The Oregonian PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter. Subscription Roles-Invariably in Advance. (BY MAIL)

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year 2.00 Daily, Sunday included, one month 75 How to Remit—Send Postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk. Give postoffice ad-dress in full, including county and state. Postage Raies—10 to 14 pages, 1 cent; 16 to 25 pages, 2 cents; 30 to 40 pages, \$2cents; 40 to 60 pages, 4 cents. Foreign postage fouble raie.

Eastern Business Office.—The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York, rooms 48-50 Tribune building. Chicago, rooms 516-512 Tribune building.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JAN. 28, 1910.

THE MEAT BOYCOTT.

It is not probable that the eschewal of meat diet, the boycott of meat dealers, the resolves of multitudes, however great, to quit eating butchers' mests till prices fall or, in apostolic language, that the command from any quarter to "abstain from meats,"-will have much actual br any permanent effect on meat prices. People will ear what they want when or so long as they have money to buy. To quit steaks and chops and roasts and cutlets and meat stews is something more difficult for a whole people than it is for the fragment of our citizenship who climb on the water wagon on New Year's day to hold their seats there; and the end is even more sure. For even a greater proportion will stick to the water wagon than will abstaln from meats for any length of time.

The same general causes that have carried up prices of other commodities have carried up the prices of meats. The rise of prices of meats is all along the line, from the farm to the retailer's block. The corn, oats, hay, all the products of the farm on which the livestock is fed—are higher; and so is the labor which the farmer must employ. Hence higher prices at the farm or on the range for cattle, hogs, sheep and horses. The buyer, the wholesale butcher and packer, the retail butcher, must raise their prices also. But the farmer and rancher do not get the whole increase, of course The wholesale buyer must have larger margins, because of the rise not only of meat prices, but of all prices; the retailer the same." The present rapid system of doing business costs more All dealers have heavier expenses than The equipment of a retail butcher's shop, for orders and delivery is large and expensive. Orders are sent in by telephone. Consumers formerly took in their orders in person. and most of them carried their purchases home.

Customers now are more fastidious than formerly about the manner in which animals are butchered and the meats prepared, cooled and handled Hence animals are shipped in to the great centers and meats shipped back again even to the districts of produc-The country butcher thus is put out of business, even for his home But whose fault is it? former times the farmer slaughtered his own stock and sold the carcass. wasn't satisfactory, and the country butcher who had more skill took up the industry. Later it began to pass to the great packing houses and now is almost wholly in their hands. The reason is they are prepared to do the business in the way the market approves.

Combinations to control markets undoubtedly have much to do with enhancement of meat prices; but no more perhaps than in many other Railroad rates are no higher but lower on the whole than before meat prices so largely advanced. causes of the advance in the prices of meats unquestionably are of the same character as those which have caused advance in prices in all or nearly all other commodities.

It is not paradoxical, but quite within reason to say that the stability of the money standard, with large and steady increase of the production of gold, the establishment of credit on a breadth hitherto unknown, renewal of the speculative spirit on an immense scale, advance in property values both in city and country, and an unusua industrial and general activity resulting from these causes have given us this era of high prices. It goes by the name of prosperity. Such indeed is its true definition to most. Shall we not say to all? For who would have a general condition of industrial depression and low prices in exchange

It is observable that the farmers and ranchmen and herders and drovers are coming forward with their statements and protests. They say that boycott of meats and reduction of prices will mean nothing less than re luction of the supply of livestock; and this ere long will raise prices again, probably higher than ever. leather and shoe men might say the same thing as to goods in their lines. Trade must, indeed, regulate itself, on supply and demand. This law cannot be much interfered with by those who may resolve not to eat meat or buy

There is much protest against monopolistic combinations and talk about the duty of government to suppress them. But nobody yet arises who can tell the government how to Actual restraint by law is practically impossible, as the experience of mankind along the whole highway of history attests. Restrain; by competition is the one effective most effective when seconded by the turn of the tide of speculation, by arrest of the progress and then the decline of values, by loss of credit and by hard times in general. The tide of this sea rises and falls. It is the hour of high tide now; when the ebb sets in, or after it has run a while, we shall all try to find some policy or dirty. Their main purpose in life was some party to blame for low prices.

If exact conditions surrounding the present garbage crematory were generally known there would be a story protest over the delay that has attached to a new plant. During the cold weather which has prevailed the past two months there have been no odors from the constantly increasing piles of unconsumed garbage, bu when spring opens the situation will be very bad. Lack of an adequate in cinerating plant is an ever present menace to public health. That an

matter of good fortune, not municipal student. Milton was a saint. Goethe inating superstitious faith in the ocvigilance. Further the delay will be was an apostle of the simple life. Sir cult. It is extremely significant to noeriminal negligence. Mayor Simon intends that there shall be no such de-

SENATOR CARTER'S BILL.

A better way than that of having the "public utility lands" administered from Washington would be to cede them to the states, in accord with the provisions of Senator Carter's billthe states to retain perpetual ownership, with authority to lease them for development and use. The act would apply to public lands chiefly valuable for water power. It might also well be extended to timber lands in mountainous districts. We believe, however, that in Oregon there are few ac cessible timber tracts and few water powers that are not already in private hands. The mountain reserves consist mostly of tracts now practically

The states could take care of these resources and direct their administration by law to much better advantage than the General Government can: Washington is too distant; bureau administration there never could be so responsive to the true interest of the respective states as administration under their own direct legislative authority. An awakened public spirit in each state would see to it that the bes attainable results were had from the system, and the income would be employed in local development, not used to support an immense officialdom, nor pooled with the mass of revenues of the General Government.

With these resources in possession of the state there would be some chance for their use and development It would be relief, moreover, to see such changes in the whole system as would deliver the poor settler, who has tried to comply with the law, from the visits of inspectors and informers sent from Washington who try to increase their own importance by putting the settler in doubt as to his tenure, and starting plans for his ejection.

BOHEMIA. The Oregonian has received from a correspondent a copy of a rhapsody on "Bohemia" with an inquiry for the name of its author. The piece has been floating vaguely round the world for many years but nobody seems to have claimed it. There has been no contest for the glory of its composition as there was for Beauti-Snow, a literary masterplece which has been attributed to almost every writer under heaven from Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Shakespeare. the booming times when Ignatius Donnelly was first exploiting his Shakespearian cryptograms, a newspaper in Milwaukee produced the fol-lowing from Hamlet by a strict application of his principles, "I am author of Beautiful Snow." This is the most definite and satisfactory result of the Ignatian analysis that has ever appeared. It is also beautifully Bohemian, inasmuch as it is completely at variance with fact. Bohemia is the land of Hlusions, most of them puerile and many of them sordid. Our correspondent's literary flotsam is printed today in another column where anybody who wishes to divert himself with hysterical chimeras may peruse it.

One may venture a guess that the origin of the piece is to be discovered in Ed. M. Arndt's famous poem, Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? What is the German's Fatherland? The answer is that it lies neither in Prussia nor in Saxony nor even in Austria, but in the hearts of faithful Teutons. It is the same with Bohemia, according to our fugitive bit of folly "It exists in the hearts of its denizens, in the lives of them that love it." If Bohemia were anything like the kingdom of heaven, we might see here a mild theft from the New Testament where It is said that "the kingdom of heaven is within you." The truth it seeks to express is that human happiness is a great deal more dependent on the state of our own souls than upon outer conditions, and that those who wish to escape from the miseries o life must first experience a new birth of the heart. For example, people who try to make municipal government honest by altering its form are like the market woman who whitewashed her addled eggs. The taste remains the same. Still, it is not to be ignored that outer conditions exercise an influence upon the inner man. In the last analysis all that we are is the product of our environment so that by altering the environment for the better, things are helped along toward perfection more or less rapidly

In Bohemia everybody is young and nobody is avaricious. There is no greed, no illness, no treachery of friends, no worry over the future. This happy country is depicted in Trilby with more powerful charm than in any other recent book, though most men of genius have wandered longingly through its confines. In Trilby love was devoted and friends wer true up to a certain moment, but the shams of society" and the edicts of Mrs. Grundy finally forced themselves in and the sweet illusion faded like frost on the window pane. Dr. Samuel Johnson passed some years of his life in the Bohemia of his day. He and Savage were close companions in the enjoyment of its delights, but neither of them seems to have loved it particularly. Johnson was not in the least reluctant to accept the pension which forever exiled him from Bohemia, and Savage seldom failed to grasp at any method of escape which presented itself. The principal charms of the enchanted realm in their day were booze, dirt and starvation. far as outsiders can judge, there has not been much alteration since. are favored with the acquaintance of certain Bohemians and the most noticeable of their characteristics are a dislike for soap and a predisposition to borrow twenty-five cents. We have never observed much "kindly sympathy" in them, nor any marked exhibition of "kindred intellect." Bohemians we have met in the course of our earthly pilgrimage have been as cold and calculating as they were

complished it. There was a time when artists and literary people were supposed to live Bohemian lives by preference, perhaps almost by necessity. The booze and general disreputableness of it were supposed to kindle genius to a brighter flame. Common sense does not warrant any such opinion. The greates works in all domains of intellectual production have been done by men of regular habits. The people of Koenigsberg used to set their clocks by

to live and drink without work, and

they cared very little how they ac-

Isaac Newton was an exemplary office done by men of family whose habits are guided by the statutes of Mrs. Grundy. Bohemia has sent out some admirable work, but it never has risen

above the second or third rank. Michelangelo and Raphael were virtual contemporaries. The former lived a regular life for his day. The latter caught his death in a brothol from immoderate debauchery. Michelangelo's art reached the supreme height of excellence. Raphael's dis-plays the weakness of his character. Hearts beat just as high in ordered and respectable life as they do in Bohemia and there is no more envy, matice and uncharitableness in pluto cratic society than there is in underground beer shops where impoverished genius consoles itself with grox.

Any person who desires to obtain a correct idea of Bohemia without visiting its precincts may begin by reading the first chapters of Les Miserables and follow them up with Ibsen's Ghosts. The chances are that he will not care to migrate to the enchanted realm when he knows exactly what it is like.

RENAMING THE STREETS.

Whatever may be the attitude of the City Council toward Engineer Morris' proposition to change the names of more than half the streets of Portland, the reform is certain to meet emphatic popular disapproval. To the suggestion that street numbers should run 100 to the block no such protest is likely to be heard, though a majority of citizens will regard twenty numbers sufficient. We have only a few blocks containing more than four lots facing one street. At the present time, under the 100-to-the block system. numbers would reach 7700. However, the convenience to strangers

is apparent. But how about the northeast, southwest, etc., sections. Simply confus-ing. Portland does not lend itself to plan of districting that serves well for Washington, D. C., whose streets and avenues were laid out with special reference to a center and to future radiation. If Portland occupied an unbroken plane, the scheme would have advantages, but the bend in th Willamette River below the Steel Bridge offers an insuperable objection. You can't ignore natural boundaries Chicago, somewhat larger than Portland, has its North, West and South The river fixes two of them.

Take the Postoffice or the Court-house for a center. Will any resident of the West Side consider Swift's stock yards as being in the northwest sec-In the public mind they are on the East Side. Just so with St. John. which some day will be annexed. one carries a mental picture of that suburb being in the same direction as Linnton on the opposite side of the

On sentimental and historical grounds probably a majority of citizens will oppose surrendering piones names attached to streets. Indeed, it ought not to be thought of. alphabetical arrangement of the streets serves admirably. On the West Side the area is so limited that other streets are easily learned. On the East Side the plats of the Ladd the new Laurelhurst addition and Rose City Park with its several adjacent neighbors break up any system of numbered streets and num-

bered avenues that could be devised. And it is to be remembered that Portland hasn't stopped growing; on the contrary, the big population is yet to come. Adults now living are likely to see the city stretch to the Sand River. When rolling and hilly country is converted into city and suburban residential districts topography govern; streets at right angles will not be the fixed rule. City Engineer Mor ris' plan is arbitrary and unnatural. It should be turned down unanimously.

AUTOMOBILES.

Since the automobile is as yet mainly an instrument of pleasure, it is proper that the frivolous French should have first lead in its manufacture, but the credit of inventing it belongs to the English. When locomotives had been made to draw a train of cars on iron rails, it seemed perfectly natural to expect that the feat might be repeated on the macadamized coach roads of The experiment was attractive for financial reasons, since the railroads quickly put the ancient stage coaches out of use, and a vast capital locked up in Inns and roadhouses was imperiled. Various engineers exerted their ingenuity to construct a practicable self-propelling road vehicle and more than one succeeded. A fair share of the principles which are used modern automobile were invented one after the other in experimenting with these early steam motors. Even the difficult problem of generating high-pressure steam large quantities from a compact boiler was solved by Hancock. He obtained 18 effective horsepower from a steam generator inclosed in a space of 30 inches by 20 by 32.

Between the years 1820 and 1845 steam motors became common on the English roads, and a flourishing business in carrying passengers sprang up. There is little doubt that invention ould have progressed steadily and that the road motor would have kept pace with the rallroad locomotive if hostile legislation had not interfered. The devilish contrivance brought con fusion into the rural nooks of Britain. It disturbed the meditations of both men and horses on the highways, and finally an act of Parliament so restricted its use that it became unprofitable and almost disappeared. We read accounts, however, of isolated steam motors cautiously pervading the roads of Britain up to the time when the explosive engine revolutionized everything. The steam road vehicle never aimed much at pleasure. It seems to have been strictly an affair of business, ugly, heavy, not very speedy and extremely hideous. No wonder the cultured steeds of England shied at it. The principle of the explosive engine permits enormous power to be generated in a small motor. It is this more than anything else that has made it possible to develop the automobile nto a contrivance of grace and beauty.

In theory it is simplicity itself. practice the automobile is one of the most complicated of machines. The facility with which young men acquire the ability to handle it is one of the wonders of the age. Very likely the next generation will be as easily familiar with the automobile as farmers' boys were with horses a half century ago. Its common use will inevitably

tice the attractiveness of the automoholder. The best newspaper work is bile for women. Hitherto the gentier sex has not cared particularly about mechanical contrivances, and its confidence in the supernatural has been correspondingly firm. It will be interesting to observe, two or three generations from now, how the use of road motors has affected the proportion of

female church members.

Persons who have studied the subject seem to agree that, so far as pleasure vehicles are concerned, there are no more worlds to conquer. The automobile is about as speedy, strong, controllable and graceful as it ever will be. Invention is now likely to exert itself along the direction of slow and efficient traction engines for use on the farm and for drayage in towns. Admiracly serviceable trucks have already been made for use in cities. The est ones are said to afford advantages of economy and safety over horse vehicles. There are also explosion motors available for farmers, but they are not yet near perfection. What is wanted is an engine and truck which will be not much heavier than a good team of horses and which will go at any required speed from a mile au hour up to a mile a minute, or less. It must be a great deal simpler than any automobile now in existence, and it must be completely controllable by some device which cannot get out of Farmers as a rule love to use order machinery, but they cannot take care of it. The least complexity in an implement baffles them. They will not use oil unless the law makes its neglect a hanging matter. They prefer to run a machine when all the nuts are loose and the bolts rattling, and it is generally deemed sinful in rural neighorhoods to put an implement under shelter. The requirements of a farm motor are therefore seen to be somewhat exacting, but the progress which invention has already made encourages us to hope that it is not out of the The disuse of horses for question. motive power is to be desired on many grounds. For one thing, they are far oo expensive in these days of high prices, but it is for humanity's sake that one chiefly hopes to see them emancipated from the wagon, the plow and the city truck. When a horse is young and strong his lot may not be so very sad, but when he grows old and his bones begin to show themselves, he is only too likely to be sold to some brutal huckster who will work him to death as fast as possible to save feed Mankind will develop the gentler graces much more rapidly than now when it ceases to profit by the enslavement of the horse.

MORE CONSTITUTION TINKERING.

Constitution tinkering will resume activity in the next Oregon election and a crop of fads and fancies will be foisted on the voters again. Already four amendments to the constitution are slated for the election-submitted by the Legislature for referendum-and others will show themselves in duo time, by grace of the initiative, proposing prohibition, woman suffrage, single tax and other things. None of these changes is needed by the commonwealth, nearly all of them menace constitutional stability, and the public would be no better off with the best. of them.

Chief of the dangerous changes will be the amendment authorizing the state to build and operate railroads. There will be two amendments, carry ing out the "new idea" of assessment and taxation, in spite of the obvious truth that there can be no better basis of taxation than that now prescribed in the constitution for equal and uni form taxation of actual values. Least objectionable of the proposed "improvements" is the one substituting the district representation method of electing members of the Legislature in ounties that have more than one member in either house, for the elecion-at-large method heretofore in use From one point of view the Legislature should be commended, perhaps, for limiting to that small number the "progressive ideas" that are clamor-ing for place in the constitution. The

initiative, however, is still wide open Preachers of political fads, professors of what they call political science apostles of multifarious reforms al think Oregon the most progressive state in the Union. So far as this state allows them to "monkey" with the organic laws and lifts the lid that other states hold down on cranks and enthusiasts, they have the right idea of Oregon's progressiveness. There will be something doing again in constitution tinkering next November, and the electorate will receive another visit from the innovating pest.

EXTRAVAGANT CONSERVATION. It was a loud and long-drawn howl of denunciation which greeted the report that Secretary Ballinger had actually employed a nephew in one of the departments at Washington. muckrakers shouted in glee at the awful disclosure, which, of course, was regarded as highly important corroborative evidence of the many crimes they had already laid at his door. The yellow press also drew on the reserver of large type in order properly to herald the news to the world. The Pinchot partisans were in their glory, and It was really awful the way the bold, bad Ballinger man from the West had wasted Government funds in the employment of that nephew. Yet Mr. Ballinger violated no law and in no manner departed from the customs and regulations of the department.

Quite different is the report regarding the easy, breezy manner in which Mr. Pinchot has been wasting Government funds. When Solicitor McCabe, of the Department of Agriculture, suc. ceeded Mr. Pinchot, he discovered that about 200 of Mr. Pinchot's forest rangers were attending universities and colleges in the West for short courses in forestry, costing the Government between \$15,000 and \$20,000 per month, "being assured their Govarnment salaries and their traveling expenses would be paid meanwhile. The matter was immediately referred to the Controller of the Treasury, who declared there was nothing in the law or appropriation for the Forest Service

that warranted any such expenditure This, of course, was only one of the many violations of the law which Mr. Pinchot found it necessary to indulge in that he might carry out his own pecullar ideas and methods regarding the Forestry Service. To be sure, a little bagatelle of \$15,000 to \$20,000 a month spent unlawfully in indulgence in a fad is not to be condemned when Mr. Pinchot is the gullty person, but employment of a nephew by Secretary Ballinger at an insignificant salary is make mankind mechanically minded very serious offense. Apparently con- the agony is over.

epidemic' has not been created is a Kant's daily walk. Vergli was a quiet and help in the great work of elim- servation of resources and conservation of cash have nothing in common.

> Now that the Zelaya dynasty is a heap of ruins, the feeling of resentment against the slayers of two American citizens is becoming stronger General Medina, who took a prominent part in the execution of the young men, has fled the country to escape arrest, and President Madriz has demanded that action be taken against all implicated in the affair. As yet no evidence has been presented to refute Zelaya's statement that the two Americans were fighting against the Nicaraguan government, which at that time was recognized by the United States as having the right to maintain order within the boundaries of the republic. It is plesant to know that the long arm of Uncle Sam can reach out and demand punishment for any and all who molest American citizens, but, if we carry the dectrine too far, we may establish a bad precedent. There are always soldiers of fortune who dearly love a fight and, with the danger of losing their lives removed, some of them might involve this country in serious trouble.

Now, of course, if we are to drop all the historical names of Portland's streets, as the City Engineer proposes, we shall next have under way a movement to rename the schoolhouses Why should the memories of our great American names like Lincoln, Washington and Jefferson, or of our local ploneers, like Ladd and Atkinson and Couch and Thompson and Shattuck be preserved in this foolish way? would be easier and clearer of course o employ the alphabet for them, and let them be School A, School B and so on. If we should run shy on letters then let us begin again with School AA, School BB, down to ZZ, This is a practical day and age wherein historical sentiment has no place. Or we shall be obliged to assume that it has no place if this remarkable scheme of the City Engineer prospers.

There ought to be hearty public response to Mr. Wemme's practical movement for a Mount Hood road fund. At his own expense he has bought an aeroplane and shipped it to Portland. It will be on exhibition this week at the automobile show. Mr. Wemme's plan is to charge 25 cents to see it, under his pledge that every dollar received for admission shall go without a "rake off" to the fund for the proposed road. As shows go nowadays, the fee is reasonable If an aeroplane is not an attractive novelty, what is?

Judge Webster was altogether and firmly right in his refusal to allow members of the bar to be present when the names were drawn to compose the jury lists. The demand was an imputation on the honor of the County Court, which is charged by law with a duty which the committee of the bar desired to superintend in its performance. The language of peremptory denial used by Judge Webster was as proper as necessary.

It speaks well for the progressive spirit of the Young Women's Christian Association that a branch is soon to be opened in a convenient and pleasant location on the East Side. That it will have ample support goes without saying.

When the grasshopper begged the ant in midwinter for food the ant unfeelingly replied: "Since you sang all Summer you can dance all Winter. The men who are now begging for something to eat wasted their Summer opportunities.

If Uncle Sam would only permit such a test it would be interesting and instructive to have the census enumerators of Oregon next April ask Republicans, not Democrats, whether approve or disapprove the Assembly plan.

Has it occurred to the gifted Mr. Pinchot that there is a great opening for him in Africa, where there are resources ready for anybody everybody to conserve, and no questions asked?

In such weather as this when you see strong, healthy eyes popping out of the rose bushes you can't help wondering whether it would be safe to plant new varieties now for June blooming.

As a matter of public economy and undoubted reform, it is more practical to kill masked murderers than to support them at the State's expense in penitentiaries.

A good way of course to save money on meat is not to eat meat. But some people are stubborn in their gluttony and will eat what they like and pay what they can.

The last of this year's Hood River apple crop being on the way to New York, Oregonians must depend on Yambill for their first-class fruit.

At first glance it seems to be the

most effective method for all hands

in Oregon who produce things worth exhibiting to join in one big show. Now if the police will just manage to kill two or three hold-up men in

the street another form of the outlaw industry will get a quietus. The man who created a riot at Ione

has gone into retirement at Salem.

He was a success, as all the witnessus were shot in the back. Two masked thugs shot dead by Portland policemen within a month

just as they gave the "hands up" ommand. Next! Suppose we shut down on flour, butter and beans. They're awful high! We have known people to live with-

Labor unions would like to have their way in settling the water mair trouble. Its members are like a lot of other citizens.

If that comet brings all our woes how about the woes that are present when the comet is absent A masked, murderous robber is

never a menace to life or property after he has been killed. Sentiment against the Assembly plan

for Oregon is unanimous-among

The Oregon songbird is married and

ROMANCE OF OGDEN'S DAUGHTER. Her Mother an Oregon Poenhoutes and

Her Sire a Famed Explorer. Common-law marriage is not so widely recognized as it used to be, because it affords no certain record for ofense of the parties against fraud and deception. But in the early days of the fur trade in the West, when religious solemnization was impossible, commonaw marriage was frequent, especially to the white men and Indian women And be it said, to the honor of the men, they rarely disavowed the tle.

This subject is brought to present attention by an article in the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, narrating the marriage, in 1840 at Fort Vancouver, of Arthur McKinlay, clerk to the Hudson's Bay Company, and Sarah Julia Ogden, 15-year-old daugh ter of Peter Skene Ogden, the famous man in whose honor members of the Historical Society lately have historical researches. The occasion of this investigation was especially the renewal of the history of the Whitman massacre, near Walla Walla, and of the debt of the Americans to Ogden for his rescue of the survivors of that calamity. . . .

The certificate of the marriage of Ogden's daughter (her mother came of the Flathead tribe) and McKinlay is still intact and a facsimile of it is printed in the Quarterly, in connection with an article written by T. C. Elliott. The paper bears the signatures of the contracting parties and also of Chief Factor John McLoughlin, Archiheld McDonald and Alex C. Anderson, as witnesses. The certificate reads as

In the presence of the undersigned wit-reases, I, Archibald McKlniay, a clerk in the service of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company, late of Scotland and how resid-ng at Fort Vancouver, Columbia River, do ng at Fort Vancouver, Columbia River, do sake Sarah Julia Ogden, daughter of Peter Skene Ogden, to be my lawful wife, and the said Sarah Julia Ogden also voluntarily and of her own free will and accord takes the said Archibaid McKiniay to be my law-

ARCH M'DONALD, ALEX C. ANDERSON. ort Vancouver, Columbia River, June,

C. F. (Chief Factor) H. B. Co. Sarah and her mother Julia hold a lasting place in Western annals, for the mother was a sort of Pocahontas. who is said to have participated in the | She does not claim to be a belle rescue of Ogden from death at the hands of a Spokane chief in 1824-5; at any rate, the chief spared Ogden's life, after the hero had bared his breast to the gun point and the wrath of the Then, unlike the Smith story, chief. the dusky Indian princess was wed to the man whose life was spared.

Ogden was a scion of distinguished family in New York and the province of Quebec, whose middle name Skene, was said to have come down from Scottish ancestors, one of whom in King Malcolm's time had saved the life of His Majesty by slaying a wolf with a dagger, or "skene."

So here was Ogden married to a savage princess, in the far wilds whither John Jacob Astor sent him in 1813 on he vessel that was to reinforce Astor's trading post at the mouth of the Co-lumbia. The vessel was wrecked off the Sandwich Islands, but as Ogden was deatined to sleep in a more honored place on the high bluff overlooking Oregon City 46 years later, he was washed ashore, lashed to drifting spars. Such was the fortune that had fetched this son of the Chief Justice of Montreal to ble savage bride in the wilder. real to his savage bride in the wilder-ness. Sarah Julia first opened her eyes on the world January 1, 1826,

according to the family record.

Peter Skene, the story runs as told by Joe Meek, shortly afterward, was leading a fur trapping party in South-ern Idaho, on Snake River. Ogden was accompanied by the mother of Sarah. party of Americans was encountered ho stampeded Ogden's horses. Lashed one of the saddles was a board and strapped to the board was the pappoose, Sarah. Did the mother waste time in lamentation? Not she. Straight into the American camp she ran, up into the precious saddle she sprang and away she dashed from the amazed Americans. "Shoot that d—squaw," yelled one of them, but not a shot pursued her, for the Americans were too full of admiration; at least in the tale of Joe Meek. On her dash, the mother took in tow a horse laden with furs, which she convoyed triumphantly back to Ogden's camp.

That there was such an episode, there strapped to the board was the pappoose

That there was such an episode, there can be little doubt, but it hardly fits with the records in this case. It was the year before the advent of Sarah that Ogden was despoiled by the Amer leans; moreover, Ogden's journal bears no evidence of the event. But it is a good story and fit to tell of Julia and her baby, Sarah. And along with it, since Sarah's career, like her father's, was to meet with tempests, may be mentioned the entry in Ogden's jour-nal, the day that Sarah came to earth, January 1, 1826.

January 1, 1826.

We had more fasting than feasting. This is the first New Year's day since I came to the first New Year's day since I came to the fur country that my men were without food. Our horses can scarcely crawl for want of grass; but march they must or we starve. In the evening Tom McKay and men arrived without seeing the track of an animal, so this blasts my hope. What will become of us? So many are starving in camp that they start before daylight to steal beaver out of their neighbor's traps. Had the lacente pleasure of seeing a raven watching as today. The wolves follow our camp. Two horses killed for the kettle.

Ogden was then in the Blue Mountains, Eastern Oregon, between the headwaters of John Day and Burnt rivers. He had traversed the region where Hill and Harriman have just been striving for mas-tery. Ogden makes no mention of the presence of Julia or Sarah. They were probably at Fort Vancouver. But had Sarah arrived amid this stress and star-vation, there would have been precedent for her coming. Fifteen years before. December 30, 1810, in the very same mountains, near the site of La Grande. amid similar chill and starvation and exhaustion, the Indian wife of a Frenchman, Pierre Dorion, increased the personnel of Hunt's Astor party, which was caught by Winter on the route to the mouth of the Columbia. Washington Irving's "Astoria" bas this receives of the Irving's "Astoria" has this mention of the

leving's "Astoria" has this mention of the event:

As the forfitude and good conduct of the poor woman gained for her the good-will of the party, her situation caused concern and perplexity. Pierre, however, treated the matter as an occurrence that could soon be arranged and need cause no delay. He remained by his wife in the camp, with his other children and his horse, and promised soon to rejoin the main body, who proceeded on their march. . In the course of the following morning the Dorion family made its reappearance. Pierre came trudging in the advance, followed by his valued, though skeleton steed, on which was mounted his squaw, with the new-hern infant in her arms, and her boy of 3 years old wrapped in a blanket and slung at her side. The mother looked as micon erried as if nothing had happened to her; so easy is nature in her operations in the wilderness, when free from the enfeebling refinements of luxury and the tamperings and refinements of art.

But, getting back to Surab, it may be pited that her marriage to McKinlay was life-long, and that their daughter, the wife of A. B. Ferguson, lives at Savona's Ferry, Lake Kamloops, British Colum-bia. Their graves are in sight of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on Thompson River. Peter Skene Ogden's name will live in Western history as one of the most distinguished, and some facile narrator may yet place those of Julia and Sarah alongside his in tales of Western

TOPICAL VERSE

The Sweetest Music.

I love to hear the singer who can warble The lady who pulls down two thousand

When I hear the voice of Melba I am most profoundly stirred. I am better, nobler, after hearing her. I like to hear the jingle of hard money

in the till. I like to hear the clang of distant bells; like to hear the ripple of the unpolluted I am gladdened by the songsters in the

I love to hear the crooning of a mother who is young, I love to hear the wind blow through the pines; I am gladdened when I listen to a sweet love lyric sung. I'm exalted by the poet's litting lines.

But if one wish might be granted-the one wish to me most dear-I'd wish to wake tomorrow, just at dawn, With a June breeze blowing o'er me as

I cocked my head to hear The rattle of the mower on the lawn-S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald,

Petty.

Pet names he used to call her. And-well, he does it yet; But they're married now, and he it far From us to tell what names they are, When she is in a pet.—St. Louis Republic

Ye Playful Maid. She played with me in childhood, and she played with me in youth.

I much regret to say it, but it is the simple truth

though I've grown to manhood with my heart upon her set, This maid of whom I sing my song is "playing with me" yet!—Exchange.

Not Perfect. Her hair is dark, with glossy glint

Except where puffs, of lighter tint,

Her skin is soft, 'tis snowy, too, And nice, Save where the frockles glimmer through

Or boast; And after all, she looks as well

As most. -Kansas City Journal.

Paradoxical.

Our language very queer appears; Some phrases cause us doubt, When men a race have started on, "They're off!" the people shout

Then as the runners forge shead, We hear above the din This cry: He's losing all the rest; I'll bet that he will win."

Next morning in the press we read; "His victory was sweet;
se walked away from all his foes,
And ran them off their feet."
—Detroit Free Press.

In Grateful Appreciation.

Dear Strangel, whom I saw today When all the sky was dull and gray, When I was blue and sour and glum, When all my soul within was numb And I could not coax up a sin! thank you for that joye

I saw you walking down the street, As proud a man as one could me You whistled gayly as you went A lively tune of merriment-And O, I hated you for that!-You were a high and glossy hat,

I could not help contrasting us, I grieved that fate had made us That you should stride along so glad While I went moping, sore and sad. The tune you whistled struck my ear

With any but a sound of cheer. But, suddenly, O Stransor Man, While you received my baleful scan, You stepped upon as icy place And lost your air of ease and grace; And joy of joys! You tried to clutch

The air, and slipped to beat the Dutch! You slid, you twisted and you jumped And then the frezen walk you thumped And bounced and turned face down and Against a fence-that's what you did! And you arose, with hat a wreck And snow and ice adown your neck.

Dear Stranger, since that moment I Have walked beneath an agure Have heard the little birds a-tr In melodies all sweetly shrill And all the world has worn a hue Of gold and rose, because of you! -Chicago Post.

The Insufferables.

These Winter nights Bill Jones comes up an' sets aroun' the store, Bill is a goose-bone prophet. prove by three or four His neighbors that he went aroun' an' warned 'em we would get About the coldest Winter as has been ex-

"Tol' you so," says Bill, an' blows Hisself out like to bust his clothes-Hooks his thumbs back in his vest An' tweedledums upon his chest,

An' after bit Jim Dabbs comes in an' thaws his ears an' toes. Jim is a weather prophet, too, an' has his Eskimos he said as we would have a To prove he said as we will writer we would feel with a spon in Because he kilt a coon last Fall with

"Knowed it all the time," says Jim-And sets an ataws in his conceit

An' bye-an'-bye the Squire blows in. He called the turn three ways-On caterpillars goin' south, muskrats an' Injun maixe. He's got his proofs in good shipshaps, with witnesses an' notes, An' there ain't a night but he comes in an' sets aroun' an' gloats.

"What'd I tell ye?" says the Squire, Hitchin' closer to the fire,
With his coon-cap tilted up,
An' swellin' like a poisoned pup,
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Where, Oh, Where, Is Bohemia?

SALEM, Or., Jan. 22 .- (To the Biltor)-Many years ago I memorized the follow-ing plece, which, oddly enough, was printed on a theatrical programme but had no bearing on the play. Can you tell me anything of its author, or is it just a stray bunch of words? "Bohemia-Where is Bohemia? Any-where! Everywhere! Nowhere! It ex-

ists in the hearts of its denizens, in the lives of those who love it. It is the land of staunch companionship, of kindly sympathy and of kindred intellect; where hears beat high and hands grasp firm; where poverty is no disgrace and charity does not chill. It is the land where the primitive virtues have fled for refuge from the shams of society and where Mrs. Grundy holds no away,"

R. M. P.