THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON — PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. — JNO. F. CARROLL

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

A PLEDGE THAT PLEDGES NOTHING.

EITHER the Oregonian has read the direct primary law or it has not. If it has read it it should not give forth to the public such mush as is herewith appended and if it has not read it it should maintain that modest silence which so well becomes a lack of information. In considering statements No. 1 and 2 it rises to inquire: "Now what is the distinction between them? The first declare that they will abide absolutely by their pledge, which is that they will vote as members of the legislature for that candidate for United States senator, whatever his politics, who shall receive a plurality of the votes cast in the June election. The others make the promise that they will vote for such a person as their candidate if he shall belong to their own political party. There may, or there may not, be an important distinction here." Now there is amazing depth and foresight for you, for if the legislature is permitted an option what in the world becomes of the popular election of a United States senator?

But the point is the Oregonian's misrepresentation of statement No. 2. In order that each reader may see for himself we herewith present both statements:

Statement No. 1—"I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that during my term of office, I will always vote for that candidate for United States senator in congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a senator in congress, without regard to my individual preference."

When a man signs that he puts himself in a perfectly unequivocal position; he pledges himself absolutely to do the people's bidding.

Statement No. 2—"During my term of office I shall consider the vote of the people for United States senator in congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard, if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient."

There cannot be found therein the faintest shadow of a promise to uphold even the man of the legislators' own party whom the voters have elected to the United States senate; indeed there is absolutely no pledge to do anything except that which suits the purposes, fancies or interests of the legislator who so binds himself. Then why does the Oregonian seek to convey the impression, by making the direct statement, that statement No. 2 is a pledge of the man taking it to vote for his party nominee?

THE DAMAGE BY THE FROST.

THERE HAS BEEN a great conflict of testimony in regard to the damage done to crops of various kinds by the unusual frost the second week of March. A consensus of reports from all over this region, from Ashland to Spokane, from Astoria to Boise, leads us to the conclusion that the cold spell, succeeding unusually warm weather, did a good deal of harm, in large spots, yet was not as destructive as many people feared or as was hurriedly reported.

In portions of half a dozen counties of the inland empire wheat will have to be re-seeded, entailing considerable expense, but the ground has been thoroughly soaked, and probably the crop will be very nearly if not quite as large as if no freeze had occurred.

Peaches in the Walla Walla valley were mostly killed and some in southern Oregon; but there will be a fair crop along Snake river, where the buds were not yet nearly ready to bloom and several other varieties of fruit, particularly winter apples and prunes, were not hurt at all. Cherries were nipped in localities, but there will be nearly if not quite an average crop of them, and the same is true of pears and plums. Strawberry vines in many instances were killed outright, and we shall have a light crop of these delightful berries this year.

The season is late. That was a thing to be expected, considering that our winter did not come till March. The harvest, all around, will be considerably later than usual, but when the autumn comes we will probably find that we have garnered, altogether, very nearly an average crop. We will have, as usual, enough and to spare.

And then we can rest assured that such an untoward season is not likely to come again for 50 years. Perhaps it was a good thing that it came. Some people make money rather too easily in this country. At any rate, the right way is to make the best of it, and plod right along.

THE CRIME OF MR. LOWELL.

SOME Republican state papers are criticising Stephen A. Lowell, a Republican candidate for United States senator, because he has been a bolter, because, in particular, he, four years ago, voted and worked for Chamberlain instead of Furnish for governor, and in the opinion of the organs referred to this was an unpardonable political crime, which should debar him from seeking office of Republicans forever and a day.

Well, this is a matter for Republicans to determine among themselves, and in regard to which The Journal will not presume to advise them. But Mr. Lowell's opposition, as we remember, was based upon assertions of crooked and improper work in the primaries whereby Furnish delegates were elected. Supposing the facts to be as alleged by Mr. Lowell, he not only had a right to bolt, but as an honest, upright, square man he could not do otherwise. Possibly he was mistaken, but we take it for granted that the wide-awake voters of Umatilla county know pretty well whether he was right or wrong, and we should not be surprised if their verdict on April 20 and in June was that he was right.

The country needs bolters occasionally; it might be well if there were more of them in congress.

It is currently supposed that even President Roosevelt was somewhat of a bolter years ago, and he manifests some bolting symptoms even now.

The important question about a man who comes up for an office is not whether or not he ever bolted but whether, if he did, he was right.

Lowell the bolter may deserve and may get more votes than if he had always been a sycophantic standpatter.

WHO ARE REPUBLICANS?

A Republican, writing to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, says: "After 45 years of active political life I am compelled to ask 'What constitutes a Republican?'" The Inter-Ocean declares that many Republicans are in the same state of uncertainty, and says this is so "because so many recognized Republican leaders do not seem positive that they stand for anything, nor to be uncompromisingly for or against anything."

MAY IT NOT BE that some of them "stand for" wrong things? What things do Aldrich and Alger and Platt and Elkins and Burrows and Depew and Proctor stand for?

The people are inquiring about this, not only as to Republicans but as to Democrats, and men of other parties.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean is a radical Republican organ, and is scolding because Republicans don't hang and pull together for anything and everything that the "leaders" dictate; but the fact is that the "leaders" are distrusted, as the political standards are being raised. They are doing more thinking than they used to. They realize that there is no great virtue in a party name. They refuse to be bamboozled by clap-trap spellbinders. In other words they are beginning to do their own thinking instead of allowing other people to do it for them.

SMALL CHANGE

Only a week more in which to register.

• •

If the people can't control politics, what's the use to them of having any politics?

• •

Be neither a "yellow dog" nor a "cur."

• •

Yet there will be storms in April.

• •

The person with a small amount of brains may be happier most of the time than the one with a larger amount of brains.

• •

If you sincerely think the world is growing better, it is.

• •

A good many people will regret that they ran.

• •

Farming, like almost everything else, only pays when done right.

• •

Milton Eagle: The Oregonian asks: "Is Furnish fighting Geer?" We think not. Furnish is charitable enough not to fight a dead man.

• •

A late season may be a good one.

• •

Running for office ought somehow to be made less expensive.

• •

Some Republican organs fairly shed tears over Frank Baker's resignation.

• •

Tillamook Headlight: We cannot see for the life of us what claim Jonathan Bourne Jr. has upon the people of Oregon that they should vote for him for United States senator, other than that he has shaved off his whiskers and made a bouquet for his coats of the sandy sideburns.

• •

The coal mine operators are wrong this time.

• •

Dowie had better retired when his credit was good.

• •

There are still a few days in which to register.

• •

Senator Fulton is making quite a reputation.

• •

Salem Statesman: The question is whether Judge Lowell's Republicanism has changed since the presidential campaign or not. As he recently in a public speech advised young men to scratch the ticket when not pleased with the nominees of their party, it is presumed that it has not.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Pendleton will have a summer normal school.

• •

Corvallis can and will have good water.

• •

Judging from the number of inquiries coming for houses for rent, 50 more dwelling-houses could be rented here within a week, says the Drain Nonpareil. Why don't some of our capitalists erect a number of buildings? It would pay big interest on the investment—besides would be doing their duty toward building up the town.

• •

Eggs only a cent apiece up in Oakland.

• •

The five Pacific coast states are said to have $1,000,000,000 worth of timber, of which about one third is in Oregon; but the value is largely guesswork.

• •

Mountains of snow mean mountains of hay, says the North Powder correspondent of the Haines Record.

• •

Railroad surveyors at work in the Crooked river gorge.

• •

But in one month this winter, according to the books of the railroad company, four full carloads of fine cattle, one carload of sheep, and 524 gallons of the purest cream that ever made good butter were shipped from Yoncalla, says the Independent. This statement does not include dressed hogs, veal, nor is there an attempt to put a value upon turkeys, chickens, other poultry and eggs shipped from Yoncalla, which alone runs up into thousands.

• •

The toll-road question is still a warm one in Tillamook county.

• •

Blaine will soon have a church building.

• •

Work will soon begin in the famous Weston brickyard.

• •

The presence of eagles in the region along the Willamette six to ten miles south of Corvallis attracts considerable attention, says the Times. The big birds are frequently encountered by residents of the vicinity, and the sight of one swooping down on a flock of sheep and soaring away with a lamb is not unusual.

• •

Weston will have a baseball team all of its own, called the "Wonders."

• •

Wheat never looked better at this time of the year on the Umatilla reservation.

• •

Lots of snow yet in the Blue mountains.

• •

Many eastern people are buying Oregon farms.

• •

Ex-Governor T. T. Geer was up in this neck of the woods Monday repairing the damage to his political fences due to his alleged failure to properly support Furnish during the memorable campaign of four years ago, says the Milton Eagle. The damage from that cause in this vicinity, however, was slight, and Mr. Geer, with his winning personality, had no difficulty in repairing the breaches.

• •

Good farming land is sold in Benton county as low as $20 an acre.

• •

Several new residences going up in Inglenook, Seaside.

• •

Weston Leader: Dave Roberts is constantly adding to his collection of game chickens from the best breeders in the United States, and feathered fighters of nearly all the leading strains are represented in his pens. He has just added a nice pair of Red Cubans received yesterday by express from George W. Means, a North Carolina dealer, and a Gin Gray stag which came in last week from Thomas E. Paine of Texas. Occasionally he permits his chickens to spar without the steel for the sake of experience and exercise.

They Are Nervous.

From the New York American.

Former friends of "Andy" Hamilton must pick up their morning papers with a great deal of nervous expectation.

THE RICHEST BABY IN THE WORLD

From the New York American.

Never has an infant in the world had as fine and beautiful a wardrobe prepared for it as the dainty layette which awaited the coming of the "Billionaire Baby" in the Rockefeller home on West Fifty-fourth street.

One hundred dollars seems quite a price to pay for a dress for a grown person, but this wee mite of humanity possesses a whole set of infinitely fine and delicately embroidered dresses, each one of which is worth nearly $100, to say nothing of costly slips of softest nainsook, with just a bit of hand embroidery around the bottom; little shirts, not much bigger than a man's hand, but which cost as much as many a man pays for a whole suit of clothes, although the tiny shirts have just the merest edge of fine lace around them.

The softest wool that could be carded and woven and then embroidered in flowers has furnished petticoats for this Rockefeller baby; and besides these are petticoats of sheer batiste and nainsook, embroidered around the bottom and trimmed with tucks and ruffles of rare lace, each one worth from thirty to sixty dollars, and some of them even more.

In West Twenty-third street, in the babies' corner of a department store, there has been for 16 years a "fairy godmother" to New York babies who come under the wings of the golden-feathered stork. It was she who fitted out the layette of the "richest baby in the world," as John Nicholas Brown was known before the arrival of little John D. III. It is she who has secured the only princess dress in America for little John D. This dress has a real princess front, outlined with the finest embroidery that skillful French fingers can produce, and this embroidery extends down the sides of the front and turn back above the hem, bordering the dress several inches above the wide hem with its exquisitely feather-stitched heading.

When eager members of the Rockefeller family came tiptoeing in to have a peep at the fine boy, who owns about $11,000,000 to $12,000,000 to each one of his 11 pounds, he was slipped into his "presentation bag" and shown around for inspection after the most approved fashion. His downy little head lay on a shallow pillow, tucked inside the top of the bag, which was embroidered around the top and trimmed with bows of blue ribbon. His little face peeped above the opening of the bag, which has a sort of envelope flap, elaborately decorated with fine embroidery, ruffles and bows, turned down upon it. This bag is quite large, and might even hold twins. It has a dainty border of embroidery around it, with an embroidered ruffle and bows of blue ribbon, and is sewed up all around and wadded inside.

And when he tipped the scales at 11 pounds, and everybody cried, "Oh, what a big boy!" the Rockefeller infant was gently laid in a white wicker basket, high at the head, mounted upon a pair of scales done in white and gold, with figures so large that one could tell at a glance just the fraction of a pound. His scale cradle was decorated to match his bassinet, or "Moses basket." Both are lined with white over blue and draped with white lace over blue silk, trimmed with blue ribbons.

The Rockefeller baby is also provided with a compact little dressing set, with tiny brushes and powder boxes and other Lilliputian articles, all contained in a basket of blue and white. He is a wise-looking baby. Perhaps he knows that very near at hand are a dozen and a half of the costliest bibs that ever a baby wore, which will be his as soon as he begins to realize that he has gums that will, by-and-bye, produce teeth, and sets to making little bubbles with his tiny lips.

What baby would not want to hurry up and wear bibs that cost as high as $45 for a single one, all wadded and covered with the finest point lace and delicate embroidery that skilled needlewomen of the old world could produce?

In four weeks from now he will be able to enjoy another of his pretty possessions, his handsome new coach, with its fine linen umbrella, pillow and robe, all made to match. All are worked in open English embroidery and trimmed with embroidered ruffles, all the work being done in the finest stitches and in small patterns. Several of these handsome sets are provided so that they may be washed every day or so.

When Baby John D. III wants to exercise he may kick out the toes of an innumerable multitude of delicately knitted and crocheted socks of softest wool and finest silk. His father's socks scarcely cost more, and some of them not as much.

John D. the third has also a good supply of handkerchiefs, at about $5 each. They are small and plain—as handkerchiefs go—but the linen is so fine that it is almost as soft as the tiny palm of John D. himself.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

Home the Place for Women.

Baker City, Or., April 2.—To the Editor of The Journal — Figuratively speaking, I was simply lifted off my feet when I read that whirlwind of criticism on my little article on "Thinkless Women," which was made by Naomi McDonald Phelps. Never mind, Naomi, we will not include you, you think, but you don't think just right; that is all.

You say a woman who spends 57 minutes of God's time deliberating over something to wear shows a lack of intelligence. Now I do not want to appear rude, but that remark was just about as narrow as the one I heard a lady make the other day when she said "no good women wanted to vote"; she was supposed to be quite an intellectual woman, too, and hails from a state where equal suffrage reigns. But we would let that pass.

What I want to know is, has the average woman time to devote to the study of politics and politicians—for men must be studied to learn their vices or their virtues—and without associating with them how is she to know who is or who is not fitted for office? And while she is out studying the men who is going to be at home getting three good meals a day; getting the children ready for school, and rocking the baby to sleep? Ah, the poor baby!

You say the woman who wastes her time over pretty clothes has no time for "the old-fashioned baby." It is my opinion that the woman standing in line to vote with a lot of roughs and toughs (as you say there will be), to vote will not be crying her eyes out about them either; nor do I think the woman occupying the chair of police judge, or serving on the jury, will imagine she looks very attractive with a nursing baby in her arms, especially while on duty. And what is she going to do with them? For babies do happen, sometimes, and surely a woman cannot be barred from voting or holding office just because of a baby or two. Surely the honors of office are not all going to be conferred upon a lot of old maids.

The idea of a mother disliking babies just because she likes pretty clothes. Humph! I have seen many a mother with two or three babies rolling on the floor or climbing her knee, while she sewed on all kinds of lace, flimy gewgaws, and the babies were well cared for and happy, while the mother was satisfied and contented, well knowing that she was filling a responsible position at home, while her husband was attending to affairs—business and political.

I consider equal suffrage a disturbing element in many a happy home. As a rule the women who advocate women's rights are old maids or women who have passed the age of enjoying home life and babies. They deliberately walk into homes, where perfect contentment dwells, and they say: "Here, do you know that you are a slave; that you have no more rights than an idiot or a Chinaman? Do you know that you are being taxed without representation?"

That last is the clincher that does the deadly work, and the little woman wonders what it means, and begins to wonder if she really is abused and overruled and browbeaten, and she gets busy and reads the "tracts" left her.

And when John Henry comes home that night, tired and hungry, and wishing he was a woman, so that he would not have so much responsibility, his wife rushes at him with blood in her eye, and she says: "Look here, John Hen., I want my rights; I have been sat down on long enough, and I won't stand for it any longer." And poor John Henry collapses and peace flies out of the window.

Oh, yes; you are going to purify the ballot, stop gambling, close the saloons and reform men in general, while you talk of a "model juvenile court."

Just let me whisper in your ear: If each woman would stay at home and hold court in her own house, with her own children, herself as judge and jury, and teach her boys good morals and good principles, there would be no need for other juvenile courts, and there also would be no men to reform; for you know that old saw, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Let each woman spend her time teaching her boys things they ought to be taught, and there will be no danger but what they will faithfully represent their mothers at home.

"ROSEY."

It Is Dangerous to Be Safe.

Portland, Or., March 31.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see that a favorite statement of our friends the ladies is: Just give the ballot to those of us who want it; we will not compel the antis to vote. But the extension of the ballot to women makes its exercise their bounden duty. The ladies who are asking the men to withhold it from women and to exercise it so conscientiously that they will not have to call the women in to assist will not be behind their sisters in doing their political duty when they have to. But it is a problem whether all women should have the ballot thrust upon them to please the few who clamor for it.

The bad women will vote as the bad men do now. And the good ones will have to vote to keep things from going to smash. I am opposed to putting our ladies where they must vote in self-defense.

But another reason why I should hate to see equal suffrage is the persistent aggressiveness of the women who run that agitation. It is worth a man's life to dare differ from them in the open now. What would it be if they were interested in several candidates and measures? We would either have to lie to them, as lots of men find it necessary to do now, or to run when we see them coming. Women are not adapted to politics, for the politician must get some refusals or defeats, and you know the proverb about a "Woman scorned"! And any woman who finds herself refused thinks herself scorned.

Another thing that makes me tired is this constant bragging on themselves. "The brain and heart of woman" I have heard 40 times during this winter, as if man had neither! If our sisters do not stop arguing by self-praise, we will stop bragging on them. Men don't brag on themselves like that. Take a lesson in modesty from us! X. Y. Z.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

He wants Light.

Portland, Or., March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—As a citizen and taxpayer of this county, I, in common with others, am interested in the county affairs and county government. One question of managing the county affairs is the working of the county prisoners on the public roads. The present county court has been working these prisoners, and that is the first time they have been so employed. Judge Webster and Commissioner Barnes have both publicly announced that they will continue to work these prisoners if they are re-elected to the offices they now hold. At a meeting a few nights ago Mr. Steel, who is a candidate for county commissioner, announced that he was opposed to the working of the prisoners, and that if elected he would prevent any further working of them.

Neither of the other candidates for county judge, Mr. Lewis or Mr. Giltner, have yet stated what their position is, and the people of this county would like to know what position they take on this question.

We would like also to know what the other candidates for county commissioner are going to do in regard to this matter. This is an issue before the people of this county.

Stand up, gentlemen, and let us hear what you have to say.

H. A. HENNAMAN.

A British Tale of Depew and Porter.

From the London Mail.

In England we are not very good at after-dinner speaking, but in America they did understand it, said George Wyndham at a Friendly society dinner at Dover.

There were Americans whose fame as after-dinner speakers had reached our shores, Chauncey Depew, for example, and General Porter. When they used to meet at the same dinner there was frequently a very brilliant passage at arms.

On one occasion Mr. Depew, wishing to put a spoke in General Porter's wheel, said: "I can't speak very well after dinner, but it is no trouble to General Porter. You put a dinner in the slot and up comes a speech." Later it was General Porter's turn, and he said "I can't emulate Mr. Depew; with him you put a speech in the slot and up comes a dinner."

Soldiers on Oxen.

From the Chicago Journal.

The strangest military body in the world is a band of cavalry at Saint de Moorvay, a province on the east coast of Africa, which is under the rule of the French governor-general of Madagascar. These soldiers go about their military operations on oxen. The animals are lean creatures, and it is said they move with surprising rapidity.

THE GREAT NEED OF WILL POWER

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Hearst.)

A correspondent writes and asks me who is the author of the following inspired lines. I do not know, but for years I kept the verse pinned in a conspicuous place on my desk as a spur to action.

No truer words were ever written, and I thank the author of them for the impetus the lines have been to me:

"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same old story
Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory;
Each indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
And you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or think you can, begin it—
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

The world is overrun with people who are always going to do things.

Today is never the suitable time; there is a "tomorrow," when they expect to have the conditions right.

And so to the end of life they await this "tomorrow."

"Each indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days."

When they realize they must take their stand with the failures of earth they blame "fate" and "luck" and "chance," and talk about the "wrong environment" which hindered them from achieving success.

No man ever attained an eminence yet who did not overcome many an impulse to "wait." Occasional bursts of genius drive gifted people to do successful things spontaneously!

But it is not at all probable that Homer, Milton or Shakespeare wrote only when impelled to do so. They overcame a spirit of inaction; a desire to do nothing today and to wait until "tomorrow," and spurred on the lagging muse.

It is the will power and perseverance back of genius which has given the world great creations in literature, music and art as well as great achievements in other realms.

If you believe you can do anything ever in your life, begin it!

Begin it today! Take some step toward it—take another step tomorrow.

If you are hindered the third day, take two steps the fourth.

You and today, a soul sublime,
And this great pregnant hour of time;
With God between, to bind the twain—
Go forth, I say; attain, attain!

LEWIS AND CLARK

At La Camas, Washington.

April 3—A considerable number of Indians crowded about us today, many of whom came from upper part of the river. These poor wretches confirm the reports of scarcity among the nations above, which, indeed, their appearance sufficiently proved, for they seemed almost starved, and greedily picked the bones and refuse meat thrown away by us. In the evening Captain Clark returned from his excursion. On setting out yesterday at 11:30 o'clock he directed his course along the south side of the (Columbia) river, where, at the distance of eight miles, he passed a village of the Nechacohee tribe, belonging to the Eloot nation. The village itself is small, and being situated behind Diamond island, was concealed from our view, as we passed both times along the northern shore. He continued till 3 o'clock, when he landed at the single house already mentioned as the only remains of a village of 24 straw huts. Along the shore were great numbers of small canoes for gathering wapatoo, which were left by the Shahalas, who visit the place annually. The present inhabitants of the house are part of the Neerchokioo tribe of the same nation. On entering one of the apartments of the house Captain Clark offered several articles to the Indians in exchange for wapatoo, but they appeared sullen and ill-humored and refused to give him any. He therefore sat down by the fire opposite the men, and taking a port-fire match from his pocket, threw a small piece of it into the flame; at the same time he took his pocket compass, and by means of a magnet, which happened to be in his inkhorn, made the needle turn round very briskly. The match now took fire and burned violently, on which the Indians, terrified at this strange exhibition, immediately brought a quantity of wapatoo and laid it at his feet, begging him to put out the bad fire, while an old woman continued to speak with great vehemence, as if imploring protection. Having received the roots, Captain Clark put up the compass, and as the match went out of itself, tranquillity was restored, though the women and children still took refuge in their beds and behind the men. He now paid them for what he had used, and after lighting his pipe and smoking with them, continued down the river. Soon after entering the Multnomah he was met by an old Indian descending the river alone in a canoe.

Great Cities of Germany.

From the New York Sun.

Any city of more than 100,000 inhabitants is considered a great city. Of these Germany has more than any other country, namely, 41.

Great Britain and the United States have 39 each. Then there is a break till we reach Russia with 16, France with 15, Italy with 12, Japan and Austria-Hungary with eight each.

When the present German empire was founded, in 1871, Germany had only five such cities, but by 1900 they numbered 33. Five of them have more than 500,000 each. Berlin, for instance, has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. The next largest is Hamburg, 800,000, followed by Munich, Dresden and Leipsic.

In five years Krupp's town of Essen has increased 93 per cent. Cologne, with its 428,000 people, has had an astonishing growth.

City and Country Life.

From the Fairport Mail.

One needs only to spend a few days in some large city like New York to appreciate the advantages of living in the country towns. There is no worse punishment than being obliged to live in a city, with its rushing, crowding, roaring, nerve-jarring elements, where the ordinary flatdweller has no more sense of home than does a milkbottle. A peculiar thing about this matter is that the appreciative countryman has no use for the city only as an amusement feature, and the dyed-in-the-wool city man could not be lifed out of his city environment with a steam derrick. Each is wedded to his idols; but give us the country, where there is room to breathe and sleep like a Christian, and where one can have friends and get some real enjoyment out of life. No city life for us.

THE "NICE" GIRL

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Battling Nelson, the lightweight champion of the prize ring, in speaking of his sweetheart, says: "None of your beauties or awfully wise girls for me—just a nice, quiet girl—that's what Marguerite is—she's the girl for me."

That's what the average man wants his sweetheart to be—just a nice girl.

He is not on the lookout for marvelous beauty or great cleverness.

Of course, all men love a pretty face, but the girl who has a sweet, bright face, even if she be plain of feature, will never lack for admirers.

As for great cleverness, I don't think the average man cares a penny about that, if a girl is pleasant and sweet-tempered.

He doesn't care whether or no she knows the difference between a triangle and a parabola, but he wants her to know the difefence between a roast of beef and a beefsteak.

He would much rather she was lovable and companionable than with knowledge.

A bright, intelligent girl who keeps her eyes and ears open knows enough to make any man happy.

Don't try to be superior and talk to men on learned topics.

If you do they will flee from you as they would from the plague.

They want to be entertained, not instructed, by girls.

A rough, noisy girl never appeals to a man. He can find enough roughness and noise among his own sex. He wants gentleness and refinement in a girl.

Young Nelson by nature and profession is a fighter, and yet in selecting a sweetheart he picks out a quiet, gentle girl. He does not want wit or beauty—just a nice girl.

The flighty, harum-scarum girl is all right to have fun with, but when it comes to choosing a life partner men pass her by.

The girl who makes a good wife is cheerful, good-tempered, neat and blessed with common sense.

If good looks are added to those admirable qualities the man who gets her is lucky.

Don't try to be smart and knowing in your conversation.

Just be natural and pleasant—that's all a man wants.

If you appear to know too much you will place him in an inferior light, and you may be sure he won't care for that.

Cultivate the domestic arts.

Learn to make a good pie.

It is more important that you should learn how to cook than that you should make art squares.

And remember, girls, that the "nice" girl is not only nice to a few people—she is nice to all people.

She is obliging and courteous—she is pure-minded and spoken.

She is popular with both sexes and respected by all.

There is something about her so natural and unaffected that no one can help liking her.

She may not be clever or pretty—just a "nice" girl, content to hold a modest place in the world, loving and loved by all her friends.

Don't be unhappy if you are not a genius or a raving beauty.

Try to be a nice girl, and if you succeed you will find that it brings you in a great return of love and popularity.

The Original Huck Finn.

From the New York American.

"So Huck Finn has died again, has he?" chuckled Mark Twain, whose other name is Samuel L. Clemens. "Well, now, that's too bad—too bad! To think that a boy who had so many hair-breadth escapes at an age when life was worth living adventurously, should calmly go west and have heart failure! I am disappointed, besides being distressed. I always had a sneaking idea that Huck would come to a more artistic end, such as hanging, though he always was more practical than Tom Sawyer, his companion in crime."

Mark Twain still held in his hand a clipping which bore the startling announcement—startling to millions of boys in all corners of the earth, not to mention many more millions of grown-up children—that the real and only original of the inimitable Huckleberry Finn had died in Murray, Idaho. Captain A. O. Tonkray is the name on the stone which marks the remote grave.

"There is nothing disrespectful nor even irreverent in my confessing that, up to date, more than a dozen real original Tom Sawyers and Huckleberry Finns have succumbed during the past 20 years," continued the famous humorist. He lapsed into a brown study, the only sign of consciousness being a reminiscent twinkle about the kindly gray eyes. Presently he pursued:

"I wonder how many times the originals of Hamlet or Tom Brown or Robinson Crusoe or Gulliver or David Copperfield or any of the great tragic characters of history were buried and resurrected? I met a man the other day—an inventor—who disabused my mind with regard to Don Quixote being dead. Life is full of alleged deaths and disappointments—full of tragic mistakes—full of comical verities."

Turbine Automobiles?

Lord Montagu in the Car.

Is there not a good chance that the turbine principle may eventually be adapted to explosive engines? There are already several inventors who claim that they have solved this problem. At any rate, now that the present petrol engine has reached not quite finality but comparative perfection it is time that some totally fresh line were struck out, and if Great Britain strikes first we shall firmly establish our lead in the world's motor matters.

As a Last Resort.

From the Roseburg Review.

If technicalities of law fail to secure their client's release, Binger Hermann's lawyers might present to the court, as a last resort, that precious picture of Binger and President Roosevelt standing on the rear platform of a railway car. Apprehension over the possibility of such an incongruous specimen of photography occupying a niche in the "Rogue's Gallery" might at least move the courts to extreme clemency.

Keep Your Eyes Open.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Don't get into a rut.

No matter how hard the struggle may be, try to keep interested in things and not to lose your grip on what is going on around you.

It is pleasant to dream, but you can't afford to unless you wish to be left hopelessly behind in the march of progress.

Keep your eyes and ears open; wonderful things are happening all around you.

Lose no opportunity of improving yourself. Read good books. Trashy novels will do you no good; they will only fill you with morbid, unhealthy ideas and impossible dreams.

Seek friendship and acquaintanceship with those whose society will benefit you.

Life is too short to waste a minute.

If you are a wage-earner your attention belongs to your work during business hours, but after that your time belongs to yourself, to spend wisely or foolishly, as you please.

Do spend it wisely; learn to live so as to get the best out of life.

We all have opportunities if we can only learn to recognize and use them.

Make it a habit to learn something every day, even if it be ever so little.

The more knowledge you acquire the more interesting you will be to your fellow beings.

It is not necessary that you should be blue-stockings or wiseacres, but intelligence is a quality which none can dispense with.

You will get so much out of life if you are observant.

Listen to others talk; you will learn more in that way than by talking yourself.

Don't go along the street with your head in the clouds.

And don't be ashamed to ask for information. Read the papers; keep yourself up on the current topics, and when you can afford it buy a good magazine.

You will be so happy if you feel that you are marching along with the progress of events, and that you have your finger on the "pulse of the twentieth century activity."

Don't drop behind; fight for your place, and keep it.

Be one of the pioneers of progress.

Stagnation is one of the worst evils that can overtake you.

Don't settle down with the conviction that you have done your best—you must keep on doing it.

There is always something new and better than anything that has gone before to strive for. Go after it and keep after it until you get it.

Oh, it's a grand thing to live in this twentieth century and have a chance to try to learn about the wonders that are going on all about us.

You must not sink into a rut; you must be on the alert and learn, learn, learn.

Don't be discouraged if it is hard; the more you try to learn the easier will come knowledge.

Wake up, dreamers, or the chances will all slip by you.

Some of the screws used in the works of a watch are so small that 307,000 of them are required to make a pound.