

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. JNO. P. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

GRAFT UNKNOWN IN JAPAN.

VARIOUS reasons have been assigned, and all of them correct to a greater or less extent, for Japan's invariable and to many astonishing success and unbroken series of victories on both sea and land over the Russians...

No graft in all the great and complicated machinery of that nation—what a stupendously important fact if true, when we consider how according to reports, rumors and current belief the governments of almost all other nations, including Russia, are honeycombed and dry-rotted with graft.

"No graft in Japan." That means first-class warships built at a reasonable price; and all guns, ammunition, stores, utensils, implements, clothing, and food of first rate quality and dependable, and bought for fair values. No immense take-offs to officials, and third-rate and unreliable implements of war.

"No graft in Japan." Consider too what that means with respect to the morale of all officers, civil as well as military. Everybody strictly honest with the people they serve, as well as exceptionally competent.

We said the other day, and meant it, that a grafter in public office, a man honored and trusted by the people who cannot watch all he does, one who plunders and weakens and disgraces them and causes them gradually to believe that grafting in public office is inevitable and a mere peccadillo and rather admirable than otherwise—such a man is essentially a traitor.

"Graft is unknown in Japan." If this be true wonder no longer at Japan's success, nor sneer any more at the heathen sitting in darkness. Japan stands in the light.

PORTLAND AND THE PIONEERS.

WHILE Portland cordially welcomes the annual return of the pioneers and delights to honor them, they must find something new and interesting and even wonderful in Portland with every recurring visit, and must look with pleasure and some degree of pride upon the progress made in the chief city of the state since they first beheld it—and some of them, not many now, beheld its site, an utter wilderness, before the first house of the city that was to be was built.

Yes; they have seen interesting events and important ones for the times of their occurrence, developing, transpiring, accomplished, on their recurring visits—though some of these events happened before the formation of an Oregon Pioneer association 32 years ago. It was farther back than that when the first great and in some of its phases bitterly contentious struggle was made for a railroad in Oregon, and many years later before that first road was extended to connection with any portion of the outside world.

THE BEST WIFE

By Beatrice Fairfax. DOES the business girl or the home girl make the best wife? This is a question that admits of much discussion. There are so many points on both sides to be considered. The home girl certainly has the greater opportunity of cultivating the domestic virtues. On the other hand the business girl knows more in contact with the outside world and therefore has chances of educating and broadening her mental horizon which do not come to her stay-at-home sister.

horses along First street between Caruthers and Davis; but one year they found a change, and year after year further and greater changes, in the matter of streetcar service, until now they can ride for miles in any direction throughout the city on elegant and rapidly moving cars. For years they saw in the evening but a few dim straggling lights, but one year when they came back, nearly a quarter of a century ago now, they beheld the marvelous, mysterious electric light.

But space forbids mention of more of even the principal and prominent features of this transformation that has been going on—the paved streets, the fine, large business blocks, the great stores with their plate-glass fronts, the big hotels and churches and schoolhouses that succeeded the old wooden ones, the ship-thronged harbor that erstwhile was seldom disturbed by vessels' prows—these and many other wonders of development they have seen and noted, and no doubt look upon now with subdued pleasure, if through dimmed eyes, as something in which as founders of a state and nurturers of its infancy they have a part and lot—as indeed they rightly have.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT has never been self-supporting, and though for many years the revenue gained on the expenditures this process has latterly been reversed, the deficit this year being estimated at about \$15,000,000, the largest for a long time. The great increase in expenditures, thus exceeding the increase in receipts, is due largely if not chiefly to the extension of the rural free delivery system, and some newspapers that view this deficit with alarm are clamoring for a curtailment of this branch of the postoffice service.

We think this is bad and narrow-minded advice, and a suggestion that ought to find no favor with the postal authorities or congress. The rural free delivery system is one of the best features of the service. It has been and is of inestimable value in many ways. Through it people are far more intelligent upon affairs generally than they were a few years ago. They are better informed and wiser, and make better citizens and neighbors and members of a family than when they read and learned and cared less about their country's and state's current affairs.

Fifteen million dollars isn't much in a country like this, nothing worth mentioning if expended in a good cause. The government spends some \$140,000,000 a year in pensions, at which the people do not complain much. We are to spend anywhere from \$150,000,000 to \$300,000,000 on the Panama canal, and some one remarked recently that the country could do the same every year in such work and not miss the money or make taxes appreciably higher. It is a big country, and while economy and strict accountability in the expenditure of all public funds are desirable and important, complaint of a bagatelle deficit of this splendid branch of the public service is a case of straining at a gnat.

Instead of complaining of the cost of rural free delivery let us turn rather to the enormously excessive price we pay for transporting the mails over the railroads. Regulate that and the deficit will disappear.

MERIT SYSTEM IN THE SCHOOLS.

MR. WITTENBERG quotes some proceedings of the annual taxpayers' meeting to uphold the contention of the authorization of the merit system in the public schools. He may find something in the letter of the resolution upon which to base his claim but this was not the spirit of it, neither was it the spirit of the meeting. Indeed nothing could be more unfortunate for the welfare of the schools than to introduce here such a system. A certain fixed and definite salary should be paid for a certain grade of work. If this salary is not earned by any teacher or if she fails to come up to the general standard required then she should be dropped from the rolls. The objection to the bonus system is that it is likely to create favorites and that the test will become not so much service as fealty to those in charge of the administration of the schools. This is the danger to be apprehended and it is the danger which will result. Every teacher who stands upon her own merits objects to the system and, in our judgment, with good cause, and the public objects to it because it is less businesslike than the other method and will inevitably lead to abuses.

fort has much to do with man's happiness. The average man who comes home tired after a hard day's work asks little more than to be well fed, kindly treated and left in peace and comfort. Body and brain are ready for relaxation. He gets enough excitement and stimulation in his strenuous struggle to climb the ladder of success. His home life may be a trifle monotonous, but in the sweet content of a happy home he can bear with a little monotony.

The domestic woman's ambitions are that her husband will continue to love her, that he will succeed in his business, that her children will grow up to be pretty, healthy and good, and that her sons will be prototypes of their father. They are all loving, womanly ambitions, and do her credit. She is not particularly anxious that her husband should soar to heights beyond her comprehension, but should he do so she is content to worship him, even though she does not understand the quality which makes him worshippable.

Dear little mother-woman! She is the backbone of civilization. Her husband and sons regard her as the holiest of women; her daughters know her for friend and confidant as well as mother. How about the business girl as a wife and home-maker? It has been claimed that her business duties fill her life to such an extent that she has no time to cultivate the domestic accomplishments. This may be true to a certain extent, as the demands of business are imperative, and cannot be neglected. Moreover, she is under salary, and her time is not her own, but her employer's. At the same time there is no reason on earth why she should not make the best of wives, mothers and housekeepers. Her business training teaches her to be methodical, neat and punctual. Three very necessary qualifications in a good housekeeper. She is always on the alert; her intelligence is constantly stimulated. There is not the slightest reason why her business life should interfere with her womanliness, for the girl who is modest and womanly will hold these qualities no matter what her environment may be. She can be of the greatest assistance to her husband in many ways, as her business training has taught her to reason as a man. The intricacies of

SMALL CHANGE

The town belongs to the pioneers today. If you want a big fat job in Gotham, first get a cabinet position.

Possibly old King Oscar secretly will be glad to get rid of Norway, anyway.

Meanwhile the standpaters are rapidly becoming beautifully less in noisy numbers.

May Yohe is a bankrupt financially, she was so morally long ago—considering her age.

How lawyers can keep straight faces when they make some alleged arguments is a mystery.

Now it is rumored that Peekaboo shoes will be the fashion at the seashore this season.

Some of the old 'uns are nearer boys and girls in heart and conscience than some of their grandchildren.

Anybody who doesn't love the pioneers should chase himself away to some worse place than Oregon.

At least Russia can show a new record in an unbroken series of defeats for a year and four months in a great war.

Even if the czar decides to make peace with Japan, it is very doubtful if he can make peace with his own people.

The \$15 Panama had ought to be permitted to keep its tag on after purchase, else its remarkable value is likely to be observed by the undiscriminating public.

"Are men less bad in warm weather?" asks an inquisitive exchange. Here's an answer: Are women more good in the warm old summer time? What fool questions can be asked.

The public has about concluded that Chicago's strike is perpetual, and so it has become uninteresting. People would rather read about something new and changeful.

Perhaps the wise men of Japan have read and remembered: When he shows as seeking quarter, with his paws like hands in prayer, That is the time of peril—the time of the truce of the bear.

The three or four Oregon papers that are always abusing Portland and its business men and people generally are in small business, and only exhibit the narrowness and small caliber of their "intellects." There are some mean, bad people in Portland, but their number is constantly becoming proportionately less. The country brethren ought to be proud of Portland.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Lake county alfalfa fields are looking fine.

Hops all right around Provoit, Jackson county.

Farming is increasing in Crook county, but it will always be principally a stock country.

Most country people waiting till after harvest to come to the fair. But they'll nearly all come.

Pendleton raked in about \$500 in fines from gamblers Monday. Poor way to make money all around.

John Jones is the only northern Grant county sheepman who has not sold his wool. He has 45,000 pounds.

A Crook county farmer and dairyman plows under a crop of alfalfa every four or five years, with profitable results.

North Powder is growing—several new residences being up. Freight business at this point is nearly three times what it was last year.

Ladd creek, one of the best trout streams in Union county, is being ruined by the dumping of sawdust into it from a mill on its banks. Perhaps the deputy game warden up there should get busy.

The London Times demands the enforcement of the law there against bawdy houses, which now pay \$10 a month for the privilege of carrying on their business in the heart of that town.

The town of New Pine Creek in Lake county, wants a doctor and offers \$75 a month for a year to one that will take the office in the town, toss here and it is 14 miles over the mountains to the nearest physician.

Growing in the vicinity of Umatilla and for miles about there are the most beautiful cactus plants known. The flowers are of a bright yellow and the whole country for miles is tinted with this peculiar flourish.

Dufur Dispatch: Hugh Jackson, an old stager that we all know, bought a new wagon here the other day and when he hitched up out a figure. Hugh swears sometimes but in this he stopped with an exclamation, "the dam tongue is too long."

Cloudbursts are as apt to as Heppner, John Day, Mitchell and Prineville this year, if the prognostications of an ancient goddess of the Warm Springs can be depended upon. Probably she was inspired by some Dalles, Prineville or other frowther.

Joseph Herald: The prospects for an abundant harvest this season are most flattering and unless heavy frosts come later the yield of grain promises to be the largest this county has ever produced. The fruit crop is not damaged as heavily as was at first supposed.

Weston Leader: Daniel Shaw, his wife and six children, ranging in age from two to a dozen years, were put off the train Wednesday morning at Weston station. They had boarded the train at Pendleton, hoping to get to Lewis and Clark without paying fare. The head of the family had but 20 cents in his pocket. Weston ministers paid the family's fare on to Lewiston.

Baker City Maverick: While the Fairbanks vice-presidential train was slipping along the right-mile tangent between Haines and Baker, the locomotive whistle blew. "What town is this?" asked Mr. Fairbanks. His private secretary looked up the record. "Baker City, sir—in Williamson's district." "Oh," said the vice-president. "The reflection was serpentine." The porter opened the ice chest to heat up the atmosphere.

ENGLAND'S IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

From the London Mail.

"Come along, gents, turn out o' there." We roll over on our hard mattresses.

The stewards' shouts are heard along the corridor, doors bang, a bell rings insistently, a sickening whir of oil flows from the engines, grunts and ejaculations can be heard through the thin partitions which separate the cabins, and an intolerable, penetrating stench of garlic indicates to us that our Italian fellow-passengers have awakened to another day.

We are in the trough of the Atlantic, half-way from Sandy Hook to the Lizard. Some of us are returning from America to revisit our homes; others, rejected by the immigration authorities at the port of New York, are being dumped back to England. We may be divided roughly into four equal parts, consisting of Anglo-Americans and Scandinavians, Poles, Italians, and "assorted," moral pithecanthropes, witnesses of the dawn of the human era, the republic of America has declined to welcome to her expansive fields, which are continually crying out for more laborers. There are neither Germans nor Irishmen among them, for these nations, though they crowd the lower decks of each outgoing steamer, generally return by state cabin, having made their fortunes respectively out of salmon-keeping and politics.

In the cabins we have been sorted according to nationality—a measure of necessity, for the domestic lives of the agents of the pithecanthropes are not active, and only the judicious segregation prevents national antipathies into a sea vendetta. We of the Anglo-American section throw back our blankets and get out of bed, somebody narrows and small caliber of their "intellects." There are some mean, bad people in Portland, but their number is constantly becoming proportionately less. The country brethren ought to be proud of Portland.

These immigrants exist in the middle ages. For them geography is non-existent, time has no value; persons, not laws, control events, and steam and electricity are so many mysterious agencies which transport them from one inhospitable country to another over a strange world.

"I go to Ahannabab," said an elderly Hebrew with a patriarchal beard, apparently nearly 70 years of age, who had asked me to indite a letter for him to St. Louis.

"Johannesburg?" I hazarded.

"Yes. How many days?"

"He knew Southampton was on the way to South Africa, but had imagined that the ship touched at it and then continued east, south, or north, until she reached the port of Johannesburg.

"Yes, but it is in the hands of the Greeks."

"And if I do not like it," he said, "after three, four years, I go to Ostralia. And if I do not like that I go to Port Arthur or perhaps Siberia. Who knows? Plenty of time, plenty of time."

From the Atlanta Constitution. It seems something like a shock to find administration organs hailing the appointment of Mr. Bonaparte to the cabinet as a "recognition of the south."

So far as the south, the real south, is concerned, Mr. Bonaparte is an entirely unknown quantity. Up New England way they have a hazy sort of idea that anything below New York is "southern," but very different in its woods than the hazy sort of idea that they have of the hills and bluffs in the neighborhood indicates the presence of that metal. In short, the water to all appearance is precisely similar to that of Bowyer's sulphur spring in Virginia.

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From the Tillamook Herald. Suppose the editor every time he hears someone criticize him or his paper should retaliate, holding up to the public gaze all, or part of the faults and shortcomings of these faultfinders, who would be the result? The editor may not know it all, but he does not live in a community very long before he knows a blamed sight more than he cares to publish.

From the La Grande Observer (Repub). H. W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian, came out in his usual semi-annual announcement that he is not a candidate for the United States senate. It matters little whether or not he is a candidate he will never be elected.

A ROYAL PATRIARCH

Marquise de Poissy.

Prince Robert of Bourbon, infant of Spain and ex-sovereign Duke of Parma, has just been presented by his consort with his twenty-first child, and as far as the number of his legitimate offspring is concerned, may be regarded as the patriarch of European royalty. He has been twice married. His first wife, Princess Marie of Naples, left him five children, and his second wife, the Infanta Maria Antonia of Portugal, has just given birth to her twelfth child.

The duke's eldest daughter married Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, by whom she has four children, before the duke and her brother, Prince Elias of Bourbon-Parma, married to Archduchess Marie of Austria, has a little girl, so that there are, all told, five grandchildren in addition to the 21 sons and daughters of Parma's duke, the most reactionary and narrow-minded of all the scions of old world royalty.

The duke succeeded to the throne of Parma on the mysterious and still unpublished assassination of his father in 1854, when he was but 6 years old, and five years later he was deprived of his crown, driven from his dominions, and forced to seek refuge in Switzerland by the war of 1859 between France and Sardinia on the one side and Austria on the other, which culminated in the Duchy of Parma and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany being incorporated into what is now known as the Kingdom of Italy.

The Duke of Parma has since then been permitted to return to Italy, but makes his home in Austria, where he is accorded all the honors of the blood, and treated with the utmost distinction and consideration. He is colossal rich, and inherited the major portion of the fortune of his ancestor, the Count de Chambord, in France, which, formerly a royal residence, had been repurchased by the royalists of France and sold to the Duke of Parma, who has since then lived in whose favor King Charles X had abdicated the throne of France in 1830, and who reigned for the brief spell of 48 hours as King Henry V of France.

And now the day has come. The sons and daughters have returned to the hands of their parents, and the hands have drawn them across the threshold, and the wistful old eyes have searched the handsome young faces for the traces of the boy and girl that was such to his wife. The king has grown up, and slowly, surely, with sickening dread and certainty, that there is no man or woman in all the world they know so little as their own son and daughter.

Sometimes they see something worse than strangeness in the young faces. They see contempt, and realize that the children they have raised above themselves are nothing but the children of the earth, and suffering only the pitiful All-Father knows, are ashamed of them.

In the average life there are two tragedies of disappointment. The first is the disappointment of matrimony when a man and woman find out that marriage does not bring them the happiness that they expected, but they have then the consolation of their children, and their hopes begin building its dreams of bliss about them.

"I shall find," says the lonely hearted man and woman to themselves, "the comprehension, the sympathy, the companionship which I have missed in my marriage, and that gives them courage to live through the dull monotony of uncongenial wedlock.

Then comes the second tragedy of disappointment when the first-born child, after a year from college, and the parents find that they have nothing in common with their children, and that in place of the comradeship they had looked forward to, they are confronted with a young man or woman who listen to them with forced politeness and feigned interest.

And this second tragedy of disappointment is bitterer than the first, because it returns to the parents in the way of tender human ties which the man and woman can look forward to.

When you hear a hard-headed, hardened old man call his son and daughter when they return to him, and see a woman look furtively and constrainedly around for her accomplished daughter before she ventures to express an opinion or do a thing, you are glimpsing this poignant human drama.

To the outside world it seems nothing that the boy, whose father is a partisan Republican or Democrat, has turned Socialist in college, or the girl, who has been a money-making machine, should come home with wild dreams of devoting his life to art for art's sake, or that the son, on whom a man's heart was set, returns to him filled with the desire to do anything which is antagonistic to his father's as a red rag to a mad bull, but to the father it is the overthrowing of the plans and hopes of a lifetime.

This is no what he has worked for, not what he has striven for, and there is no cruelest moment in a man's life than when he realizes that he is more in sympathy with the bill clerk in his outer office, who has grown up to be a freckle-faced, errand boy in his service, than he is with his own son.

Nor can anybody measure the depths of what a mother suffers when the daughter, in whose love she has placed her entire heart, returns to her with the sorrows of life, returns to her with ideas and ways that seem to the mother monstrous and shocking.

The mother may be a religious devotee, the daughter is impatiently agnostic. The mother adores Marie Corelli. The girl scoffs at anything but Ibsen. The mother is rigidly conservative. The girl affects bohemiaism.

The mother dotes on society and has looked forward to revealing in the glory of a beautiful young daughter, but she has a belle. The girl refuses to do anything but the simplest work.

Worse still, it may be that the girl comes home to deride her mother's taste, scorn her opinion and advice, criticize her pronunciation and instigate a domestic reign of terror under which the mother cowers and trembles.

This is very common, and there is no sadder sight than that of the chaplain's mother, who feels her own eyes upon her simple and artless ways before the tyrant on the heartstones. When on the first day of their return home, Jack innocently puts forth some of the broader views of a broader humanity, that he has learned at college and father grows out something about it being "rot," when mother helps call the child a "rotter" and the child says, "Yes, father, but you are a rotter." Why did you buy this old broken-armed thing?—a chasm between father and daughter parent and child.

PARENTS OUT OF TUNE WITH CHILDREN

By Dorothy Dix.

The time of the year upon us now when in thousands of homes throughout the country the great tragedy of life is about to take place. The sons and daughters are returning from college, and the parents, who have waited with such loving impatience to welcome home their Sallies and Johns, are finding out that they have lost their children, and in their places have come strange creatures, who are not their ways, whose thoughts are not their thoughts, whose ideals are not their ideals and whose goals are not their goals.

Many of the parents are plain and poor people, who have little culture and little education. They have made heroic sacrifices to give their sons and daughters the advantages that they did not have themselves. They keep their children at college, but mean that they must strap life down to its bare necessities, that they must know every pinching economy and hardship.

They have paid the full toll of their boys' and girls' education in bent backs and whitened heads, and toll-knotted hands, but, alas, has seemed worth all it cost them, when they look toward the day when their children would come home to repay them in love and gratitude for all they had done for them, and to make the home bright and comfortable, and to keep their children at college, but mean that they must strap life down to its bare necessities, that they must know every pinching economy and hardship.

And now the day has come. The sons and daughters have returned to the hands of their parents, and the hands have drawn them across the threshold, and the wistful old eyes have searched the handsome young faces for the traces of the boy and girl that was such to his wife. The king has grown up, and slowly, surely, with sickening dread and certainty, that there is no man or woman in all the world they know so little as their own son and daughter.

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And the most important question that can come to either is how can this best be bridged.

Where They Are Needed.

From the Philadelphia Record. Happily and quietly in the west and southwest for every man capable of labor in the fields. There the demand for unskilled labor was never more insistent, and thither the swarming immigrants should be taken the way and the general prosperity.

And a Few Unappointed.

From the New York American. Another rough rider has been given a federal appointment in New Orleans this time. There cannot be more than about a dozen of these fellows that regiment now in the federal service.