

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Proprietors.Address THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL
No. 500 Main St., between Fourth and Fifth
Portland, Oregon.INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC
PAPER OF OREGONEntered at the postoffice at Portland,
Oregon, for transmission through the
mail as second-class matter.
Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10
or 12 page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 25 pages, 2
cents; over 25 pages, 3 cents.Anonymous communications will not be
published. Accepted communications will
not be returned.Telephone:
Business Office: Oregon Main, 500;
City Editor: Oregon Main, 500.
Editorial Rooms: Oregon Main, 500.
City Editor: Oregon Main, 500.Terms by Carrier:
THE JOURNAL, one year.....\$3.00
THE JOURNAL, six months.....1.50
THE JOURNAL, three months......75
THE JOURNAL, by mail, 3 months......75
THE JOURNAL, by mail, 6 months.....1.50
THE JOURNAL, by mail, 1 year.....3.00The Eastern representative of
this paper is Albert B. Henderson,
11 Times Building, New York, and
Hartford Building, Chicago.When you leave the city or change your ad-
dress even for one week, don't fail to call at
business office and leave your order for The
Oregon Daily Journal.

HE MUST HAVE STRENGTH.

From the manner in which his oppo-
nents prod him, one is compelled to at-
tribute to Governor Geer elements of
strength that he was not supposed to
possess. It is almost conclusively pro-
ven by these attacks that he is formid-
able, as a candidate for the United States
Senate, and must be gotten rid of.

Why should sensible men stop to prod
a politician who has no power to harm?
If Governor Geer is out of the way, then
why pay more heed to him?

There is going to be some music in the
air when the coming election of a Unit-
ed States Senator occurs (or does not oc-
cur) at the January Legislature. So-
mewhat a thing as a United States Sen-
atorial plum pudding is not to be given
out without a fight, and that fight will
be worth witnessing. Most people still
believe that Governor Geer will be an
element in the fight.

A RATIONAL TARIFF DEMAND.

Beyond doubt, the coming campaign is
to be fought along lines of tariff discus-
sion, with relevancy to the trust prob-
lem. It is, therefore, right that it should
be made clear just wherein the policy of
the Republican party is open to adverse
criticism, and what the Democratic party
proposes to ask. It is not right for this
Democratic party to be hypocritical, with
no constructive measures to offer in
place of those which it would oppose.

The tariff on imports, when higher than
needed to produce revenue for the sup-
port of the Government, was justified by
the plea that it was necessary to protect
American labor from cheap foreign labor,
and to nourish infant industries, until
they were able to do without such assist-
ance. It was originally a war measure,
but these arguments were advanced to
justify its continuance after the exigen-
cies of war had ended.

The most radical advocate of the high
protective tariff will not claim that the
major portion of the manufacturing in-
dustries of the United States any longer
need assistance of artificial character.
They have become powerful beyond the
dreams of a generation ago. They dic-
tate to the commerce of the world.

Furthermore, the recently formed trusts
wield an immense portion of the goods
manufactured in this country, and upon
their goods are tariff import duties.

Can it logically be denied that these
powerful industries any longer need as-
sistance; that they are not infant fac-
tories? And, if it cannot be denied that they
do not need such assistance any longer,
then can it be denied that the tariff as
affecting them, should be removed, or, at
least, reduced materially?

The Democratic party should and does
and the people with them demand reduc-
tion in duties and in some instances their
entire removal. No one should urge revo-
lutionary methods, no measures that will
throw the country into the chaos that
would result from sweeping changes. It
should be a process gradually pressed,
animated by business considerations and
not by extreme politicians who, whatever
party they may train with, usually are
looking out for themselves instead of af-
ter the interests of the people.

In a business-like manner, with due re-
gard for the rights of those whose affairs
would be influenced adversely by indus-
trial revolution, changes made should be
according to the exact methods that
would be followed by an intelligent busi-
ness man, who would apply the principle
of evolution instead of revolution.

There will not be to the making of the
trusts and the big profits by the
turning of the hand, but it will ap-
pear to the man who cares more for

country than party, and it will command
the Democratic party to the solid inter-
ests of the nation.

REVISION OF ELECTION LAWS.

During the time the votes were being
counted after the last state election, there
was general voicing of a demand for
revision of the election laws of Oregon, in
a manner to procure prompt giving of the
results to the people. There was a period
of three days after June 3 election day,
during which the people of the state did
not know who had been elected Governor.
Intense anxiety was felt by the friends of
the two candidates, and there were many
other excellent reasons for protests
against the cumbersome machinery at
present in use.

The Journal suggests that the matter
should be taken up and discussed by the
press of the state. The Legislature meets
in January, at which time there should
certainly be some amendments offered
whereby the weaknesses of the existing
law would be remedied.

A vital defect in the law is the lack of
provision for the quick counting of votes.
Delays of three days after the votes have
been cast permit possible irregularities
through manipulation of election boards.
It is imperative that, in the greatest de-
gree possible, suspicion of such acts be
unwarranted, and, too, that the tempta-
tion be removed from the men in politics
who might resort to such practices to re-
verse an election verdict of the people.

As at present on the books, Oregon's
election law is crude with respect to the
count of the ballots. Why not experiment
with election machines? Not the kind that
Oregon has had for these many years,
but the kind whereby a few minutes
after the polls close the result may be
known. There are successful operations
in the East election counting ma-
chines, and they eliminate the major
portion of the danger of improper ma-
nipulations of elections by corrupt ele-
ments. The idea is worthy of considera-
tion here in Oregon.

LABOR'S GREAT DAY.

One week from yesterday, Monday,
September 1, is Labor Day. It is the
only day in the year which the great
producing classes can claim as being
essentially their own. Wishing to lift
the burden for a brief moment from the
weary shoulder, and to make one pleas-
ant spot each year along the toll's
rugged path, the Federal Government
has set aside September 1 as a national
holiday. For the first time in the history
of the commonwealth, the Governor
of Oregon has issued a proclamation re-
questing that all places of business,
if possible, be closed in order to give
the employees everywhere within the con-
fines of the state an opportunity to en-
joy 24 hours in rest and recreation.

For the past few years organized labor
in the large cities of the United States
has celebrated the day with ceremonies
betwixt the occasion. Speakers of promi-
nence delivered addresses, parades were
given, athletic sports indulged in, and
appropriate exercises held. Their object
in celebrating has a two-fold meaning.
The common hunger for amusement, to which
everyone is more or less addicted, is an
explanation of one of the reasons,
while the pride taken in the exhibition
of strength is perhaps the other object
in view. All fraternal societies look upon
their growing numbers with exultation,
and never overlook an opportunity in an
endeavor to impress upon the mind of
every acquaintance that they are the
best, greatest, strongest and most mag-
nanimous organization under the star-spangled
heavens. It is, therefore, not wandering
any in the least from the beaten path
of common practice if the labor organiza-
tions become ambitious to create a simi-
lar impression.

Be that as it may, the labor unions of
this city are going to give a grand pa-
rade on September 1, and The Journal
is taking an interest in the matter. The
Journal is desirous that it will be a suc-
cess in every particular, and the ac-
complish that end will render whatever
assistance that lies in its power.

LEGAL TENDER RAILWAY TICK-
ETS.

Someday, railway tickets will be is-
sued somewhat as money, which is good
anywhere for any goods or commodities.
It will be issued in the form of legal
tender for transportation mile for mile
over any road in the country. It will be
like postage, which realizes the ideal of
sale of privilege to send matter from
point to point.

Such a system of ticket-issuing would
be a boon to the railroads themselves.
At present, the machinery necessary to
keeping accounts and auditing returns
from road to road for coupons taken
from long distance tickets of the present
cumbersome kind is costly. There are
various degrees of value of mileage
over different roads, and only by main-
taining departments expensive in the ex-
treme may the accounts be kept straight.
Perhaps the merging of many roads
into one system will assist in accomplish-
ing this end. It will be one of the com-
pensations for the destruction of the
competitive regime and the inauguration
of syndicate control of transportation.
At the present rate of concentration of
rail interests, such alterations as are
here suggested will not be long in being
accomplished.

Portland is not a slow town. Get that
notion out of your head as soon as pos-
sible.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Miss Elsie Macomber, who is to christen
the cruiser Des Moines, is described
as follows: "Her willowy figure is at-
tuned to every motion, inspired by ju-
vile grace; she has heavy folds of dark
hair, eyes of the richest luster, and the
pure complexion which the freshness of
western breezes alone can give." We are
glad to know this, and it makes it cer-
tain that the Des Moines, christened by
this fair "damsel," bids fair to "get
there."

Dr. Hareless Van Loon has an idea
that all humanity should be examined
by a medical board, and all those who
cannot come up to a certain standard,
physically and mentally, should be killed.
His dollars to thoughts the learned doc-
tor would go back on his theory, should
an examination place him among these
marked for slaughter.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Mrs.
Herman B. Duray have formed a part-
nership and gone into the racing business.



Glad to see New York's society women at
last trying to do something for the good
of the race.

Dr. Andrews of Chicago suggests that
an artificial island be made in Lake Michi-
gan, four miles beyond the crib, on
which to confine the immoral persons of
Chicago. This shows the intent to get
Chicago's citizens outside the influence of
the crib, but an island of proper mag-
nitude would require government aid.

The churches of Washington, Indiana,
are now all provided with telephonic
communication, so that the floater can
get their religion on tap, and hang up
the receiver when the contribution box
comes around. God bless the receiver,
for it is more blessed to receive than to
give. That's the motto.

The appointment of Oliver Wendell
Holmes to the supreme bench, is said to
be the most popular one President Roose-
velt has made. If he will make one to
visit Portland and the Northwest, next
year, it will be a better one.

Do you know the story of the two
frogs? The one who thought he was
drowning, drowned in a can of milk,
while the one who hustled in the same
can soon found himself saved on a cake
of butter. Hustle!

An exchange asks, "What part should
reason take in love affairs?" What part
it should take is immaterial, since it has
always utterly refused to take any. Love
is an affair of the gizzard, not of the
head.

A Boston police judge fined a horse-
beater \$10, and in five minutes afterwards
fined a fellow who had beaten his wife \$5.
The horse-beater didn't wear eye-glasses.

A dispatch says another man has been
robbed at the "pistol point." That is
getting to be a very dangerous locality.

Russell Sage is so miserly that he will
never laugh unless he can do so at some
one else's expense.

What the savings banks of the country
need is fewer vice-presidents and more
virtue-presidents.

The Jersey mosquito is no longer a
hummer. He is now only a bill-sticker.

AND.

This is the month you thresh your grain
And the weather man predicts "more
rain."
And the fisher bend gets pole and reel
And the boy, a stone bruise on his heel,
And the butterfly comes back from the
beach.

And your girl blows you in for cream
And peaches,
And the housewife studies the bargain
"ad."

And the husband's purse looks flat and
sad,
And the ice man runneth up his bill,
And the kid has hives, and takes to
squalls—

And your cousin comes from old Yamhill
To see the Elks Grand Carnival,
And went goes up as nooms get shy,
And the thief flows into your weather
eye.

And you sigh as you think of the time
you've had
And the face home took the onliest scan-
And you wish you had gone a trifle
And you're just as "pinched" as a year
ago.

And life is "botted" of its thousand joy
And you're farther from heaven than
when a boy,
And the ray of light through the hope-
less gloom

A hope as of things beyond the tomb
Is paid comes the first of the month
And there isn't a word in the English
language

That will rhyme with it, and there you
are.

A QUARREL.

The significant developments of the
past few weeks have brought out one fact
that stands clearly above all others in
importance—John H. Mitchell, United
States Senator from Oregon, arbiter
of fate for Oregon Republicans, has
quarreled with Walter F. (Jack) Mat-
thews, chairman of the Republican state
central committee, manager of the last
state campaign, and United States Mar-
shal for Oregon, by grace of recommenda-
tion by Mr. Mitchell. It is stated upon
good authority that the Senator did the
distribution of favors and that two
distinct theories held by the two men ac-
count for the quarrel. These theories are
indicated by the following hypothetical
conversation:

MR. MITCHELL:
"I believe, Mr. Matthews, that you are
urging a course that will bring upon the
Mitchell machine the same disasters that
came upon the Simon machine. You de-
sire too close a corporation to transact
the political business we propose to carry
on for the people of this state. You must
exercise caution, my dear Mr. Matthews,
lest you wreck our ship on the same
rocks on which Mr. Simon's bark went
to pieces."

MR. MATTHEWS:
"Mr. Mitchell, by grace of God, bright-
ly by grace of the Oregon Legislature and
a few Democrats thrown in, Senator from
this state to the National Congress; and
by grace of H. W. Scott, the most be-
loved man (new) in the Republican party
of Oregon, Mr. Mitchell, what strange
doctrines is this that you are giving us
to be added to our works on political
righteousness? You have gone into too
deep metaphysical water for me."

MR. MITCHELL:
"Mr. Matthews, we must remember that
he who holds power in politics holds it
by reason of suffering, and not because
he has original power in himself. We
must keep the people feeling good na-
tured, or enough of them to insure us
our retention of the control of this state.
You are disposed to forget this, my
dear Mr. Matthews, and before you know
it you will be where Mr. Simon found
himself a short time ago."

MR. MATTHEWS:
"Mr. Mitchell, my doctrine is this—
'Them as has gets.' I believe in distribut-
ing pie to our friends, to the fellows who
helped us in the fight last June, and in
telling the other fellows to go where
overcast vendors are directed for hav-
ing no visible means of employment.
That's my theory, Mr. Mitchell, and I
stand by it to the bitter end."

"But," says J. H. M. "do you not see
that such a course would bring upon us
such troubles as would send us to the bot-
tom of the political sea, where the fishes
would feed upon our flesh and we would
no longer possess the great power that
we now hold in this state. The people
will not stand for it. The future will
prove me to be correct."

MR. MATTHEWS:
"Mr. Mitchell, do you remember what
Vanderbilt said about the people? Well,
that is what I think about the future and
the people, too. I say cut the pie for
our friends, and for our friends only, and
if you attempt to introduce any fancy
methods of distributing political parties,
you'll have to employ another butter than
me. What would all my friends, like
Larry Sullivan for instance, think of
such a deal?"

MR. MITCHELL:
"Mr. Matthews, I hereby serve notice
upon you that you must do business upon
a different plan. You must come to my
way of thinking. You will do so, Mr.
Matthews, will you not?"

MR. MATTHEWS:
"Well, not that I know of. I don't
seem to be running toward you very
swiftly, just now, do I?"

MR. MITCHELL:
"You mean that you will brook my
authority, do you?"

MR. MATTHEWS AND MR. MITCHELL:
The remainder of the conversation was
interpolated with some physical exer-
cises and mutual friends separated them.
They are not now on speaking terms, or,
at least, are not cordial toward each
other, and Mr. Mitchell has gone to
Honolulu.

MEN THAT DREAM.

Call them impractical, unvisionary, and
like names of the sea, and yet the
men that dream are the leaders. They
are the real statesmen. To them the
world owes every step of its progress.
Their virtues of faith have led them
out for their old world's effete past
across the trackless wilderness into the
promised land of a new civilization.
From the days of Abraham to this
present time every widening of the
boundaries of empire is because of the men
that dream. The man-stuffed towns never
could restrain the souls of those earnest
dreamers who "yearned beyond the sky-
line, where the strange roads go down."
And those strange roads led them into
desert places and on to death, but they
blazed the way for coming generations.
And their sons have followed after by
the bones along the way.

They are the statesmen of the im-
agination, and what they dream today
will be within the range of practical
politics tomorrow. It may be in things
of empire, the dream of a greater state
across the sea; but that dream sent
the pioneers of empire adrift, and in
their train had the British, and the
Canadian, and now the wild
dream of a British South Africa is com-
ing true. Or it may be in things social,
the dream of the temperance reformer
or of the man of peace or of the ad-
vocate of industrial reform; but that
dream fired the souls of the bravest
men that ever touched this planet, and
through them the blight of intemper-
ance is being turned back, and the men
of war must show cause for their strife
and the rights of the wage-earners must
be respected. Or it may be of things re-
ligious, the dream of the evangelist and
the missionary; but that dream sent
Jesus up to Calvary, and the first fol-
lowers through Judaea, and Samaria, and
on to Rome, and by its impulse a Caray
and a Duff and a Judon went to In-
dia. A Morrison went to China, a Mac-
Kay to Formosa, a Livingstone to Ar-
rica, a Williams to Eritrea, and a
thousand of the breed to the darkest
places of earth, each man with his
dream, and for its sake never discourag-
ed and never turned back.

And the greatest dreamer of them all
was the Carpenter of Nazareth, who
saw the vision of a kingdom wider than
the Caesars' rising on the shores over

which Rome's imperial eagles never
flew, and into which shall gather all
the good and all the true of every na-
tion and kingdom and people and
tongue. That was a dream.

And the dreams of such dreamers come
true. They are not the vagaries of a
disordered imagination; they are the
forecastings of fate. To such brave
souls things that are not, the unrealities
of the ideal are the only things worth
while. Without hesitating, without hal-
ting, they bolt on their way, sustained
by their high faith in the right, and
bearing ecstasy in their hearts.

"And forever they are dreamers who
make the dreams come true."
J. A. M.—In Toronto Star.

A MOUNTAIN OF EVERYTHING.

Mr. Zoeth Houser, ex-United States
Marshal, is at present engaged in mining
at Quartzburg, in Grant County, about
seven miles from Prairie City. A short
time ago he purchased the smelter erect-
ed at Sumpter, and moved it onto his
property. Several combinations prevented
the smelter being a success, and it is
now idle. The lack of fuel was one
proposition, the lack of success another and



the lack of a practical man was under-
stood the Quartzburg area was perhaps
the greater handicap. Houser's mine is
a peculiar one and it is a credit to the
state in that it is one of the biggest
and best coal mines in the world. The
ore carries some copper, and quite a
good yield in gold. It is very refractory,
and the coal has been the bane of the
company. Recently a German com-
pany heard of the mine, sent out an ex-
pert and contracted for all the ore the
mine could produce. The ore is a very
handsome and rich sulphide, carrying
also some copper sulphides, but the coal
is what the German contractors want,
and what they are getting. The ore is
worth, on the dump, a little over fifty
a ton. Mr. Houser is arranging for a
concentrating plant that will put from
two to five tons into one, and when this
is completed the finished product will be
worth in the neighborhood of \$500 per
ton. Coal is used in handling and
tempering steel, and is one of the com-
modities that make Germany what she is,
a high power. Its blending with steel
tends to prevent rusting, gives the cut-
ting edge a peculiar smoothness and is
a part of a very high polish. It is also
used in hardening steel for armor plates,
but its high price has heretofore pre-
vented its extensive use in that direction.
A peculiarity of the ore is that it car-
ries slight traces of tellurium in the shape
of selenites and calcareites. The Dierle
and Greenhorn Mountain country, where
this ore came from, is a wonder to every
mining man, for it contains almost every
mineral known to science, and we believe
one or two that will have to be named.

On the eastern slopes of the mountain,
as at the Bongara mine, the ore is iron
sulphide, manganese, and we believe
to the west the Doo Juan, Golden Eagle
and Danzetta show galena. A half mile
to the west of the Dierle and Worley
carry their values in copper. An-
other mile and the face is nickel. To
the west two miles gray oxide ores pre-
dominate and silver is "valuable." On the
western slope of Greenhorn is cobalt,
zinc, antimony, manganese, copper, and
each in its own little belt. And then this
same mountain shows the most perfect
specimens of crystallized gold known to
the world. It shows ores of iron and lead
with the free gold in pieces as big as a
grain of wheat, sticking among the sul-
phides. It shows gold free in dunbar,
and also shows the native amalgam. In
fact, around these two mountains can be
found anything and everything except tin
and coal.

WANTED TO BE STYLISH.
A little girl was spending the summer
at a fashionable watering place, and one
morning as she played upon the veranda
of the hotel where her mother was stay-
ing she heard a lengthy conversation be-
tween the fashions of the day and the abso-
lute necessity of stylishness in dress. It
was hoped to be a success in society. One
woman went so far as to say that styl-
ishness was far more important than
beauty.

That night as the child said her usual
prayer she added with great earnestness:
"And, O dear Lord, do please make me
stylish."

WOULDN'T ENJOY THE FUNERAL.
A newly-made widower of this city
was being consulted by the undertaker in
regard to the arrangements for the fun-
eral.
"Will you ride with the clergyman?"
he inquired of the bereaved husband.
"By no means," said he.
"Then," said the undertaker, "you can
go with your mother-in-law."
"Well, I will if I have to," he replied.
"And it will spoil my day,"—St. Paul
Globe.

FLOWERS.
She wore my roses in her hair,
And others on her bosom fair,
But sweeter even
Than these, the violets of her eyes
That caught their hues from summer
skies—
A gift from heaven.
She wore my roses on her breast,
And others on her bosom fair,
But sweeter even
Than these, the violets of her eyes
That caught their hues from summer
skies—
A gift from heaven.

She wore my roses on her breast,
And others on her bosom fair,
But sweeter even
Than these, the violets of her eyes
That caught their hues from summer
skies—
A gift from heaven.
She wore my roses on her breast,
And others on her bosom fair,
But sweeter even
Than these, the violets of her eyes
That caught their hues from summer
skies—
A gift from heaven.

She wore my roses on her breast,
And others on her bosom fair,
But sweeter even
Than these, the violets of her eyes
That caught their hues from summer
skies—
A gift from heaven.
She wore my roses on her breast,
And others on her bosom fair,
But sweeter even
Than these, the violets of her eyes
That caught their hues from summer
skies—
A gift from heaven.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor: May I ask what, if any-
thing, is needed to make Portland the
admitted metropolis of the Northwest?
The observant schoolboy sees in the
Columbia basin a watershed greater in
territory, if not in resources, than any
four river basins on the Atlantic sea-
board. The tenderfoot and the tourist
unite with the native-born Portlander in
asserting that for natural advantages no
city of the Pacific coast is so admirably
situated for gathering together the prod-
ucts of the Columbia basin as Portland.
No city surpasses her in water power
or excels her in facilities for manu-
facture, and as a distribution center she is
nearer the farming center than is
located at the mouth of the Columbia.

Who shall lead in such a contest? It
behooves the men of moderate and of
small means together with the laboring
men to come to the front. To you it is
the opportunity of a lifetime. Wealthy
men do not have to act. They have a
competency already and can live if they
have what they already have. With the
tendency to cry out against capital and
the disposition to hold it to moderate, if
not small profits, their conservatism is
not without excuse, and they will will-
ingly permit corporations to take the
place originally intended, viz., for men
of moderate means to combine for the ac-
complishment of great enterprises. The
labor unions have the chance to take
stock in needed factories to take
the stock by leaving a per cent of wages
in the treasury until the stock is paid.
Men not allied with banks or factories
may with propriety control committees
for inviting capital and manufacturing. It
requires education in development lines
before men will readily invite competi-
tion in their own line of business. Man-
ufacturers are seldom so ready to en-
courage enterprises directly in competi-
tion with them as if the proposed fac-
tory is on a side line, hence the diffi-
culty of getting a committee of factory
men who will push the inauguration of
an enterprise either in competition with
themselves or with their fellow mem-
bers of committees. Bankers and mer-
chants will not much more soul in secur-
ing factories and the latter will be much
more enthusiastic in inviting new capi-
tal than if the committees are reversed.
The law of cause and effect calls for in-
vestigation, and rival sections of the city
and suburbs will be lucky if cheap lo-
cations can be secured by reason of a
desire to promote employment.

It is not the object of this communi-
cation to start a systematic fault-finding
campaign, but in line with the inevitable
"that conditions are not without cause."
To urge new and decisive action not only
in line of development but in the line of
finding men to take the place of men who
have no faith in and no good word for
the city. If any one thing justifies boy-
cotting a city it is the persistent
talking against the place where one lives,
if it is not the place to live by all means
to some other place or keep silence.
I claim no right to call in question the
lack of public spirit in others if I am
not doing anything myself, and I must
admit that it is difficult to curb my com-
plaint for the man who has no use for a
place but persistently stays there; who
expects the wealthy to carry every en-
terprise, but has not a cent or even a
good word for his home. Inasmuch as
nature never did build a city, may I not
urge that every man who expects to live
here should take a hand in pushing the
city to its rightful place in the commer-
cial world.
Portland, Aug. 25.

WHERE MEN ARE SCARCE.

In Clatsopville, N. J., is a condition that
will appal the advocates of women enter-
ing the spheres that once were monopoli-
zed by the men. In that town the men
were by far in the majority, until the
fateful McKinley tariff bill passed Con-
gress. Doctly inserted among its pro-
visions was one that was destined to
condemn many a buxom maid to solitary
spinsterhood: There was nothing in the
clause itself that snatched of the woman
her man.

There was no item fixing a duty on
the valuations they placed upon them-
selves—which, of course, would have
proved a prohibitive tax. Indeed, there
was nothing that apparently affected
either sex, married or single, at all. It
was simply a dry, businesslike item de-
claring a heavy import on the finer grades
of ladies' imported gloves.

The immediate result of the passage
of this law was an era of unparalleled
prosperity for the little town. For now
that the finer grades could be manufac-
tured at a handsome profit, owing to the
protective tariff, the field for Clatsop-
ville's industry had widened. But, be-
hind how of necessity every other alter-
ing has its cloud, male fingers were far
too tough and clumsy to sew the delicate
skins into the slender shapes required
for feminine hands.

So from the manufacturers a cry arose
for girls, more girls—and still more girls.
The work was light and easy, the wages
high; from all the villages round about
the country masses responded to the call,
and the population of the town rose by
leaps and bounds to 25,000.

The disgruntled men, finding their oc-
cupation gone, moved for the most part
westward, where the heavier glove trade
had been gradually drifting. At first this
massive emigration was noted with
naught save a natural feeling of triumph
by the superseding female. But alas! as
time crept on many a former belle found
her partners at the dances growing few
and far between, until so desperate was
the situation become that Martha Watson
bade fair to prove the hardy pioneer of
a new invasion of love-love lands, dis-
consolate in the quest of the single man.

That this history of the canines pro-
ducing the surplus of females in Clatsop-
ville is no idle speculation is easily
proven by statistics. It seems almost in-
credible to treat these fair victims of un-
requited passion as mere figures, like
so many head of cattle or piles of hay,<