

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CHINA SHOWING HER TEETH.

THE military awakening in China is already having its effect in a stiffening of the Chinese national vertebrae. China has in the railroad matter a disposition to defy both Japan and Russia, and Russian diplomats are expressing more concern for future possibilities of war with China than for the Chinese government to assert the absolute sovereignty of China over the land ruled by the Dalai Lama who has fled to India for refuge, and has been given an official residence by the British, where he is being treated with great outward respect as the head of the Buddhist religion.

Only a few years ago, had China made such a move, following such an expedition as the British sent into Tibet, she would have been quickly called to account, but times have changed. The day for jumping upon China for every little thing has passed. In time China will do a little jumping herself. If civilized nations do not busy themselves to see that she awakes without dreams of conquest stimulated by religious hostility.—St. Louis Star.

A CONDITION AND NOT A THEORY.

THE boycott of meats and other high-priced foods which started with such a blare of trumpets early in the year, seems to have completely collapsed. Meats are higher, in some localities, than ever. Butter and eggs, which fell temporarily in price with the turning loose of the cold storage accumulations, are soaring again. Grains have undergone some fluctuations, but the tendency seems to be toward a higher range. Many standard articles of food are really no higher than they have been for years, but the boycott or talk of boycott, seems not to have had the slightest effect upon their selling price. It is to be presumed that thousands of people did stop eating meat for a while, and that many thousands reduced their daily consumption. Indeed, many are compelled to do so, regardless of sentiment, because their incomes do not fit the meat prices. But the trouble seems to be that the available supplies are inadequate to meet the demand, much as the demand may have fallen off.

The outcome of the so-called food boycott shows how inadequate all such demonstrations are to meet the situation when it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us. It is a case that requires not talk so much as hard work and careful planning. People will eat, and eat what they like, when they can get it. The only way to make food cheaper is to raise more of it. As a rule, competition will serve to keep down the cost of production and distribution within reasonable limits.

QUEER STORIES

Tea is more beneficial if made with hard water.

Electric cables with hemp cores to take up the strain more evenly are a Swedish invention.

Electric power is used on 3,286 miles of street railways in Great Britain to 148 operated by other means.

According to official estimates, the value of the diamonds yet in the ground in German South Africa is \$200,000,000.

Mrs. Amanda W. Reed, of Portland, Ore., bequeathed \$2,000,000 to establish a college in Portland, to be known as the Reed Institute.

A shovel with high sharp sides and with a hinged blade that lifts away from the front, has been patented by a New Jersey resident to cut and lift sods.

Apples are greater luxuries in New York than oranges. While single oranges of the finest variety can be bought for 5 cents, the best apples are being sold for 12 cents each.

The proposal is once more made that the Bank of England shall issue £1 notes, and among financiers there is likely to arise keen controversy as to the probable effects of such an issue.

The catch of fish in Canadian waters by Canadian fishermen, including seals and all fish products, in 1908, was valued at \$5,451,985. The industry required a fishing fleet of 14,114 vessels.

Though the accidents in the streets of New York are increasing in number, the proportion of fatalities is growing less. Out of the last seventeen thousand accidents, 1,200 were classified as serious.

There are only half as many opium dens in China as there were eighteen months ago. It is now difficult to buy opium, except by license, which permits a smoker to buy at one time five grams. Each license costs 10 cents and is good for three months.

Historic pageantry in England has not yet outworn its novelty and Mr. Lascelles, master of the pageants at Oxford and Bath and the tercentenary celebrations at Quebec, is now organizing a London pageant to take place from May to July, of this year, at the Crystal palace, in which 15,000 amateurs will take part. This army of amateurs is divided into groups. At the first rehearsal he trains one to be the leader of each group, crowd of body of soldiers, and then at the final full rehearsal on the pageant ground the "multitude" just follows those leaders, the pageant master directing everything from the top of the grand stand by means of telephone and megaphone.

A Disappointed Man.
Mr. Halloran surveyed the insurance agent with a dark and hostile countenance. The fact that one eye was concealed by a somewhat grimy bandage did not add to the attractiveness of his appearance.

"Haven't you made up your mind yet to insure with us?" inquired the agent. "You told me I might call again in a few days."

"There was two of you at me to get

It is of little use to preach economy to those who can afford the cost of high living. It is noticeable that the millionaires who condemn extravagance do not give up their trips to Europe, or their automobiles, or their clubs, or their elegant mansions. If they would devote their capital to promoting agriculture and cattle breeding and to aiding willing workers to start gardening and small farming, they would do more in a year to reduce the cost of food than they could do in a lifetime of talk.—Farmers' Tribune.

THE PRIZE CORN GROWER.

WHAT it said, "Shoemaker, stick to your last!" Well, anyhow, this is along that line. John R. Overstreet of Franklin county, Indiana, has struck growing corn all his life. Some years ago he realized that he was growing the best corn in his State. That was merely a spark to the fire of his ambition. Why not grow the best corn in the country, in the world? Three or four years ago the National Corn Association was organized. They held the first national corn exposition in Chicago. An Indiana farmer got first prize. Mr. Overstreet waxed wild. So he studied and worked, improved his seed and planted the best kernels. This year he grew the best ten ears of corn ever raised in the world. The Indiana Corn Growers' Association gave him a \$1,000 silver cup. "Shoemaker, stick to your last!" Mr. Overstreet is a farmer. He says so. He lives a quiet life on his farm, is a man of considerable culture and will never, he says, exchange his rustic life for the cliff-dwelling, money-grubbing of urban residence.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LONG HATPIN NO JOKE.

SOME of the women who wear projecting hatpins doubtless still consider the agitation against them is a joke. Albert Putnam, a street railway conductor in Springfield, Mass., doesn't think it a joke. While he was collecting fares a woman passenger turned her head quickly and drove the point of her eighteen-inch pin clean through his ear. One woman at least in Chicago has had an eye put out by such a pin under just such circumstances. A sudden movement of the wearer of the pin, a sudden jerk of the street car or elevator and the damage is done. People take greater risks every day of their lives from other things than hatpins. But that isn't the point. The hatpin risk is stupid, needless and reckless. It imperils eyes, and one single human eye is worth more than all the dagger hatpins in the world. No woman with any regard for other people's rights would wear one. No woman who does wear one is entitled to any complaint if the city finds a good legal means of stopping her.—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN UNIMPRESSIVE PEER.

Was it not Pomona of "Rudder Grange" who was surprised to learn that British peers do not wear their coronets in the street as other people wear hats? He cannot even be sure that a member of the nobility will wear fashionable and expensive clothes. The actual appearance of a lord is sometimes disappointing. Says a London correspondent of Town and Country:

I stood in the crowd in Hyde Park last Sunday with one of the wild-men peers who had come to town to vote against the budget. This peer was an Irishman. He had not been in London for many years, but had lived a bucolic existence in the interior of Galway. He had allowed the fashions to pass him by unnoticed, and he looked like a country tradesman up for a holiday.

He was interested in the vociferous talk of a wild-eyed man who was declaiming, almost frothing at the mouth, against the wicked lords. We stood near the front row. The speaker grew louder and louder, gestulating furiously, and pointing by accident at the peer.

"Down with the House of Lords! Down with the tyrants! They are enemies of the country! They are doomed!"

These choice epithets, intended to apply generally to the House of Lords, were taken by my Irish friend to apply to him, and being an Irishman, he resented it.

"It's a liar you are," he replied, "and if you'll come down from that box I'll smash your face! I'm a peer of the realm, and I'll not let any man insult my order!"

There was a terrific shout from the crowd, and the orator said, looking incredulously at the countryman, "That's all right, matey. If you want to make a speech, do it somewhere else. But you can't pull our legs. You are no more a peer than I am."

There isn't anything in the theory that children will grow up to be grateful for the whippings they get; this is a fairly healthy country, but people don't live long enough for that.

Occasionally a man has conceit so well developed he is convinced his teeth ache harder than anyone else's.

WORLD IS CHANGEFUL.

Even the Stately Colon is Jostled Out of His Rightful Place.

In the days when the masters of stateliness and noble style were still respected, the colon was a power in the land. Today we know him not, save rarely, says the New York Evening Post, and then not in his rightful service. True, he may be found in conjunction with the dash; but the dash is a supine rascal, indeterminate, hesitating, and not fit company for one who was wont to be a very pillar of strength in the temple of letters. There is something deeply pathetic in the silent passing of this grand old fellow, after all his noble record. But the world has changed; and the colon has passed with the minut. It is the age of the scrawling comma or hurried dash; or, if we do rise to the height of the semicolon, that is but half a colon, after all, and not to be compared with the fine old figure which served to buttress the great phrases of the masters. In the average book of the present era will not find a single colon used for its original and chief purpose. Either the curt period breaks in, or the limp comma makes its ineffectual protest against aimless perpetuity. One can fancy our gallant old colon feeling from the tumult of lingo and multiple press. He must have gazed regretfully at the coming of all these strange, awkward creatures to the composing room. His was the day of small clothes, lace and snuffbox. He lingered, indeed, in company with the splendid makers of English in the middle of the nineteenth century; but having done that, he could do no more. And now he is almost forgotten by his erstwhile associates in the printer's case.

Some Booming Towns.
If we are to take the growth of cities and towns in the Dominion of Canada represented by the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan there is a wonderful future for some of them. Winnipeg, the largest city, in eight years has increased from 42,000 to 140,000.

Other places for the past eight years show this expansion: Calgary, from 4,900 to 29,300; Edmonton, from 2,600 to 25,000; Regina, from 2,500 to 13,500; Brandon, from 5,600 to 13,000; Saskatoon, from 113 to 12,200; Moose Jaw, from 1,600 to 12,000; Lethbridge, from 2,100 to 10,000; Prince Albert, from 1,800 to 7,000; Portage la Prairie, from 1,000 to 7,000; Fernie, from 1,200 to 5,300; Medicine Hat, from 1,800 to 5,000.

In these places \$47,000,000 has been invested in new buildings in the last three years, and in five years their taxable values have been increased from an aggregate of nearly \$37,000,000 to about \$220,000,000.

A Subtle Force.
"What do you understand by 'magnetism' as so often applied to an actor's personality?"

"Magnetism," replied the manager, "is the force that draws dollars to the box office."—Washington Star.

Individually Insignificant.
Mrs. Newlywed—Notice how small all my bills are, dear?

Mr. Newlywed—Indeed I do, darling! How do you manage?

Mrs. Newlywed—I buy our things at a lot of different stores.—Yorkers Statesman.

IN THE SOLITUDE OF THE CITY.

Night; and the sound of voices in the street, Night; and the happy laughter where they meet, The glad boy lover and the trusting girl, But thou—thou—I can not find thy, sweet.

Night; and far off the lighted pavements roar, Night; and the dark of sorrow keeps my door, I reach my hand out trembling in the dark, Thy hand comes not with comfort any more.

O, silent, unresponsive. If these fears Lie not, nor other wisdom come with years, No day shall dawn for me without regret, No night go unaccompanied by thy tears.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

LEISHA'S CHOICE

"Who is there?" The door burst open on the words, and Leisha stood on the narrow porch, swinging a leather strap against her short skirt. Her eyes lighted with merriment on the visitor who had swung from his horse, and tapped the step with his whip to attract her attention. At his eager inquiry, she shook her head.

"Not to-day, Dan," she said gently. "To-morrow?"

"Well—perhaps."

"Has he been riding with me lately?" he said slowly. "It's that Randon?"

He bit off the last syllable.

"Now, Dan! Not jealous? No, you are too big for that."

She hesitated, fingering the strap in her hand.

"I am going down to Hilton with Mr. Randon to-day," she said at last, adding hastily, "I will go with you to-morrow, Dan, sure. Up to the old place."

He turned in silence, and mounted his horse very slowly.

The girl ran out to him, and put up a pleading hand.

"Cross?" she queried gently. "We are too good friends to quarrel."

"No," he said shortly; then he reached suddenly for her hand and crushed it fiercely.

"Till to-morrow," he said and put-

he pushed back her curls and kissed her forehead.

"I will wait till Friday," he repeated, and was off, a brave, bright picture of self-assurance.

It was early when Dan came for her in the morning, and dew hardly dry on the grass.

His face was very stern, a contrast to her own mood of gaiety. For some reason she was filled with bubbling, irrepressible joy. She alternately sang and chafed the silent figure at her side, her laughter echoing far down the trail before them.

In the place they had known for years they tethered the horse, and stood looking out on the wide, western country which swept beneath the ledge on which their feet were resting. Struck dumb by the grandeur about her, the girl's mood of laughter fled. Leaning one shoulder against a projecting boulder, the man looked down at the thoughtful little face beside him.

"Leisha," he said, and the voice held a note of resignation that did not escape her. "I've thought it over and I guess I haven't anything to offer with Randon. He can give you everything, while I—I'll be this always, most likely. But I want to tell you this, Leisha, seems as if I must tell you this just once, I love you, girl, I love you."

With a sudden gesture he caught her shoulders in either hand and



AS FILLED WITH IRREPRESSIBLE JOY.

ling spurs to his horse, he rode off into the trail.

Leisha watched him out of sight, then turning slowly, she went back to the house.

An hour later she was off with Randon.

"A rare bonnie lad," old Nelson had dubbed the latter, for the square of his shoulders, the set of his head, the clear cut of his features were pleasant to look upon. One knew at a glance that he did not belong here, yet he rode a broncho and wielded a lasso with the best of them. His weeks in the open had tanned his skull and strengthened his muscles. To the grace of his personality he had added the strength of primitive man, a combination fatal to the heart of woman.

Leisha thrilled as she looked up at his straight figure. The significance of that day was very obvious to her. She was to meet Randon's mother and sister, and see the manner in which they lived in Hilton. Next week they would return to their home in New York, and Randon, his health recovered, would go back to business there.

They came into town about noon. It was a mushroom western town, sprung up over night in a plain below the hills.

At one end was a group of white villas, with tiny strips of lawn and wide, cool awnings. To the mountains beyond they were palatial, and her instinctive refinement rose to meet the occasion. She summoned the manners of her eastern schooldays to her assistance as they swept up before the most pretentious of the villas.

Mrs. Randon came out to meet them and the girl returned before the patronizing curiosity of her gaze.

"This is Miss Fenton," said Randon, and there was pride in his tones.

The girl felt the chilling reserve in his mother's response, and her face grew hotter. She thought of her short, rough skirt and high, stout boots. She did not know how bright her eyes were, how pink her cheeks, how her lips curled up in tempting curves, and her brows arched in penciled lines against her forehead.

Randon's sister was better. She was a frank, happy girl, but Leisha qualified before the unconscious ease of her manner, the elegant simplicity of her dress.

They had luncheon in the cool, exquisite dining room. Randon sat beside his guest and sought to put her at ease, but in these surroundings he, too, had assumed terrifying proportions and she did not breathe freely till they were well on their way back.

And then he told her what she had long suspected; that he loved her.

"I don't know," she faltered, "I can't tell you now. I think I am a little confused."

His answering glance was quizzical-finder.

"I understand," he said gently. "I will wait till Friday."

When he lifted her from her horse,

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

Illustrated by Mr. Billtops by His Experience with a Thermometer.

"I don't know when I've been so put out by a little thing," said Mr. Billtops, according to the New York Sun, "as I was by the discovery that my thermometer was four degrees wrong; it gave me a real hard little jolt for one thing, and then it made me realize that for two years I had been making myself uncomfortable over nothing."

"Out of doors I can stand the cold as well as anybody; but indoors I like to be warm; 72 is about what suits me in the house."

"Two years ago I bought a new thermometer, which I hung up in my room, and I haven't been warm there in winter since."

"Other parts of the house seemed all right; in the parlor and in the dining room they got it up to 72 apparently without any trouble, but in my room it never seemed to get above 68. I didn't shiver, but I never could get really warm, and one day I said to Mrs. Billtops:

"Elizabeth, why can't we get the heat up in my room? Why should my room be the only cold room in the house?"

"Mrs. Billtops comes in and stands around a minute and then she says: 'Why, Erna, it's just as warm here as it is anywhere else.'"

"Nonsense!' I says to her. 'Look at that thermometer! It's only 68 here and it's 72 this minute in the parlor.'"

"But Mrs. Billtops insisted that it was as warm in my room as it was anywhere else, and she said that probably the trouble was with my thermometer; that my thermometer didn't mark correctly, and I said it did, and I'd show her conclusively that the thermometer was all right, I'd prove to her that my room was cold. I'd put my thermometer right alongside the one in the parlor and she'd see it go up in no time to 72."

"So we put it out there, but it didn't budge—that is, upward—but it did go down one degree. Standing side by side with the parlor thermometer marking 72, mine went down to 67; they were 5 degrees apart."

"The temperature in the parlor, actually one degree colder than in my own room, had been entirely agreeable to me, while in my room, though it was actually warmer, I had, misled by my thermometer, never been able to get thoroughly and comfortably warmed up. Another illustration of the power of imagination."

"Now I've got a correct thermometer and I don't have any more trouble over the heat."

THE COST OF LIVING.

This Subject Strictly Taboo at the Boarding-House Table.

"There's one thing we never speak of at the boarding house," said Mr. Krackleback, according to the New York Sun, "and that is the cost of living."

"Outside among our friends we may discuss this subject with all due decorum; talk about how portentious steaks have gone up from 30 cents a pound to a dollar, and how groceries have gone up till now only people with big pocketbooks can hope to buy them, and we rail at the trusts and all the other villainous agencies that have brought these things about with one breath and with the next breath wonder how the poor manage to make both ends meet."

"So it is outside the boarding house, but never a word of it inside. Occasionally some boarder will say, 'Well, I see eggs went up 10 cents a dozen to-day,' or he may say, maybe, that he notices that butter has just gone up 20 cents more a pound, but we frown him down and close him up instantly; mustn't be any talk about how prices of food are going up, not around that table."

"Why is this thus? Because we live daily in mortal terror lest the landlady will raise the price of board, and we know that if she knows that we know all about how much more it costs her now than it once did to provide the food we eat, if she knew that this higher cost of everything was familiar to us all, impressed upon us so that we'd be ready and willing to stand a raise in the price of board, why, naturally she would spring it on us, wouldn't she? Or she would be more willing to than she would be if she thought it would be a surprise and shock to us."

"It is for this reason that, rail at it as we may in the sitting room without, the increased cost of living is a subject tabooed at the boarding house table."

PLEADS FOR CONSERVATION.
Magazine Says Work of Saving National Domain is Urgent.

The cause of forest conservation, with its colossal problems, must not be allowed to become a foothold of factional or personal ambitions, says the Century; it needs all the friends it can win, of all shades of party or partisanship, particularly in congress, to which now falls the great responsibility of acting into law the unmitigable demands of public sentiment.

Much of this work is urgent. Legal safeguards should be established to prevent such wrongs as the endeavor to take up coal lands worth \$2,000,000,000 by one person by means of process; the use of water power should be so defined and regulated as to preserve the right of the people without impairing the normal development of the west; the reclamation service, which is making the desert blossom as the rose, should be carefully fostered and protected against political and private greed; the whole system of river and harbor development should be placed on a business instead of a political basis; and last, but not least, let us repeat it, the president, congress and the governors and legislatures of the states should address themselves at once to the need, so often set forth in these columns, of a co-operative plan to save from destruction the forests of the upper reaches of the whole Appalachian range.

"Pimp"—a word invented by a fat woman who wouldn't admit it.

The bravest dentist isn't anxious to look into the jaws of death.

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