EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning, at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES—MAIN 7172. HOME, A 6051.
All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; Tribune Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

DAILY.
One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.
One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

There's one sure way successfully to pursue and get bad luck, and that is spending time and energy in doing anything based on the motive of revenge.—Anon.

HARRIMAN AND OREGON.

THOUGH MR. HARRIMAN has money to build a railroad from California into Klamath county, so as to take the trade of that region to San Francisco, and to prosecute work on two lines in Washington, one of them paralleling another road and not especially needed, and the other one not immediately important, he is still holding up every piece of railroad construction begun or projected in Oregon, and gives no sign of going ahead with any of them.

Language properly to characterize this treatment of a state which has yielded Harriman some $30,000,000 of net profits would not be fit to print. This treatment of Oregon is at once extremely injurious, aggravating and humiliating. He not only plunders us, and prevents our development, and injures us to the tune of millions a year, but he sits back and laughs at us, and gloats in his absolute and complete power over us. "Complain, and protest, and plead, and argue, all you please, you miserable, contemptible slaves," we can imagine him saying, "but you are utterly powerless. I own most of Oregon yet, and you cheap cattle out there are my serfs."

What Harriman has taken out of the state in the way of net profits is but a bagatelle to the negative injury he has done us. This, if it could be figured up, would run into the hundreds of millions. No state ever suffered such injury in the whole history of the country. He has not only paralyzed and ruined industries, but he has kept from a quarter to half a million people out of the state. Washington has now nearly double Oregon's population, and for most of this difference this horrible, monstrous tyrant is directly responsible.

How long is this condition to continue? What can be done to change it? We do not know. Harriman may get to work some this year, and again he may not. But even if he does, what a terrible humiliating, exasperating condition this is for the people of a great state to be in—to be year after year and decade after decade at the mercy and subject to the caprice of a conscienceless tyrant. Isn't it possible for the people of Oregon to plan something during this year that they can demand of their legislature next winter to do to change this situation?

THE UNSPEAKABLE COREY.

THE UNSPEAKABLE COREY is probably ready to proclaim that marriage is a failure. But it is not. It is human wrecks, such as he, that make it often fail. Brides like Maybelle Gilman contribute their share. There, too, is the long caravan of brides and grooms who enter matrimony with no knowledge of its responsibilities or dream of its meaning. With them it is a failure, and always will be. They are the lot that crowd the divorce courts and thrust unhappiness into the world. They fill juvenile courts with business and lay it upon the public to take care of their children.

It is failure to realize the sanctity of marriage that covers it so with opprobrium. It is in this role that Corey shines. A marriage sacredly held is one of the dividing lines between civilization and barbarism. That people which most respects its sanctity is likely to be truest to the other obligations that make for best living. It is among such that the home is likely to be the nearest ideal, and the children best fitted for clean, uplifting citizenship. It is one of the best of all influences for the uplift of the state and perfecting of society.

It is unfortunate that marriage has to endure such as Corey. Tiring of No. 1 he married No. 2, and a-weary now of No. 2, so the story goes, he would return to No. 1. A Digger Indian would scarcely attempt more. Even many of the barbarian races cling with tender tenacity to the ties that bind parents and children, but not so Corey. He ignores every obligation on which a happy home is founded. Because the accident of wealth has made him an object of notice his example does infinite harm in the copyists it will set up. It is human to do things because others have done them, and even Corey will have his emulators.

The one grain of comfort in the miserable spectacle is that Corey is being shunned by many former associates, and for a millionaire to be shunned in Pittsburg is indeed a cruel blow.

WHY NOT LA FOLLETTE?

WHY SHOULD not La Follette become the favorite candidate among Oregon Republicans? We observe that several Republican papers of Oregon are speaking very highly and favorably of the Wisconsin senator as proper presidential timber, and if enough of them do so, and if they correctly voice the sentiments of their respective communities, we see no good reason why La Follette should not be the first choice of the Oregon delegation to the Republican national convention. Of course The Journal does not desire to offer any advice, but asks again, why not?

Are Oregon Republicans for Roosevelt if he would run again, and for what are known or imagined as Roosevelt policies? Then since Roosevelt will not run, La Follette is distinctly and conspicuously his logical inheritor and successor. And this is no less true because Roosevelt is himself for Taft. Nobody knows what Taft would do along the line of the real or supposed Roosevelt policies. Everybody knows what La Follette would do. He would make those policies more real, vital, active and effective than even Roosevelt does. Here, then, is a chance for Republicans to show whether they are sincere and in dead earnest in advocating these policies.

Taft is a big man in every way, a popular man, a likable man, a man with a good record—but, isn't he, so far as can be determined, rather too much of a good fellow, and likely to be half and half with both elements? And there is no doubt, with a president of that kind, which element would absorb about all the influence and power.

La Follette is a man who, against powerful and persistent opposition, has done things—the right sort of things. He has proved himself, on as hard fought battlefields as ever yielded to worthy champions of a righteous cause, a victor's crown. His courage is fairly sublime; his capability is phenomenal; and he is peculiarly, significantly, a people's champion in this crucial time in American politics.

We believe that by next spring, if delegates were to be elected by popular vote, Oregon would send a La Follette delegation to the Republican national convention. But as those delegates are to be selected by a state convention, this is not likely to happen.

A BAD VETO.

THE VETO of the 2-cent fare bill by Governor Hughes will be a big handicap if he should become the Republican nominee for president. It may be truly said that it was an honest veto, and that it showed his courage; but while this will be conceded it will be answered with much force that it showed his leaning, and that it is one that the people do not like.

Several states passed 2-cent or 2½-cent fare laws last winter, and they are being tested, the general experience being that they are found to be reasonable. In some cases it is asserted that they have been beneficial rather than injurious to the railroads. And surely if a 2-cent law is reasonable in any state it should be so in New York, with its 8,000,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by thickly populated states.

Governor Hughes argued in his veto message that it was not certain that the rate was reasonable. That being the case, it was not within his proper province to veto a bill passed by the representatives of the people. It was for them rather than for him to decide the question of reasonableness, insofar as it could be decided in advance. The people elected them to pass laws, and him to execute them. Gubernatorial vetoes are often very good things, but this was a case in which the power was not well used.

Millions of people will say in consequence of this veto that Governor Hughes' natural bent and inclination is toward the corporations, in whose employ, in fact, he has been for the most part in his professional career. The presumption is that a 2-cent fare law in New York would be reasonable, and what the people are entitled to. At any rate, the law should have been allowed to go into operation experimentally. That veto, if Hughes should become a candidate, will cost him a great number of votes—a much larger number, we estimate, than he would gain by it.

BOURNE IS BOSS.

NOW SENATOR FULTON and Representatives Hawley and Ellis know who is the Oregon dispenser of patronage at Washington. The appointment of Chris Schuebel as district attorney tells the story.

This must be a hard blow to these gentlemen, and especially to Senator Fulton. He has been senator nearly five years, Bourne less than one. Fulton was asked, according to report, to recommend a successor to Bristol, and in conjunction with the two representatives did so; and yet, even while Fulton was out of the capital but hastening back to it, Bourne's choice was appointed. This not only indicates that the senior Oregon senator is still much out of favor with the administration, but seems to be an unnecessary and undeserved humiliation. The president might at least have waited until Fulton's return. But Fulton is a member of the senate judiciary committee, and he may prevent Schuebel's confirmation, as he did Bristol's.

But what is more and worse, Fulton has always been a Republican; Bourne, and his appointee Schuebel, have been rank, active anti-Republicans. They have helped to defeat the Republican party in Oregon, and tried to defeat a Republican candidate for president. Yet they are "recognized" and rewarded, while the good, "true-blue" Republicans, Fulton, Hawley and Ellis, are in effect told by the Man-With-the-Big-Stick to go away back and sit down.

These be parlous times, men and brethren. Talk of harmony and enthusiasm under such circumstances. And a campaign just coming on in Oregon. Look at and consider the great Republican party of Oregon, with its "history," and "traditions," and "policies," and "tendency," and then look at

Bourne and Schuebel!

THE THAW CASE.

EVERYBODY WHO reads the newspapers knows just as well now as he will after the trial what to think of Thaw. He deliberately and willfully killed Stanford White. He was no more insane than any murderer who was ever hanged, or ought to have been. The insanity defense is so false and farcical that it is a wonder that a court will permit it or permit much of the evidence that it elicits. Thaw had provocation for his act, but not nearly so much as he pretends, and as some sentimental people seem to imagine. White was a bad man in one respect, no doubt, but Thaw was only virtuously indignant at him because White was intimate with the girl that Thaw wanted to keep for his own sole enjoyment before he married her. She was more sinned against than sinning, let us admit; but her story of her initial downfall in White's studio taxes belief. It contradicts itself. Nor is all the story of that confession in Paris and its consequences very credible. In brief, the young woman made up as good a story as she could to save her husband, and few will blame her very severely for doing so. The strong and only really valid point in Thaw's favor is White's alleged attempt to get into Evelyn's favor again after she was married and supposedly behaving herself. If this fact can be established, many a juryman would feel like acquitting Thaw. But he ought to be acquitted, if at all, on this ground, openly affirmed, not on the false pretense of insanity.

Respecting the battle over the rebate cases in the United States supreme court, a dispatch says that the corporations contend that one clause of the Hepburn act releases them from any penalties that might grow out of violations of the Elkins law. We shall be agreeably surprised if the corporations do not make this point, or some other one just as good, work. He is a poor congressional leader who can't serve his corporation masters by slipping a joker into a bill, and he is an exceptional federal judge who cannot find some excuse for deciding in a law-breaking corporation's favor.

Eight delegates to the next national Republican convention have already been elected, two of them, from "Joe" Fordney's Michigan district, being instructed for "Uncle Joe" Cannon for president. And when congress convened "Uncle Joe" didn't do a thing to "Joe" Fordney but make him chairman of the most important committee in congress. And this is statesmanship and patriotism! Bah!

Here is another "Socialist" suggestion, and the curiosity of it is that it is made by Collier's Weekly: "The guarantee of safety for the funds designed to protect his family against want is one of the first duties that the state owes the individual. Will not the most efficient way to perform that duty ultimately be the most direct way—for the state itself to offer life insurance?"

Probably Mr. Lowit was not in the least surprised at his successful getaway. Maybe he knew all the time that he could do it.

It looks as if the president was not so very grievously offended at Senator Bourne's second elective term propaganda after all.

"Quacks" are bad things, no doubt, but who should be authorized to determine what constitutes a "quack"?

Perhaps it might be about as well to abolish all legislatures and leave all government to the courts.

We shall soon be given an illustration of how the government doesn't do it.

Naval officers should insist that the only safe and sound policy is to elect an admiral president, and ex-officio commander-in-chief of the navy. Then interloping staff officers would have to keep their proper places.

Now if anybody in Oregon wants a federal office, he knows whom to ask.

Schuebel very likely owes very kind regards to Honey also.

Letters From the People

Turn on the Light.

Portland, Or., Jan. 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—I saw in The Journal, dated January 4, a conspicuous piece of reading matter, signed L. J. Wilde, and another easy-to-be-seen jingoism talk, headed by the words, "My Home for Sale," also signed "Wilde." In the former he says: "If you Oregonians are going to keep up this rabble and newspaper talk indefinitely, I quit." Without doubt he has the choice to do as he likes, and a resignation of his at this time will most likely be as acceptable as at any other.

In the first place, we have too many mousetrap banks watching for the "hobo element's" money, as he calls them, and he threatens to turn every certificate of deposit in his charge over to attorneys for collection, with instructions to show no mercy if the people's attitude is not changed in 24 hours.

I think Mr. Wilde had better give us more time, for this generation is now educated to a higher standard than the last, and knows right banking from wrong.

And in regard to having a cry of prosperity in one column of the Portland papers and rot in the other, I think the bank rot, better known as high-strung gambling, should be made known in the newspaper columns with conspicuous headings, even if prosperity news has to be left out for lack of space. First let's have better regulated banking laws, for eastern people coming to settle here do not like the idea of keeping their money in a tin can for safekeeping, which under the circumstances now is the safest way.

I am sorry Mr. Wilde does not consider himself an Oregonian or a resident of "the city of Moses," as he calls Portland. We always extend a welcome hand and not a "lemon" to people that wish to become one of us in all sincerity. The little timhorn insinuation is a scorn to grafters these days. High stands the banner of Oregon, but higher shall it stand when grafters are dressed in zebra garb.

F. G. SCHERUBLE.

Too Early or Too Late.

Jennings Lodge Station, Jan. 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have heard a great deal of complaint about the car service of the Oregon City line, especially of the morning service, which would give one the impression that it is about time the people of that division were taking a step forward to make things come their way.

How many people are there that work in the city of Portland that wish to get to town four to ten minutes after 8 in the morning, or 31 minutes before 8, which is a general working hour?

Yes, that is just the way they have it arranged on the Oregon City line, one car for Portland every 35 minutes, beginning with 6 o'clock (time of leaving Oregon City), thus bringing the 8 o'clock workers either 31 minutes too early or four to ten minutes too late. Personally I think it is a very poor arrangement, for as far as I am able to understand it, the majority of people that live out this way and work in Portland wish to be at their work at 8 o'clock.

I am sure that it would not cost the Portland Railway, Light & Power company one cent more, and it would be far more pleasing to the people in general if they would start their second car at 6:30, bringing the 7:30 workers to town about 7:25, and the third car at 7, bringing the 8 o'clock workers to town about 7:54. If this were done more people living out this way would consider working in Portland.

We pay well for our car service and it is no more than reasonable that we should have the very best of service. "Where there is cooperation there is strength," and by cooperating is the only way the people of the Oregon City car line will ever be able to realize their desires.

Let us arouse ourselves and start the year right, by commanding "a decent schedule" on this line.

O. WRIGHT LEWIS.

Thinks La Follette Can Win.

Arleta, Or., Jan. 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—Dear sir: For several days I have wanted to register a protest against your assertion that Senator La Follette would not be nominated for the presidency. I feel convinced that if the working people generally fully understood what he has done and is doing they would stand almost as a unit for his nomination and election to the presidency.

The trouble now is that there are a great many people who have scarcely heard his name, and have no idea what he stands for—a fair and square deal for the common people. This I know by inquiry among neighbors and friends. I was wonderfully pleased to note the masterful and concise manner in which you call the Oregonian down for wishing to run in machine politics again on the state, headed "Unconscious Truth." Yours very truly,

ADMIRING SUBSCRIBER.

Minors Can File on Claim.

Plush, Or., Dec. 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—Can a boy under 21 years of age in the state of Oregon locate and hold a quartz mining claim?

FRED F. CRUMP.

[According to the law, any American citizen can locate a mining claim. No mention is made of age, therefore any one under 21 is eligible.—Ed.]

Plenty of Silica Sand.

Woods, Or., Jan. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—I notice in The Journal that some company wishes to find a vein or quantities of pure silica. Let them write, or, better, go to Lookout, Modoc county, Oregon, to a man by the name of Trowbridge, of that place, and inquire. There is plenty of sand there.

G. P. BISSELL.

Saving the Game Birds.

St. Johns, Or., Jan. 7.—To the Editor of The Journal — In watching the habits of the China pheasant I have observed that it is the gamest bird the hunters and dogs pursue. As an experienced hunter of these birds I would like to explain a way to protect them so that in five years the farmer would be glad to invite a true hunter to his ranch to shoot. Instead of paying a lot of indolent game wardens the money derived from the hunters' licenses, it should be applied in bounties on such wild animals as skunks and the gray squirrel, and such birds as the blue jay, the hawk and especially the crow, the worst enemy we have to contend against. In my opinion the crow alone destroys more upland birds than all the hunters combined. I hope the next legislature will take this matter up for consideration.

A Yamhill county farmer told me he knew of nine China pheasant nests that had been robbed by crows. I read in The Journal where a correspondent advocates the use of a 16-gauge shotgun. That is absurd. It could not be enforced, and the bounty plan in my estimation, is the only remedy for the protection of the pheasant.

Apparently, in a few years duck shooting will be a thing of the past. If the ducks are to remain, we must feed them or seed the low lands with suitable feed, which will grow in the ponds and lakes. If we have sufficient feed we will have plenty of ducks.

I hope these few remarks will be jotted down in the memory of Oregon lawmakers.

D. S. SOUTHMAY.

OBSTRUCTIONISTS AND THE PUBLIC WELFARE

From the Oxnard (California) Courier.

The people of California can do well to take note of a very extraordinary movement that is going on within the borders of our sister commonwealth—Oregon, where the short-sighted policy of a few obstructionists threatens to set the state back many years in its development and to brand our northern neighbors as the most unprogressive and undeserving citizens of the United States today. This movement is nothing less than an effort on the part of certain individuals to curtail the resources of the state university by invoking the referendum on the legislative bill appropriating funds for its support, and then securing the defeat of this bill by a vote of the people. They are in the midst of their nefarious work, and are only waiting until the June election, when they will add their efforts to those of the other parsimonious persons who have held the Beaver state in a condition of stagnation for so many years and have prevented her from assuming the position among western states to which she is justly entitled.

President Roosevelt has given us his ideas of undesirable citizens. To his mind they are the men whose actions are characterized by unlawful violence or crafty efforts to undermine the very foundations of our country. Yet these persons sink into comparative insignificance when compared to the people who block the efforts of education, and do it openly. Not ashamed, they go about their work assassinating knowledge by beheading our public school system. They plot in the open and rejoice in their efforts, little realizing the penalty that others will pay.

The citizenship of these undesirable persons has become emasculated. Their minds no longer react to a patriotic stimulus, and warped and distorted ideas cause their brains to picture the good efforts of others in a strangely deformed and unnatural manner. We can only pity them.

Oregon spends less than any other state in the union for higher education—about $47,500 per year. Her next-door neighbor, Washington, maintains a state university with an income of $200,000 a year, and the last legislature appropriated $600,000 for new buildings. Idaho's state university gets $125,000, while the figures for California are familiar to us all. The last legislature appropriated nearly $135,000 for the University of California farm alone. The University of Oregon has the reputation of having more self-supporting students than any state university, over 60 per cent it is said. These are the students that the obstructionists would deprive of an opportunity of an education.

Oregon has the reputation of being a "conservative state. That means it is a mossback state. It is now clamoring vociferously for the extension of the Harriman railroad system within its borders, little realizing that no railroad can look with ideas of extension into a state that is so over-burdened with fossilized citizenship that the future prosperity of its state university is at stake.

Oregon has good and prosperous people, but they have been kept in a state of subjection by the dominating influence of a class of persons of which California can thank herself that she is free. We cannot conceive of citizens of this state protesting to the legislature against the University of California, and it is utterly impossible for us to imagine that any appropriation bill would ever be defeated by popular vote. How the citizens of Oregon can do so is a mystery, and the mystery is even intensified when we learn that the bill carries the paltry sum of $125,000 per year. The men who are working against the bill are shouting themselves hoarse for common schools, little realizing that the state university is the very essence of the common school system and the two are linked together by irradicable ties.

It is the wish of every good citizen that the efforts of the obstructionists will be as unsuccessful as they deserve. The west will look at Oregon to see how she will conduct herself in the time of trial. Her action means a great deal for the good name of the west, which has been characterized as progressive in all things, and it remains for Oregon to show that the characterization has been correct.

THE MORTGAGED HEART: A BACHELOR'S DREAM

By C. B. Quincy.

The Bachelor nodded over his pipe. He had his feet on the table and he threw his matches on the floor. His coat was slung over the back of a chair and there was some tobacco spilled over the mantel.

It was about the end of the year, and thoughts of the new one unconsciously crept into the Bachelor's mind as he dozed. At last his pipe flopped out of his mouth to the floor—where, by the way, it burned a hole in the carpet—and the Bachelor was asleep.

There was a knock at the door—a firm, determined knock. Before the Bachelor could reach it the door was opened from the outside and in strode—a woman.

"I'm a very busy woman," said the visitor. "I'm on my way to address a meeting of the Woman Suffrage and Presidential league, so don't delay me."

The Bachelor was too amazed to speak.

"Will you marry me?" asked the visitor.

The Bachelor turned pale.

"It's leap year, you know."

The Bachelor shivered.

"It would be an excellent arrangement. I need a home, and you need some one to look after you."

The Bachelor trembled like a leaf.

"You see the mutual advantages. Now let me have your answer; I've just got five minutes."

"I don't—er—think I can," stammered the Bachelor.

"You don't think you can! How unbusinesslike! Is there anyone else?" asked the visitor.

"Er—er—no."

"Well, then, of course you can! That's settled now, isn't it?"

"Er—at—er—y—yes," fell from the Bachelor's dry lips.

"Goodbye, then—dear!" And the door slammed after the visitor.

"Engaged!" wailed the Bachelor. "And to some one who'll look after me!"

"A special delivery letter."

The Bachelor opened it and glanced languidly at the page.

Then he jumped out of his chair.

"Dear Jack," read the letter, "some of us girls have a Leap Year club, and each of us has to marry some one we proposed to ourselves. I propose to you, however it's done. Do I ask you for your hand and heart, or how? Anyway, I have to get some man to say yes, and you're the only one I know well enough to ask, so be a dear and say yes.—Ethel.

P. S.—I'll take no excuse.—E."

The Bachelor groaned. Ethel was his cousin, and he never could refuse her anything. But he was engaged already.

No matter—he couldn't disappoint Ethel. So he wrote out a telegram: "Yes."

The Bachelor went out and sent his telegram. At the door of the office he met Mrs. Jubb. Mrs. Jubb was a widow. The Bachelor, for some reason or other, felt rather faint.

"Julius," said Mrs. Jubb, "was an angelic character—never complained about anything. I shall always think of him. But at the same time I feel that I need some one around the house. Will you marry me?"

The Bachelor felt fainter than ever.

"Er—er—er," he stammered.

"Oh, you've made me so happy!" said Mrs. Jubb. "We'll be married on the anniversary of my marriage to dear Julius."

The Bachelor's knees knocked together as he walked homeward, so that he almost ran into Elsie Pett. Elsie was a—a peach. The Bachelor had a sort of sneaking admiration, almost affection, for Elsie, and his heart fell as she came up, blushing in a perfectly distracting way.

"Let us join hands and wander down life's pathway together," she began.

The Bachelor started. "Dippy," he thought to himself.

"Let us sail together over life's silvery sea, heart singing to heart," continued Elsie.

The Bachelor said nothing, but stared.

"Well—will you?" demanded the girl.

"Bounding buffaloes!" exclaimed the Bachelor. "It's another proposal!"

"Elsie," he said, "I can't, for a fact. I'm engaged to three or four already."

Elsie began to cry.

There's nothing to it after that begins.

"Yes, yes," hastily said the Bachelor. Sure—we'll sail over life's roaring billows hand in hand."

The Bachelor awoke with a shudder. "Thank heaven, only a dream!" he said cheeringly to himself. He's gone abroad now, exploring in Tibet, where his work will take about a year, he says. But between ourselves I think he writes to Elsie Pett.

Senator La Follette.

From the Pendleton Tribune.

The disposition to snub the senior senator from Wisconsin, in evidence in some quarters, does no credit to those engaged in the effort. His record as a public servant has not been surpassed in any state, and his brilliant campaigns against the organized manipulators, unaided except by the people of his state, attracted the attention of the entire nation.

He was struggling for better laws governing different corporations doing business in Wisconsin in an attempt to provide a more just system of assessment and taxation, and in the end "won out" against a strong organization determined to defeat his purposes at all hazards.

As a result, after serving three terms as governor, he was elected to the United States senate and in that body is endeavoring to inject into the national laws some of the reforms that are now in operation in his own state—an ambition that is commendable and should meet, in most cases, with no opposition.

Some of the senators assert they are in favor of his proposed measures for the government of corporations, but that they have particular legislative methods for reaching the same result, which they prefer!

The point to all of which is that Wisconsin is today one of the best governed states in the union, no other has so satisfactory a system for controlling corporations, and it is not believed any other has a code of laws on taxation which sits so lightly on the people.

So "what is the matter with La Follette?" Is anybody prepared to say that the laws of Wisconsin, if enlarged and extended to cover the entire country, would not effect a marked improvement over present conditions? Certainly not.

And yet in certain quarters and by some of his colleagues the famous Wisconsin senator is subjected to a sort of personal slight that will in the long run rebound against those engaging in it, for the principles for which he is striving will, in the main, ultimately triumph in this country.

Speaking some words of praise of the Wisconsin senator, the Lincoln, Nebraska, Star has this paragraph:

"The United States senate will gain nothing by snubbing Senator La Follette and giving him places on obscure committees. Numerous Washington dispatches recently have indicated that the Wisconsin senator was being punished for his attacks upon certain staid and dignified members of the upper lawmaking body, and that because of his naughtiness La Follette would be given no desirable committee appointments. And it does appear that in the distribution of committee prizes the Wisconsin man has been overlooked, whether accidentally or intentionally, of course we cannot say. But if such a condition is the result of premeditated action, then the senators have made a mistake. They will not silence La Follette by such a course, and they will only add to the vigor of his attacks upon them. Perhaps he might have been somewhat placated by two or three committee plums. But that chance has been overlooked. The senate may now look for a 'skinning' from the Wisconsin orator, compared with which the recent 'skinning' given by Senator Davis of Arkansas will be but a poor second."

Augustus Thomas' Birthday.

Augustus Thomas, the well-known American playwright, was born in St. Louis January 8, 1859, and received his education in the public schools of that city. In his youth he engaged in a variety of occupations before he discovered that he could write plays that would bring him fame and money. He was in turn a page in the house of representatives at Washington, a clerk in a railroad office, a law student and a newspaper reporter. Among the successful plays that he has written those that are best remembered are "Alabama," "In Mizzoura," "Arizona," "On the Quiet," "Oliver Goldsmith," "The Other Girl," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and "The Earl of Pawtucket." During the past few years Mr. Thomas has sprung into some prominence as a politician and has taken a more or less active part in Democratic affairs in New York. He is a close personal friend of William J. Bryan, and presided at the great meeting held in Madison Square Garden in 1906 to welcome Mr. Bryan on his return from his trip around the world.

This Date in History.

1642—Galileo, the astronomer, died. Born in Pisa, February 15, 1564.

1731—First issue of the South Carolina Gazette at Charleston.

1792—Lowell Mason, one of the pioneers in American music teaching, born in Massachusetts. Died in Orange, New Jersey, August 11, 1872.

1906—Cape of Good Hope taken by the English.

1815—British defeated at battle of New Orleans.

1821—General James Longstreet of the Confederate army, born. Died January 2, 1904.

1864—Prince Albert Victor (Duke of Clarence), born. Died January 14, 1892.

1872—Congress arranged to issue 1-cent postal cards.

Callous Editor's Reply.

Riverton, Wyoming, Republican: A lady, who is some pumpkins in Baptist circles, asks us if we will address the Sunday school scholars on the subject: "The Effect of Smoking on Boys." We refused the honor for lack of proper qualification, never having smoked on a boy during all our fumigating career. We have smoked on a cracker box, a beer keg, a pickle barrel and a plain hump backed chair, but never on a boy. The fact is, a boy is too restless to insure a quiet smoke.

Small Change

Only 51 weeks of 1908 left.

* *

Which is preferable, Ellis or Geer?

* *

With some the stringency is never over.

* *

The tyrant of Oregon shows no signs of relenting.

* *

No, it is not quite certain that spring has come yet.

* *

Has keeping that diary become tiresome already?

* *

The Thaw case will arouse less interest this time.

* *

What's the use of passing laws for courts to nullify?

* *

It's about time for men who want an office to get busy.

* *

The only sure thing about "Hamlet" is that nobody can play it right.

* *

But there are some bachelors who would really like to be proposed to.

* *

It costs as much to convict and punish a wrongdoer as to convert a heathen.

* *

It will soon be time for the fruit to be destroyed for the first time in 1908.

* *

It is supposed that Attorney Littleton will not rely on dementia Americana.

* *

Bryan has become quite a duck hunter; that ought to mollify G. Cleveland.

* *

What is a prettier sight than a handful of new $20 gold pieces? Two handfuls.

* *

If a good police force arrests no robbers, what would happen with a bad police force?

* *

So far the winter has not been very favorable to the fuel trust, yet we presume it is doing quite well.

* *

Why doesn't some lawyer work up a case to show that the ten commandments are all unconstitutional?

* *

By the way, have all those Central American people become mollycoddles? No revolution there for many moons.

* *

At the present rate, Honey will be a good deal older than Mrs. Wood was before he gets all the land frauders convicted to stick.

* *

Brother C. T. Wilson is right on the subject of emotional revivals; they are only fit for hardened old gray-headed male sinners to attend.

* *

If building operations continue to grow as is the prospect, members of the plumbers' trust all ought to be millionaires by next New Year.

* *

A writing paper has been invented that crumbles into dust in 24 hours. This is just the thing to write love letters on, either to legitimate sweethearts or affinities; then the letters could never show up in the divorce or criminal court.

* *

There was a leap year skating rink party at Albany the other evening, the girls doing the inviting and paying the bills, and the Democrat says that "one of the rules was that the ladies should skate on the gentlemen's side." This shows the natural tyranny of helpless animals. The ladies, if reasonable, would have been willing to skate part of the time on the gentlemen's backs, or fronts.

Oregon Sidelights

Several Tillamook county dairymen are improving their herds.

* *

Washington county could easily furnish homes for 100,000 people.

* *

North Bend expects to build a big, fine high school building this year.

* *

J. J. Hill attempted suicide at Bandon, but he is not the railroad man.

* *

Nearly half the deaths in Baker City for the year 1907 occurred in one month.

* *

A Myrtle Creek man has a persimmon tree that has been bearing for several years.

* *

Snow to the depth of nearly three feet has fallen in portions of Crook county.

* *

The quality of coal in the mine at Brockton, Tillamook county, improves with depth.

* *

The town of Woods in Tillamook county has a population of 26, and no newspaper.

* *

Farmers on the Umatilla reservation are busy plowing. What do you freeze-to-death people back east think of that?

* *

Hon. F. I. Dunbar, former secretary of state, has returned to Astoria to permanently reside and has decided to engage in the brokerage business.

* *

Coos Bay News: Millmen expect to see the lumber business brighten after the holidays. They say everything indicates a good demand at fair prices.

* *

Condon Times: Mrs. Fitzmaurice is having grand success with her 50 chickens. She got three eggs for the last three months and sold one young rooster for $1.50. The flock only costs about $4 a month to feed, but then it is no end of pleasure to keep the chicken house clean.

* *

The Linn county levy is one of the lowest in Oregon, made possible by the splendid management of county affairs, says the Democrat. The person who will kick at this is a knocker of the worst order and will have no weight with reasonable people.

* *

Some lovers of real, wild honey created a panic in a bee tree across the river, near Echo, last Sunday, says the Register. Armed with an ax, pails and rags with which to make a smoke, they made a run on the industrious insects' hoard and left it as bare as a Portland bank. About 50 pounds of excellent honey was secured.

* *

J. M. Wright, who settled near La Grande less than a year ago, has sold from a little less than four acres products for which he received $1,200 in cash. He is preparing to engage in the poultry business and soon expects to have about 1,000 chickens. He will also plant the balance of his 10-acre tract to orchard this spring.

* *

The discovery of another porphyry dike, believed to be rich in gold, in Crook county, has just been announced, says the Prineville Review. The new find is located on the southwest end of Powell Buttes, 15 miles southwest of Prineville, and the whole vein was staked out during January, nine persons in all having located claims.

* *

The year 1907 has been one of vast importance to this little city of Bonanza, says the Bulletin. We have developed in the right direction to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars. Our bank with $50,000, fully paid up, with $25,000 in deposits, making a total of $75,000; new high school building, $20,000; creamery, $5,000; new flouring mill, $15,000; new livery barns, $4,000; new rooming house, $2,500; furniture store, $3,000; Eldred Saddlery company, $2,500; eight new cottages, $8,000; the increase in the general line of business with the stores and hotels over the past year, $12,000; Bulletin office, $600; barber shop, $400, making a total of $148,000.