# THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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## THE PHYSICAL ENCOUNTER IN THE OREGONIAN OFFICE.

THE "Friend of the People" and the deputy and subsidiary "Friends of the People" employed on the morning organ of the Southern Pacific should refrain from shedding their outer garments in the exuberance of their simulated indignation. Liberty has not yet been attacked in its citadel and reason in consequence is nowhere tottering on its throne outside of the Oregonian office. Young Johnson undoubtedly called at the Oregonian editorial rooms. He even left his umbrella outside. From the cool, cold-blooded and calculating northern point of view he was doubtless unwise. It may therefore be said that he made a bad start but if his start was bad he certainly executed a good whirlwind finish. He saw the editor's representative and he stated his business which was to enter his protest against the scurrilous attacks that had been printed against two friends of his and that he would hold the writer of them personally responsible for further efforts in the same line. He went there of his own volition without any one being taken into his confidence and from the best reports that we have been able to gather he came out equally of his own volition. Having stated his business he went away toward the elevator.

Meantime the editor's representative had been reinforced by one of the subsidiary "Friends of the People," a husky young man reputed to be gifted with strength and blessed with physical deftness. Young Johnson was called back, the door of the room closed behind him and proceedings pretty promptly begun. It does not appear that in this triangular encounter Johnson sustained either heavy or serious losses. Subsequently the scene of action was transferred to the hallway where the assailants were so heavily reinforced that even the janitor of the Oregonian building (who has since been discharged for his temerity) interfered on the ground that he would not stand it to see ten men pile on one.

This is a succinct account of the general outlines of the affair; as to the minor details accounts differ. Nevertheless it will be remarked that the story given by the Oregonian editor's representative and accurately printed in The Journal yesterday is very widely at variance with the account printed in the other evening paper last evening and in the Oregonian this morning. But be this as it may it is a mistake to think that the event marks a red letter day in the history of the world; that presumption is a little too violent for people with any sense of proportion to swallow. Neither can it be tortured into any deep-laid conspiracy to visit personal violence on any member of the Oregonian staff. It is simply a disconnected incident that stands entirely upon its own merits. Johnson did not even take his umbrella into the room with him. He stated his business and went away. So far as he was concerned the incident was then closed, if it was allowed to go at that. But when he was called back into the room, when he was confronted by two men, each one bigger and heavier than himself, and without ceremony, it appears, put immediately to a physical test the whole affair assumed a new aspect and it was up to Johnson to make good.

The Journal refuses to believe that the incident has loosened the underpinning of the whole governmental structure or that it has precipitated world-racking cataclysms. It stands nakedly on its own foundations and in this way sane men will view it, notwithstanding the outrageous smears of red paint with which the Oregonian hysterically seeks to daub it.

## LACK OF PARENTAL CONTROL.

JUDGE FRAZER in an address Saturday evening said that the cause of boys and girls going wrong, in a vast majority of cases, is improper home surroundings, and the lack of proper parental control. There is nothing new in this statement; The Journal has voiced it repeatedly, and so has the press generally; yet it will bear frequent repetition and it should not be wholly lost when made by a man in Judge Frazer's position.

In many cases nightly boys and girls all the way from 12 to 18 years old are out on the streets or elsewhere away from home, and their parents do not know and in many cases apparently do not care where they are or what they are doing. Children and youth thus permitted to run at will about town are sure to go to the bad, to a greater or less extent; indeed, they are rapidly traveling the first reach of the bad road already.

Parents have an important and solemn responsibility in this matter. If they feel no obligation to society, it would seem that on their own offsprings' account they would guard carefully the footsteps and associations of their children.

A few days ago a whole squad of Albina boys were arrested and several of them sentenced to terms in jail for a long series of criminal pranks in that part of the city, where they had become a terror, and not a parent put in an appearance in their behalf. Apparently they have been abandoned in their early teens to a life of vice and crime. There should be a law to punish such parents; they—and they no more than those who beg for their children's release and then pay no better attention to them—are the most dangerous element in any city.

It seems as if there are parents not a few who really do not care if their boys end their careers in the penitentiary or on the gallows, and their girls as slum outcasts. They act that way. But society has something to say, or should have, about this, and such parents should be punished if possible more severely than their unrestrained progeny.

## GRAFT IN MAIL TRANSPORTATION.

THE ITEM in the appropriation bill for carrying the mails by the railroads calls for $43,000,000, about $3,000,000 more than the estimate. The railroads thought that while they had such a good thing they might as well push it along $3,000,000 worth further.

Representative Grosvenor says that of this $43,000,000 about 20 per cent is graft, and since he has been defeated for renomination he is likely to tell the truth about it.

Ex-Senator Chandler, who served two years as a member of an expert commission to determine the cost of carrying the mails, made a report showing that the railroads were greatly overpaid, and they defeated him for reelection. No man who offends the railroads can be elected a senator in New England, nor in many states in other parts of the country.

The postoffice bill also contains an annual bonus of $167,175 to some southern roads, the Atchison road getting $25,000 and J. Pierpont Morgan roads the rest. This is a sheer gift, made every year to secure the support of a few interested congressmen for other grafts.

There is an annual postal deficit. No wonder, when the railroads charge the government $2.77 a hundred pounds for the transportation of mail bags a distance of 422 miles.

The government is an easy subject. According to Grosvenor and Chandler, the railroads' graft on the mail carrying business is about $9,000,000 a year. In the light of mightier grafts it may be that the railroads, like Lord Clive, are amazed at their own forbearance.

## AN IMPORTANT MEXICAN RAILROAD.

CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION has been attracted recently, especially in view of the Panama canal project, to the Tehuantepec railroad, built by American enterprise and partly by its capital. The isthmus of Tehuantepec lies between 16 and 18 degrees north latitude and the 94th and 95th meridians of longitude. The eastern terminus of the railroad is at Coatzacoaleos, a natural harbor on the Gulf of Mexico at the mouth of the Coatzacoalcas river, but the western terminus at Salina Cruz has no natural harbor. In a straight line between the termini the distance is about 125 miles, but the railroad is 195 miles in length.

It was along this route that Captain James B. Eads planned a ship canal, and even before that, as early as 1881, attempts at both canal digging and railroad building were made but were abandoned, and not until 1892 was the present railroad project begun in earnest. The first construction was faulty, and in 1898 the enterprise was taken hold of by an American firm, and the road has been practically rebuilt since 1902, many of the heaviest grades being reduced and curves straightened. The harbor at the eastern terminus is impeded by a bar, which is being dredged and jettied, after the Eads plan at the mouth of the Mississippi. At Salina Cruz, the western terminus, an outer or refuge harbor and an inner harbor with docks and wharves have been created by breakwaters, not yet completed.

From Salina Cruz a triangular line of steamships will operate to San Francisco and Hawaii, and also, as recently published in the Journal, to Portland and Seattle. On the Atlantic side a weekly service will be maintained to New York and New Orleans.

This important road was financed, as other Mexican railroads have been, partly by the Mexican government, which has a partnership contract with the builders for 51 years. The government appropriated about $35,000,000, and of the surplus profits, after paying all expenses and charges and 5 per cent interest, it is to receive 65 per cent and the builders, who invested over $10,000,000, 35 per cent.

Regarding the relation of this railroad to the Panama canal, Special Agent Pepper, who has been investigating the matter, says: "The relation of the Tehuantepec National railway to the Panama canal is an interesting one, yet for the present this relation is largely conjecture. It has been assumed the railway line makes a shorter traffic route for the Atlantic coast and for Europe of about 1,200 miles, while it is alleged to be a shortening of 850 miles for New Orleans traffic. But for the next few years the railway is likely to be viewed mainly as a means of taking care of the overflow traffic which can not be carried by the Panama railroad on account of the necessity of using its facilities for the construction work of the canal."

Mr. Pepper says further: "The influence of the Tehuantepec line on the Mexican national development is an unquestionable one. Intimations are given that Mexico will now enter upon a series of trade treaties with Chile and other Pacific coast countries of South America with a view to securing not only a portion of their traffic for international transit, but also with the purpose of extending Mexican commerce."

## NO REFORM IDEAS WANTED.

THE Sioux City Journal, whose editor, George D. Perkins, is a candidate for the nomination for governor against Governor Cummins, assails the governor daily for stirring up strife with his reform schemes, and urges harmony of the standpat order. The Sioux City paper considers "the party" the most important thing, and because Cummins has broken out in advocacy of tariff reform and railroad regulation, argues that he is no longer a good Republican and should be beaten. "In 1904," the organ says, "the main thing was the election of a Republican president and a Republican congress. Now the main thing is the election of a Republican congress to uphold the hands of the Republican president elected in 1904. National issues are at the front this year, in spite of all the talk about the importance of the governorship. If a Democratic house is elected next fall it will mean an end to President Roosevelt's legislative program."

This latter sentence is rather funny, considering that congress is turning down about all of the president's pet measures, while the Democrats are for the most part supporting them, or at least the most important one, the railway regulation bill. The house passed this bill, but did so with the expectation that the senate would kill or emasculate it. The majority of Republicans in both houses are really against it, and it is the Democratic rather than the Republican party in congress who is supporting it.

Governor Cummins, though very tardily, has come out with a La Follette program as to railroads, and gives indications of kicking over the high tariff traces again, on which account he is criticised for not being a good Republican. The party is the main thing and the man who has any ideas of reforming or changing anything in the interest of the people cannot be a good Republican. This is what the daily screed of the Sioux City paper amounts to, and there are a good many other organs which more or less plainly echo this sentiment.

### The Craze for Pleasure.

Lady Violet Greville in the London Chronicle.

The Puritan element is slowly but surely dying out in England. The old and honored word duty, used so effectively by Nelson and Wellington in the great moments of their career, the old idea of a compelling factor in life which gave solidity and worth to the English character, has yielded to a craze for pleasure. How far-reaching is the change has perhaps hardly yet been realized. People congratulate themselves on the fact that our country is growing gayer and pleasanter and more agreeable to live in than formerly, but at what price we have bought the change they do not stop to inquire.

The press has been indefatigable in lashing the upper classes for their luxury, their idleness and their extravagance, vices which we have imported from abroad, and which have been cultivated in our midst by the presence of foreign millionaires. But it does not seem to have struck the ordinary observer that the same craze for amusement which they deplore in the rich prevails in all classes, high or low, modified by circumstances and income.

### Platt Only One There.

From the New York World.

Thomas C. Platt of New York was the only senator in the chamber when the vice-president called the senate to order recently. Chaplain Hale came in and prayed. "Love your enemies" was his opening sentence. Senator Platt listened with bowed head and proper humility. When the chaplain had said "amen" the other senators began to come in, but Mr. Platt had the prayer all to himself.

### One on "Uncle Joe."

From the New York World.

When Speaker Cannon sat down at his desk at the capitol the other day he found a slip of paper on it asking him to call up on the telephone "East 1428." The speaker went to the telephone, asked for the number, and when an answer came said, "Do you want me?"

"I don't know," came back the answer. "Well, I haven't time to be fooling around here. Do you want me?" insisted the speaker. "Who are you, anyway?"

"This is the government hospital for the insane," came back over the wire. "If you think you ought to be here, why come along."

"Hell!" was all the speaker said, as he sat down and realized that some one had been playing a joke on him.

## SMALL CHANGE

What Rogers doesn't know or remember about Standard Oil affairs would fill a cyclopedia.

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The death rate in New York is 18.22 per 1,000. In Portland it is only half that.

• •

A New York girl forgot she had been married and married again. A good many married girls wish they could forget.

• •

Salem has the handsomest man for secretary of state—Salem Journal. Which one of the three?

• •

Parker advising the Democratic party is about like it would be for Jim Stott to come back to Portland to advise the Republicans whom to nominate for sheriff.

• •

What, O what, will the Republican party of Oregon do? Frank Baker has resigned.

• •

Boiled down, Mr. Colwell's platform is, "The people be d—d."

• •

Taxes delinquent next Monday, remember.

• •

It has been an open winter above Colorado. The snow in some places in that state is 300 feet deep.

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The island is now quiet.—General Wood. So is any cemetery.

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If an agreement is ever reached at Algeciras it will be only because the commissioners are tired of the place and want to get away.

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The South Portland Republican league exhibits another sample of harmony.

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The ignorance of some senators about public sentiment is astonishing.

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It is easy to understand why the Federated Trades oppose Rand, but why they are stuck on Ellis is a mystery.

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No man able to work need now be idle.

• •

What a patchwork it would be if some one were to formulate a Republican platform from the individual platforms of the various candidates for Republican nominations who are "running" now. Say, let's keep it hid!—Salem Statesman. What you want is a platform written out in advance by one Republican and a convention in which everybody will lay back his ears, open his mouth and say "I."

• •

On April-fool day you can lawfully go troutfishing.

• •

If the politicians and legislators and other office-holders don't want public ownership or something worse, let them behave themselves.

• •

J. Pierpont Morgan has given a mastodon to a New York museum. He has unloaded several white elephants upon the people.

• •

It is a free-for-all race—if you have the money to spend.

• •

It can't be Tillman that Parker wants nominated.

## OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A Newberg factory will furnish the face brick for the Wells Fargo 14-story building in this city. It is probably the largest contract of the kind ever let in Oregon and the competition was very sharp.

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Ontario chamber of commerce is sending out lots of information literature.

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A Canby horse died at the age of 36.

• •

There are 167 children of school age in Gold Hill district, seven more than last year.

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Scio News: Perhaps in one or two weeks the News will be able to announce news that will be of great importance to the entire community. We are in possession of the rumor, but do not deem it advisable to state it at the present time.

• •

Ontario will have a vinegar plant that will use 40,000 bushels of apples a year; will make preserves, jellies, fruit butters, canned goods, boiled cider, wine, cider champagne, pickles, sauces, vinegar, etc.

• •

Canby levies no city tax.

• •

James Inman, the Looking Glass candidate for president, has a three-column letter in the Roseburg News which says it was paid for at advertising rates. Mr. Inman must be a sorry spendthrift.

• •

Polk county fruitgrowers have organized.

• •

Gilliam county woolgrowers have organized.

• •

A Molalla woman lost a brooder and over 100 chickens by fire.

• •

Barlow correspondence of Oregon City Courier: Some eastern men were here some time ago looking after land, which means in the near future we will have more settlers. The Lewis and Clark exposition was a great advertisement for Oregon. Those men came to attend the fair, but decided to settle in this part of the country.

• •

Seven fine Percheron stallions, averaging about $3,000 each in price, have been sold in Baker county this year.

• •

A number of new buildings are being erected in Sheridan.

• •

Newberg people must keep their chickens at home.

• •

Echo Register: Echo and this part of Umatilla county has a climate unsurpassed for the raising of alfalfa, fruits and vegetables, and as soon as the Umatilla project is completed and the land settled up into 40-acre tracts this country will be as great, if not greater, than the Yakima valley. The climate is much milder than the Yakima valley, being about 1,000 feet lower in elevation.

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The Adams Advance has died from lack of support.

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Several Tennessee families are coming to Forest Grove as soon as they can sell out.

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An old Washington county man writes to the Hillsboro Independent that he wants to go to San Diego, "where the flowers bloom all the time, the continual sunshine warms the heart, makes life bright, light and easy, and where widows are plentiful, bright and gay all the day."

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE DISCUSSED

### Another Side of It.

Portland, March 24.—To the Editor of The Journal.—If the article signed "Rosie" was really written by a woman, why there is no "other side to the question" so far as she is individually concerned, as she has placed the proper status upon her intelligence and needs no interpreter. A woman who would spend 57 minutes of God's time deliberating over elbow sleeves, lace and elbow gloves, or long sleeves with lace to droop over hands, would naturally try to make it appear that all women were likewise frivolous. In fact, we consider that portion of our daily and weekly journals classed as "feminine," with its attendant matter, as burlesque on the average intelligence of enlightened and Christian womanhood, and as for myself, I place the whole thing where it belongs—with that portion of our sex who consider it the proper thing to hold up useless, but pretty bejeweled hands, begging for the privilege of helping to rivet their own chains, who spend their time hectoring the hired girl, devising stunning toilettes for society balls, receptions, etc., cuddling lapdogs—for, as a rule, that portion of our sex consider the "old-fashioned baby" as entirely too "old-fashioned" to suit them, so the dog comes in and the baby steps out. The wives and mothers who are endeavoring to rear their families in the fear of the Lord so that they may become worthy citizens of a Christian commonwealth have no time to waste trying to show the "other side of a question" that really is no question, but by its own puerility condemns itself.

I was almost wicked enough to wish that the president of the O. S. A. O. E. W. might fall into the hands of the probate court and gain by experience the knowledge that many other women have attained in that bitter school, simply because they were victims of laws and foolish prejudices they had no hand in formulating, and because they must, perforce, put their property—property they had helped to accumulate—into the hands of men. They saw the judge and lawyers walk off with the "swag," while they themselves shouldered the washboard and begged the privilege of washing the soiled linen of these legalized robbers in order to buy their children's bread. There are some laws enacted by the fathers whose wisdom and utility I fail to understand; the law of probate is one. If the wife dies there is no more ripple upon the surface of domestic life than if the favorite mare had shuffled off the mortal coil, but if the man dies, then the wife and children are thrown helpless into the hands of tricksters who live upon the pickings plucked from their ignorance and who never let go so long as there is blood, and nowadays dead men's wills cut no figures in courts.

I am a resident of this city, own property and pay taxes. Yesterday I went to the courthouse to pay the same and had to push my way through a howling mass of what passes today for manhood. The air was stifling with tobacco smoke, the hall was as blue as an Indian summer day in the north, and so scented and perfumed with stale whisky that one of abstemious habit would only need to breathe it for a short time to become tipsy, and like Wall street, they were howling stocks—only they gambled in politics instead of mines, oil, wheat, etc. "Wah, wah, wah, you darn Republican!" "Register, Prohi?" "Registered, you registered?" "You a Democrat?" "Vote your ticket?" "You know, Prohi." "Give us your flipper," and all this intermingled with rough jokes, horse-laughs and a commingling of cat-calls that made the day hideous greeted us at our entrance and continued during the time it took us to transact our business.

The young lady who accompanied me and who waited in the hall was favored by some of the members of this interesting crowd with divers winks and grimaces. To say that I or any other intelligent woman must perforce go there and pay our taxes and then argue, plead, fight on through weary days and years for the privilege which these men esteem so lightly that it is made a party by-word, and a cursing, is a travesty on justice, and a mocking in the name of liberty. If women had the ballot such scenes as that would be impossible for the very things that make men treat each other with fairness according to their code would obtain if women had the same rights. I know whereof I speak having been a resident of a suffrage state from the time of its inception until I came to Portland a short time ago.

But here is a question I desire to ask: Would it be any more degrading for me to face a mob like the one described at the polls than in the courthouse? In the courthouse I go to pay taxes without representation, which is unconstitutional; to the other place I go to deposit a ballot in the interest of home and country, that such scenes may be made impossible, and that this our boasted "home of the brave, and land of the free' may become indeed all to which it lays claim.

When man or woman designs to assert that we as wives and mothers would not be capable of voting with as much intelligence as that courthouse crowd, why then we must needs say that a very low estimate has been placed upon that intelligent and angelic superiority with which we have been eulogized by the male portion of our citizenship opposed to woman suffrage. They have dubbed us queens of homes, molders of character, given us sons and daughters to rear whose proper training means the salvation of our homes, told us we were the power behind the throne, laid the burden of church and all reform upon our shoulders, and yet tied our hands, classed us as fools and lunatics with not brain enough to legislate with the average intelligence of a barroom crowd. Oh, the farce of it all, savoring of mawkish sentiment, or silly prejudice, or unadulterated hypocrisy. Common sense is spoken of as being a thing of quantity, but unfortunately it has become a thing of quality, and the most uncommon thing of all, if it were more plentiful then these vexed questions would cease to trouble and the "angels" would be permitted to step down and trouble the political pool so that healing and cleansing might permeate its muddy waters, so that our boasted civilization might become a truth instead of a stench in the nostrils of a just God. In conclusion I would say, that the man who declares that woman suffrage is a failure in the states where at present it exists is either densely ignorant, foolishly prejudiced or has been keeping bad company, for brewers, and distillers are the sworn enemies of woman suffrage. May God hasten the day when noble men and noble women shall stand side by side at the ballot box, depositing their votes in the interest of home and native land, wiping out and forever that "damnable doctrine" that vice must exist and be legalized in order that a nation may prosper.

NAOMI M'DONALD PHELPS.

### Story of De Musset Statue.

In Paris, the topic of the moment is the new statue of Alfred de Musset—the first to be raised in the capital—which was unveiled the other day, and which probably not a few of this year's American visitors will see in the place of honor that has been given it beside the Comedie Francais. But although the statue is admittedly one of the finest works of its kind in Paris it is the rather odd story of how it was executed and that of an uncommonly pretty little incident in connection with its fashioning that Parisians are finding most interesting.

De Musset died in 1857, worn out, at forty-seven, by a life of intermittent dissipation and hard work, and this statue shows him seated on a bench in a characteristic attitude of dejection, his head sunk upon his breast. Above him is the muse in the form of a beautiful girl who quotes to the poet his own famous lines: "Let us part in a kiss for an unknown world."

Oddly enough, no less than three notable people posed for different parts of this statue at the request of Antonin Mercie, the sculptor, who never saw his subject in the flesh. These were De Musset's sister, Mme. Lardin de Musset, who sat for the face; Albert Lambert, the actor, who furnish the beard and mustache, the cravat and the romantic cape, and Paul Escudier, ex-president of the municipal council, who proved to have just the "figure" that Mercie wanted.

The romance of the statue, however, has to do with the model who posed for the muse. This was a young work girl, and she took such an interest in the statue of De Musset that the sculptor gave her the poet's books to read. Having devoured them, she was more in love than ever with the dead poet, and every day when she came to pose she brought a few flowers which she placed on the pedestal of "her poet," as she called him. But this is not all, for since the completion of his statue, the artist has found out that the girl, who was quite bewitchingly pretty, came to him under an assumed name and he has been unable to trace her.

So this posthumous lover of Alfred de Musset did not receive a card for the unveiling of his statue. Among those who did, however, at the express command of the French minister of fine arts, was the aged Adele Collin, who kept house for and nursed De Musset in his last years, and she was one of the most noticed and interested people at the ceremonies. It was said awhile ago that Mlle. Collin, who is over ninety, intended to publish her reminiscences of De Musset, but nothing more has been heard of the plan.

## WOMEN AND NAMES

By Dorothy Dix.

If Shakespeare had been a woman he would never have asked the idiotic question, "What's in a name?"

He would have known that there is all sorts of worry, and bother, and confusion worse confounded in it.

To begin with, he wouldn't have known when, and where, he was a lady, or a woman, or just a plain female.

Then he would have found out that every time he went to sign his name he was up against the conundrum of whether it is better to follow fashion or common sense in the name muddle.

For, while a rose by any other name may smell as sweet, it doesn't follow that a letter addressed to Mrs. Evelina Gladyse Smith will reach Mrs. John Smith, though they are one and the same person.

This is a very small, but insistent aggravation in the woman's name puzzle. We are told that it is the height of bad form for a woman to sign her name Mrs. So and So—as if she was throwing her marriage certificate at us—and when she does we set her down as not knowing what is what, but all the same if she doesn't do it, it keeps us guessing.

How is one to know offhand of a stranger, that Alicia Montmorenci Brown's other name is Mrs. Bill Brown? In spite of fashion it is a silly custom that makes it incumbent on every married woman to have as many aliases as a burglar.

Then there is another trouble that every woman with sons has to face the moment they marry. What is she to be called in a country where the title of dowager doesn't obtain? If they all live in the same community it is necessary to differentiate between her and her son's wife, yet how bald and uncomplimentary to refer to her as "Old Mrs. Smith," when she is perhaps on the sunny side of 50!

It has been suggested that the best way out of this difficulty is to call a woman "Madam" instead of "Mrs." after her son's marriage, but this happy solution of the problem has not yet been accepted.

The professional woman has still another trouble in the complex name business. In old times, when woman was expected to be no more than a dabbler in any calling, the woman who wrote was an authoress, the one who scribbled verses a poetess, and the one who administered pills a doctoress.

The title carried with it pretty much the same implication as if one was called butterine, silkoline, or any other name that signified an inferior imitation of a good thing.

It is ridiculous in these days, when women are competing on an equal footing with men in all sorts of work, for them to be branded with any kind of a feminine professional appellation, and the "esses" are an insult that ought to be dropped.

A woman is either a sculptor, or a doctor, or an author, or she isn't, and there is no more reason why she should be branded so as to indicate her sex than there is why one should signify by some special title whether a man doctor is young or old, or a man writer has black hair or green.

Another difficulty raised here is in the case of the woman who makes her name famous, and then marries.

How is she to keep identified with the name that represents her achievements when the law gives her another?

Actresses cling to the name that they have made of value on the billboard, but the woman writer or sculptor is apt to sink her identity in that of her husband, or at least qualify it by adding his name to hers, which is lively sentiment but poor business.

Any way you look at it, the question of what to call a woman is beset with troubles, and it is a subject that the women's clubs ought to settle.

If they can hit upon some means by which we can tell at sight that a lady is the wife of her husband, and still herself, they will fill a long-felt want.

### Mrs. Longworth's Parents.

Washington Correspondence of the New York Sun.

"Mr. Speaker," said Congressman Longworth, "we'd like you to come to an informal family dinner at our house on Thursday."

"Uncle Joe" hesitated.

"Oh, there won't be anybody else there," explained the Ohio representative, "except Mrs. Longworth's parents."

"Of course, I'd like to meet Mrs. Longworth's parents," answered the speaker, "but——" Then he remembered and accepted instantly.

## TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY

By Beatrice Fairfax.

If human love were the growth of human will, what a well-ordered, prosaic old world this would be, to be sure.

We would all fall in love with the right person, at the right place, at the right time. Instead of which we frequently fall head over heels in love with the wrong person at the wrong place and at the wrong time.

There is only one way to keep from falling in love, and that is to run away from it.

It is no use to stay near love and think you can shut your ears and heart to his clamor.

You can't do it, for he will whisper in your ear and beat on your heart until you have no longer the power or will to keep him out.

It is all very well to say to the man or girl in love, "Don't fall in love; you have no right to." The obvious answer would be, "But I have fallen in love—what can I do about it?"

Some one must suffer; it must be the man, the girl, or both, or the duty for which either one stands responsible.

And this brings us back to the first argument, viz.: that if a man cannot afford to fall in love he must run away from temptation.

In nine cases out of 10 the man who cannot afford to fall in love is young.

He can afford to wait, though telling him so will not comfort him much, as nothing is so impatient as youth, unless it be love.

Nevertheless, he can well afford to wait a few years, and if he is sure of his love and hers he can ask her to wait with him.

And if their love does not stand the test of a two or three-years' engagement, they may rest assurd it would not stand the test of matrimony.

The world is full of men and women who have had to sacrifice love to duty—women who have felt that their home ties had a stronger claim on them than love; men on whom the responsibility of the home rested too heavily for them to dare to think of love.

And yet these men and women are fairly happy. They are doing their life work cheerfully, uncomplainingly.

Hardly a day passes but that I receive a letter imploring advice on this subject.

Girls write that they are in love, and would like to be married, but that they are taking care of the home and do not see how they can leave it.

Men write that they have fallen in love and are anxious to marry, but that they are the sole support of their mothers and sisters, and cannot afford to support two families.

I would give anything in the world to be able to say to these young people, "Go on, be married; love is the most important thing in the world—be true to it"; but I can't.

I can't tell them to turn their backs on the mothers who have sacrificed everything in the world for them.

After a man is married his first duty is to his wife, but before he marries his first duty is to his mother.

And so all I can say to them is: "Wait."

Time does wonders toward smoothing out love's difficulties.

If a man puts his heart and soul into his work, success is bound to come to him.

If he lives wisely, he can save money.

The girl can do her share by encouraging him and not demanding too much of his time.

She must not expect him to spend all his spare moments with her, for if his mind is too much occupied with her he won't do good work.

It isn't easy for either of them, for naturally, loving each other, they want to be together.

They will have to be satisfied with the knowledge that their love exists, and wait patiently until such time as good fortune smiles on them.

## LEWIS AND CLARK

At Enterprise landing.

March 27.—We set out early and were soon joined by some Skilloots, with fish and roots for sale. At 10 o'clock we stopped for breakfast at two houses of the same nation, where we found our hunters (Drewyer and J. and R. Fields), who had not returned to camp last night; they had killed nothing. The inhabitants seemed very kind and hospitable. They gave almost the whole party as much as they could eat of dried anchovies, wappatoo, sturgeon, quamash and a small white tuberous root, two inches long and as thick as a man's finger, which, when eaten raw, is crisp, milky and of an agreeable flavor. The Indians also urged us to remain with them all day, to hunt elk and deer, which they said were abundant in the neighborhood, but as the weather would not permit us to dry and pitch our canoes we declined their offer and proceeded. At a distance of two miles (farther) we passed the entrance of Coweliskee river. This stream discharges itself on the north side of the Columbia, about three miles above a remarkably high rocky knoll, the south side of which it washes in passing, and which is separated from the northern hills by a wide bottom of several miles in extent. The Cowelliskee is 150 yards wide, deep and navigable, as the Indians assert, for a considerable distance; it most probably waters the country west and north of the range of mountains which crosses the Columbia between the great falls and rapids. On the lower side of this river, a few miles from its entrance into the Columbia river, is the principal village of the Skilloots, a numerous people, differing, however, neither in language, dress nor manners from the Clatsops, Chinooks and other nations at the mouth of the Columbia. With the Chinooks they have lately been at war, and though hostilities have ceased yet they have not resumed their usual intercourse, so that the Skilloots do not go as far as the sea, nor do the Chinooks come higher up than the Seal islands, the truce between them being carried on by the Clatsops, Cathlamahs and Wahlacums, their mutual friends. On this same river, above the Skilloots, resides the nation called Hullooetell, of whom we learned nothing except that the nation was numerous. Late in the evening we halted at the beginning of the bottom land below Deer island, after having made 20 miles. Along the low grounds on the river were the cottonwood, sweet willow, oak, ash, broad-leaved ash and a growth resembling the beech, while the hills were occupied almost exclusively by different species of fir; the black alder was common to the hills as well as the low grounds. During the day we passed a number of fishing camps on both sides of the river, and were constantly attended by small parties of Skilloots, who behaved in the most orderly manner, and from whom we purchased as much fish and roots as we wanted on very moderate terms. The night continued as the day had been, cold, wet and disagreeable.