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OUR SOLDIER DEAD.
It is fortunate that the people of this country and state have paused for a day in the midst of a strenuous political campaign to commemorate the death of the men who have died for the flag.

And so we stand today, in spirit, if not in person, to lay upon those honored graves a tribute of respect.

Good government is impossible under such a rule. A public conscience that is not corrupted will not suffer it.

The Oregonian says "that Oregon should go Democratic would not be so regrettable, perhaps, except for the effect on the larger objects of National policy."

Even in its effect on the National party the same rule holds good, if the election here is to have any appreciable influence.

Most of them had thought they knew their own business. Probably a large majority had made up their minds for whom and for what they would vote.

It has now been some days since we printed the statement that Mr. Matthews proposed to a gentleman that he would put him on his ticket for Councilman provided he would pledge himself, in the event of Judge Williams' death, if he was elected, to vote for any man for Mayor to fill the vacancy whom Mr. Matthews might name; and further, to vote against any franchise of the City & Suburban Railway, Mr. Matthews has

not denied the statement. It may, therefore, be assumed that it is true. The Matthews candidates must have made a similar pledge to get on the ticket. This fact shows two things: First, that no man could get on the ticket without the permission of Mr. Matthews, and second, that no man could get on the ticket without pledging himself to be Mr. Matthews' man.

A cloud of injurious adjectives does not serve to clarify the situation. Scott's Unabridged Dictionary of Vile Epithets, Revised Edition, affords us no help.

A caucus of about 100 out of 125 delegates of the Republican convention nominated a ticket and then met as a convention and went through the form of ratifying its own nominations. This caucus itself had been so constituted that fewer than half dozen men dictated its action.

This caucus, under the instruction of Mr. Matthews, refused any representation in the state or Congressional delegations to any one of the 25 precincts carried by the opposition. It would not permit them to name a single member of the central committee. Under the primary law this precinct is the unit of representation.

Such a government is not a good government for anybody. Republicans of either faction are justified in resisting its installment, because it is a prostitution of their party. Democrats are justified in resisting it because they are equally its victims. All citizens are justified in resisting it, because it is a subversion of representative government.

It should also be condemned because it is the product of a fraud. It got its power only by promising to be everything which it is not. The fraud is neither denied or excused. It is simply assumed to be a legitimate process of party management.

Good government is impossible under such a rule. A public conscience that is not corrupted will not suffer it.

The Citizens' movement is not a factional contest. It is a movement of civic virtue. If this virtue has been dormant it is now aroused; its first step is to obliterate the present ring. After that it will take care of the future.

If this be not so, then the hope of good government is an iridescent dream. The ring stands confessed, the fraud admitted. Shall they be condemned? The question is up to you.

When a great Frenchman lay dying in Paris he desired a flower to be placed in his hands that his last earthly vision might rest upon it. The request was transmitted from his death chamber and went in eager yet subdued tones throughout the streets of the French capital.

Flowers for the American soldier. Let them rest in profusion upon his grave.

Young Victor Dolliver of Iowa has come out to Oregon to instruct the voters how they should exercise their suffrage on Monday next. It is presumed that he was sent out here as a political missionary to the benighted heathen of the Pacific Coast.

Most of them had thought they knew their own business. Probably a large majority had made up their minds for whom and for what they would vote. But it was decided that the people of this state were incompetent to conduct their own affairs and must therefore learn wisdom from the East. However, up to last accounts Mr. Dolliver had done nothing but cull verbal flowers from the vernacular, arrange them in pretty bouquets, tie them with beautiful strings of rhetoric and hand them out to the people without stint.

As a word-florist, as a proprietor of a verbal grocery, as the owner of a linguistic hot-house, Mr. Victor Dolliver is successful. But as a missionary he seems not to have succeeded in instructing the citizens of this commonwealth, who obstinately in their benighted con-

dition seem determined to pursue the even tenor of their way, accept his garlands of language and hand back equally pretty compliments for his pleasing oratorical efforts, and then drop him into the sea of oblivion, forgetting that he ever existed and conducting their election on the 24 of June just as though he had not traveled across the continent na Victor, the Apostle to the Oregonians.

A QUESTION OF CIVIC VIRTUE
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FACTS IN THE CASE

To the Soldiers.

Ye soldiers of our country, who on this solemn day,

Oh, the graves of your dead comrades your floral tributes lay—

Oh, say, as your hearts beat again in patriotic pride,

And as around your comrades' graves you gather side by side,

Oh, answer, tell me, does it not your tenderest feelings hurt

To see that here, Harvey Scott, still wave a bloody shirt?

Do you approve of Booth's attempt to All this solemn hour

With thoughts of faction, hate and spite? He looks down from his Tower

Where he has long malign'd you, and sees you passing by,

Your slow and limping movement draws no moisture to his eye—

He thinks how he may use you—you're useful but to vote,

And that is what he thinks of you—read well the screech he wrote

In Thursday morning's paper, degrading this sad day

To malignity and discord and faction passion's play.

Fear not, the flag you followed, the flag that waves on high,

Where'er your hands have raised it, forever more shall fly.

Who tends to lower it save those who would incite

Those feelings of disunion which give Scott such delight,

Oh, paled ever be the hand would strive to pull it down,

And paled, too, should be the tongue which poisons our town—

The Fultons and Malarkys, the Websters and their crew

Who through its starry glory would make catpaws out of you.

Oh, let the meaning of this day be kept forever pure,

That its lesson for your children shall forevermore endure;

Let not the politician's zeal, let not a servile press

Detract from all the precious thoughts your simple flowers express.

Frown down upon those who flaunt the flag through pure hypocrisy;

Who in their sleeves would slyly laugh at your credulity,

God, keep you all together—let no party feeling sway

The memories and the unities of this thrice holy day.

HINTS TO WOMEN

ASPARAGUS SALAD.
Pare and cut into two-inch sized pieces one bunch of asparagus and boil it in salted water till tender, when dole drain in a colander, and when cold put the asparagus into a salad bowl. Dress it either with mayonnaise or pepper, salt, oil and vinegar.

DELICIOUS NUT CAKE.
Two-thirds cup butter, one cup sugar, three eggs, one cup milk, three cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one cup nuts, kernels chopped.

Blend in the order given, reserving the beaten whites of the eggs to the last. Flour the nuts well and bake in flat loaves.

FOR THE ELDER SISTER.
Do not be ashamed of dusting the drawing room of darning your brother's socks. If you are musical, see to it that your performances are really meritorious ere you get into the way of wearing out your brother's nerves evening after evening on the parlor piano.

PERHAPS one of the prettiest of the fallals is a wreath of enamel, the colors so delicately blended that, while they attract the eyes, they also seem to soothe them into regarding the beauty of the workman's art. Some of these wreaths have a diamond or bit of paste set in among the leaves, and the effect is considerably improved, for it looks as if a dewdrop were glistening in the soft green.

COOKED IN SHELLS.
Pluted shells large enough to hold an individual helping may now be bought at small price and will be found both useful and decorative. A set of six have been in use in a family for two years and are as strong as ever, although they cannot be said to be "to the manner born" as far as a hot oven goes. They may be used for the fish course or for an entree; for the latter any bits of white meat will answer.

THE SHORT-NECKED GIRL.
The slightly scollie bodice is now one of the privileges of the short-necked girl. She can adopt this deliciously cool, comfortable vogue with every impunity, proclaiming herself at once smart and thoroughly up to date.

Again, if fancy or needs dictate the presence of a collar then let her see in the first place that the line at the base of the throat is carried so low as possible. Beyond a certain point it is impossible to go without wrinkles, but the actual mean can be very skilfully declined.

ODDS OF INFORMATION.
People in India are calling for legislation to preserve wild animals from extermination.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic to the other.

The census of the sexes in Canada shows that there are: Single males, 1,747,422; females, 1,563,459; married males, 929,915; females, 965,031.

Camel teams are now being used for the carriage and distribution of mining machinery on the North Coolgardie gold fields, Western Australia.

Lightning fatalities in the United States last year showed that nine-sixteenths of the persons struck recovered. Less than one-fourth were struck in open ground.

At Floungastel, a small town in Brittany, all the weddings of the year are celebrated on one day. In February last thirty-four couples were married simultaneously.

The gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains