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The worst speak something good; if all want sense, God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-tience.—George Herbert.

A VOICE OF PROTEST.

THE JOURNAL warned the committee that arranged the public program that the welcome to the president should be made more than a local affair.

It suggested that the public features should be made statewide in scope, extending the invitation list beyond the limits of a select few in this city and including prominent persons throughout the state.

This well meant advice was ignored, and it is not surprising that the voice of protest is already heard in the interior.

An article elsewhere on this page reflects exactly what The Journal anticipated would be heard if the committee insisted on conducting the public welcome after the fashion of a close corporation.

The Albany writer may be somewhat severe, and yet presidential visits are rare, and it is but natural that the state at large should feel the same concern in sharing in the public demonstration that was manifested in the case of Portlanders.

As he justly says, the exclusiveness displayed by those who acted for Portland is unfortunate in its effects on the rest of the state, and it is not surprising that the interior gets the notion sometimes that "we have it in" for Oregon's chief city.

All this could have been avoided by a policy of broader horizon on the part of the public committee, a horizon that would have endeavored to make the demonstration an Oregon, rather than a mere Portland affair.

There is no denying the patent fact that Oregon was not a participant in the public ceremonies. The governor, it is true, was invited, but it was not until the last moment, and then only to be a sourette or second lady in the play.

In other days it used to be argued that care should be exercised in selecting the governor so that if the president should visit Oregon the state executive would be able to properly preside in the ceremonies of welcome.

But, with the precedent that has been established, there is no longer need for a governor who can make speeches and be a first figure in welcoming the president.

All that will be attended to by the mayor of Portland, and the governor, representing all the people of Oregon will play second fiddle.

Nor, in truth, was the late public welcome, even an all Portland affair. It was rather an affair of a faction.

A majority of the interests of Portland were unrepresented in the committee's invitation list. There are scores of organizations who should have been invited to send representatives, but were not.

The president did not journey to Oregon to visit a small close corporation in Portland. He came here to visit the great commonwealth of Oregon and its people.

It was due him that his reception should have been a state affair. The committee's list should have included state officials, the speaker of the house and president of the senate, leading legislators, newspaper men and persons of all parties prominent in business, civil and educational life.

The Army meeting, the parade and some of the other ceremonies would have afforded chance for all to have been given recognition.

However, they say "the assembly" plan is going to be forced on Oregon, and perhaps this is the beginning.

ASTORIA'S GROWTH.

IN THE PAST nine months Astoria has expended, or is in the process of expending, \$1,022,000 in building improvements.

A list of the expenditures, as published by the Astorian, includes money put into new residences, business buildings, manufacturing plants, new docks, school buildings, light and power plant, and other construction.

So large an aggregate for only nine months is an index of the rapid strides the city by the sea is making in development. It is a transformation process in which Astoria is clinching her title as second city in the state.

Mirabeau said: "Why should we feel ourselves to be men unless it be to succeed in everything everywhere?" And this is the spirit of the men of Astoria.

The Commercial Club in that city is one of the most aggressive organizations of its kind anywhere, and its influence is very large in furthering the interests of the city.

It leads in a public activity that is very effective in spreading that virility that is so productive of city growth.

With the reports that come of the doings of this club and other Astoria organizations, it is not surprising that private interests in the city spent more than \$1,000,000 in improvements within nine months.

Such an expenditure in such a period indicates busy life in Astoria. It means that toilers, artisans, mechanics, contractors and those who supply material and equipment are in the full career of a busy season.

It means added wealth and added productivity for supplying employment and investment for a largely increased population.

It means that the growth observable in other Oregon cities is generously shared in by Portland's neighbor down the Columbia, and it is well.

But the growth of today will be overshadowed by that Astoria will show tomorrow. Her real expansion is only begun.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

IN HIS personality President Taft is approved by everybody. His good purposes in all he does, nobody doubts. He is patriotic and pure.

And he shows considerable evidence too of courage and strength. With all this cheerfully acknowledged, we should not be thought hostile or captiously critical for saying that his speech Saturday evening was in some points, especially as to the new tariff law, disappointing.

He confesses that the law is not satisfactory, and mentions the woolen schedules, saying that "perhaps there might be some other things." "Perhaps" and "some." Not only is the woolen schedule utterly indefensible, but there are positively many other things nearly, if not quite, as bad.

What about steel, needing no protection whatever? What about sugar, and implements, and glass, and wire nails, and hosiery, and gloves, and a hundred other things, on which the duties were not reduced sufficiently if at all, to prevent monopoly? Mr. Taft aided in getting the specific duty on lumber reduced, but he must know that under the general ad valorem clause it is really higher now than before.

So with wood pulp and print paper. So with many other things. While there was an apparent reduction there was in reality, by this device, an increase of duties. So that the tariff was not only not revised downward, on the whole, while in many cases where there manifested should have been downward revision it was revised upward.

It is not only an instrument of colossal plunder as before, but it is more of a fraud than any preceding tariff. Mr. Taft says it is the best tariff law ever passed, but keener sighted men than he, Republicans as well as Democrats, say it is the worst.

Mr. Taft would have an income tax law, but to be used only as a war measure. He would put tax incomes in time of peace, because it would be "too inquisitorial," and "would put a premium on perjury."

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We look before and after, and we see through the half drawn folds of time, as through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and as real as a dream; the caravels, tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the east and bear away to the west; and there is reached, and fulfilled the vision which the artist is to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long sought golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread one upon another fast enough to fill up perpetual power and riches.

We look again, and we see in the far northeast the old world struggle between the French and English transference to the ends of the earth upon the heights above Quebec, where the sturdy Puritans in Bill crowned hats and sable garments assail in an unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both to rise against a mightier foe, the elements, and the cavaliers to the southward join hands with the redheads in holy rebellion.

And, lo! down from the green walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come faintly to the sea, like a way forest leaves stirred about by autumn winds, the drum taps of the revolution; the tramp of the minute men, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof beats of Sumpter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Starbuck guns in spirit battle; the gleam of Marlton's whiffers in the nostrils of the land and sea.

And then, and then—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer guard the battlements of freedom; and all is dark; and all seems lost, save liberty and honor, and praise God, our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall marvel at what we see today; this land filled with the banners of Liberty; the movement of swarms from the ash, to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind to preconceive?

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