

are being established; the whole political atmosphere is clearing and changing; they are thinking, in part, at least, for themselves; the old party battle cries, old political tricks, and old campaign methods are fast losing their magic sway. Political "rallies" are less and less attended and the quiet fireside at home is more and more the place where the Oregon voters "make up their minds." It is becoming more and more difficult to predict "what the people will do." The distress of the old politicians, trained in the days when men voted like sheep, is rather amusing. There is a grave shaking of heads prior to an election, since there is a marked tendency on the part of the voters to keep their own counsel. No one knows what is going to happen either to candidates or measures.

Your old politician and distinguished party leader cannot understand all this. His scepter of power has passed; the people are "running after strange gods;" the party "is being undermined;" the moral order of things is, to him, in process of destruction. His sense of ownership of things political is rudely jarred—it is challenged and denied and repudiated; his advice does more harm than good. His "turn" to occupy some fine office is not respected. His "machine" is on the scrap-heap.

In the casting up of results, then, this education of the citizens must be taken into account. There is another benefit; namely, the potential power that "Monsieur Referendum" exerts in legislative bodies, state and municipal. I learn that it is no uncommon thing to hear legislators remark, "What's the use of passing that bill? The people will referend it." Or again, "We might as well enact it, for the people will." Thus do representatives become representatives. I am further told that the bribery industry is in a bad way in Oregon of late. Within the present decade it was in a thriving condition. "But what is the use, now?" The bill will go to the referendum, if notably bad, and there is no possible way to bribe a whole state. Even the old janitor at the state capitol in Salem will tell you, "There ain't so many of these lobbyists around here as there used to be. Why, I can remember \* \* \* But we all know that story.

The legislative product, then, of the initiative and referendum is not the only thing by which it is to be judged. These unseen psychological results, so difficult to measure, are a part of the equation—if indeed not the most important part. Bad laws may be repealed; but how is a republican form of government to endure in which the people have grown skeptical, disheartened, and have lost capacity to depend upon themselves? "What do they tell you about the new system of things?" an attorney asked me one day.

"There is a diversity of opinion," I replied.

"There may be a diversity of opinion," he replied with a grin, "but I noticed there was no diversity in the vote."

And so Oregon "stood pat."

BY AN ALUMNUS

Ball—"What is silence?"  
Hall—"The college yell of the school of experience."—Harper's Bazar.

ABOUT ALL

Bride—"Were you very much embarrassed, dear, when you proposed to me?"  
Hubby—"Only about £20,000, love."—Variety Life.

WAYS OF GETTING THERE

Some are appointed to the United States senate, some are elected and others come from Illinois.—Milwaukee Sentinel.



Whether Common or Not  
By Will N. Maupin.

The Melting Pot

Jasselink, Rocco, Murphy; Roloffsky, Hruza, Schloss—

With their hopes built high as the free blue sky they travel the sea across.

Celt and Dane and Russian; and Hebrew and Slav and Pole,

They have caught a sight of the banner bright that grips on the yearning soul.

The soul that for Freedom yearneth, That longs for a new birth;

And they come to this land that gives it

From the utmost ends of earth.

Casey and Marco and Gottleib; Ivan and Jan and Don—

They long to stand on the greatest land that ever the sun shone on.

German, Irish, Frenchman; Saxon and Swede and Scot;

They'll be fused in one as the swift years run in America's melting pot.

The best of the old world races

Are molded a race anew

By the quick, deft hand of Freedom

'Neath the old Red, White and Blue!

Scourged by their tyrant masters; bruised by the heels that scorn, They have seen unfold with a sheen of gold the colors of early morn—

The stars of a high-born purpose, the red and the blue of hope

That bid men on the golden dawn who now in the darkness grope.

The glorious land where Freedom Has lighted her altar fires;

Where men who are true of purpose May garner their heart's desires.

Scourged by the highborn lordling, bruised by the despot's heel,

Their souls seek rest in the sundown west as men of a commonweal.

Emperor, king and baron; lordling and duke and czar—

All a dying power in this welcome hour of Liberty's rising star.

The star that shall shine forever To guide to the heights sublime;

Where man with all men is equal, And Freedom the ward of Time.

Over the seas dividing, riding the billow's crest,

Hearts beating high as their eyes descry the gates of the Golden West—

Saxon and Dane and Norman—their racial hates forgot—

Fused patriots all at Freedom's call in America's melting pot.

Doubtful

"I'm afraid Wingerly will never make a successful politician?"

"Why not? He seems to be able, popular and well informed on public questions."

"He is all of that. But he is so peculiar."

"I never noticed anything peculiar about him."

"Well there is. He has the peculiar notion that platform pledges ought to be redeemed."

No Consideration

The chairman of the ways and means committee yawned, looked at his watch and remarked:

"Has everybody been heard?"

"I think so," replied a member.

"Let's see," mused the chairman; "we've heard the head of the wool trust, the head of the steel trust, the head of the cordage trust, the head

of the sugar trust, the head of the oil trust, the head of the cotton goods trust, the head of the tube trust, and am—ah, er—ah—. Yes, I guess we have finished. Shall we now adjourn?"

"Beg pardon," piped up a thin voice. "I haven't been heard yet."

"Well, who are you?" queried the chairman, as he and the other members turned to gaze upon a meek looking little gentleman who was crowded into a corner.

"I'm nobody but Ultimate Consumer," murmured the little man.

"Such effrontery!"

"Isn't that nerve for you?"

"The idea!"

These are only a few of the exclamations which followed.

Then the committee adjourned.

Wonderful Invention

"Biggerly claims to have invented a wonderful alarm clock."

"What is there so wonderful about it?"

"When it is set to spring the alarm at 6:30 in the morning it does not go off until 7:45, and then the hands fly back to 6:30."

Favorite Songs

Mr. Rockefeller—"Whiter Than Snow."

Mr. Carnegie—"Steal Away."

Mr. Morgan—"Over and Over Again."

Mr. Lorimer—"Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet."

Mr. Roosevelt—"O, for a Thousand Tongues."

Mr. Taft—"In the Sweet By and By."

Mr. Madero—"Over There."

Foolish Questions

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Ah, you're back home again?"

"Can you let me have ten dollars till tomorrow?"

"Did you catch any fish?"

Signs

To forget to mail the letter your wife gave you—a sign that you'll have to think up a new excuse.

To get off a rapidly moving street car backwards—a sign that you will have dizzy spells, a sensation of falling and visions of stellar constellations.

Brain Leaks

Every baby's first step is the most wonderful thing that ever happened.

One of the drawbacks of poverty is that there is no exclusiveness therein.

If it wasn't for our troubles we wouldn't know how to enjoy our pleasures.

The easiest thing in the world is to frame up an excuse for doing something we want to do.

The wise pastor doesn't start on his summer vacation until after the June wedding season is over.

A lot of homes are made sad because the father exhausts himself trying to be a "good fellow" down town.

As for gossip, we fail to see the difference between the one who retails it and the one who eagerly listens to it.

Maybe one reason women get so worked up at a bargain sale is that they so seldom receive any money from their husbands to spend.

**DISTRACTING**  
"What drove the lady exchange editor crazy?"  
"Reading of bargains in cities a thousand miles away."—Toledo Blade.

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