THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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RADICALISM THAT IS REALLY CONSERVATISM

THE Oregonian is experiencing some difficulty in keeping up with public sentiment. It has so long been a clog on the wheels of progress, it has so often and so bitterly opposed manifestly needed reforms, that now when it hastens to get into the bandwagon, which The Journal has so long occupied, it finds some difficulty in hitting upon anything that will attract the public eye. It is making a fight against perpetual franchises and in this it is deserving of public encouragement. True, public sentiment has so far advanced that no such thing as a perpetual franchise would longer be possible in Portland for the city charter three years ago, under the not too friendly eye of the Oregonian, settled that question for all time to come. Therefore all candidates for the legislature and every citizen oppose perpetual franchises and should willingly give whatever pledges are required as an evidence of good faith. Franchises are also rated as property, another demand of the Oregonian, and the best proof of this is found in the fact that they are now so assessed by the county assessor and taxes from this source have already found their way into the county treasury. In all these lines the Oregonian, which pretends to be wickedly radical, is safely within the conservative area, for they are already established principles embodied within the pages of the city charter.

It believes in the regulation of state banks as the national banks are regulated and controlled by the federal government. In this respect it has shown a distinct advance. In almost every legislature in recent years bills have been presented for this very purpose. It has indeed been a popular idea. In addition there has been a demand for the creation of the office of state bank examiner whose duties might not be limited to the examination of state banks alone but to the accounts of county and state officials. But all such movements the Oregonian has heretofore bitterly opposed, just why we do not pretend to say. Such bills it has characterized as "hold-up" or "shake-down" bills introduced for no other purpose than to extort money from those who were interested in seeing them killed. Immediately, therefore, they became an object of suspicion, for even those who honestly favored them feared to give public expression to their views as they might be charged with crooked purposes. So it has gone along year after year without any relief from this source. But now that the Oregonian has seen a new light (with personal pique and passion on the tip of it) we are glad to welcome it into the fold and will join with it in doing everything that can be done to accomplish so laudable a purpose, not only of regulating state banks but of making stated examination of the books of all public officials and introducing into every county a modern and scientific system of keeping their accounts. Now that the Oregonian has made a convert of itself in this respect there is hope for it in other needed directions.

"SENSITIVE SENATORS."

SOME SENATORS, with considerable warmth of expression, object to being classed as "railroad senators" or "corporation senators." Well, it is possible that in some cases the suspicion may be partly unfounded or that the position of these sensitive senators in this respect may be slightly misrepresented, but the truth of the matter is that most of them have no business to be senators. The San Francisco Chronicle, in discussing "Sensitive Senators," says: "They have only themselves to blame for their reputation. The most of them deliberately placed themselves in a false position by accepting election. We do not know except from general report how it is in other states, but we do know that in California no one, except by an occasional 'fluke,' can get into either senate or house until he has been approved by the railroad manipulators. They therefore enter office under suspicion. It is common report that the same conditions prevail in other states. Senators and congressmen are known to travel on passes and to accept express, telegraph and telephone franks which are obviously given only for the purpose of creating obligations. This adds to the atmosphere of suspicion. Finally, in cases where railroad interests are at stake, their actions are disingenuous."

This is a strong but not an unfair presentment of the case. The trouble with "sensitive senators" is that they can not or will not take this view. Until they can and will, they must not object to being under the suspicion of being the railroads' rather than the people's senators and servants.

PEOPLE, CONGRESS, COURTS.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW what the rate bill is or is pretended to be? We doubt it. Evidently our senators and representatives don't know, and who are so wise as they? Nobody but the judges, and we suppose that when the test comes they will know less than anybody about the law, its objects or effects.

This is why there is such a demand and movement for public ownership of railroads. It will come, if it does, not because the people really desire to go into the railroad business but because they are tired of being held up by the railroad monopolies on one hand and bamboozled by the Forakers and Lodges on the other.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

NEWS NOW COMES from Naples, so Naples is interesting. Naples is an historic city. It was formerly the capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, and for half a century has been the most populous city in Italy, and disputes with Constantinople the distinction of occupying the most beautiful urban site in Europe. It is situated on the northern shore of the bay of Naples, and it is claimed by travelers and writers whose opinion is not to be despised that no other place in the world combines so much natural physical beauty with so many objects of interest to the antiquary, the historian, the geologist and the artist, as the bay of Naples.

Rome, "the eternal city," is only 160 miles away. Vesuvius, again dreadful, is from 10 to 15 miles distant. The islands of Ishchia are about 50 miles southwest, and Capri lies at the southward entrance of the magnificent harbor, which between these groups of islands is 14 miles broad, and from the opening of it from the great Mediterranean sea to its head at Portici, lying right under Vesuvius, the distance is 15 miles. There is an average of seven fathoms of water, the harbor is well sheltered, there is a tide of about 9 inches.

Naples is built on the point of deepest indentation of this beautiful sea, slightly to the westward, while Vesuvius lies a few miles southeastward, clear up against the sea, but its volcanic cones are about five miles distant from the waves. Between the mountain and Naples is a lovely valley, or rather an extensive flat, forming a portion of the ancient "Compania Felix," watered by several streams. From this flat, between the sea and the Apennines, rises this mischevious hill, Vesuvius, at the very base of which are the villages of Portici, San Giovanni, Teduccio, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, and others, occupying the sites of historic and buried Pompeii and Herculaneum. The people of these villages have fled to Naples, from 10 to 20 miles distant, and those of Naples are in terror, lest the volcanic vomit should even reach and overflow that city, but this is not probable, not to say physically impossibe.

The eruption will probably soon pass, and go into history, and the vine-growers and small flock-tenders will go on, for generations and centuries to come, as they have done for centuries past, working and worshipping, while the angry bowels of the earth's crust lying under Vesuvius are mysteriously gathering force for another eruption and overflow of that beautiful, wonderful little spot of earth.

Vesuvius will soon cease its exhibition of terrible, destructive force, and in that beautiful, rich valley love will hold its sway, and religion will make its conquest, as of old. After all Vesuvius is not the eternal and important thing, but rather what is done close around it. Vesuvius, in some millions of years, will wear itself out, by its own wrath, but the vineyards and peasant occupations, the love and labor and faith, the art and science and song, shall go on there forever!

THE GREATEST SHOWMAN.

THE DEATH of James A. Bailey removes from the world its most noted showman. Barnum was among the pioneers who overshadowed all his contemporaries. He was something more than a circus man for he personified that species of entertainment and possessed a positive genius not only to provide amusement but to attract people.

But while he made a world-wide reputation, his exploits were confined to his own country. Bailey not only carried Barnum's ideas through their logical evolution and brought the circus business to the huge system which the demands of a country enormously increasing in population warranted, but he invaded Europe and there achieved the apparently impossible by making the people there enthusiastic converts to the American circus idea. Mr. Bailey was a small man physically, very quiet in his demeanor and strange to say excessively modest about everything that immediately related to himself. For his circus it was impossible even for Tody Hamilton to string together an array of glittering adjectives that would more than equal his expectations and demands but when it came to anything about his own personality or those intimate, private things which concerned himself as an individual, he shrunk from public exploitation with the diffidence of a school girl. But the heart, soul and moving spirit of the whole vast enterprise was none other than he. He it was who thought and planned and if need be showed the way to execute. His vast business was upon a basis as exact, systematic and responsible as a great banking institution. Through its various and devious agencies, through all its multiplicity of detail, everything flowed as to a common center into his office. There he was always to be found with his finger on the throttle, complete master of himself and every situation that arose, dominating in his quiet but equitable way and carrying to a triumphant conclusion everything that he undertook no matter how new, strange or seemingly impossible.

All in all, James A. Bailey was an extraordinary man to whom all his lieutenants took off their hats and for whom they entertained a regard amounting to affection.

SMALL CHANGE

Clean up!

• •

Don't be very friendly with a neighbor who won't clean up.

• •

All sorts of weather, except bad, in April.

• •

Let us have a constantly greater Commercial club.

• •

Now, Pelee, wake up!

• •

Old Vesuvius would be only a hill in Oregon, as to size. But as to business our old Hood isn't in it.

• •

Look and feel pleasant. You can if you try.

• •

The weeds have no right to live around residences of supposedly civilized people.

• •

Old Vesuvius ought to be bought by some Rockefeller and torn down.

• •

Portland is to be the greatest city of the Pacific coast.

• •

Don't register.

• •

It is sure to come—the announcement that "the election passed off quietly."

• •

Go Sunday and admire the hats—and, by the way, you might think the sermon over a little.

• •

Really, isn't Gearin all right?

• •

We hope whoever "gets there" will be good.

• •

The heroes are not all dead.

• •

Why are the bowels of the earth disturbed near the sea of Naples rather than in the Hebides or in Patagonia, for instance?

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Lots of street improvements in Grants Pass.

• •

Yamhill county's school fair will be of much interest.

• •

Some typhoid in Corvallis. No need of it.

• •

Great opportunities in Coos county.

• •

Ironside item in Vale Oriano: Dick Bradley announces that he and his wife are the happy recipients of a bran new bouncing baby girl. The same arrived March 14 and all are doing well. Hurrah for Dick.

• •

Seaside is worrying about a baseball team.

• •

A first-class steam laundry is needed at Seaside.

• •

Skull Springs Correspondence of the Vale Oriano: The green grass is growing and this is fine spring weather. Range cattle and horses are doing fine and sheep are getting fat.

• •

Bank for Seaside within the next three months:

• •

Vale Oriano: C. M. Grimes, after seeding his meadow to alfalfa, is now sowing timothy. He says if he can get his usual crop of wild hay and two crops of alfalfa and one of timothy off the same ground he will be all right on the hay proposition.

• •

Gardiner Gazette: Spring is at last a reality with us, and is welcome indeed. These balmy days are the ideal kind for out of door pleasures, and the frog chorus may be heard nightly along the waterfront and marshes.

• •

Grants Pass is figuring on automatic telephones.

• •

Aurora Borealis: Nearly every day one or two tramps hit this office and ask for a piece of money or a bite to eat. We have held up several of these kind of people in the past, but the persons who cannot get work now and provide for themselves are not deserving of charity.

• •

Corvallis' Hooligan is in jail at last—probably serves him right.

• •

Some trout being caught by good fishermen.

LEWIS AND CLARK

At Cascade Locks.

April 12.—The rain continued all night and this morning. Captain Lewis now took with him all the men fit for duty and began to drag the remaining pirogue over the rapids. This had become much more difficult than when we passed in the autumn; at that time there were in the whole distance of seven miles only three difficult points, but the water is now very considerably higher and during all that distance the ascent is exceedingly laborious and dangerous; nor would it be practicable to descend, except by letting down the empty boats by means of ropes. The route over this part, from the foot to the head of the portage, is about three miles; the canoes which had already been dragged up were very much injured by being driven against the rocks, which no precautions could prevent. This morning, as we were drawing the fifth canoe around a projecting rock against which the current sets with great violence, she unfortunately offered too much of her side to the stream. It then drove her with so much force that with all the exertion of the party we were unable to hold her; we were forced to get go the cord and see her drift down the stream, to be irrecoverably lost. We then began to carry our effects across the portage, but as all those who had short rifles took them in order to repel any attack from the Indians, it was not until 5 o'clock in the afternoon that the last of the party reached the head of the rapids, accompanied by our new friend, the Clahclellah chief. The afternoon being so far advanced and the weather rainy and cold, we determined to halt for the night, though very desirous of going on; for during the last three days we have not advanced more than seven miles. The portage is 2,800 yards, along a narrow road, at all times rough and now rendered slippery by the rain. About half way is an old village, which the Clahclellah chief informs us is the occasional residence of his tribe. These houses are uncommonly large; one of them measured 160 by 40 feet; the frames are constructed in the usual manner, except that it is double, so as to appear like one house within another. The floors are on a level with the ground; the roofs have been taken down and sunk in a pond behind the village.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE DISCUSSED

Where Suffrage Fales.

Portland, April 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—I was peculiarly interested in a letter signed "Simple Justice," which appeared in your columns some time ago. I know by sad experience that the wife who has no share in the dispensing of the income (whose husband is the old-fashioned farmer sort, who holds that the master of the house means the master of the purse) is little less than a slave. A "servant" is so well remunerated in these days and is so decidedly independent that that term for such a wife is a misnomer. I gave up all idea of rearing a large family years ago, not from any race suicide notion, but from the realization after two years of wedded life that if I ever had another new hat or gown or my one child was booted and coated I must find the means of doing it myself. Upon marrying I thankfully gave up my trade (that of dressmaking) and turned with great relief to homemaking.

But I have since thankfully taken it up again as a last resort in a dire extremity. When my husband bemoans his lot as a disappointed man and accuses me of shirking the responsibility of parenthood I try to make him understand, but his vision is distorted and I know in my heart that he, that both of us, have missed much more in life than the pleasure a large family would bring. All the sweet ministrations, the little comforts and joys that a woman can bring together, are sadly lacking in his home. His wife is too busy earning an income with which to keep up the appearance of herself and baby, contribute to the church and some charities and paying any small bills that are presented at the door. In this home it is the hastily-prepared meal—and then the sewing machine. My husband receives a good salary and there is nothing to excuse such parsimony. We both suffer the consequences. In my mind woman suffrage pales before this question of rights in the home.

DRESSMAKER.

A Hearty Opponent of Suffrage.

Newberg, Or., April 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—For a number of years the Telegram was a daily visitor at my home and I was not pleased when the change was made to The Journal. I have fallen completely in love with The Journal and am one of its most devoted readers, and it is a welcomed daily. I have been very much interested in the woman suffrage question. I cannot understand why the women of today have become rampant and wild over the voting question. I am ashamed and sorry.

Can we for a moment imagine the mothers, wives and daughters of such grand historical men as Washington and Jefferson and dear old Abe Lincoln, with garments of gaudy colors and a very small red cap hardly large enough to cover the base of their brain, marching to the polls with blood in their eyes for the sterner sex they think opposses them. Why, I think I can almost see those sweet, modest women of long ago as we once and awhile nowadays see the little brown wren, flitting about busy at their daily home-making, almost smelling of the moss and wild roses.

No wonder women and girls are insulted by their employers when they deliberately step forward and place themselves in a man's private office. The very act itself tells a man she is out of her place. And there is always, or nearly so, untold misery connected with it. The woman at home, the wife he has sworn to love and protect, is the real sufferer. The more the high lord becomes enamored with his office girl the more he neglects his own home, and he soon becomes abusive to the one that really loves him.

Oh, girls, come back and take the place God intended you to occupy. Some of you your toiling mothers need you at home to help lighten their burdens. More than all, future generations depend on the woman of today. What will the offspring of our women be? I am a woman but never will I vote.

EDITH.

Woman's Sphere Is All Inclusive.

Ontario, Oregon, April 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your issue of April 5, we noticed an article entitled "The Man's Sphere and the Woman's." The writer of the same has attempted to discuss a matter seemingly from a very much obstructed viewpoint, and judging from the lack of knowledge of facts and history that he betrays, methinks that a mere woman could teach him one or two things yet.

He says: "How much greater (referring to something else) is the folly of those who would seek to make a woman into a man, who would clothe her with the duties and responsibilities which for centuries have devolved exclusively on the other sex." We would like to ask how going to the polls and making a few marks upon a sheet of paper would change a woman into a man. If five minutes' use of a paper and pencil could perform such miraculous feat, it would be dangerous for a woman to even handle such terrible things, let alone using them as extensively as millions of good wives and mothers and daughters do. As to duties and responsibilities, how many a poor mother has been obliged to take upon herself the duties of a dead or vicious husband, in order to support herself and little ones. How many have been forced by man's neglect to enter the masculine field of labor both physically and mentally. Thousands of women are every day performing work that is tenfold more trying to their nervous system and feminine nature than it would be for them to devote the limited time to study and voting that the average man bestows upon political work. Is it because of voting that the dry goods box whittler, saloon bum and wall supporter have no time to work and provide the necessities of life for their families? If it takes so much time from honest labor, why is it that our busiest workers are the most intelligent and conscientious voters? Does the successful business man neglect his business because of his privilege of voting? Why should it change a woman's nature or interfere with her duties?

One writer has said, "The greatest study of mankind is man." What is politics but a study of man and the laws that govern him? Has education hurt woman? Is the study of civil government and political economy a detriment to our school girls? The laws require those branches to be taught in many states.

Our opponent says, "Woman's sphere is the home, the school and the church." We are not wanting to desert any of them, but is that all we can or should attend to? What would become of the great army of working women if they were restricted to those three things? The time was when only one of the above three was open for women, viz.: the home. Then the only hope a poor, weak girl had was to get herself tied to a man, and woe unto her if she failed to catch some poor scrub of the male gender. She could go to church, but she had no voice there. The higher schools were not open to her either as student or teacher, because custom had decreed that a woman did not need an education, or was not capable of receiving it. Now, she takes the lead in educational matters, the great majority of our teachers being women. Does custom make right? Women train our boys in the home, the church, the school. They instruct the embryo voter far more than does man, and yet by some they are not considered competent to decide the very matters upon which they have been instructing others that are to have the privilege of the ballot. It makes the pupil greater than the teacher. Strange inconsistency! We would like to ask why "the women of Oregon are untrained in political duties." Are they? Many women are well versed in politics. Others will become so when there is need of it. Very few boys when they become of age know any more about politics than they have obtained in school. The negroes and many foreigners, when first given the right of franchise had not even an education back of them, and their knowledge of politics was generally limited to a couple glasses of whiskey. Even now hundreds of men in Oregon are absolutely ignorant of the important issues to come before the voters in June, while hundreds of others will support whatever man will pay for the most drinks. Every judge of election will testify to the large number of men who are unable to correctly mark their ballot. If the state would be in danger from woman's vote, what about the danger from the votes cast by the large number of ignorant and vicious men? It is claimed by some that women do not care to vote. That is true in some cases, but the same may be said of men, to some extent. For weeks before election the papers keep urging the voters to register, and yet many fail to do so; or if they do register they often care so little about voting that they will fail to go to the polls. This is very noticeable in local elections, where nothing but some excitement will bring out a large vote. Men vote where they are interested. Women will probably do the same. No one is compelled to cast a ballot.

EFFIE LAURENCE.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Vote as Freeman.

Portland, April 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—I say there is no such thing, nor cannot be, in speaking of the primary voting law, as statement No. 2. The very idea of even making mention of it is the last faint kick of party rule, of bosses, of packed conventions and of party names. All use for name, at all, is to qualify a voter to sign a candidate's petition and ruling him down to his own precinct convention, which is to be held on April 20. And I think that it is well we should have a Hob (Republican), a Nob (Democratic), a Jack, or any other distinguishing name, until that ordeal is passed; then it is a popular election, one accomplished by the people and for the people.

I have heard the expression, in the Democratic party, with which I have always cast my vote, "Get the nomination and I will work and land a certain number of votes, though it will take money to 'set 'em up'; also money to send cigars and whiskey out to our 'subs,' who tell me they can place it where it will 'do the most good' on election day and preceding." The people have no choice, never have had, and, when it comes down to facts, deserve none. They will be nothing but slaves to boss rule so long as our elections are controlled as they now are; and between now and election day in June these candidates have ample time to make their opinions known, and when the least quibble is made by them they should have no honest man's support. The whole vote of a candidate should be counted, and (be he Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist, Populist or Socialist) he should be proclaimed as the people's man. The party names have become offensive to the nostrils and the people should have a rest.

Some say the legislators who may be elected should pair off and divide to party names, as always heretofore, and vote and wire-pull, bribe and intimidate as usual under their old corrupt names. I say no, no, no! I say, add the whole number of votes cast for a certain person—no balloting and wasting the good money of the taxpayers and taking up the time which should be spent in good legislation, in repealing useless laws, and amending and revising old ones, etc. We have too much law, more than is lived up to, and more than our best lawyers understand.

People have first to ignore the idea of there being a virtue in a name and adopt Shakespeare when he says, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Nothing can be more true. Party names were once considered honorable, but what do they represent now? You have done your duty in registering and you will have a say in your individual precincts to choose your candidates for county officials, also for state officers. Then, after looking over the whole list, when you take your voting ballot into your little quiet stall, where no one will be to intimidate or make you afraid, look over the names for each office carefully, and be careful and not look at the party name—ignore them entirely—and compare one man with another, commencing with honesty, then truthfulness, qualification and good horse sense and place an X before the name of the man who excels the other, and so on through the whole ticket. If two opposing candidates are entire strangers to you, don't look to see which is Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Independent, or any other old worn-out corrupt name, but read the papers, read and inform yourselves as to individual excellence; then you can retire to your booth and draw your independent drapery around you and defy the heretofore bosses, and, for once in your lives, deliver up your ballot entirely full—no blanks—and take the outside from the way you came in, your heart swelling with the fact of having exercised the right of a free citizen of the United States. Do this and make it publicly known that you have for the first time exercised your rights as a free man.

AN INTERESTED READER OF YOUR OUTSPOKEN JOURNAL.

A Coin Identified, and Other Things.

Portland, Or., April 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Sunday Journal of April 5 contained an item relative to a gold coin found by some in in Portland with the inscription "Frederic Prussorum Rex." It was stated that no one had so far identified the coin. I can tell you what that coin is; it is a Frederick d'Or, a Prussian coin struck during the reign of Frederick the Great of Prussia, highly prised by numismatists.

Regret to notice that your paper is one of the many that take a never-ending delight in flinging ridiculous slurs at poor Emperor Bill. Monday's issue contains an item in Small Change column to the effect that "If Emperor Bill doesn't quit pitching into somebody, etc., he will get a licking yet." Bill has never pitched into anybody yet, wouldn't even pitch when invited to by all Europe during the Boer war, when the armed coalition and interference of Europe against England came to naught because the pugnacious, bellicose, mischief-brewing, maligned Bill flatly refused; poor policy on his part, but he refused and even poor old Kruger was forbidden to enter German territory, while France ostentatiously lionized him. A fellow so morbidly meddlesome and spoiling for a scrap as all of the English and a few of the American papers represent him to be would surely have availed himself of such a rare opportunity when he could have pitched in and after the fashion of the English covered himself with glory in a fight of many against one.

You probably refer to the Morocco affair as an example of his meddlesomeness. He simply insisted on his rights, guaranteed to him as a participant of the Madrid conference in the '80s, which specified that none of the powers should exercise exclusive control of Moroccan affairs. The separate treaty or understanding between England and France was therefore void, and one of its clauses which limited free trade in Morocco to a term of 30 years plainly showed the ultimate intentions of France with regard to that country, viz.: to gradually absorb it and make it French territory, as they had done with Tunis. Emperor Bill in thus insisting on his rights, which among other things included the maintaining of the open door, did no more pitching or meddling than John Hay proclaiming the principle of the open door in China, and John Hay was applauded as a wise statesman, and justly so.

As regards the licking Emperor Bill would get, that is a highly interesting topic to discuss. In the seven years' war Prussia, which is only a part of Germany, stood up and successfully fought all Europe, a feat which the idolized Bonaparte failed to accomplish. Between 1864 and 1871 Germany fought three wars without losing one single solitary battle, not only against the Danes and Austrians, but the great and incomparable, the nonpareil French, the very sons of Mars.

Seems like all this rather vindictive talk about Emperor Bill pitching into somebody and spoiling for a scrap is a little off. There is no glory in seeking trouble with those whom you can thrash singly or in a bunch. That is H'English, you know.

WILLIAM RICHTER.

Alleged Scarcity of Laborers.

Portland, Or., April 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—As I am a constant reader of The Journal, I have noticed in your paper for about a week or so that people complain they can't get laborers, and that there is a scarcity of laborers all over the United States—more so in the northwest than any place else, especially in Oregon. Let me tell you, Mr. Editor, that is a fearful lie, or a willful misstatement, if statistics are true, which they surely are. They show us how many men are daily thrown out of employment, also the average wages of the United States, and you know that there is always more improved machinery coming out, and by this more men will be thrown out of work. I dare anybody to deny it. They can get all the men they want, providing they treat them as white men and as human beings. If these people are willing to give the working class of people good, healthy, substantial food, a decent place to sleep, talk to them like men, not overwork them, pay them white-man wages, and pay them promptly when their week or month is up, and not hire them from an employment office, then I am sure they will have no trouble in securing laborers and plenty of good ones, too. But here lies another trouble. The foreman or the contractor or superintendent or manager will go to an employment office for help of all kinds instead of inserting an advertisement for help in a daily newspaper, which would amount to but very little; but there is no graft in it, while there is a graft in this employment office for them all the way from $5 to $6 cents for every man they hire. Here I have given you good reasons for all this, and I hope you will be kind enough to publish these facts in your paper.

G. M.

WHEN MAN GOES A-WOOING

By Beatrice Fairfax.

There is a certain type of man who takes to love-making as naturally as a duck to water.

He cannot talk five minutes to a woman without infusing a little subtle flattery into his conversation.

He does not take woman seriously.

To him she is a charming plaything, to be petted and made much of, but not to turn to in his more serious moments.

Much practice renders him very proficient in the art of love-making.

He has studied woman so thoroughly that he knows all her moods and just how to take them.

His manner toward a young girl implies that she is an accomplished flirt and woman of the world, and she likes that because the rest of the world treats her as though she were a baby.

Older women he talks to as though they were years younger than they really are, and of course they like that, for even the most "advanced" woman has a slight leaning toward appearing younger than she actually is.

And so all women like him, though perhaps in their hearts some of them do not quite trust him. He is too much all things to all women.

While women may like this type of man, they do not as a rule fall in love with him.

Half the charm in winning a man's love lies in the fact that you have won something which other women have not been able to.

There is no great triumph in winning the love of a man who has made love to every woman he meets.

His affection is rather a shopworn article by the time it finally settles permanently.

The question is, Does it ever settle permanently?

Is a girl not running a risk in marrying a man whose heart is touched by every pretty face?

Matrimony is not likely to change his roving tendencies.

It is very hard to tell when this type of wooer is in earnest, for the simple reason that he is temporarily in earnest with every girl he makes love to.

When he awakes to the fact that he is being taken seriously, his love cools off very quickly.

The young, unsophisticated girl suffers many a heartache over this kind of man.

The more experienced girl meets him on his own ground, and accepts his attentions at their proper value. It is a case of diamond cut diamond.

Beware of this gallant wooer, girls.

He is very charming and pleasant to be with, but don't lose your hearts to him too readily.

He is an accomplished juggler with women's hearts, but does not realize how easily they break.

The Rise of the Astors.

From the Kansas City Star.

Only a few years ago William Waldorf Astor landed in England an obscure multi-millionaire. Now his gracious majesty Edward VII has condescended to appoint Mr. Astor's son a second lieutenant. There is nowhere in the wide world where sturdy American pluck can not succeed.

Birds Full of Dynamite.

Monticello (Mo.) Cor. New York World.

A gang of quarrymen blasting for limestone 10 miles northeast of here ran short of fresh meat a short time ago and cast about for means to replenish their supply until the boss of the job could lay in a barrel of pork and some jerked beef. It would have been comparatively easy to shoot a deer, but the boss wouldn't have it, so one of the men who owned a rifle of small caliber suggested grouse. To this the boss offered no objection.

The birds were plentiful all about the job, being drawn by scattered grain about the barn where the draught horses were kept and by chips of rock along the edge of the new opening. The latter were greedily gobbled for digestives, and when the grouse were missing at the barn they could surely be found about the refuse heaps thrown up by blasts.

Thorman, owner of the rifle, chose a bright morning to replenish the pot, and he hadn't gone 10 rods back of the barn before he saw a fine fat grouse hugging a limb of a hemlock. Taking careful aim at the bird's head he pulled the trigger. The result astonished him so that he gasped. A loud report followed the sharp crack of the 22-caliber rifle, and where the grouse had been sitting he observed a light cloud of brown feathers floating in the air. Not a sign of the bird's body could be found.

The effect of the shot was so remarkable that Thorman went for a companion before he sought another bird. This, when fired at, also blew up and the men marveled. A third shot through the head, came down in orthodox manner, but a fourth simply disappeared off the face of the earth.

"I guess I can explain that all right," said the boss when the one grouse was brought to him and the story of the explosions had been told. "The same thing happened up on the Brace manganese job last year."

With a sharp knife he carefully stripped the grouse and opened its crop. Out rolled four or five small pebbles of brown substance, somewhat harder than putty.

"Dynamite," he said laconically. "They've been picking it up near the blast house, and when you fired you shot low and hit the crop. You might as well shoot at a stick of the stuff."

After that the men aimed high and had no trouble in getting what birds they wanted. In the majority bits of the explosive were found in the crops.

Peace in the Philippines.

From Harper's Weekly.

It is said that not long ago a war department official was approached by a man who was thinking of moving to the Philippines to enter business.

"I would like to know the status of things there from a reliable source," the man said. "Is there now a condition of peace?"

"Well, not exactly everywhere," the official admitted.

"Could you give me an idea as to when peace will be established?"

"Not off-hand, but you can get the census report and figure it out for yourself," the official said, somewhat bitterly. "We estimate that it requires a man's weight in lead to thoroughly 'pacify' him, and the quartermaster's office can furnish you with a statement of ammunition shipments."

Juvenile Faith.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Tucker (over his morning paper)—I am much afraid the senate is going all wrong on this pure food bill.

Tommy—Why, paw, how can it? Isn't it opened with prayer every mornin'?

Brief Biographies.

Edited by Wex Jones.

ADAM—The first monopolist was Adam. The first consumer was Adam. Therefore Adam had the unique and exquisite pleasure of raising the price of beef to the consumer, and the equally great pleasure of kicking at the price put on by the trust. Adam was the only happy man.

COLUMBUS—The great Columbus discovered America, but hadn't sense enough to write it up. He was the first man to act upon Greeley's advice to go west. Columbus was so persevering that he knocked all the old ideas galley west in his excitement.

DARWIN—A scientist with courage enough to recognize his ancestors.

DIANA—Diana used to hunt deer; an excellent idea for the modern woman, as it would give the men a chance.

KIPLING—Any one who writes lines ending—"said Dingbat on parade."

NIMROD—A mighty hunter, but lacking the O. K. of his White House superior.

NOAH—Every schoolboy has heard of the Ark. Noah was the skipper of the Ark, and he had as passengers a rummer lot than the United States senate.

SHAKESPEARE—Shakespeare was a poet who plagiarized from all his successors.

SOLOMON—A wise man who married many wives. A prize of untold gold to the reader who first solves this statement.

She Needs to Knead.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Miss Pease—How do you like that new beauty doctor?

Mrs. Ques—He's perfectly horrid! I asked him what I could do to develop my arms and he said I'd better go home and knead my own bread.