"GIVE THE RAILROADS A CHANCE," SAYS J. J. HILL

Denouncing the "Crusade Against Success," the Railroad Magnate Writes a Plea for "A Fair Hearing," Presents Railroad Case to Public, *and* Urges an Honest and Impartial Consideration

AN UNSIGNED article "by a railroad man" will appear in the October number of Appleton's Magazine. It is entitled, "Wanted: A Fair Hearing." The introduction to the article asks: "Is the country so prejudiced that a fair hearing will not be given to a question apart from personality?"

It is authoritatively stated that the plea for a fair hearing is written by James J. Hill. Full extracts from the article follow:

Up to the beginning of our contemporary crusade against success, America had piled up a prosperity unprecedented and unparalleled.

We had developed a domestic commerce greater by 100 per cent than the total exports from all nations. The incredible activity in our national advance was the result of a unity and cooperation of effort in exploiting the resources of the continent. Many of the clashing and competitive interests had been merged into efficient and economical systems. Superfluous officers and worse than useless middlemen had been largely eliminated. Simplicity had been introduced into the purchase and distribution of supplies. Great corporations were enabled to obtain material in large quantities, and several even acquired control of the sources from which these things were drawn.

The large iron companies, for example, mined their own ore, and with their own coal worked it up into rails and structural steel.

The great organizations were an advance in economics, and, like every improvement, they helped the masses. It was possible to manufacture and distribute a vast volume of goods at a small margin of profit. Individuals were injured here and there, for it is inevitable that there must be victims of all progress. The trolley closed the door of the livery stable.

The greatest good of the greatest number must be considered, and American communities as a whole were incalculably benefited by the change.

Cannot Return to Old Methods.

It would be impossible to go back to the system of our fathers. If we attempted to restore the old methods of individual efforts and competition American industry would be largely destroyed. A few individuals might abandon steam and return to the ox, but such a reaction is not conceivable for society.

If we destroyed our present system of distribution, the cities of America would face starvation.

The unification of interests and the vast operations made possible by steam, electricity and the production of steel wrought a transformation in America.

Today we have done a dangerous thing. We have denounced the railroads as outlaws. Ignorant declamation has so misguided and inflamed public sentiment that the justice in the vast issues involved has been ignored. The work of politicians has resulted in lawless legislation, aimed principally at the carriers.

Last year about 200 of these confiscatory laws were passed.

The effect of this economic madness is not confined to the carriers. Anything that affects transportation in America demoralizes prosperity throughout the continent. It is a common cause. Our new system of civilization has so merged the masses that we cannot attack any great industry without injuring all.

But the outcry against the carriers has made it impossible to finance new ventures. All business has been halted, and no great works will be carried on while the law, made by politicians, lifts its hands to strike down success.

And not only have new industries been stayed. Business that was flourishing has become constricted. A paralysis has fallen upon credit. The railroads needing such vast capital to prepare the path for new prosperity have fished in vain in every financial pool.

The Stress of Hard Times.

Nothing will make the people pause but necessity, and that is now being felt. Countless numbers are suffering.

Only half of the steel fleet went into commission on the Great Lakes this year. The basis of our industrial life is iron and coal. The lake shipments of iron in the first half of 1908 were less by nearly 10,000,000 tons than in 1907. The total falling off represented a loss of over 77 per cent.

As the iron ore traffic is the barometer showing the rise and fall of American business, the complete statistics for the first half of 1907 and 1908 are shown, as follows:

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

Lake shipments of iron ore up to and including June 30, 1907 and 1908:

From dock—	1908.	1907.	Decrease.	P.C.
Duluth, D. M. & N.	1,164,809,	4,094,046	2,929,237	71.55
Superior, G. N.	478,063	2,318,911	1,840,248	79.36
Two Harbors, D. & I. R.	566,194	2,630,038	2,063,844	78.47
Ashland, C. & N. W.	224,670	783,995	559,325	71.34
Ashland, N. C.	46,907	265,362	218,455	82.32
Marquette, D. S. S. & A.	65598	354,700	201,102	84.89
Marquette, L. S. & I.	65,416	414,360	348,944	84.21
Escanaba, C. & N. W.	226,200	1,306,478	1,080,278	82.69
Escanaba, C. M. & S. P.	44,541	517,736	473,195	91.40
Total gross tons	2,870,998	12,685,624	9,814,626	.....
Decrease for 1908			9,814,628	77.37

"Today we have done a dangerous thing. We have denounced the railroads as outlaws."

"Why have the railroads been singled out for attack?"

"Any one can stone and hit so permanent and conspicuous a target."

"All business has been halted, and no great works will be carried on while the law, made by politicians, lifts its hands to strike down success."

"It is no more possible to solve many of our economic problems by legislation than it would be to fix a dislocated limb by law."

"The most important industries of the country should not be broken down under the influence of a hue and cry prompted by political motives."

"The locomotive tossed the stage aside. The trolley closed the door of the livery stab'e."

"It cannot be kept too clearly in mind that arbitrary laws do not supply what is needed in our system."

We have now witnessed a decrease in a multitude of industries which for a decade showed only increases. Reports published by the interstate commerce commission reveal a decrease of 31 per cent in railway earnings per mile. At the same time the expenses in their ratio to earnings rose from 67 per cent to 76 per cent. As the result felt by the railroads throughout the continent 1,500,000 men, women and children who were dependent on railways are now without income.

Why have the railroads been singled out for attack? The answer is simple. A factory or any other business, if assaulted by legislation, could close or move to a friendlier and saner community. But the railroad must continue to operate, even at a loss. Any one can stone and hit so permanent and conspicuous a target.

While the railroads constitute the greatest value in America next to the soil on which we live, their percentage of profit is far less than in other industries. In manufacturing the profit is from 15 to 40 per cent. In the banking business it is from 10 to 50 per cent. The profit from railway enterprise is about 4 per cent.

American Transportation Rates.

Much has been said about the increased cost of commodities. That rise in price has not been caused by the carriers. The cheapest thing in America is the rate charged for transportation. Regardless of the advance in the price of commodities throughout the country, the charge for transporting them has gone steadily down. On the Great Northern railway, for example, the saving to shippers by reduction in rates last year was $113,390,355.46; and from 1881 the total reduction in freight charges on this road alone represents a saving to the people of nearly $900,000,000.

That is the record of but one road. The freight rate, now down to .748 cents per ton per mile, represents an aggregate saving reaching far into the billions. The beneficiaries of this vast saving have been the shippers and the public.

The transportation issue is a matter of continental magnitude. It touches the most vital interests of every individual among our consuming millions.

We must operate under wise leaders. Every man cannot be a general. You can take 25 men out of some community and they will be missed; again, you might take 25,000 out, and their absence would be overlooked.

It has been proposed that the government should own the railroads. There are doubtless a number of roads in America that would be glad to sell, but it would take $18,000,000,000 for the federal government to acquire the transportation lines of America.

What would be done with this money? Would it leave the United States?

Government Ownership Fatal.

Even if the financial problem could be solved, government ownership of American railways would be a fatal step. It would wreck the government itself.

The work accomlished by the railways in lowering rates, reducing freight classifications from fifty or more to three, in introducing into our transportation system thousands of through rates and routes, and in the general improvement in traffic facilities, thus contributing a most important item to the industrial transformation of the continent, has been brought about through efficient railway management. A railway official in executive work receives from four to five times the salary of a chief justice. The government would not pay such salaries, and, unless it did, it could not get these men. And without proper management, confusion would overtake traffic.

It is clear that the prosperity of the people inhabiting the section through which the railway runs is the only path of prosperity for the railway itself. The railway and its patrons prosper as one. Similarly they suffer from the same causes. The greater the volume of business, the lower the rates will be.

All railway rates are now fixed through a conference of the lines. Rebates were an evil, growing out of competition. The federal government, the several states, and the carriers themselves are opposed to this ruinous form of competition. Here again the principle of national unity in trade interests is made plain. Anything short of the cooperation of the whole people to advance their commerce results in injustice to the many and advantage to the few.

It cannot be kept too clearly in mind that arbitrary laws do not supply what is needed in our system. The interstate commerce commission demanded that the rates from the orient be published in advance of our making them. Much of the business coming from the far east consists of special shipments secured as the result of negotiation. We have to compete with many foreign companies. The shipper in Shanghai or Singapore wants to get the lowest terms for cargoes going, we will say, to New York by way of the American continent. He wants those rates quoted to him at once. But the government of the United States, through its officials, now insists that the rates be published 30 days before they can go into effect. During those 30 days what will the shipper at Shanghai do? He will patronize the foreign lines and ship by way of Suez.

And these grave questions must be considered, as must all our national industrial issues, by a combined people cooperating for the public good.

Men Must Cooperate.

In this large country, carrying on vast undertakings, great amounts of capital are necessary. These sums can be readily provided only through corporate management. There are a few individuals who could furnish $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 to finance a branch of a big business, but there is no assurance that they would invest a dollar. A man with so great a sum of money would not care to burden himself with the details of the activities it would create. It is necessary that men cooperate, merging their capital, energies and abilities for the desired end.

The only serious evil in trusts is the method of creating them, not for the purpose of manufacturing any particular commodity in the first place, but for the purpose of selling sheaves of printed securities which represent only good will, promises and hoped-for profit. There is a simple remedy that congress can apply.

The railroads and all companies ambitious to transact business beyond the border of the state where they originate should be tested by a federal commission and compelled to prove that what they claim as capital stock has been actually paid up in dollars or property. National banks do this. The comptroller of the currency certifies regarding their capital. The public should be protected by some similar federal officer as to the capital of any company reaching out for business across the states.

This system would put an end to the temptation to create companies for the purpose of marketing the future. And no legitimate enterprise would be hurt, the magnitude of an industry would not weaken it in the public estimation, and the great companies could freely advertise the extent of their wealth and activities.

We have been too prone to call upon the government for aid which it cannot render. It is no more possible to solve many of our economic problems by legislation than it would be to fix a dislocated limb by law.

The breakers of laws should be punished. But the most important industries of the country should not be broken down under the influence of a hue and cry prompted by political motives.

Hands Off the Railroads.

Let the American people pause and remember the plight that has fallen upon business this year. The railroads desire, simply, permission to transport people and merchandise, without being the targets of vituperation and subject to assaults under the guise of law that retard their growth. They should be regulated by law, but they should likewise enjoy the protection of the law.

Whatever is good in our industrial system we should keep, and what can be made better we should approach with intelligence and work together to accomplish results that will restore our prosperity—a blessing that will be shared, not by one state or one company, but by all the people.

This cannot be done without first convincing capital that it can profitably and courageously invest in new ventures.

We cannot hope for an improvement through our college teaching, for too much socialism is spread there. The American people should tolerate nothing that stirs differences of section, race or interest.

All progress is the development of order. We must perfect as a nation the highest attributes of a self-governing people. We must uphold the justice and purity of the law in its making as well as in its keeping. We must resist every influence, commercial, political or personal, that makes for a confusion or a revolution of the best national ideal.

The business needs of America are great. Confidence must be mutually restored between the people and the corporations. The importance of cooperating to keep commerce moving throughout the United States is the greatest problem the nation has had to face since the civil war.

Close Calculation.

A woman who has spent many summers at Haines' Falls in the Catskills, tells the following story:

"A mountain wagon full of summer excursionists stopped at the hotel one morning. They wanted to see the falls 'turned on.' In order to assure a good flow of water there is a sort of lock built above the falls. The lock is always kept closed except when somebody makes application to see the falls; then, on payment of a quarter, the gates are thrown open and a fine flow of water pours forth. The old man who had charge of the falls went out and opened the gates; the visitors were delighted, paid their quarter and drove away. About half an hour later another wagonload drove up to the hotel and asked to see the falls. Again the old man went out and opened the gates; but, owing to the previous drain on the water supply, the result was far from satisfactory and the spectators were not enthusiastic. The old man noticed the dissatisfaction of the visitors and was, perhaps, somewhat conscience stricken for, when he was offered a quarter to pay for opening the gates he hesitated a moment, then said:

"No, it wa'n't worth that much. I think there was just about 17 cents worth that time."

The state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, owns 7,700,000 bags of coffee stored in Europe and North America and 657,000 bags stored in Santos. The foreign cities of storage are Havre, Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, London, Trieste, Marseilles, New York and New Orleans.

WHEN SLANG CEASES TO BE SLANG--By George L. Knapp

"SLANG," said Victor Hugo, "is the language of misery." "Vulgarisms," said Oliver Wendell Holmes (he meant slang, but he didn't know how to say it), "are often only poetry in the egg." There are two expert opinions, and "you pays your money and you takes your choice."

If you are like most of the inhabitants of this terrestial ball you will incline now this way and now that, giving here a hand to Holmes and there a grip to Hugo. When the waiter in the railroad eating house, for instance, translates your request for a rare sirloin steak into a shriek of "bootleg, bloody!" or renders as "chest protector and draw one!" your hurry up call for mine pie and coffee, it is a pretty safe bet that you agree with Hugo. Such slang is certainly language that causes misery—not, perhaps, to the user, but to the listener. But when George Ade portrays the heart throbs of Arctic, or Wallace Irwin sings the nautical songs of a land lubber, you will be likely to forget the mournful French romancer and hold that Holmes knew what he was talking about. For it sometimes matters less whose ox is gored than who does the goring.

It is said that a college professor once spent twelve years trying to formulate a comprehensive definition of slang. He might have continued his efforts, only he died. With his warning fate before us we shall certainly not try the same task. And yet there are a few things to say about slang that may help a bit in classifying it, though we know of no way to put an all-descriptive label on the thing.

From one point of view slang is a figure of speech not yet received into common usage. When it gets commonly accepted it ceases to be slang, just as a successful rebellion is transformed into a revolution. "Hands down," for instance, was slang once—poker slang. It is not slang now—and why? Simply because the metaphor has become generally accepted, as any metaphor will be that "fills a long-felt want." "Hands down" is the curtest possible expression of a victory so complete as to need no finesse. And so the world overlooked the base-born origin of the phrase in consideration of its working capacity.

A great deal of slang is not only strange figurative language, but technical language as well. Hugo points out that there is no sure distinction between what is usually called slang and the technical terms which different trades apply to things in common use. "Starboard and port," which the sailor uses instead of saying "right and left," are in reality slang. They are not called slang simply because the word has come to imply a flipancy which the sailor craft lacks. The waiter, above mentioned, also applies technical terms to things well named in common speech and his dialect is confessedly slang. So is that of the thief, who calls himself a "gun," and his accomplice a "stall"; who speaks of his victim as a "guy," women as "Molls," and calls a pickpocket who robs women a "Moll buzzer." Yet where is the difference between the dialect of the thief or the waiter, and that of the seaman?

Since slang ceases to be slang as soon as it gets common acceptance, it follows that slang is always, in a measure, new. And this means that if it can be kept within moderate bounds, it is a great source of supply for ordinary speech. The life of the street is far more intense than the life of the academy, and the rough, slangy language of the street is equally superior in vividness to the language of the sheltered lecture hall. Year by year some bits of this forceful tongue find their way into common usage. Sometimes the natural selection of slang phrases is silent; sometimes it is helped by the prestige of some famous author, as Mark Twain. There are few more intensely funny things in literature than the way Twain in his 'Yankee at King Arthur's Court" puts the slang of the nineteenth century beside that of the sixth, and calls us to look and compare. Take that scene in the valley of Holiness—the Yankee is telling the story:

"As I came back I met Sandy (Allsande). She had been sampling the hermits. I said:

"'I would like to see them, too. Do they keep open afternoons?'

"'Keep open?' (This from Sandy).

"'Yes. Is there a matinee?'

"'Matinee, my dear lord?'

"'Yes, matinee. What's the matter with matinee? You can't seem to understand the simplest thing. In plain language, do they shut the shop, draw the game, bank the fires?'"

But here the poor demoiselle of the Dark Ages got quite out of her depth, and the Yankee was forced to recall his harsh language and explain his meaning in terms of her own speech.

Yes, the subject of slang is a large one, and we don't wonder that the college professor was unable to master it in 12 years. If you will go over the most classic article with a dictionary you will see that it is full of expressions that must once have been slang, and have ceased to be such only because the world would not consent to call its accepted speech by a harsh name. And then you can perhaps appreciate the advice with which Wallace Irwin closes his latest volume of verse:

"None but the Nerve, I say, deserve the Fair,
And stony hearts can't stand up long to chin.
If Willy-on-the-Doormat lingers there,
The chances are he'll be Invited In.
Up against Love, the Candy Kid is nix;
The Porous Plaster wins because it sticks."

"I BELIEVE THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL"--By Sir Oliver Lodge

"NO really existing thing perishes, but only changes its form. Physical science teaches us this clearly enough concerning matter and energy, the two great entities with which it has to do. And there is no likelihood of any great modification in this teaching."

Having said this much, Sir Oliver Lodge, who is admittedly one of the profoundest scientific thinkers in Europe, proceeds to indicate to us why he believes that the soul is one of the really existing things, and that consequently it cannot perish. He holds that there are in the universe two kinds of values—namely, material values and spiritual values. A piece of coal, for example, is a material value, and when burned appears to have ceased to exist. Yet the particles of long fossilized wood are not destroyed; they enter into the atmosphere as gaseous constituents, and the long-locked-up solar energy is released from its potential form and appears once more as light and heat. This burning of the piece of coal Lodge compares to a kind of resurrection. Light and heat were temporarily imprisoned in the earthly cage, but eventually returned to their prime source. Though the piece of coal has disappeared, there is no discounting its existence in another form, which shall probably again, at some future date, go through an analogous process. Who can cavil, then, at its material value, and who shall say that its essence is not immortal, since it released, on being burned, constituents that are scientifically shown to be imperishable? If, moreover, you accept Ernst Haeckel's dictum that the most infinitesimally minute particles of matter have a relative amount of consciousness, then you must admit that the space between the palpably material and the impalpably existent—the mind, for example—does not appear to be wholly unbridgeable.

Dr. Lodge holds that there are spiritual values also. Moreover, he declares that anything of any value cannot be lost to the scheme of the universe. It lies in man, in whose body are imprisoned the higher intellectual faculties which go to make up what we call the soul—namely, understanding, memory, consciousness, love—to mark, by his own effort, the value which his psychic personality shall possess in the period when it is liberated from its earthly prison. By his own will he may assure the future of his personality when the bodily frame shall have disintegrated. By failure to assert his will or by neglect to cultivate his character he may, at the time of bodily disintegration, have nothing wherewith to assure a definitely personal future existence. In other words, he will be in the position of having expended, while on earth, all his psychic nonentity, just as he was on earth a characterless entity.

Everything that flourishes, says, in effect, our authority, adds to the sum of the material and spiritual values of the universe, in as far as such values are real and essential. The oak, which is implicit in an acorn, adds in its maturity to the realized value of the universe, and its destruction by lightning, say, cannot discount the material value of the fact of its having grown or of the advantages the earth derived therefrom. "So far as we can tell," says Lodge, "there need be no real waste, no real loss, no annihilation. But everything sufficiently valuable, be it beauty, artistic achievement, knowledge, unselfish affection, may be thought of as enduring henceforth and forever, if not with an individual and personal existence, yet as part of the eternal being of God."

It may be remarked here that the sentiment expressed in the last sentence is practically the same kind of religious Pantheism as that which was taught by Baruch Spinoza. That Pantheism postulates a universal thinking essence, of which the objective or material world, including man, is an intelligent expression. According to this neo-pantheism, the spirit is never lost, but only the body, and it is a pathetic enough commentary on man's vanity that with all his frenzied attachment to the body which imprisons his spirit, he cares little enough for the future of that spirit provided he retains the body.

Keep Library Censors Awake.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Chicago authors may prove stupid enough to most readers, but they succeed at least in keeping our library censors awake nights.

SOME MYSTERIOUS MURDERS THAT HAVE PUZZLED OREGON--Out *of* Way Places Where Crime Has Been Made Easy *and* Very Difficult to Detect

ARE mysterious murders on the increase in Oregon? Has the state in its boundless expanse of timbered areas, whose impenetrable wildness makes easy the concealing of murder, invited the commission of fiendish crimes? What reason can be assigned to the brutal slaughter of human beings which has become a part and parcel of Oregon history during recent years?

Nearly every county in the state can point its finger at some ghastly murder committed during the past few years within its borders. Nearly every county in the state has recorded in its pages of history some murder, shrouded in mystery—a murder whose perpetrator still remains free from the shackles of law and whose identity has never been disclosed.

When Oregon still lingered on the borderland of the frontier, when civilization, moving westward, brought with it population, but little law, murders were looked upon more in the light of a necessity in the ceaseless struggle for existence in a country whose ruggedness and hardships baffled and slapped indiscriminately at encroaching settlers.

Murder and crime then were apparently indispensable to progress and settlement. But with the passing of years down to the present day, with the approach of civilization and the annihilation of uncouth conditions and the reign of courts and law, there has been little abatement in crime. Murder, too, has held the throne.

Newspaper readers of Portland and residents of Hillsboro and surrounding country were shocked only a few days ago when a young man confessed to the officers in Portland that he was guilty of murdering a man whose body had been found several weeks before, covered with brush in a lonely spot near Timber. Shocked not only at the brutality which characterized the inexcusable crime, but more deeply affected by a realization of the ease with which, even in this region which is more or less thickly populated, a man's life can be snuffed out, his identity remain unestablished until the murderer confesses and the murderer himself escape the scrutiny of the law until of his own volition he imparts the facts.

The Purdue Murder.

But the Perdue murder, veiled in mystery and eluding the closest search of the officers for weeks, is not the only murder mystery which has been chronicled by Washington county in recent years.

Who is there today who can speak the name of the murderer of Carey Snyder? Who can tell what prompted the slaying in cold blood of a young man in a remote timbered district. The body was found, scraps of evidence were gathered and rumors of guilt attached to this, that and the other man with whom he had been in company during his residence near Hillsboro, but in the end there was no definite arm of the law which could reach out and lay its hands on the person who had foully struck down a man in the prime of life. Carey Snyder was murdered within a stone's throw of civilization with its courts and officers and guardians of the law, but none could avenge his untimely death. The mystery surrounding his murder was complete in every detail.

Over in Baker county a few months since, Harvey Brown, sheriff of the county, prominent in business circles and without an enemy in existence so far as known, was blown to pieces by a dynamite bomb at the entrance of his own home. The intelligence of the keenest detective agencies in the United States was unable to penetrate the enshrouding mystery of his murder, nor point conclusively to the man or men who accomplished his end. It was Baker county's turn to pass into its chronicles of crime a murder mystery which human intelligence so far has been unable to successfully cope with.

The whole state of Oregon was interested still longer ago in the trial, conviction and hanging of Williams for the murder of the two Nesbit women at The Dalles. Enduring the trial in stolid silence, unmoved, and never by word or gesture disclosing either guilt or innocence of the charges upon which he was being tried for his life, the man of mystery forfeited his life to the state upon circumstantial evidence based on two hairs—a gray and brown one—and a clotted gunny sack found buried beneath his chicken coop. If he indeed was the murderer of the two women, and the law said he was guilty of the crime, how, where and when did he dispose of their bodies? So far as the law is concerned the mystery surrounding the identity of the person who slew both these women is cleared, but there is still a deeper mystery—the mystery surrounding their death. What picture the woods could reflect of the last words these women spoke, their acts, struggles and the echo of their screams which died in the pines. Only the merest chance will in the future disclose the spot where their bodies lie buried. Neither time nor a human being can disclose the mystery surrounding their last hours.

"Shorty" Davis.

Southward a few years ago Crook county for days and months searched for the body of "Shorty" Davis. A wealthy stockman, worth $75,000 and owning land and sheep. He dropped off the face of the earth as suddenly and completely as if swallowed by a prehistoric monster. Hundreds searched the hills and country surrounding for miles to discover the place where the murderer had disposed of his body, but these efforts were as futile as was the vigilance of justice in fixing the finger of guilt on the head of the murderer.

A second time in the same county a man disappeared, and a second time in the county's history searching parties scoured the country in an exasperating effort to discover the place where old man Branton lay buried. But neither diligent work nor time itself spoke the answer to the mystery which puzzled officers and citizens alike. Crook county's second mysterious murder in recent years was as baffling as the first.

As mystifying as any of the foregoing is the disappearance and probable murder of G. H. Hedberg who stepped off the train at La Grande while coming west, then completely dropped from sight. Search for him has failed of its purpose. Had the sun absorbed him in his tracks, beyond the sight of human eyes, his disappearance could not have been more complete or farther from the understanding of human intelligence. Possessed of a large sum of money, time may add another murder mystery to the list already long.

Replete With Mystery.

And so, in almost endless succession Oregon's book of crime is replete with mystery and murder. Each ghastly discovery of the body of a human being slain by the hand of man emblazons in larger letters how easily life can be wiped out. Each new mystery lends luster to the fact that here in Oregon a man can under the most obtuse circumstances be erased as completely and surely as if engulfed in mid-ocean and the identity of both himself and his assassin remain as shrouded in mystery as the language of the sphynx. Time and facts have shown that neither the intelligence of detectives nor the keenness of erudite criminologists can fathom the impenetrability of murder in its most mystifying and fantastic phases.

SEASIDE BEAU BRUMMEL--By M. Thompson

IS the season of the seaside fellow at its zenith?

It is at the popular holiday resorts that you find him. He changes very little. The seaside fellow of one year is very little different from the seaside fellow of the year before, or of preceding years.

His clothes change at the dictates of fashion. In one or two minor details he may alter, but the main features, the characteristics, are always the same. He is engaged throughout the summer, from morning to evening, in practices that disturb and annoy peace-loving and respectable people.

The seaside fellow is aged anything between 18 and 25. You can easily recognize him. His clothes are unmistakable, especially his waistcoat, which is of all hues and patterns—mustard and violet, tan and bright vermillion, and his manner is as flamboyant and unmistakable as his clothes are.

Last year he, in most cases, discarded the straw hat—the favored of previous years—for a cap. Sometimes it was of the true motor type, but more frequently it had a big bulge in the front and a peak that came down well over the eyes.

He comes chiefly from the big cities. He may have worked hard since his last holidays. On the other hand, he may not. Most probably not; but he considers his labors of the year entitle him to enjoy his present holiday in his own way. Nobody objects to his holiday; it is his own way to which objection is taken.

The greater part of the time he spends in forcing his attentions on such of the unattended members of the fair sex as may chance to come under the impertinent glances of his critical eyes. And very few escape him.

In his sojourn of a fortnight or so, he will attempt to make as many conquests (!) as possible. They furnish material upon which he will base anecdotes, with much added circumstantial detail, for relation to his fellow employes when the holiday is over.

The evening is, perhaps, the great time for his storming of feminine citadels. In the morning and afternoon he occupies himself almost invariably in swaggering along the esplanade with a lordly air of proprietorship swinging his cane round and round in dangerous circles.

His whole attitude is one of absolute assumption. It is as if to say, "By gad, what a dog I am."

I sat next to two of them last summer. One lolled back, his legs stretched rigidly out; he was admiring the toes of his yellow boots. The other sat upright, making an irritating and monotonous noise with his walking stick. Both were smoking pipes several sizes too large for them.

Said he of the yellow boots:

"I say, old chap, that's a fearfully decent stick you've got there."

"Yes," drawled the other, in reply.

A moment's pause.

"What d'you think they rushed me for it, old chap?" asked the possessor of the stick presently.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Guess."

Yellow boots half closed his eyes and gazed at the stick with the air of an expert.

"Five dollars," he said with conviction.

"Just what they did, old man."

The point lies in the fact that you can purchase as many gross as you desire of a similar stick at about $1 each, and, no matter what the estimate of value had been, the reply would certainly have been, "Just what they did," provided, of course, that the estimate had been high enough.

In the evenings they frequent the pier, and it is an indisputable fact that no girl, unaccompanied by a chaperon, is safe from the undesired attentions of these youths, who absolutely unencouraged, will walk up "and request the pleasure."

They cannot be snubbed. They will not take "No" for an answer, but will even have the audacity to follow a girl about all evening.

In the majority of cases they possess lively imaginations, coupled with an utter disregard for the truth. They can tell the most astounding tales of their position and career.

Is it not possible to make the seaside fellows realize the laughter and ridicule they invoke, the annoyance and disturbance they create? They are certainly insufferable.

THOUGHTS ON LOVE--By Maurice Maeterlinck

IF YOU have loved profoundly you need no one to tell you that your soul was a thing as great in itself as the world; that the stars, the flowers, the waves of the night and sea were not solitary; that it was on the threshold of appearances that everything began, but nothing ended, and that the very lips you kissed belonged to a creature who was loftier, much purer, and much more beautiful than the one whom your arms enfolded.

You have beheld that which in life can not be seen without ecstacy.

But can not we live as though we always loved?

It was this that the saints and heroes did, this and nothing more. Truly too much of our life is spent in waiting like the blind men in the legend, who had traveled far so that they might hear their God. They were seated on the steps and when asked what they were doing in the courtyard of the sanctuary they replied: "We are waiting, and God has not yet said a single word."

But they had not seen that the brass doors of the temple were closed, and they knew not the edifice was resounding with the voice of their God.

Never for one instant does God cease to speak, but no one thinks of opening the doors, and yet with a little watchfulness it were not difficult to hear the word that God must speak concerning our every act.

We all live in the sublime. Where else can we live. That is the only place of life. And if aught be lacking it is not the chance of living in heaven, but rather watchfulness and meditation, also perhaps a little ecstasy of soul.

Though you have but a little room, do you fancy that God is not there, too, and that it is impossible to live therein a life that shall be somewhat lofty?

If you complain of being alone, of the absence of events, of loving no one and being unloved, do you think that the words are true? Do you imagine that one can possibly be alone, that love can be a thing one knows, a thing one sees, that events can be weighed like the gold and silver of ransom?

Can not a living thought, proud or humble, it matters not, so it come but from your soul, it is great for you—can not a lofty desire, or simply a moment of solemn watchfulness to life enter a little room?

And if you love not, or are unloved, and can see with some depth of insight that thousands of things are beautiful, that the soul is great and life almost unspeakably earnest, is that not as beautiful as though you loved or were loved?

All that happens to us is divinely great, and we are always in the center of our great world. But we must accustom ourselves to live like an angel who has just sprung to life; like a woman who loves, or a man on the point of death.

If you knew you were going to die tonight, or merely that you would have to go away, never to return, would you, looking upon men and things for the last time, see them in the same light that you have hitherto seen them?

Would you not love as you never yet have loved?

Prehistoric Politics.

From the Galveston News.

The hart that panted for the water brooks was the first prohibitionist.

Long is the list of waifs who have become famous. It includes Sir Henry M. Stanley, Queen Catherine the Good, Alexander Hamilton, Rosa Bonheur, Edgar Allen Poe, Rachel, Leonardo de Vinci and dates back as far as Moses. All these were homeless children.

DOING EUROPE IN A FORTNIGHT--By Mrs. John A. Logan

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MANY assert that a flying trip abroad is little better than not going at all. I do not agree with those who entertain this opinion. Naturally, much depends upon the object to be attained—whether it is pleasure, acquisition of knowledge, rest from strenuous application to business or the recuperation of one's health. The voyage across the ocean, going and returning, is of inestimable value through the enforced rest and experience to young or old.

If one finds they are limited in time or means, they should make careful prepartions before starting in the matter of informing themselves thoroughly in regard to the history, attractions and best season to visit the country chosen. There are many well-prepared itineraries as to date of sailing and return, where the party will be every day during the weeks or months, as the case may be, exactly what each member is to pay and receive. One can have special arrangements for "extras," including exclusive accommodations, if they are so disposed and can afford greater luxuries and more privileges than are specified in the programs submitted.

Intelligent people, no matter of what age they may be, cannot avoid being benefited by even a flying trip to Europe, knowing what they are to see and the significance of what they do see. If they are ignorant of the histories of the countries they visit, they would probably know little more if they prolonged their stay from weeks to months. It is this class who have been disappointed in their visits abroad and who have given foreigners a wrong impression of Americans. This and money that will enable one to prolong their stay in places they have traveled so far to see would, of course, be much more desirable for those who are anxious to profit by their opoprtunities.

London, Berlin and Vienna and many other cities of Europe, are inexhaustible in their objects of historic interest without the demoralizing frivolities one finds in Paris. There is something in the atmosphere of the French capital that seems to demoralize all who enter that gay city. Visitors seem to forget the momentous and tragic events that have transpired there and are immediately drawn into the maelstrom of dissipation that runs riot in Paris.

Far too many Americans have had too much money and time in which to indulge in the allurements conceived by Parisians. They are wonderfully gifted in the line of creating diversions for the idle rich. With matchless taste and the keenest insight into human nature, they fascinate and amuse where more serious people would fail.

It could easily be proven that those who have profited most by European travel are those who have had limited time and money and who have had to make "quick trips" or none to Europe. Real students can do a great deal in a short time as they are prepared to understand things if they can have a brief glimpse of them. On the other hand, there are legions who have had all the money they wanted and absolutely nothing to do, who have spent months and years abroad and yet could not tell you anything of Europe except about the races, theatres, operas, restaurants, gambling places, hotels, shops and the escapades in which they took part. Too much wealth and leisure is as fatal on the other side of the Atlantic as on this.

Everything depends upon the inclination and industry of the person, whether a short or a long sojourn abroad will profit the traveler.

ALWAYS BE A TRUE SOLDIER By Cara Reese

THERE is such a thing as drumhead courtmartial, son, and you cannot be a member of a boys' brigade without finding that out.

And you cannot take all your nasty little ways with you into the brigade camp and expect to remain in ignorance. You are lord and master in your own home and neighborhood, and you put up a stiff front as exemplar when the brigade drills in the church basement or marches through the park.

But you will find camp life a sort of test, or rather a searchlight on your conduct. Your superior officer may be lenient and look the other way to escape an argument because he happens to know your home folks; and some deflection may be winked at because you are young and not enrolled in the National Guard yet; and you may imagine that you are practicing deception like an ostrich that thrusts its head into the sand and supposes that the whole body is under concealment; but be warned.

There is such a thing as drumhead courtmartial. This is the unexpected, always. And you will be pounced upon at midnight and be carried under a guard before the tribunal and you will not have a chance to say one word in your own behalf, just charges declared, sustained, strung by the thumbs, or be drummed from the ranks. You cannot strain the quality of mercy too far, even in soldier camps. A chalk-line deportment is the safest and best.

So when certain rules and regulations are ordered, do not be a sneak and break them in secret; when certain discipline is to be maintained, do not lower yourself by privately evading; and when decorum, gentlemanly speech and implicit obedience are the requirements, do not be guilty of a breach of conduct in the least of these. A true soldier is the one who obeys, who is ready for instant duty, be that duty only the living up to routine, who stands for honor and for law and order every time.

There is nothing smart or soldierly in stealing a swim when the hours for this diversion are set by camp ruling, and the swimmers are under life-guard protection for the time being. There is nothing honorable in doing the prohibited thing, marauding through the farm lands, wringing the necks of housewives' poultry, instigating depredation and conducting a line of lawlessness; there is nothing inspiring in a patriotism which reviles its own aims in secret, derides its superiors or countenances treachery and insubordination.

It is because your mother has written that she is unwilling for you to attend the brigade camp that these words of caution are penned. If you go as a soldier should, honorable, under discipline, clean-minded, no harm will result. If otherwise, do not forget the drumhead courtmartial. It will soon settle your case.

Her Changing Mind.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

One afternoon not long ago a young woman stepped up to the telegraph counter in a local department store, and in a trembling voice asked for a supply of blanks.

She wrote a message on one blank, which she immediately tore in halves; then a second message was written out that was treated in the same way; finally a third was accomplished; and this she handed to the operator with a feverish request that it be "rushed."

When the message had gone on the wire and the sender had departed, the operator read the other two for her own amusement.

The first ran: "All at an end. Have no wish to see you again."

"Do not write or try to see me any more," was the tenor of the second message.

The third was to this effect: "Come at once. Take next train if possible. Answer."

The prison ship martyrs, forgotten victims of the revolutionary war, are to be commemorated after more than 100 years of neglect. A monument to the memory of these 11,500 victims of the Wallabout prison ships is being erected on Fort Green hill, in Brooklyn, and will be dedicated by the president of the United States on November 14.

A recent investigation to ascertain the extent of the opium habit in New York city disclosed the fact that there are about 5,000 white persons who use the drug.