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REMARKS ABOUT THE WEATHER.

STRANGE THING, the weather. No wonder people talk so much about it. Here we are having in western Oregon an unprecedented dry time, considering the time of year—almost no rain for over two months, while in eastern Oregon and eastern Washington, usually far more rainless at this time of year, soaking rains have lately fallen.

Western Oregon crops are doubtless suffering from lack of rain, and some of them will be light on that account, yet they will not be by any means a failure, and compensation will appear in the largest crops, apparently, east of the mountains, ever raised in that region.

All the way from the Cascade mountains on the west to the Idaho and British Columbia mountains on the east and north—on both slopes of the Blue mountains, but particularly in the great Inland Empire wheat belt—the wheat and other crops are simply immense. Wheat is yielding, on average soil, 30 to 35 bushels an acre, and barley, 35 to 40—in many cases much more. Some damage was done by frost in being reported the other day that Mr. Conley, the Union county "wheat king," would cut nearly all his thousands of acres for hay. But as a rule the crops are big, and the farmers of the upper country will have a very large aggregate surplus of money next fall.

Those of western Oregon will not be quite so well off, but when everything is measured and counted up, it will be found that they, too, will be in a generally prosperous condition.

Rain would be not only very agreeable, but exceedingly valuable, yet worrying and wishing will not bring it, and we might as well look pleasant, and keep the bright side in view. After all, it is a large and pretty side.

DEMOCRATIC VOTE OF NEW YORK.

MR. BRYAN, in his recent Cooper Union speech, stated the fact, which may seem a curious one, that Judge Parker, though elected by a large plurality in 1897, received fewer votes in New York than Mr. Bryan did in 1900, although Bryan was beaten by 268,469 in that state.

This exhibits an interesting phase of New York politics—and one observable to a lesser extent elsewhere—which can be explained only by the expressions—the independent, and the stay-at-home vote.

The total vote of New York state for Mr. Bryan in 1896 was 551,369. In 1897, Judge Parker received 554,680 votes, and was elected by 49,889 plurality. But in 1900 Mr. Bryan, although beaten by 123,606, received about 122,000 votes more than Parker did three years before.

It does not necessarily follow that Parker is weaker in New York than Bryan, for Parker was running for an office for which he was peculiarly fitted, and New York generally has a bi-partisan bench; that is, many Republicans will vote for a good Democrat for a judge of the court of appeals, when the Republicans already have a majority of the court—which would be a good practice to follow here.

Neither Mr. Bryan, nor any man whom Mr. Bryan would doubt, could carry New York this year. It is perhaps doubtful whether Judge Parker could carry the state for president, though in all probability he could do so by a large majority if he were again a candidate for judge.

So Mr. Bryan's statement, while interesting, and worth noticing, has not the significance which he apparently wishes people to attribute to it.

WHAT KIND OF DEMOCRACY?

ARE WE TO HAVE August Belmont democracy, or Pat McCarran democracy, or Dave Hill democracy? Mr. Bryan may be politically unwise, sometimes; he is not sufficiently adaptable to circumstances to be a leading politician, perhaps not to be a great statesman; but the time is rapidly wheeling and whirling hitherward when the people, as between August Belmont and William Jennings Bryan, will choose the latter—that is, his type—rather than the plutocratic type represented by August Belmont.

Now if this is not true, democracy is not worth fighting for, talking for, or worrying about. We might as well vote for Roosevelt, a man of many admirable features, but of some not quite so admirable.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

The Peddler's License. Portland, Or., July 6.—To the Editor of the Journal.—I notice in today's edition that the city council will on an ordinance to rescind a former ordinance which is only five days old, and is attributed to "too much hurry" or as the Oregonian had it on July 1, "I believe that it would be for the council while it is rescinded to repeal the fruit peddler's license was recently raised \$45 a year to \$200, which I presume was caused by the same influence above stated: "Too much hurry," etc. "electrical" license was brought in by a few who wanted to control those who are not able to pay an exorbitant tax. The peddler's license is a blunder and an outrage and I believe that it would be for the council to rescind it.

GOVERNOR LA FOLLETTE. From the Review of Reviews. The great La Follette movement in Wisconsin had begun some years ago with an attempt to give the plain Republican voters an opportunity to carry out their wishes as against the clique of leaders who had been accustomed to control conventions and "run" the state.

It is unquestionably true that some of these leaders were closely in touch with the railroad interests that, in Wisconsin, as in all the northwestern states, have in years past played so high handed a part in politics, legislation and administration. The two great reforms with which La Follette identified himself were: (1) a radical change in the method of nominating men to office, and (2) a new system of taxing railroads and corporations.

To make any headway at all as a leader Mr. La Follette had to show a remarkable combination of qualities. His worst enemies will not deny that he has courage of a high order, the tenacity of a bulldog, and almost fanatical belief in himself and in the value to the state of his principles and projects, superb gifts as a manager and organizer, a talent for political strategy unexcelled by any of his opponents and the sheer force of a man of destiny who throws "prudence to the winds, burns bridges behind him and staked everything without regret or misgiving. Such a man makes devoted followers and bitter enemies.

His followers believe that all the railroad and corporation interests, together with the old line political leaders, are conspiring to break him down in order to defeat the causes to which he is so deeply committed and to which he has already devoted so much energy. They believe him, in short, to be marked for destruction by those interests, precisely as Mr. Roosevelt has been similarly marked by the Wall street leaders, the trust magnates and the class of men who manipulate city councils and legislatures in order to fish from the public the monopoly public service franchises and in order to keep such franchises from paying a fair amount of taxes. The difference between the two men is that La Follette has from the start played the role of fighting reformer, while Roosevelt, who is also a reformer on occasion, is first and foremost the impartial, efficient executive whose instincts are to preserve the status quo.

But we must wake up, get out of our trance and do things. The Lord helps a hustler.

part of the council to raise this license as it is only a fair tax on that business. It is in difference in this particular tax is \$178. Yours truly, PHILIP STEIN.

out of existing laws than to make radical changes in statutes and institutions. In Wisconsin men are either for La Follette or against him, and there remains no man in the entire state who is capable of a dispassionate judgment in the matters at issue. In this regard the situation is like that which existed some years ago in South Carolina, when men were for Tillman or against him, with a factional feeling a hundredfold more intense than the normal feeling which obtains in the northwestern states. Mr. Tillman is now recognized, with all his faults of manner and indiscretions of speech, as an upright leader and a valuable public man. Wisconsin will yet testify to the proud of two men so brilliant and so highly fitted for public service and leadership as Senator Spooner and Governor La Follette.

HOW FOR HUSTLERS.

From the Union Republican. Just bear these things in mind: Union has the best water for domestic use of any city in the country. It has the best water-power and the most water of any city in the country. It has the finest tributary fruit land of any city in the valley. It has the greatest area of virgin timber of any town or city in this section. It has the heaviest fruit-shipping record of any city in this valley. It has the best schools in the valley. It has more advantages as a home town than any other point in the valley. It has as great a tributary hay and grain area as any other town in the valley. It has the finest soil of any section in the valley. It has millions of water for irrigation, power and domestic use. It has good roads to the finest summer resorts in eastern Oregon. It has good roads to mining camps, timber and fuel. It has everything necessary for a foundation to a first-class farming, mining, stock-growing, lumbering and manufacturing town. It has the material for the making of the finest home-towns in eastern Oregon. The country is all right. If we lack in anything, it is the failure of man to make the most of the advantages nature has provided to start with. Couple our natural advantages with honest and business-like effort, harmony, co-operation, snap, vim and enterprise, and there is no reason why the sun why Union should not outstrip all competitors. But we must wake up, get out of our trance and do things. The Lord helps a hustler.

Small Change

It looks somewhat Parkerish. Bryan continues to be interesting. Dr. Swallow may possibly outrun Debs.

Weather prediction for St. Louis: Very stormy.

If defeated, could Parker get that judgeship back? Now, why couldn't some bandit have captured Dewey?

That speech of Bryan's will be worth reading, anyhow. Harmony in a Democratic convention is one of the impossibilities.

The July bride is just as sweet and pretty as the June bride was. John W. Gates is becoming nearly popular enough to run for sheriff.

Pick out the best of everything from now on for next year's exhibit. Mr. Bryan considers himself a conspicuous example of a stand-patter.

The Fourth of July was duly celebrated in and around Port Arthur. General Miles is wondering if he won't be mentioned at all at St. Louis.

People of the more elevated portions of the east side are calling for more HIO. It is delightful at the beach, of course; but so it is right here in Portland, thank you.

The products of Oregon will be big and very valuable if it doesn't rain till next Christmas. If you were not physically injured on the glorious Fourth you are lucky, and should be thankful.

The people generally have entire confidence in Sheriff Wood, and he a Democrat, too! Wonderful. If Jefferson were to come to life and go into that convention, some delegates would question his democracy.

So far no fatalities among the delegates to the St. Louis convention from blowing out the gas have been reported. Scientific sharps say solar heat is decreasing. But visitors to St. Louis and Kansas farm hands don't believe it.

Will General Miles vote the prohibition ticket now? But it is nobody's business but his own, unless he wants to tell. Oregon needs several more railroads, and will get them, too, before very long, in spite of the Harrimans and Hills.

Why couldn't they have held the convention on the pike? Perhaps the fair managers would have paid their expenses. One interesting vacation trip would be to go to eastern Oregon and observe the work of gathering the immense harvest out there.

A Westphalian, who worked 75 years on the same farm, has retired to a poorhouse, and now perhaps thinks that there is something wrong about the gospel of work.

Mr. Cleveland is going to New Hampshire, so that he won't be bothered by newspaper reporters. But New Hampshire is not Manitoba, and newspaper men can surely go anywhere Mr. Cleveland can.

On one thing most Democrats can agree on—that is with regard to the tariff—and a good many Republicans agree with them, too. But what is needed is Democrats who, when elected, will practice what they profess.

After sitting and sipping up all accounts of Oregon's exhibit at St. Louis, it may at least be said that an extension through to Bend, and thence to Pauls Valley, which has \$25,000,000 of cash in its treasury and is very eager for a Pacific coast outlet, and that the new turn here upon means an entirely new transcontinental railroad through Bend. This, it is argued, would account for the confidence shown in the country by people who are really but little acquainted with it—they know what is coming.

However that may be, the indications are strong that the Corvallis & Eastern will soon start its extension this way. It grades the Corvallis & Eastern from Bend, though 40 miles of its grade has no track upon it.

There is reliable information that the Corvallis & Eastern is arranging for station facilities and timetables, along the line of the proposed extension. One of these will be at Picket Island, about 10 miles below Bend, where a town to be called Laidlaw is being planned. It is named after W. A. Laidlaw, secretary and manager of the Columbia Southern Irrigation company, which company will have headquarters there. It will be a central point for settlers on Columbia Southern reclaimed lands, which will increase its importance as a trading point. Arrangements are now being made for platting the new town.

Whether the extension will be under the control of A. B. Hammond, owner of the Corvallis & Eastern, or in other hands, is not yet known here. If in Mr. Hammond's control it may not get across the state for some time, for it would lack transcontinental connections. But Mr. Hammond can operate the Corvallis & Eastern quite independent of the big transcontinentals. He can do a large business carrying Deschutes lumber down to Yacolt, by and there loading it on ships for the California market. No other line can get Deschutes lumber without making terms with the transcontinentals.

If the Corvallis & Eastern has gone over to the Chicago-Milwaukee & St. Paul it doubtless means the advent of another powerful line into the family of the transcontinental railroads. And the development it will bring to central Oregon will be beyond all calculation.

EXHIBITS ARE NEEDED.

From the Medford Mail. Miss Edna Hoag, who is visiting the St. Louis exposition, in a letter to one of her friends, has something to say that it would be well for some of our orchardists and farmers to note. Miss Hoag visited the agriculture building and looked in vain for an exhibit from Jackson county. Finally in the horticulture building she found some Yellow Newtowns sent by S. L. Bennett of Medford, and M. L. Pellet of Talent. She was informed that requests for exhibits had been made from various prominent fruit growers, which had not been responded to. In conclusion she says that the opportunity for advertising the boundless resources of southern Oregon is one which should not be overlooked and that the people should be made to realize the chances they are missing. She suggests that the choice fruit and grain as it ripens be sent to St. Louis in order to show what a grand country lies in

southern Oregon, between the mountains of the Cascades; the coast range and the Siskiyou.

A CABARET'S SUGGESTION.

A rural route carrier suggests that all of the roads in the country districts be named and all the farm houses numbered the same as buildings in the city. The farm houses could be numbered according to the section they are in, 100 numbers to the section. It is believed that such a plan, if carried out, would be a great convenience to the general public as well as the carriers. It is said that it is in quite general use in the east, where it gives good satisfaction.

A Gentle Hint.

From the Detroit Free Press. He—I dreamed of you last night. Do you ever dream of me? She (suppressing a yawn)—No, but I'd like to very much.

THE REARING OF CHILDREN.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.) (Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Hearst.) Some months ago I received a letter from that good woman, Emma Sickle, in which she said:

"It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when men will see it a far more serious thing to bring life into human existence, of suffering and degradation, than it is to send the earthy presence of that life, and that they are quite as responsible to God and to society for the lives they bring into being as they are for the lives they murder."

That day is not so near as Miss Sickle has supposed, and the day may never come. A day when the propagation of the human family will be under as strict a law as the breeding of the fowls or blooded stock, with the additional element of religion to aid science. Fine animals are bred by science—the science of careful selection and wise mating.

But it requires more elements to produce a splendid specimen of the human family than a perfect animal. Fine feathers make fine birds, and tender flesh and certain productive and salable qualities complete the well-bred fowl.

The high-bred horse needs fine points, speed and carriage. But the perfectly bred human being, such as the world waits to welcome, must be mentally, physically and morally well developed, and all these traits should be equally balanced.

The man of stunted or deformed body or giant proportions, the amemic and feeble-minded, the over-sensitive and self-indulgent, the material-minded, or the spiritual bigot, are all types to be eradicated. The ideal race, the thoroughbred—will be men of good status and strong vitality, intellectual and reverent, and all animated with an ambition to work toward the betterment of this world.

There are few deformed animals, because animals even when left to themselves develop their own more according to nature than the average man. All deformity of mind and body is the result of wrong conditions—ignorance,

self-indulgence, extreme poverty and excessive luxury. By and by the wise people of the world are going to see how necessary it is to control the conditions under which children are propagated and to establish laws and parents will abide by them. No criminal, no diseased person, no drunkard, will be allowed to produce his kind.

Before a marriage license can be produced the preparation of men and women for marriage and parenthood—the most important occupation of life. Women will be guarded and protected before the birth of children and taught the wonderful influence of prenatal influence. Men will lift their hats to an expectant mother, and the child will be welcomed with rejoicing and reared as carefully as he was born.



July 6.—We set sail and at one mile passed a sandbar, three miles further an island and a prairie to the north at a distance of four miles from the prairie, after a man who was killed there, at which place the river is confined to a very narrow channel and by a sandbar from the south. Four miles beyond is another sandbar terminated by a small willow-island and forming a

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This was done in the days of old Greece, but woman was not allowed the intellectual freedom which is hers today, and the world was more cruel and possessed less scientific knowledge.

In the next hundred years science is to make marvelous religious truths, only known now to the few enlightened minds, universal facts, and that will help man and woman to go about propagation of a higher order of human beings with reverence and patience.

The time will come when it will seem a matter of surprise to the denizens of the earth that the denizens of the earth were ever allowed to produce offspring. Meantime let mothers remember how much they can do today by keeping their minds uplifted and their hearts full of love for the unborn child they are moulding.

And let them think before they become wives of the manner of men they are educating for the fathers of their children. Every well-born child which comes into the world today will help along that type of which Miss Sickle speaks, and which still far away, but coming nearer and nearer, when men and women shall realize what it means to populate the earth.

DINKELSPIEL PLAYS GOLF.

"Golf," set Traffis, "let us make proper use of der play." Den Traffis he put der leddie rubber ball on top of der put, and he swiped at it with powerfulness. Der leddie ball it remained still a stationary ball on top of der mat, and a hour afterwards he found Valters' club in der cornfield about a mile away.

"Did you foosiale, Valters?" I inquired politely. "No," set Traffis, "but I broke my suspender buggies, and derefore I score vun up and sigs to play."

"Should I do?" I set. Den Traffis he swiped at der leddie rubber ball vunce more, and dis time he made connections. Der ball it sailed in der air, and at der place vare it fell down dere was a cow watching der game, and der ball it hit der cow just vare der cheap buttons get der porterhouse.

Der cow it looked at Valters mit reproachfulness, and den it noticed der golf pants in hat on, and it took der stage fright and swallowed der ball. "How vill you mark der cow on der score card?" I vipersed breathlessly. "Dot cow vas an ungespacted hazard, and should be roasted," set Traffis, and has been travelling mit Sim Ford and has seen der true wite of new-choke.

"Vell, Valters, dere vas no use to cry over spilled milk," I set, as der cow clumped over a fence and rushed out of our eyes forever. "How vill you mark der cow on der putting tee and vorked out der following new golf rules, to-vit:

Rule Vun—Always remember dot a brassie is not der same as a niblick and dot vas a niblick impossible. Rule Zwei—Ven in doubt always play trumps, undervise der game is forfeited by a score of two up and two down, and der rest in weekly instalments of 50 cents each.

Rule Drei—Ven far from der lunch basket eat plenty grass, for grass is hay and Hay is der secretary of state, and it is vise to stand in mit der administration.

Rule Fier—Ven thoroughly overcame by hunger nefer eat der sticks, because dot would mean a hardwood finish for you. (Dis rule is copyrighted in England.)

Rule Fife—Doan't nefer took your own dog on der links mit you. Let der sissage makers furnish der own dachshunds.

Rule Sighth—Nefer strike der umpro below der belt mit a loftier vices; it doan't belong to you personly.

Rule Sefenth—Ven you doan't hit der ball doan't rush up to der clubhouse und hit der pipe, because two evils do not make a record. D. DINKELSPIEL.

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Oregon Sidelights

Rainier has a lively board of trade, composed of men who will make that a much bigger and better town.

Roseburg is proud of being advanced from the third to the second-class as a postoffice. Roseburg is growing nicely.

The man who sued the city of Seol for \$27,000 on account of a lost leg, did not get a cent. Seol hasn't that much money to spare.

The Eugene Commercial club is doing good work for that city, particularly in raising \$5,000 for building a railroad to the Blue River mines.

Some people use dynamite in Olive lake to get fish. Such people should never have a chance to taste of a fish—if such a penalty were possible.

A half-dozen Weston fishermen spent two jolly days last week on the south fork of the Umatilla river, returning Saturday. They report a total catch of 1,100 trout.

There are many opportunities in Douglas county for people of moderate means to secure good homes. The soil is productive and the climate approximately perfect.

An Albany man is creating consternation with an automobile recklessly driven. Some men who are able to buy an automobile have no consideration for the rights of other people.

Evidence accumulates that Norman Williams, sentenced to be hanged for the murder of the Nesbitt woman, was a double murderer before he committed the horrible crime for which he is to be executed.

A man who used to live at Forest Grove and sold out and went back to Ohio to live has returned, this time, his wife says, to stay. They nearly all die—can't keep away from Oregon after living here awhile.

By digging a tunnel 7,000 feet long through the base of a hill, the Klamath Irrigation company will provide water for the reclamation of 20,000 acres of arid land, thus more than doubling the area of irrigated land in Klamath basin.

William Wolfe of Hillsboro placed his pipe in his coat pocket and then suspended the coat on a nail in the bedroom. The tobacco in the pipe set fire to the coat and the coat set fire to the house. Then the house smoked more furiously for awhile than William ever did.

Brownsville Times: Perhaps no section of the state can boast of a better soil than the population than has occurred in Brownsville and the surrounding country during the past few years. It is conservative to say that something like 200 people have recently settled in our midst, coming here from almost every part of the United States, and swelling the population of Brownsville to upwards of 1,000 people.

Union correspondence of Aurora Borealis: Miss Laura Keller was canning cherries for Otto Knorr a few days ago, and that's a very good sign," as the post says. Amanda Smith visited at Keller's Sunday, but was disappointed. Fanny Boeck had left a few days before and gone home to America. She attended a party at Woodburn Thursday and the next day spoke about the neck-lookers boys that Woodburn has. That's all right, Amelia; just so you find some good looking ones some place in the country.

Lebanon Criticism: Lebanon people are patient. If they were not they would never put up with the service given them by the Southern Pacific. The train between this place and Albany is supposed to be scheduled according to a time card, but it is so seldom on time that our people have no idea when to look for the arrival or departure of trains. As the service is so distant up to our people it is out of the question to make a trip to Albany and return the same day if you have any business whatever to transact. Some sweet day some good natured old-timer Missourian will establish a stage coach between here and the county seat and then travel will be reduced to something more of a certainty.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The Dalles Or., June 30.—Dear Miss Fairfax: I am an old maid," aged 24 past, and have been keeping company steady with a young man about the same age for the last four years. He proposed to me several times, but I never gave consent. There is another gentleman of about his age, who I love dearly and he shows very good disposition in my presence, but he has always acted as though there was something wrong. He is aware of the fact that the other gentleman is paying attention and keeping company with me, and he believes he should drop the first he would propose to me. Please advise me what I should do, as I love him too dearly to give him up. But as it is, I am afraid he is not going to propose to me. The first reason is that proposed is a very good man, but I can't learn to love him. BERTHA.

You should be guided by your own heart's promptings. The second party has his fair opportunity to meet your expectations if he was really so inclined. You can surely give him to understand that you are not obligated to the first. Await an opportunity to make clear that you are free, and that you prefer his society to that of any other. If he is shy and hesitating in giving expression to his feelings, you will need to be more demonstrative than if he is otherwise. He may be one that never takes the initiative, and in that event you will have to do it, as a woman can, without indelicacy and bad taste. Surely you can give expression to your preference without impropriety, and at the same time acquaint him fully with what is in your heart.

June 28.—Dear Miss Fairfax: Should a girl have anything to do with a youth who persists in taking liberties that are unpleasant and unbecoming? As it is harmful for a young man to kiss a girl and put his arm around her when not engaged? A young man that I keep company with thinks my parents do not want him to go with me because they refused to let me go to a certain place of amusement with him. I know my parents have no such objections and have told him so, but he failed to keep an engagement the next day for that reason alone. Please state what I should do. FERPLEXED.

It would seem that the young man is trifling with you, and that serious, and has little real respect for you, or he would not act so toward you. Drop him, for when a man cannot be fair and square with a woman he is not entitled to her confidence.