply in the affirmative, then let us have the high bridge, and others at Morrison and Burnside streets when the present bridges have to be replaced.

The net earnings of the Northern Pacific railroad in the state of Washington alone during the past year were almost $20,000,000, which should put Mr. Hill and the rest of the stockholders in good humor for Thanksgiving. But it is to be observed that while Mr. Harriman, who is making millions out of his roads in Oregon, is spending no more money than possible in this state, Mr. Hill is spending millions in building a new line in Washington, which, fortunately, will benefit Oregon too.

On the 14th of this month there was $904,000,000 of gold in the United States treasury, says the president. And business yelling for gold. But of course the treasury has to look out for the volume of its money in circulation based on gold. Still, the government would not collapse if it over-issued a little in an emergency.

Though it is a bad time to raise money for charitable or philanthropic purposes, the Crittenton Home should not be neglected. Its need is urgent, and the work is worthy of support. A few thousand dollars to complete the new building is needed immediately.

If Madame Anna Gould, nix Castellane, marries another count worse than Boni, let her look our lest she have to take in washing in her old age. Brother George has had trouble enough with the rest of the family—all but Helen.

"There is always gold enough," snaps the Oregonian. Meaning that the quantity of gold makes no difference. This is a worse "fallacy" that that of free silver. There is gold enough when there is enough, not otherwise.

If it comes to issuing clearing-house certificates on those 350,000,000 cold-storage eggs, that have been laid anywhere from six months to six years, could people be blamed for suspecting that the circulating medium was tainted?

The use of bloodhounds as a part of or an adjunct to the police department is being discussed in a number of cities. Even common breeds of dogs might help out in some cities that we have heard of.

There is no water in the Panama canal, nor a prospect of any for years to come, but the canal bonds are all right just the same, as long as Uncle Sam promises redemption.

Women Who Are Knockers

By Carolyn Prescott.

Of all the excuses that have been made for women knockers the best, I believe, is the one that says they knock because their minds are small—so small that there is no room in them for higher, better thoughts. Gossip is what they know, and, therefore, gossip is all they like, gossip is all they know, and, therefore, gossip is all they do. Gossip is twin sister to knocking, though not quite so vindictive in its character.

Did you ever listen to a regular hammerfest when it was at its height? It is a liberal education in itself. I have listened time after time to these soirees; in fact, I worked in the midst of one for two years once upon a time. Knockers there were who would destroy a woman's character or gossip away her reputation as blithely and airily as they would discuss a new gown or the weather.

They did it by suggestion, ugly, unbeautiful suspicion, for your knocker is always a coward at heart. He or she never comes out bravely with a criticism. It is accomplished by insinuation and underhanded methods. Oh, the reputations that have been picked to pieces and ruined by this body of fair knockers! No, I will take it back. They were not fair; they were frumps, the most of them.

If a girl had particularly pleasing manners, was pretty or attractive, they knocked her, thinking their catty conversations regarding her would put a finish to her success. If one of their number received a raise in salary, had a stroke of good fortune, came out in a new dress or a new hat, they got their hammers out and the anvil chorus got to work.

If one of the girls who didn't belong to their circle met a man and walked half a block with him, out came the mallet. Nothing was too sacred for them to attack—marriage, divorce, love, religion—everything was fish that came to their net. It didn't matter what, only so that it was something they could knock.

One of the girls, a regular beauty, who had been so carefully reared that she had a mind above gossip, was their particular target. This was because she was, as I have said, carefully reared. She was a beauty and a favorite with everybody except this band of knockers. They were jealous, of course; jealous of her beauty, her pretty clothes (which) by the way, were made at home by her mother). They were even jealous of her pretty eastern accent, and mocked her in whispers when they were where they could not be overheard.

One evening she went to visit a friend in the suburbs and missed an early train. Being obliged to wait for a later one, she telephoned her mother to meet her at the corner of the street. It happened that one of the members of this hammer band was on the streetcar that brought this young girl home. What meat for the knockers' club! This woman, with the all-important secret, could hardly live until noon the next day; she was bursting with the news.

The girl had been seen alone late at night in a streetcar. "She had probably been out with some man. And the man was married and didn't want to be seen riding with her, and that's the reason she was alone late at night. What business had she going out at night alone, all dressed up in white? She didn't tell anything about it this morning. Somebody ought to tell her mother. It's scandalous, that's what it is."

These are mild compared to all that was said about this poor, innocent young girl, and the story grew and grew, like a snowball, until every one in the big office had heard it in its unabridged form.

This is but one example, but I could tell scores of others that were brought before the committee of the whole at these sessions of the knockers. The truth was stretched, conjectures were made, fiction was juggled with until it became fact, all because these women with limited brain capacity could not grasp greater ideas.

Are you one of these women knockers? The habit is easy to acquire and grows alarmingly. If you find yourself saying unkind things about people, stop it at once, before you join that everlasting throng. Nice people do not indulge in personalities; they leave these for servants and backyard people. Really nice women are charitable, kind, gentle and ladylike. They are never knockers.

Bishop Sweatman's Birthday.

Rt. Rev. Arthur Sweatman, D. D., bishop of Toronto, was born in London, England, November 19, 1834, and received his early education from private tutors and at the University collegiate school. Subsequently, he entered Christ's college, Cambridge, and after being ordained to the ministry by the Bishop of London, became curate of Holy Trinity church, Islington. He emigrated to Canada in 1865 to become head-master of Hellmuth Boys' college at London, Ontario. He was appointed a canon of the London cathedral in 1875, and later was named Archdeacon of Brant. In 1872 the Bishop of Huron made him his examining chaplain, and, in the same year, he was elected clerical secretary of the diocese and secretary to the house of bishops. On the death of Bishop Bethune he was elected to succeed him as third bishop of Toronto, his consecration taking place in Toronto, May 1, 1879. He was a delegate to the Lambeth conference in 1888 and again in 1897.

This Date in History.

1568—Sir Humphrey Gilbert's first expedition sailed to found a colony in America.

1703—The "Man in the Iron Mask" died in the Bastile.

1794—Jay's treaty between the United States and Great Britain signed.

1796—French under Bonaparte defeated the Austrians at Arcola.

1804—Alexander Meuton, Acadian governor of Louisiana, born. Died February 12, 1882.

1863—The National Soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg dedicated.

1871—The Grand Duke Alexis arrived at New York.

1874—British immigrant ship Cospatrick burned at sea, with loss of 473 lives.

1883—Standard time adopted throughout Canada.

1898—General Don Carlos Buell died. Born March 23, 1818.

Old Mr. Sunny.

Old Mr. Sunny wears the kind
Of clothes they wore long, long ago,
And when the days are fair you'll find
Him walking with his head bent low.
He pauses every little while
To pat some maiden's rosy cheek,
Or watch the boys at play, and smile
To see them run and hear them shriek.

Old Mr. Sunny's hair is white,
But often you may see him stop
With something of a child's delight,
To help some boy to spin a top.
And often, leaning on his cane,
He seems to dream there in the street,
Then blithely trudges on again
As if his visions had been sweet.

Old Mr. Sunny's name will ne'er
Be borne by children of his own,
Because a maiden lies somewhere
Beneath a weather-beaten stone;
But where he passes you may see
How every little lass and lad
As, "grandpa" hails him lovingly,
And if SHE knows she must be glad.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

In Perspective.

The little griefs, the petty wounds,
The stabs of daily care—
"Crackling of thorns — now cold, now hot—
How hard they are to bear!

But on the fire burns, clear and still;
The cankering sorrow dies;
The small wounds heal, the clouds are rent,
And through this shattered mortal tent
Shine down the eternal skies.
—Dinah Mulock Craik.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Gambling Responsible for the Crash.

Portland, Nov. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal: The developments of the past few days in financial centers have brought the country face to face once more, with the problems of a business or financial crisis.

It is, or should be, far from the intention or desire of any citizen to give expression to any pessimistic opinion which would work in any degree, a lessening of public confidence in the stability of our legitimate business institutions. There can be no doubt that the sound, conservative, legitimate business of our country, not only of the west, but of the east, north and south, will survive this latest shock in money centers. The fallacy, however, of attempting to maintain that the west is absolutely independent of the east, that our crops are large and prices high, that the carrying capacity of our railroads is taxed to its utmost, that labor is employed and that we are therefore not to feel the depression in the east, has already been shown. The business interests of the United States are so intertwined and so interdependent, that such tremendous upheavals as those of this November in certain sections, cannot occur without having their deterring effect upon the balance of the country.

It is true that the country is more prosperous, more wealth producing than it has ever been, and yet in the very midst of our prosperity we are checked, we are embarrassed, we are brought upstanding to a realization that something is wrong for which the country and its resources evidently is not responsible. Who is and what is responsible? There can be no question but that the X-rays of Theodore Roosevelt's fearlessness and honesty, the disclosures made by Thomas W. Lawson and the historic research of Ida M. Tarbell, have done much to educate the American people to a realization of the real seat of the besetting evil of their business world. It is not an insufficient circulating medium that is the germ of our business disease. Gambling and dishonest gambling at that; the desire for the sudden acquisition of great wealth by processes not involving an equivalent in labor or actual productive enterprise. These are the germs.

The farmer who sows and reaps our grains and supplies the essentials of life, the laborer in the factories, in mines, mills, factories, on railroads and in the forest and field, the producers of the world, those who earn a legitimate living and a modest competence, these men and women are not now and never have been the cause, directly or indirectly, of financial crises. The circulating medium of the country is sufficient for their needs, indeed that medium and its constant normal increase is and can be made to be sufficient to meet the demands of all legitimate business for all time to come. It is the illegitimate demand, the abnormal demand that cannot be met and that demand never can be met. So long as "frenzied finance" is allowed to control the bulk of the money of the country, just so long will we continue to have a recurrence of these earthquakes in the money world.

What is the limit to which the "unbridled audacity" of those who toil not and spin not is to go? If, for example, the manipulators in stocks and fictitious values illegitimately inflate those values in this year, by the sum of $1,000,000,000 and so increase the burden resting upon the circulating or liquidating medium, over and above the requirements of actual, honest business, by that amount, why may they not in succeeding years, increase that burden by tens of billions, and why may they not so continue, until no circulating medium can keep pace with the pacemakers? No conservative man can keep up with the wild flight of the gambler and no government can furnish enough money for his operations, unless the sands of the sea be coined, or used as the basis of value. Sanity of living, sanity of desire, "to be content with small things," to earn a modest competence, to live for the joy of living and not for the lust of acquiring are some of the lessons the American people and the world must learn, before the stability and integrity of business and financial institutions can be realized.

This idea of conservatism, of honest productiveness and honest living, cannot be legislated into existence. Any purely financial laws passed by special or regular session of congress, can give but temporary relief. It is only the slow process of education that can bring about this sanity, truthfulness and earnestness of living. We cannot legislate it into existence, but we can to some extent at least, curb the spirit of gambling, by destroying some of the gambling machinery. If the get-rich-quick idea, if gambling and dishonesty are admittedly an evil, then it must be evident that one of the greatest menaces to the welfare of this country's moral, social and business life, is the existence of the stock exchange and kindred institutions. It is the machinery of the stock exchange that makes possible the combinations and operations that have almost invariably been the excuse of our financial crises. In our municipalities and states, we abolish gambling halls and gambling devices, because they breed diseased minds and crime and because they divert money from legitimate channels. The stock exchanges should come under the same ban. They are not essential to actual business in any sense. Their operations are so extensive that they demand the existence in New York and Chicago alone, of the bulk of the actual circulating money of the country. Their operations are so insidious and so planned, that they govern the value of our stocks and securities, industrial and otherwise, by their manipulations therein. Investors in legitimate stocks have a right to demand that the value of those stocks shall be governed by the earning capacity of the properties which those stocks represent and not by the question as to who shall control the majority of the stock in any corporation, not by the demand for the stock on any 'change. Watered stock will disappear to a great degree when the earning capacity of stock alone controls its value, because stocks will then be bought as investments and not as speculations and in order to make corporate stocks attractive as investments, the capitalization will be kept low in order to make the dividends proportionately high, and capitalizations will be increased, only as earning capacities, or the possibility of earning capacities, increase to the point where returns will warrant the issuance of more stock.

Should the manipulations of operators on 'change be allowed to depreciate or destroy the value of our railroad stocks, to close our mines, to raise or lower the value of any stock or product at their will, regardless of the earning power of those roads, or of the legitimate business demand for the output of those mines, or for other products? Must the money of all the banks of the country and of the government itself, be called upon time after time to come to the relief of stricken stockbrokers, gamblers? Theodore Roosevelt has struck the keynote of our recurring financial crises and of our industrial and social instability. Dishonest business—the get-rich-quick idea—are the fundamental evils; the machinery that spreads that evil is found in the stock exchange. Close these hives of the drones of society and throw the machinery into the streets.

If it be true that some good purposes are served by the stock exchange, as, for instance, as advertising mediums through which the earning capacities of stocks and securities may be realized upon, or sold by legitimate holders to legitimate investors, these same purposes can be retained, or can be served by other devises, which the brains of honest men can readily conceive. Let the stockbroker and gambler leave the ticker and come to the fields of the west, the forest and mines of the Pacific coast and of Alaska. Let these consumers of money become producers. Let the banks of the west promote the industries of the west. The financial game has divorced itself in too great measure from actual, constructive business and has wedded the goddess of chance.

The great issue before the people is not Republicanism or Democracy, protection or free trade, bimetalism or mono-metalism. The real issue is business honesty! Theodore Roosevelt has in large measure made the issue himself and one of the greatest services which he can render to his country, is the promotion of the abolition or at least the radical reformation of the stock exchanges, as one of the remedies for the evils he has himself disclosed.

MARTIN WATROUS.

Holidays and the Courts.

Hillsboro, Or., Nov. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—The question, "What business may legally be transacted on a holiday?" and the many diverging answers that have been published have rendered the situation bewildering in the extreme. It seems to me that under the Oregon statutes transactions which are purely ministerial may be performed, together with certain judicial acts which are enumerated, the only difficulty arising from an attempt to decide what acts are purely ministerial and what are judicial.

The courts agree that what is not prohibited is lawful and all transactions not within the statutory prohibitions may be carried on as on any other day. In Oregon the statute provides that courts shall not be opened nor any judicial business transacted on a holiday, except such as is specified. Ministerial acts are not prohibited and are therefore lawful. Contracts may be entered into, deeds, mortgages, bills, notes and other instruments of like character may be executed, as these transactions are purely ministerial. No one will claim that a clerk or recorder in filing and recording instruments required to be recorded by the recording acts, performs a judicial function; his acts in this capacity are ministerial and therefore lawful. The filing of an action, in my judgment, during the holidays is lawful. It is not a judicial act. An eminent jurist of this state, whose decisions carry great weight, has been quoted as saying:

"I do not think any actions can be filed during the holidays, because, if this were legally possible, there would be no need of the holidays. The chief object of the holidays is to prevent the payment of debts. If debts can be collected there is nothing for which to declare a holiday. If you say it is ministerial to swear out an attachment, and to levy it, you defeat the prime purpose of the holidays.

"The county clerk has no right to open his office at all; for it is not in his discretion to stand and say that this instrument is ministerial and that this other one is judicial. I do not dispute that a judge may hear arguments during the holidays and decide upon them after the holidays, but the filing question is the gist of the whole matter. Between the receiver of papers, the issuing of the writ of attachment and the seizing of goods there is no middle ground. None of these acts can legally be done."

The argument "If you say it is ministerial to swear out an attachment, and to levy it, you defeat the prime purpose of the holiday," is met by the suggestion that actions and suits can only be commenced and maintained on accrued claims. True, the chief object of the holidays is to prevent the payment of debts, to protect our banks from the enforced payment of their obligations. Banks are amply protected. Checks, drafts and the like are payable on demand. They do not mature until demand, and under the law when the day of maturity falls on a legal holiday the instrument is payable on the next succeeding business day. Actions can be maintained only on claims that matured prior to the holidays. Banks can refuse payment of all checks, drafts and other negotiable instruments where demand is made and the instruments mature during the holidays, without being subjected to vexatious litigation, and thus it will be seen that by the filing of actions the prime purpose of the holidays is not defeated. The supreme court of the state of Nebraska, in holding that the statute prohibiting judicial business on a legal holiday does not prohibit the issuance on a legal holiday of an order of attachment on a debt past due, said:

"It will be observed that the prohibition of the statute, so far as the transaction of business on holidays is concerned, relates to acts which in their nature are purely judicial, and does not apply to such as are merely ministerial.

"The language of the section is plain and unambiguous, and should not be extended by judicial interpretation beyond the plain import of the words used. Had the legislature intended to debar courts, or court officers, from performing ministerial acts upon holidays, words suitable to express such an intention would have been employed. If the transaction of all legal business was forbidden on such days, as is the case in some states, we would grant that the order in question would be void; but the statute fails to so provide. It is the opening of courts and the transaction of judicial business on legal holidays which the law forbids. This intent is clearly manifest. We search in vain for any words which indicate a different purpose. The issuance or service of legal process, such as a summons, execution or writ of attachment, is merely a ministerial act, and therefore is not within the inhibition of the section of the statute, and is valid although done on a legal holiday."

The courts of New Jersey, Wisconsin and Michigan have likewise held that a summons may be issued and served on a legal holiday, as has also the Oregon court, yet our supreme court has indicated that the service of a "process," whatever might be held to be such, will be set aside as irregular if served on a holiday. However, the law is clear, that whatever is not prohibited remains lawful to be done. Only judicial transactions are prohibited.

H. T. BAGLEY.

Where the Sun Goes Down.

Wall street has got th' jimjams an' is writhin' now in pain,
But, glory be, we of th' west has got our hogs an' grain!
We're feelin' purty bully, an' we ain't got nary fear—
It may be dark in Wall stret, but out west th' sky is clear.

Their stocks are full o' water, but our stock is full o' hay;
An' while Wall street's feelin' fearful we are feelin' blythe an' gay.
We are gettin' bigger daily—stand aside an' give us room!
Way out west th' sun is shinin' even if Wall street's in gloom!

We won't feel a single tremor if all frenzied finance stops,
For we're far above their panic on a mountain top o' crops.
Hogs an' steers are growin' fatter an' our bins are full o' wheat,
An' it tickles us amazin' as we watch the frantic "street."

Got a cellar full o' taters! Molly, put th' kittle on!
Smokehouse full o' hams an' bacon; fears o' panic dead an' gone.
Wall street full o' fear an' tremble, but our fears are set at rest
By th' bumper crops we gathered in the fair an' boundless west.

Glory, Halleluja, brother! We've no fear of reefs an' rocks;
Got th' crops all safely garnered—don't depend on watered stocks.
Join the chorus, everybody; got enough for all our needs,
An' we laugh 'cause Wall street got it right where Cora wore her beads.
—Will M. Maupin in the Commoner.

Decidedly Realistic.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Wiggs—Scribbler's new novel is very realistic, don't you think so?

Waggs—Yes, indeed. When I came to a six-page description of a yawning chasm it actually put me to sleep.

Small Change

Only lawyers and doctors make it pay to give advice.

* *

Some scrip in one's purse is a good deal better than nothing.

* *

It is better than nice for Oregon men to be known by their fruits.

* *

Silence is sometimes mistaken for wisdom, but often it is wisdom.

* *

On the financial situation, the president is eminently sane and safe.

* *

But there are worse places; eggs are 60 cents a dozen in San Francisco.

* *

The golden wheat is good to eat,
And for security it can't be beat.

* *

Nobody has yet accused the clearing house certificates of having microbes.

* *

Back east people are beginning to look out for blizzards. It is different in Oregon.

* *

The president will also reluctantly consent to let another star be added to the flag.

* *

If Mr. Rockefeller would hand over that $29,400,000 fine, it would help a little just now.

* *

If Oklahoma were to issue coins it would use for a motto: In our constitution we trust.

* *

The time of year approaches when, as the boy remarked, it gets late very early—also early late.

* *

It seems to be a wrong arrangement that the older a person gets the more trouble he has, as a rule.

* *

It would be quite a job to pure-food label separately all those 350,000,000 cold storage eggs in Chicago.

* *

Think of the vast riches of those southern Oregon men who have both fine orchards and flocks of fat turkeys.

* *

John W. Gates returned to New York last week, but how many millions he brought over to bet with it is not known.

* *

"No financial trouble here; business all right; everybody prosperous and nobody worried," is the substance of reports in the papers of most towns in Oregon.

* *

A hen was found in a California bank vault, where she had been locked up over night. But not having laid an egg yet, the bank was not relieved of its stringency.

* *

The Condon Times understands that the depositors of the Oregon Trust & Savings bank are to play a football game with the depositors of the Title Guarantee & Trust company. A more exciting game might be one between the depositors and the bank officers and employes.

* *

The Astoria Budget tells of a bark that came up close enough to the lightship to say through a megaphone that two of its men were disabled and it wanted a tug right away to bring the vessel in, but "a heavier fog bank dropped down and nothing more was seen of her, even her name not being learned." Some ship masters have the impression that tugs are for use only in clear, calm weather.

Oregon Sidelights

Farmers around La Grande hold hay at $18 or $19 a ton.

* *

Freewater has no marshal or policeman, and needs none.

* *

Business prospering at Athena, with no signs of any panic.

* *

A Gilliam county man sold 300 2-year-old ewes for $5 a head.

* *

Eugene merchants are selling an unusual amount of woodchopping tools.

* *

Very fine apples are also raised up on Mackenzie river, but people lack transportation facilities.

* *

Agates by the tens of thousands were thrown up on Agate beach last Thursday and Friday, says the Port Orford Tribune.

* *

Coyote pelts and not cashier checks are being used by the First bank of Pilot Rock, says the Record. They are worth $1.50 each.

* *

Grading on the new Corvallis & Alsea River railway has been going on quite rapidly of late and 13 miles of the line are now completed.

* *

Twelve houses are in progress of construction, while one store and two planing mills are either building or preparing to build, says the Wallowa News.

* *

Ripe raspberries, half-ripe ones, green berries, raw blossoms, green leaves and multi-colored leaves of autumn, all on one twig, are what an Ashland woman picked last week.

* *

More people are coming to Brownsville and vicinity to make a permanent home than ever before. One hardly realizes the substantial growth that our population is receiving, says the Times.

* *

The slowest kind of an ox team would be swift over the present mail service, says the Springfield News. Eugene is but three miles and Junction 14, yet to get an answer from a letter to either place it takes 33 hours.

* *

A Klamath man, hauling poles, walked while driving his team, and when attempting to change the lines to the other hand the wagon slid down and caught his arm between the poles and a tree, where it was firmly held until the tree was cut down. His arm was broken in three places.

* *

A Lane county man who came to Eugene to attend his brother's funeral disappeared, and was found later covered with blood and his clothes badly torn. He said that he had jumped into the river with the intention of committing suicide, but the water was so cold that he changed his mind. It was shallow, and he easily waded out.

* *

Medford and southern Oregon have been getting the worst of it in freight rates for many years, but not content with the big charges it has been making the railroad company recently gave the rates another jump upward until now they are practically out of sight and there is a discrimination that ought to be, if it is not, within the province of the railroad commission, says the Mail, which cites several instances to prove the truth of its assertion.

Taft.

Mightly of beam and stretching, fore and aft,
From here to yonder; and, though lithe of joint,
Taking some time to pass a given point,
Behold that trim leviathan, Bill Taft,
The Lusitania of the statesman craft,
By spendthrift nature weightily endowed
To stamp out treason and to sit on graft;
He's not one patriot, but a mergered crowd,
Both earth and ocean fer his flag he's plowed;
His shoulders lift a mountain range of care.
Well may his friends proclaim, in accents loud,
That he could fill the presidential chair.
He could and more; for him 'twould be but sport
To fill the presidential davenport.
—George Fitch in Collier's Weekly.