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Portland, Saturday, July 13, 1907. MR. GARFIELD AND FOREST RESERVES.

The principal purpose of Secretary Garfield's trip through the Pacific West is to inspect the reclamation work which is in progress.

Very likely by his travels through this part of the world Mr. Garfield will obtain a more intimate knowledge of the forestry problem than he could by study at a distance.

There is no knowledge about the forest reserves and the reservation system. One thing more it is hoped that he will learn, namely, that the people of the West are by no means hostile to forest preservation.

Eastern newspapers commonly speak as if the West were unanimous in wishing to strip the country of its forest reserves.

But this is not true. They are misled by the clamor of the grafters and grabbers, who make more noise than their importance warrants.

The people of the Pacific States understand perfectly well that their future prosperity depends on the stability of the forest reserve system.

The outcry against reserves in general arises from a limited class only. It is partly sincere and partly insincere.

The sincere portion arises from ignorance of the relation between forests on the one hand and climate, water supply and agriculture on the other.

How dense this ignorance is may be gathered from a certain newspaper article which assumes that the only purpose of the forest reserves is to promote irrigation.

This is really only a small part of their purpose. Mining depends upon them quite as much as irrigation.

The agricultural development of the Willamette Valley depends upon them, and so does the navigation of the Columbia as well as that of the Mississippi River.

The water supply of Portland is one among many things whose continuance is involved in the perpetuity of the forest reserves.

The insincere portion of the anti-reserve clamor arises from greed, that shameless and reckless greed which would sacrifice the future welfare of the whole country to the immediate profit of a few timber barons.

clings a recent editorial in this paper. The Oregonian editorial, in the opinion of the Astoria authority, "shows a misconception on the part of the writer of the place which the constitution of the United States and the constitutions of the several states occupy in the jurisdiction of the country."

Behind this sinister assault on the constitution this fearful Astorian sees the bogie man, the Port of Columbia bill. The Oregonian has long since abandoned hope of printing anything that would be reasonably, intelligently or fairly read and interpreted by a certain element in Astoria.

A constitution that would meet with the approval of the Astorian would be a fearful and wonderfully made contrivance. As to the Port of Columbia bill, Portland will attend to that in due season, and as the bill is amended to give other improvement work on the bar and river, Everything of this nature must be accomplished in the face of Astoria opposition, and that has become one of the features to be always reckoned with when improvement is attempted.

Geo. T. Myers, for nearly fifty years a prominent figure in the commercial, political and social life of Portland, is dead. Mr. Myers was a pioneer in the salmon canning industry on the Columbia River, and afterward led the van in the development of the industry on Puget Sound and Alaska.

While in the Legislature at various times Mr. Myers succeeded in placing on the statute books a number of laws for the protection of salmon, and to his efficient work on these lines is due much of the credit for what we have accomplished in perpetuating the industry. Of late years most of Mr. Myers' operations in fisheries have been on Puget Sound and in Alaska, where he was as well and favorably known as in this city.

Measured by usual standards, George T. Myers was a good citizen, a successful business man and a sturdy and valuable friend. He was one of a hardy type of State and Nation builders now rapidly vanishing with the departure of the "old West."

WHY MAKE SUCH ADO? The death of Louis A. Ahlers, late professor of Germanic languages and literature at Colorado College, is announced from tumors of the chest that were truly scheduled as cancerous treatment that has attracted the attention of medical scientists throughout this country.

The latter, however, held the tumor ground, due to prior investment of the chest and consequent, though acute erysipelas was developed.

It passes the comprehension of the ordinary individual who has proper respect for the house in which he lives that anyone will consent to such a desecration of the human body as this.

What would it profit a man if he were to get rid of the germs of a disgusting and painful malady only to have his blood and tissue invested by those of a malady even more painful, virulent and disgusting?

What is the thing we call life when sought at such a price? And what the specter we call death, that it should be avoided at such a cost?

The case of Professor Ahlers is certainly one wherein the remedy was as bad, or worse, than the disease to which it was applied.

Such treatment gives the victim a chance to die from two diseases instead of one, or at best to live with enfeebled body and tainted blood for a few years more or less, the fewer the better from the standpoint of humanity or that of ordinary usefulness.

Contemplating existence under such environment, one may well ask with Tennyson's fading May Queen: And what is life that we should mourn; Why make we such ado?

CAR SUPPLY THREATENED. The joint rate hearing of the Washington Railroad Commission, which closed at Olympia Friday, developed a great amount of testimony which showed quite clearly that the results that would follow establishment of such a rate.

Among the new testimony offered during the closing days of the hearing was that of the officials in charge of the operating departments of the various roads involved.

Superintendent of the O. R. & N. and Superintendent of the Northern Pacific both testified, in the clearest possible manner, that it would be impossible to handle wheat under a joint rate, involving the transfer of cars from one line to another, without great loss of time in addition to heavy expense.

As it is an impossibility for the railroad to keep enough cars in service the year round to prevent a scarcity when a big wheat crop is moving, this car shortage, which is always in evidence during the wheat season, would be greatly intensified if the joint rate should be ordered.

is accordingly very little danger of this city receiving unfair treatment. Although, as stated, the issue is practically the same in both cases, the joint wheat rate in the hands of the Washington Railroad Commission may not fare so well as the lumber problem.

The Washington commissioners are honest men, and naturally intend to act fairly in the matter, but their environment presents a handicap which cannot easily be overcome. The demand for this joint rate on wheat came from the wealthy millers of Puget Sound. By clever juggling of quotations and garbling of facts these millers succeeded in working up among the Eastern Washington farmers a sentiment decidedly hostile to Portland and the railroad which originally made it possible to grow wheat on a profit in the inland empire.

Fortunately for Portland, the matter will pass on to the Supreme Court, and it is hardly probable that the Puget Sound milling trust will be successful in its work. If it should be, it is only a question of time until the Washington wheat growers will be able to afford aforesaid milling trust in the same light that Little Red Riding Hood regarded the wolf, and many of them will be just as badly in need of protection as was the famous heroine of the nursery tale.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. The Oregonian has received from the Oregon Library Commission a pamphlet entitled "A Child's Library. Some Suggestions for Christmas Gifts."

It contains remarks on children's reading habits by several lists of works suitable for children to read. The pamphlet would be of great help to those who have children's books to buy, and wish to buy the best if it could receive the attention it deserves.

The lists are excellent in the main, and the introductory remarks instructive, though they are not to be taken as gospel throughout. "Thrillers" are condemned too indiscriminately, on the ground that they offer "the abnormal view of life and make boys discontented with their surroundings."

This reads strangely in the face of the "Legends of Chivalry" which follow it. The dime novel and detective story present life no more abnormally and much more ethically than the "Adventures of Robin Hood" and other books which are offered in the commission. Chivalry was at heart cruel and immoral.

The "Buffalo Bill" type of hero is a much better ideal for the modern boy than King Arthur's Knights, who were pitiful rascals for all their steeds and armor. It is no objection to a book that "it makes a boy discontented." Every book which stirs the soul and excites ambition will do that.

The point of view of the commission's introductory remarks is distinctly feminine. If the tone is not effeminate its escape is a narrow one. Moreover, the statement that "much of the material is degraded" of the young "is the direct result of reading" is not warranted by facts.

To one who knows the influence of bad example, squalid life, poverty, drink and criminal heredity, it sounds almost ludicrous. There is too much of the placid doctrine in the commission's counsel and too little acquaintance with reality.

The book lists are admirable, as we have said, but it looks queer to see "Alice in Wonderland" classed with "Red Riding Hood."

We think, also, that Kingley's "Water Babies" is a better book as it came from his own pen than Amy Steadman could make of it. Why does the commission view the absurd fad of offering children such reshapes of the classics?

They are no better than skim milk which has turned sour. What excuse is there for bringing children to read such a book and, in some instances, such a catalogue of four of Seton's books and none of Long's?

Why include Kipling's Captains Courageous and omit David Copperfield? But it is ungracious to find fault. The commission might have compiled a much better catalogue and prefaced it with wiser remarks.

But the presumption is that they have done their best, and angels could do no more. Their intention is praiseworthy, even though the execution of it prove disappointing.

AN UNWRITTEN STORY. The story of the trials of motherhood in the pioneer era here, and elsewhere, has never been written. The reason is obvious. It belongs to the things of life which remain exclusively to the realm of experience.

The heavy burden of the day, the fatigue incident to undue physical exertion at a time when Nature demanded bodily rest, the anxiety that wore upon the nerves when Nature demanded temporary freedom from care, filled the early homes of the wilderness with children who were bent and bowed in their rights by maternal overstrain in walls that rent the air at unseemly hours, dotted pioneer graveyards with little mounds scarcely a span long and with the graves of mothers in the prime of life.

Or, mayhap, by reason of strength and the grim guardianship of Nature upon the perpetuation of the race, mothers old before their time brought into the world under the most untoward conditions children, from eight to half a score, and burying now and then a puny one with bitter tears, themselves bent and bowed in life's battle, and smiling and courageous still, thankful above all things else that their daughters live in the later time in which it is possible and indeed thought to be imperative for expectant mothers to be screened from the hardest of household labor and mothers with newly born infants upon their bosoms to be given a chance to rest and regain their strength.

They can speak effectively of these things only who have had experience in the lines indicated, by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway in her address a few days ago before the Oregon Nurses' Association. The conditions depicted by Mrs. Duniway can be but dimly comprehended by the sheltered young mothers of today. But those who cannot read in the lines that time and endeavor have left upon the face of a woman thus speaking, who knows newly born infants upon their bosoms, the truth of words that at best feebly portray the hardships and privations

suffered by pioneer mothers are indeed superficial observers. The contemplation of this phase of pioneer life, from the viewpoint of a reasonable understanding of its special features of anxiety, suffering and almost utter lack of special consideration, both should be sufficient to cause the name of the pioneer mother to be written high upon the honor roll of a time that, while it tried men's souls, tried both the souls and the bodies of women painfully, pathetically and at times under special stress of poverty, isolation and lack of assistance sorely needed—crucely.

The subject is one not pleasant to contemplate, but it may not be amiss to call it up occasionally in order that the sheltered women of today may not be unmindful of the blessings which have come to them through the civilization in which the foremothers bore so strenuous a part. Writing some years ago of pioneer life in the Oregon Country, a woman who had met the conditions that it imposed cheerfully and with courage, but with a true sense of what it meant to her sex, said: Much of the loss and the hardship of pioneer life will go down to history. But, after all, its most pathetic side, the longing for the better life for home, the memories of graves left by the dreary waste, the yearning, that was not absolute, for the better life, for the good cheer of the civilized home, for the help of the neighbor, for the aid of the stranger, amid strange surroundings, what was for the best, the wearing, feverish, and shuddering apprehension with which the perils and threats of mortality, lonely abodes where people were reckoned "neighbors" who lived twenty miles apart; the bitter homesickness of their little ones for their mothers, and the binding tears through which fathers made in the wilderness the desolate little graves—all of this and much more remains, the unwritten history of pioneer life, the history which is never blotted out every time a gray-haired pioneer is consigned to the loving arms of the "states man."

Let no one think this word-picture is overdrawn; rather let all who view it be assured that its tenderness, most sacred touch can never be given in words, even though drawn from the deepest well of human experience. Not as the tale that is told, but as the tale that cannot be told, is the chapter of pioneer life of which pioneer motherhood is the theme.

Since the law providing the whipping-post for wife beaters is still unrepealed, it may be hoped that H. Shafren, a Russian who beat his wife in a residence upon a residence street of this city Thursday, will be given the lash limit on his bare back.

Opinions differ in regard to the propriety or usefulness of this law, but Judges are upon the bench to administer the laws as they find them, not as they wish them to be. From a sentimental standpoint, it may be difficult to sympathize fully with a wife who is earning her own living, and is therefore not dependent upon the earnings of a brutal husband, who submits to physical violence from his hands more than once. A woman might not be able to escape the clutches of such a brute the first time, but having once felt the weight of his sledgehammer fist, she could and should keep out of its range thereafter. The world is wide. No woman has a call to live with a man who has her, especially when she is independent of him financially by being herself a wage-earner.

A Grange Fair, to be held east of Mount Tabor this Fall, is being considered by the Patrons of Husbandry of Multnomah County. A fair of the type and scope contemplated would act as a stimulus to local pride, give farmers and orchardists an opportunity to see what each other is doing, promote neighborly feeling and spur the ambitious agriculturist and horticulturist to renewed endeavor. The effort is a worthy one and merits success.

Vice-President Fairbanks has proved superior to temptation. Scorning the enticement of the seductive cocktail party, he solemnly ordered "a fine, cold lemonade." And this while a guest at the Country Club in festive Spokane. He need worry no longer about a Presidential nomination. The National Prohibition Party may be depended upon to make overtures to him at once.

No one expected Haywood to admit that he murdered Steenberg, whether he conspired to murder him or not. Everyone expected him to deny it with wiser remarks. The fact was before either Haywood or Meyer went on the stand.

Now that the National Educational Association has confirmed the act of Congress permitting the "ough" in "through" to remain, the future of spelling reform is not bright.

Vice-President Fairbanks shook the grim hand of the engineer and fireman who brought him from Spokane to Seattle. He has adopted the Roosevelt policy, all right.

Hood River may be proud of the season's strawberry record. The best feature of this industry is that the valley can never produce more than the East wants.

The cruise of the naval fleet over the same course will not be watched by Americans with so much interest—and fear—as was the battleship Oregon's voyage.

You don't hear quite so much "holer-in" for Japan today as filled the air when Port Arthur fell and the Russian fleet went to the bottom of the sea.

What a good time the National Educational Association must be having at Los Angeles, where the thermometer marked 111 degrees in the shade.

Spokane has raised the pay of its policemen. That's the result of making a printer Chief of Police. Naturally, he is in favor of raising the scale.

An unheeding and conservative nation will pay no more attention to Dr. Osler's soup theory than to his chloroform doctrine.

Two Portland hoodlums have beaten up an inoffensive Japanese. More international complications.

Jesse Grant is said to be a candidate for President. The last half of the name sounds familiar.

SENDING BATTLESHIPS TO PACIFIC. Newspaper Comment As to Logical Outcome of the Naval Display. New York Herald. To eliminate every possibility of war, in fact, our battleships should be sent to the Philippines via the Suez Canal and thence to Japan on a friendly visit. Peace, not war, would follow.

A Good Scheme to Insure Peace. New York Times. If war now seems possible or is threatened, the sending to our west coast of ships enough to defend it against an assailant who would attack us there if at all, would be about the best possible means of assuring the continuance of peace.

"Smother This Battleship Asininity." New York World. If Elithu Root, Secretary of State, is the great conservative force in the American Government that he is represented to be, it is time he went to Oyster Bay and used his influence to have this battleship order rescinded and another this Jingo asininity.

Pursuing a Sound Naval Policy. Philadelphia Inquirer. The warships will be sent to the Pacific in due time because a sound naval policy requires that they should be sent there, and that is all there is to it. But there is no basis for the suggestion that the projected redistribution of our naval strength was inspired by the consequences of what has happened at San Francisco.

Stay-at-Homes, Controlling Factors. Chicago Evening Post. In London, in Paris today our countrymen and countrywomen are reveling in their patriotism and in the exciting speculation inseparable from wars and rumors of wars. The working American—more than eighty millions of him—is working on his job and not looking for trouble with the Japanese or any other people. If there should ever be any fighting to do he will do it.

Bringing Japan to Its Senses. Chicago Journal. With a formidable fleet in Pacific waters at this time it is hoped with reason that Japanese cockiness will be somewhat abate. Japan has no naval force anywhere near equal to that which will soon be within striking distance of Tokyo, and there is reason to expect that the presence of the American fleet off the coast of the country will bring Japanese war shouters to their senses.

"Hands Off" To All Comers. Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle. Whatever may happen to the Philippines, nothing is surer than that they will not be deserted by this country in the face of fire or a threat to pull the lanyard. There is room for a big fleet in the Sea of China. There will be room for it there as long as the Stars and Stripes wave in Manila. Those who take should be ready to hold against all comers. And to those who are already the consequences may be disagreeable.

Cruise Follows Natural Sequence. Philadelphia Record. Besides having a Pacific Coast, we have Hawaii and the Philippines, so that it would not be unnatural, or have any necessary connection with the obvious bumptiousness of the Japanese, if we kept most of our battleships in the Pacific Ocean. Our Atlantic ports are pretty well fortified and we probably couldn't have war with any important European nation without a general war which would give us some allies.

Those Defencible Eastern States. Springfield (Mass.) Republican. As soon as the Navy reaches the Pacific and settles down for its docking, a shiver of alarm is not unlikely to run up and down these Atlantic states. Defencible will be the cry. And sure enough, we would be. All the battleships gone—13,000 miles away. Horror upon horror! Suppose Germany should then evince some slight interest in southern Brazil, or should show disagreeable signs of snapping up a coaling station in the West Indies through the purchase of an island from Denmark or a bit of Guiana seacoast from Holland.

LIFE IN THE OREGON COUNTRY. Unfract in Hermitston. Herald. "I don't care who's elected but I must finish my job"—so says the brainless ass who walked into the booth Monday to cast his vote.

The "Devil's" Hard Luck. Cloverdale Courier. The paper is a little late this week and also short on news on account of the "devil" having no assistance in the least, with the exception of a couple hours this afternoon, and his also having to spend so much time tending the wants of customers in the store in the front part, to say nothing of his trying to enjoy a little Fourth of July recreation.

Stranger in a Strange Town. Junction City Times. A man who had taken very strongly of booze in Eugene, got off here Monday thinking he was in Portland, and was walking over town looking for the home of his mother. Acting Marshal Dial put him aboard the next train. The Eugene article seems to be up to the standard.

Met Up With a Sage Tick. Canby Tribune. Last Sunday while reclining on the grass in the park, one of our tonsorial artists was the victim of a strange insect. It was about the size of a pea and the color of a bedbug. It had burrowed its head in the flesh of the barber's leg and required considerable force to extract it.

Art Along the Molalla. Canby Tribune. Tommy Rusch, the noted tramp printer, artist and newspaper man, was dragged to the train Tuesday and started "on his way" after executing a painting in oil for C. S. Hinton editor or better than many of the productions to be found in the art salons. While making the picture he was so intoxicated that he always thought he could hardly stand. Hinton was offered \$35 for the painting before it was dry. Rusch says that if Michael Angelo, Dore or Raphael had come to Canby, our country could not have gotten on a respectable drunk without getting their faces mutilated.

How They Identified a Corvallis Man. Corvallis Times. There is great joy in a certain town over in Ireland. J. M. Nolan has found many relatives, and the reunion after years of separation is more than felicitous. "Did you used to be Miss Nolan?" he asked of a sister when they met, and before recognition had been fully regained she replied: "And did you have a brother?" "Yes," was the reply. "Do you know where he is?" she was asked. "No, we don't know; but we have long thought he was in the monastery." That is supposed by his Corvallis friends to have floored J. M., who hasn't many of the earmarks of a monk. "Don't you think you would recognize him?" she was asked. "Well, I don't know," she said; "perhaps we might know him by his glance at J. M.'s ears, and recognition at once followed.

His Fifteen Sons Work on Farm. Washington (D. C.) Post. A Michigan farmer, who is the father of 15 children has succeeded in keeping 15 of his sons on the farm working for him. And upon investigation it might be found that he is a remarkable man in other ways.

Under the Stars and Stripes. Madison Cowen. High on the world did our fathers of old, Under the Stars and Stripes, Blazon the name that we should uphold, Under the Stars and Stripes. Vast in the past they have built an arch Over which Freedom has lighted her torch. Follow it! Follow it! Come let us march Under the Stars and Stripes. We in whose bodies the blood of them runs, Under the Stars and Stripes, We will acquit us as sons of their sons, Under the Stars and Stripes. Ever for justice, our heads upon wrong, We in the right of our vengeance thrice rally tonight! Come tramping along Under the Stars and Stripes. Out of our strength and a nation's great need, Under the Stars and Stripes, Heroes again as of old we shall breed, Under the Stars and Stripes. Broad to the winds we our banners unfurl, Straight in Spain's face let defiance be hurled! God on our side we will battle the world Under the Stars and Stripes.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AS HE IS



(From a snapshot taken as Mr. Rockefeller entered the Federal Court building at Chicago Saturday.)

IN THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN TOMORROW



BEATING HOME IN A SMASHING BREEZE. Full-page picture in colors of a yachting scene on the Willamette River, made from a photograph.

"BILL" CHANCE, INDIAN FIGHTER. Sketch of a man who killed treacherous Oregon redskins early in the '40s, and hates them like rattlesnakes. He gives the facts surrounding the Ben Wright massacre.

ONE OF PORTLAND'S ATTRACTIVE HOMES. Exterior and interior views of the attractive residence of Dr. Henry Waldo Coe, at the head of Lovejoy street.

WANTON SLAUGHTER OF TURTLE DOVES. Another of Homer Davenport's biting cartoons and a little lay sermon to go with it.

WILD BIRDS OF SOUTHERN OREGON. W. L. Finley, the well-known ornithologist, tells of the great nesting rookeries on the Pacific Coast, and discloses how fashion, not law, stopped the slaughter of grobes.

GARFIELD'S SUBSTITUTE A FAMED ATHLETE. Sketch of George W. Woodruff, Acting Secretary of the Interior, who was once the most famous football coach in the country.

CONSCIENCE IN THE FIELD OF ART. O. Henry, the most popular humorist of the day, tells how Andy deceived a Pittsburg millionaire who was taking on culture.

BILLIONS IN WORLD'S NEW IMPROVEMENTS. Dexter Marshall writes about colossal enterprises, now under way, which involve greater sums than were ever expended at one time.

QUEER POPULATION OF TRIPOLI OF TRIPOLI. Frank G. Carpenter's topic for the current letter is the capital of Barbary, a desert city of 60,000 inhabitants.

DR. FURNIVALL, PHYSICIAN-DETECTIVE. "The Lodging-House Mystery" is the title of his latest narrative, most startling in the denouement.

ORDER FROM YOUR NEWS-DEALER TODAY

MODERN PARABLE OF TWO BOYS. Moral: Better to Think of Your Duties Than of Your "Rights." Columbus (O.) State Journal. A boy went into a shop to work for a man. He was a good boy, and he had large ideas of his personality, and had thought a great deal over what were his rights. He knew exactly what he was entitled to, and what the other fellow was entitled to, and between the two there was a deep, definite division. He observed this line very closely, and did not cross it for an instant. If engaged on a piece of work, and quitting time came, he quit right then, even if he could have finished it in three minutes. In doing so, he never thought for a moment of having talked with Bill Jones full 20 minutes, that very afternoon, about a baseball game, that came off the day before. He was simply looking to his rights, and no one else's.

This was his way. Of course, he didn't stay long. There was no particular quarrel. He just "peters out" his life had an apprehension enough of his duty or a sufficient regard for his service to put him in sympathy with his work. He was a miserably good boy, and that employer saw his employer. He stood on his rights, and more to. That was some years ago. Now he is driving a team up in Cleveland for \$1.50 a day.

When he left the shop another boy went in. He knew his rights, but he didn't insist on them as much as he might, for he believed in doing things. If time was up and he could finish a thing with a few minutes over work, he would do it every time. He made himself worth something. Pretty soon that employer saw he couldn't get along without him. He kept advancing his wages, and then finally took him into partnership, and now the business is a great one, and that boy has a grand home, a big salary and a lovely family, all because he was a boy of get-up, of gumption, and thought more of his duties than he did of his rights.

Our Battleships As Policemen. Washington (D. C.) Post. The administration seems to have concluded that a good look at some of our battleships will cure that restlessness of Japan's.