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The success of the republican party in the presidential election leads the trust magnates and their benchmen out of cover, as is attested by bold statements made recently. Steel magnate Schwab held his special train over time the other night in San Francisco, that he might make an address. He made the address all right, and in it he said that trusts had come to stay; that he favored them (of course every one knows that he does) and he oiled over his allegiance to competition - destroying monopoly with his sugar coated pill made palatable in these words: "I believe in trusts for they insure high wages; I believe in high wages, but I exact hard work in return." Schwab's avowed had hardly got cold on the associated press wires, when the telegraph lines pulsed to the four corners of the earth the croakings of an after-dinner effort of that old fossilized political parasite, Chauncey M. DePew, who went to the United States Senate by virtue of the plumpness of his money bags. This ancient product of graft finds fault with Oregon's primary election law and her method of choosing United States Senators by popular vote of the people. He dubs it "the new idea" and sarcastically cites the choice of Chamberlain as being "the first illustration we have of the practical workings of the new idea." Well, DePew is a dead one, and for that reason the "new idea" will never have a chance to cleanse the political pot by mopping him in defeat, but it has been promulgated by the people of Oregon—and the promulgation will be followed by other states—for the purpose of seeding to the political scrap heap just such coin-venerated statesmen as Chauncey proved to be. Also his messmate, Clark of Montana. Here, we find a pair of Statesmen to be proud of, indeed. They are the brand, labeled in gilt, that for years dominated the Senate; the inner circle of the aristocratic set, a group of gout-bombed political seedlings that are easy game for the machinations of the greedy "captains of industry" of the Schwab ilk. But Roosevelt has promised that Taft will give the country the same "square deal" that he gave it, and it may be that Messrs. Schwab and DePew are just a little previous in elating through the medium of lung expansion.

On Saturday, November 28, a good roads convention will be held in Athena. The general movement for better highways is one in which almost every one is, or should be interested. Every dollar that property is taxed to further a better condition of public highways, is money well spent. Let all give the date of the meeting here as much publicity as possible, so that there will be a large attendance. The good roads movement is state wide—more than that, it reaches interstate proportions. There is talk of a state

road leading from the northeastern boundary line of Umatilla county down to Portland, thence through the Willamette valley to Ashland, Washington, or Walla Walla county, at least, is evincing much interest in the proposition, and stands ready to cooperate in the work. A state road, built on proper grade and macadamized, touching Freewater, Milton, Weston, Athena, Adams, Pendleton, Echo, Hermiston, and Irrigon would look good to every body including the buzz wagon owner who by the way should not be overlooked when the equalization of the new road tax problem confronts the legislature at its approaching session.

It is no disparagement of the Queen of Portugal, a woman of sterling qualities as the wearer of a crown, to suggest that her fearlessness and spirit of self-sacrifice in the face of peril have almost innumerable parallels in the unwritten annals of the humble and obscure. The mother of royal station who would shield her son from the rifle of the assassin commands, very properly, the admiration of men and women in all walks of life. The mother who endures grinding poverty in order that she may give her children the advantage of education, who nurses them through the most dangerous forms of disease, putting her own life in jeopardy thereby, is equally worthy of reverence and praise. It is gratifying to know that the world abounds in women of this type. If this were not the case, our civilization would rest upon an unstable foundation.

This is the season of the year when the largest volume of trade is carried on in merchandising lines. To meet the wants of the people of this section, Athena merchants seem to have vied each with the other in providing exceptionally large and well selected stocks of goods of all lines to satisfy the demands that are now being made. There is a notable briskness of trade in all branches of business here. Money appears to be plentiful, farm produce of all kinds is bringing fairly good prices—in fact every thing seems to be on the mend except the hen; Athena is eating Iowa eggs.

Brother Greer advises the boys on the democratic papers "to be fair." He wants them to "calm down"—lay dead, so to speak, while with a real peppery pen he covertly thrusts the harpoon hither and yon. "But good fellows," every blasted, bloomin' one of 'em, is a favorite phrase the sly old duffer uses as a frill to a particularly acrid and stinging roast; a roast hot enough to melt the deer knobs of Satan's asbestos brown stone front. Boys, sit 'Tige right back at him; is our say.

A New York paper asserts that Mrs. Hetty Green is known in Hoboken, where she occupies an expensive \$19 a month apartment, as "Miss Warrington." It is one of Mrs. Hetty's undoubted rights to live and travel incognito if she chooses—and probably it doesn't cost an extra cent to do it.

Mr. Edison says his success is due to 2 per cent genius and 98 per cent hard work. And yet some men who think they are endowed with 98 per cent genius and do 2 per cent hard work wonder why they get only \$2 a day.

Politics not only makes strange bed-fellows, but it generally leads to a quarrel as to who should have the middle of the bed.

Charles M. Schwab has shooed London by wearing a top hat with a short coat, but we are assured that he has never appeared anywhere with tan shoes and a clawhammer.

Grantland Rice slogs: "If ever I should write a book, I'd make my heroine a cook."—Huston Post. Grantland will of necessity have a policeman for a hero if they are to marry in the last chapter.

In his latest description of the war between the United States and Japan, Captain Hobson generously refrains from getting us licked.

A congressman who has talked himself into Congress quite naturally feels that he must do a lot of talking after he gets there.

Over 7,000 people committed suicide in Prussia last year. Evidently the gospel of hope is much needed in that country.

A Pennsylvania girl recently coughed up a safety pin. They are the only kind that should be swallowed.

Another crisis is feared in Portugal. The young King insists on paying his father's debts.

THE DANGER IN PROMOTION.

Mr. Runyan, who studied law in the night school with Secretary Cortelyou and who has a newspaper man's acquaintance with Washington, says: "You know, as a matter of fact, neither Hitchcock nor Cortelyou has the executive ability credited to them. Roosevelt has been the chairman of the national republican committee in the last two campaigns. He's the best politician in America and he's got sense."

If the judgment of others who know the men may be taken as corroborative this view of both Cortelyou and Hitchcock seems to be amply warranted.

It would be remarkable in a way if it were not true that both are outclassed by men of the president's wide training. Cortelyou began as stenographer to Cleveland, and has been in the departments ever since. Hitchcock graduated at Harvard and at once got a job in the department of agriculture, and has been in the government employ ever since. Both are expert department men. But that sort of training has never before fitted men for great responsibilities.

It is a mistake to encourage the idea that such men are capable of assuming the larger responsibilities of government. For if that idea becomes once popularized every department of government will get into the hands of men whose talent is essentially clerical. The detail work of every department must be in the civil service. But the originating mind of the men of wide acquaintance with men and affairs can not safely be dispensed with in laying out the work.

This danger is suggested in the department of agriculture, where Mr. Pinobot is said to be slated to succeed Secretary Wilson, when the latter retires. In Secretary Wilson the department has an organizer who knows American life, a man of experience, a judge of other men, an all-around man. Mr. Pinobot, on the other hand, is a faddist on trees, man of routine, a man who would have almost none of Secretary Wilson's initiative, because he has almost none of Secretary Wilson's acquaintance with the people, with the aims and wants.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

DROPS THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

The Boston Herald has abandoned its comic supplement on the ground that "comic supplements have ceased to be comic," that they lack any semblance of art, their coloring is necessarily tawdry, and the ideas they convey are not elevating. The New York Post and other influential papers applaud the action.

As might be expected, the art editors of papers which have exploited the "Sunday comic" rally to its defense. It is noticeable, however, that they hasten to guard their reputation as art editors by explaining their own distaste for the colored supplement, saying it is not for them that it is published but for children who need picture stories and for grownups "with crippled educational opportunities."

There is much to be said on both sides of the question, because the supplements are usually uneven in quality. They mingle good and indifferent cartoons with some that are of exceedingly doubtful moral value. High-class contributors deteriorate under pressure of work, and sometimes it is hard to find enough really funny things in a hurry to fill the sheets. Even the humorists are subject to brainfag.

Many people throw the supplements away without a glance, and in some homes of refinement the colored sections are carefully kept from the children. There is plenty of room for improvement and the remedy would seem to lie in raising the standard rather than in total elimination of this feature, for there are many readers of the daily papers who can not afford to buy the comic weeklies for their families. Moreover, the weeklies are not for children and the newspapers have the chance to furnish something really good in the juvenile line. Here is an opportunity for the art editors who have acknowledged their responsibility for the comics. A few square feet of space might be sacrificed for the sake of better quality.—Spokane-Review.

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