EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—Horace Mann.

ARBITRATION IS BETTER THAN BUTCHERY.

NOBODY EXPECTS the nations gathered at The Hague to abolish war or accomplish disarmament at a single bound. Man is an animal whose advance from barbarism to his present civilization has required 6,000 years. The old world man is a slave to antique forms of government, and in terror of modern innovation. The pretense for the mailed hand is fear of foes without, but continental autocrats and their satellites find in it ready convenience for repression of foes who might spread democratic ideas within. Thrones rest more securely on armies than on public opinion, and the European peasant with two or three soldiers on his back has little time from the exigencies of life to plan or plot for self-government. The most potential force for checking militarism and armament is the voice of a free people, but when this is choked by a decadent autocracy, as in Europe, the process of beating swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks must be tedious and piecemeal.

Yet the proposals at the conference are encouraging beyond expectation. Both Germany and France have voices for arbitration, while another proposal would make hospital ships neutral and immune from capture or annoyance. Another proposal would render unfortified towns immune from bombardment, while still others in various ways would narrow the scope and lessen the horrors of war. As, one by one, they discuss and eliminate these terrors of conflict, perhaps these solons of Christendom may come to realize, by and by, that mothers do not nurture sons to maturity to be bayonetted, or that trivial disputes are not solved best and most easily by the butchery of men.

FRUITS OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE contention of the Eugene Guard that a college education is sometimes of doubtful value, will be to most people, an indefensible view. It is inconceivable that a modern college education can be harmful to any young person. Methods have changed as the world has moved along, and the education of today is not the mere drill in Latin, Greek, mythology, music, painting and like accomplishments that it used to be. There is a better grasp now of the relations of industry and science, and a better understanding of the real practical problems of life. In modern colleges, while the mind is taught to reason and analyze, the hand is taught to fashion. It cannot be that harm can come to any young woman because she is taught the chemistry of cooking, the art of bread-making and needlework, or the ethics of the home. Rules of hygiene and sanitation that are a part of the new curricula cannot possibly harm her. Knowledge of how to use a hammer and anvil, a carpenter saw or a jack plane, or the chemistry of soils as related to crops, all incidents to modern college training, never sent a young man to the penitentiary, and never will. The science of a flower, the philosophy of plant growth, the commercial value of the mountain stream, the knowledge of what the outcrop tells of the minerals below, indeed the relation of nature to man and man's wants, which are embodied in scientific education, cannot be a source of harm, but of infinite benefit to every young man. The man who can read in the forest tree or the mountain side the story of man and mammon, who can go to the electric forces and harness them to his burden, has an asset that the world wants and is paying handsomely for. When Japan set out on her career to rise from nothing to a world power, her first act was to send hundreds of her young men to occidental colleges to be trained for leadership in her projected civilization. Did she err in her conception or method, and did her young men fail of their errand? If barbarism is the price of ignorance, why should Christendom question the utility of enlightment?

Better reasoning powers, a wider horizon, uplifted conceptions, a sterner purpose, increased self-reliance, ability to know and love nature, and keener knowledge of life and better contentment with it, these are fruits of a college education, and it is inconceivable wherein there is one individual to whom they would be of doubtful value. Is not the lack of them positive handicap?

WATCHING THE WHEAT.

IT IS natural for farmers of the Inland Empire, and many other people, to be solicitous just now about the enormous wheat crop that, if nothing untoward happens, will be harvested during the next few weeks. The prospect is for a record-breaking crop, which can be prevented only by hot winds that occasionally sweep over portions of that region about this time or a little later, or by an unprecedented lack of harvest help. Already there are reports of injury around Walla Walla by hot winds, but so far little damage has been done, and even if similar reports should follow it is well to remember that the injury from this as well as other causes is almost invariably exaggerated.

The crop is usually pretty well destroyed several times between planting and harvesting, but "gets there just the same." The hot winds that shrivel the kernel while in the dough come across a considerable part of the wheat belt at the right—or rather wrong—time only once in 8 or 10 years on an average, though small areas may be injured nearly every year. The chances are against any large injury now.

A big wheat crop throughout the Upper Country will bring an enormous amount of money into it during the next year, perhaps $20,000,000 or more. This in addition to many other millions for livestock and wool and other products makes that the richest piece of agricultural territory in proportion to population in the United States.

MORE BAD TEACHING.

THE PROFESSOR of political and social science of the university of the state of Washington advises the youth of his section to abstain from matrimony until prices fall. And when prices fall it will be complained that business is dull and wages are lower and times are hard. Various professors of different colleges seem to have lately an epidemic of giving bad advice; there appears to be a sort of unorganized contest among them as to which can express the greater amount or degree of foolishness. There was never a better time for healthy, intelligent, capable, honest, ambitious young people to marry than now. It is true that the necessaries of life are higher than for many years in this country, and have increased more than the incomes of people working for wages, yet there are more and better opportunities than ever for people with a little capital, and there is an urgent demand for labor of all kinds. There is no danger that the right kind of a young couple such as we have mentioned cannot live comfortably and save something, even with the high cost of living. Of course if a young man just leaving school is determined to become a professional man, a lawyer for instance, and has no money, he should not marry, unless he marries what he lacks, nor is it wise for a young woman to marry a man who is both impecunious and incapable, but taking such young people as this professor was addressing as a whole, the advice was bad, and even shameful. A teacher who gives such advice not only confesses himself a moral coward, but takes it for granted that the young people of this generation are equally invertebrate with himself.

BUILDINGS NOT FIREPROOF.

ACCORDING to a bulletin of the United States geological survey—getting apparently out of its proper latitude—"Investigations made by three of the most competent structural experts in the country have led them to the conclusion that there are no absolutely fireproof buildings. Not that fireproof buildings are impossible, for, according to these experts, structural materials may be so selected and used that adequate fire protection is practically assured; but in the effort to cheapen construction in order to obtain greater interest on investments, owners of buildings have neglected or ignored perils to lives and fortunes."

A great fire equaling those of Chicago or Baltimore—though not that of San Francisco, except under like conditions—might occur in any great city of the country because, though there has been great improvement in the art of building, fireproof buildings are yet the exception and not the rule. Investigations have been made by both the interior and the war department, and a forecast of the report states that the lessons of the Chicago and Baltimore fires are still unlearned, and declares that a remedy for existing conditions can be had only by the enactment of strict building laws which will compel fireproof construction. Professor Soule estimates that the earthquake caused directly but 10 per cent of the loss suffered in San Francisco, and that most of the balance of 90 per cent could have been prevented by wise foresight in building, and it is stated that present methods of building are not as a rule sufficient to resist a general conflagration. In a summary of the report it is said:

High steel frame office buildings, properly braced, are declared to be stable and reliable, and concrete and reenforced concrete structures are placed high among materials well adapted to withstand earthquake and fire, while hollow tiles and hollow concrete, although not in the past universally successful, may be so employed as to yield most satisfactory results. Concrete floors with metallic mesh reenforcements are strongly recommended for strength and fire resistance, and wire glass, metallic rolling shutters, and metal sash have proved such excellent fire protectors that wise economy demands their use in every important building.

The full report, not yet published, should be of much value to builders, and to city authorities.

All Americans are glad that Mark Twain is having a good time over among the Britishers, and don't begrudge them the pleasure they are having in entertaining America's most distinguished humorist and philosopher. Mr. Clemens is fortunate above most men of genius or exceptional talent in being pretty fully appreciated while yet alive and able to enjoy the appreciation shown to him and the honors conferred upon him. May he live years yet to learn that the world likes him because he has made it happier.

Ambassador Bryce, who has been traveling through Kansas, Oklahoma and the Indian territory, is quoted as saying: "The southwest possesses the agricultural wealth of France, the rural beauties of England, and the tinted azure skies of Italy." My! What would the distinguished Englishman say if he should spend a month or two traveling through Oregon? Wouldn't he have to "drop into poetry?"

The sum and substance of the whole matter is that Brother Geer, and a few other editors and politicians want senators elected by the legislature as of yore, and not by the people, as the present law contemplates. They fear the people will not decide to suit them.

A Custom That Has Survived Since the Conqueror.

Robert Shackleton in Harper's.

When they prepared to bury William in the great abbey church which he had built at Caen a poor man fell upon his knees and cried aloud: "Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! A l'aide, mon prince! On me fait tort!" ("To my aid! They are wronging me!") And the burial of the puissant duke and king did not proceed until the appeal had been listened to and the wrong set right. William had taken the man's land, so it appeared, in building the church, and, as is sometimes the way with great men, had conveniently forgotten to pay.

This Clameur de Haro, as it is legally termed, this very perfection of injunction peremptory is no mere antiquarian dead letter. It was but a few months ago that an unhappy citizen applied the injunction to one of the rulers of the island of Guernsey who was tearing down a building in dispute between them. He knelt upon the steps of the courthouse, and his voice went quaveringly as he began the ancient cry, and then shrilled high and loud; and people stood about in silent awe, until the rite complete, the man arose, all trembling, and looked about him, uncertain and in fear, and the rich man desisted instantly, and when the court heard the case it decided for the demand of the poor.

I talked with both appealer and appealed against. "He had to stop," said the poor man, quietly; "he had no choice." "I had to stop when he cried 'Ha! Ro!'" said the rich man quietly; "I had no choice." And this in the twentieth century, at the edge of England, because of the memory of a certain Duke Rolle, contemporary with the English Alfred, who was so stern for instant justice, with none of those civilized delays which make lawyers rich and justice difficult, that merely to call thrice upon his name (Ro being an abbreviation or its Norman form) had become incorporated as a legal proceeding of highest moment long before the time of William the Conqueror!

A Summer Day.

By Laurana W. Sheldon, in the July Metropolitan Magazine.

Now glides the day reluctant to the night,
Dreading his fond embrace and eager yet to stay,
Flooding the distant hills with iridescent light;
Threading the dreary wood with many a golden ray.

Lagging her step and ardent her desire;
See now the glory of her parting smile!
See how she sets the western clouds on fire,
Sprinkling the lake with myriad gems the while!

Peace to thee, day! And surcease of regret!
Go to they rest beyond the distant hills.
Soon shalt thou wake to greet the violet;
Soon shalt return to banish night's dread ills.

Virginia's Natural Bridge

Natural Bridge, Va., June 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—"God's greatest miracle in stone," the Natural bridge of Virginia, attracts the attention of thousands this year. This wonderful structure overlooks the James river valley, being on the western slope of the Blue Ridge mountains and at the center of the state of Virginia. Professor Thomas Condon once told me that it ranked among the wonders of the world, and advised me to see it. It certainly approaches the Niagara in grandeur, and exceeds it in height and mystery. It is a single block of limestone, with many shades of color. The walls are smooth as if cut with chisels, and there is no sign of displacement.

The visitor follows a tumbling cascade down a deep fissure in the mountain, under some of the largest arborvitae trees in the world, and turning down a line of steps cut in the precipice, suddenly finds himself by a swift stream in a dark canyon and the great bridge 215 feet above him. Its width is 100 feet and the span 90 feet. He passes into the awful hush of the twilight into the conscious presence of the Creator. The place is full of echoes. The story of the building of the Natural bridge has never been told. It is a mighty monolith.

Washington when a surveyor for Lord Fairfax visited this wonder and carved his name where it may now be seen. During the Revolution the French organized two expeditions to visit the bridge. From their measurements and diagrams a picture was made in Paris, which for half a century was copied in Europe and America as correct. Marshall, Monroe, Clay, Benton, Jackson, Van Buren, Sam Houston and others registered here at the bridge.

The original bridge tract was granted to Thomas Jefferson in 1774 by King George III. After Jefferson was president he visited this place, made a map from his own surveyings and preserved the same. Jefferson built a log cabin here and left two slaves to care for the cabin. One room was reserved for visitors. Jefferson left a large book in which strangers might write sentiments. The book was written full, but was accidentally destroyed in 1845. Jefferson spoke of this bridge as yet to be a famous place "that will draw the attention of the world." Marshall wrote of "God's greatest miracle in stone." Clay wrote of "the bridge not made with hands, that spans a river, carries a highway, and makes two mountains one." The glen above the bridge extends to Lace waterfalls, one mile, where Cedar creek leaps a great distance from the upper level. This glen was probably once an immense cave. The path follows the stream, or is cut into the rocks that form its bank. On the right, a little above the bridge, Cathedral wall projects boldly, covered with mosses and lichens. The precipice on the left side is in color light blue, and delicately traced with vines and evergreens. Farther up the cliffs on the right are red brown, scarred and seamed, and crowned with crags. Saltpeter cave is chiefly interesting because it was worked for its niter during the war of 1812, and later by the Confederate government.

The Lost river is a subterranean stream, that is reached through a low archway which has been made in the mountainside. The torrent dashes from some lofty cavern to one below the creek. The waters are cool, clear and pleasant to the taste, and the murmurs from the deep recesses are weird and entrancing.

The Natural bridge park is a plateau 1,500 feet above the sea, and comprises about 2,000 acres generously traversed by smooth, safe carriage roads, together with numerous walks and bridle paths.

The bridge connects two of the five round-top mountains that rise boldly from the great valley of Virginia, the historic James river being but two miles distant. ALBERT TOZIER.

The Book Booster.

By James J. Montague.

When one Wagner—not a Wagner who
inspired the frightful strife
Of the fluegelhorn and saxophone and
kettledrum and fife—
Put out a book explaining what a fine
thing was content,
He dispatched a sample copy to our
learned president;
And the president so volubly its simple
charm extolled
That editions scarce were printed ere
the last book had been sold.

Then a set of nature fakers sat them
gladly down to write
How wolves made hash of reindeer with
one comprehensive bite.
And when their books reached Washington the president replied
With short and ugly phrases which informed them that they lied.
And all the populace was warned their
trifling tales to shun.
Yet now these nature fakers' books are
selling by the ton.

So, harken, all you writing folk, whose
pens are always loosed!
Don't worry if you cannot get a presidential boost,
But write on Hindu gods, or glue, or
war, or whales, or trout,
Or any of the billion things that he
knows all about.
If he approves the work, your fame will
rise up like a rocket;
But you'll be far more fortunate if he
elects to knock it.

Mrs. McKinley's Last Moments.

Canton Correspondence New York Sun.

One of those who watched at the death bed of Mrs. McKinley speaks of the last moments as follows:

"I will never believe that Mrs. McKinley did not know at the very moment of the soul's transition that she was passing from death unto life.

"I bent over her at that moment and saw her face transfigured as though animated by great joy.

"Sweetly, tenderly, spiritually beautiful was its aspect. The breathing had grown shorter, shorter, shorter; there was a convulsive tremor, the muscles of her shoulders and throat slightly struggled; she raised her arms, her lips parted, and through them came a sound not articulate, but like a sobbing, joyous sigh.

"Once more she breathed gently. Not more soft was the flight of the soul than was that exhalation. Some of us were kneeling at the bedside, and it seemed as though we almost saw the reunion between the wife and her loved husband.

"In death Mrs. McKinley's face is stamped by a beauty ineffably sweet and a contentment not less than divine."

This Date in History.

1644—Charles I. Victor at Cropredy Bridge.

1812—Mrs. Siddons took her farewell of the stage.

1861—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, poetess, died. Born March 6, 1806.

1863—Gen. Meade succeeded Gen. Hooker in command of the army of the Potomac.

1865—William E. Borah, United States senator from Idaho, born.

1891—An inland lake appeared in the Colorado desert.

1895—Banks of New York prevented a money panic by the loan of $6,000,000.

1895—Thomas Henry Huxley, physiologist, died. Born May 4, 1825.

1899—Harvard victorious in three boat races with Yale.

1900—Battleship Oregon grounded near Chefoo, China.

Words and Deeds.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"There never was a time in my life, fellow citizens," exclaimed the candidate, "when I hadn't the courage to call a spade a spade!"

"Yes," spoke up an old farmer in the audience; "and there never was a time in your life when you had the courage to take one in your hand!"

Roosevelt's Revolver as Viewed by Arthur Brisbane

From the New York Journal.

The newspapers on Sunday reported the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, president of the United States, carried a revolver in his pocket at a public function.

An accident has revealed the fact that the president carries a revolver in his pocket. That accident should make American citizens ashamed of conditions that make it necessary and wise for a public servant to move about thus protected, and determined to do away with that necessity.

Mr. Roosevelt is the representative of all the people of this country. He was elected by the expressed will of a great majority of all the voters. He represents, absolutely and thoroughly, the principle of government which gives to the majority the right to control.

Many men as conscientious as Mr. Roosevelt disagree with [illegible] of his ideas. Many criticise him, and he recognizes, as all sensible men must, that conscientious criticism is a duty, even when aimed at men doing their best.

Nobody questions that Mr. Roosevelt has done his best in office. Nobody questions that he has given all of his time and all of his very great energy to the service of the people; no one doubts that he has sought to represent them faithfully.

Under the circumstances it is distressing and disgraceful that there should be any necessity, any wisdom of self-precaution involved in the president carrying a weapon.

It ought to be impossible for any human being, save a maniac, to think of harming a man whose character represents earnestness of purpose and whose office represents the right of the people to govern themselves.

Of all vile and cowardly creatures imaginable, the worst is the man who in a free country resorts to violence, to dastardly crime, as an argument in politics.

Any man who indulges the disgraceful talk of anarchy, any man who has even a word of palliation for those that preach violence among free men, is a disgrace to the nation and would be better out of it, and out of life.

The duty of Americans is to fight their battles at the polls. Their duty is to try first with the ballot to find official expression for their beliefs, and second to try through honest, manly criticism and advice to influence officials in action.

Every step beyond that, everything that partakes of the nature of threat or intimidation, is purely criminal and should be treated as criminal.

Unfortunately, the people are bound to admit that the accident which revealed the revolver in the president's pocket also revealed in the president a wise sense of self-protection. There could be no greater blow at free government than a repetition of the shameful, cowardly crimes that have already marked our history. The president does his duty to the people far more than to himself when he takes every precaution against that vilest of criminals who decorates himself with the name of anarchist, or tries under any other name to disguise his cowardly brutality.

The people, loathing the vileness of mind and of heart that underlies and stimulates physical violence, will be very glad to know that the president takes and causes to be taken every precaution to thwart any possible attempt upon his person, and upon the right of the people of America to govern the country through their chosen representatives.

Letters From the People

A Strap-Hanger's Protest.

Portland, June 28.—To the Editor of The Journal: Dear Sir:—I believe you will not refuse me space in your paper as I have always found you ready and willing to champion the cause of the oppressed.

"Patience becomes a stumbling-block to righteousness when it ceases to be a virtue." This is applicable to the patrons of the Mount Scott division of the O. W. P. & R. company. This Mount Scott district, the most populous of Portland's suburbs, receives the poorest car service imaginable. The rapidly increasing population of this district is estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 and the railroad company seems to consider a 15-minute car service sufficient.

"As a resident of the district I have traveled on their cars at all hours, and I am safe in saying that I never yet have seen sitting accommodations for all passengers. The condition in the mornings, when working people go to town, and from 5 until 7:30 in the evening when they are returning is little short of criminal. There is a lame attempt being made by the railroad to put on a few extra cars during the busy hours, but they don't begin to relieve the congestion; many people walk up to Morrison street, and even to Yamhill to meet incoming cars, filling the aisle and platforms in their mad scramble for seats. When the cars reach Alder street they are full.

"I saw not long ago 110 passengers crowded in one car intended for 48. There is not a car leaving the city on the Mount Scott line between the hours of 5 and 8 in the evening that has not hanging to its straps, holding on to backs of seats or clinging to the rails of the platform from 10 to 50 persons; you can see poor, tired-out women and young girls, perhaps after standing all day behind a counter or at hard work in a factory, pale and drooping, hanging to a strap, their tired bodies swaying as the car swings and jolts along.

"Another sin that lays at the door of the railroad company is the destruction of the chivalry innate in man. The company has turned his spirit of gallantry into callous selfishness, as you seldom see a man offering a seat he occupies to a woman. It seems to have become a struggle, and the men seem to think that they will thus shame the railroad into giving human consideration to the tired woman whose nickels are enriching it. But they will find in the future as in the past that the passenger's money, and not his comfort, is all that the O. W. P. is looking after.

"Not only are you made to stand, but you are also humiliated by the voice of the conductors' commanding you like a man driving dumb brutes, to 'move forward in the aisle,' and you will look around in wonderment to see if there is a possible way of crowding any closer.

"Is not there a law to compell this company to give us at least a reasonably good service for the money they collect from us? Why don't the company double track the Mount Scott line, where people reside and where good service is so necessary instead of along the Oaks line? Simply because of the extra 15 cents which is collected from every person entering the Oaks, besides what you spend after entering.

"The Mount Scott people 'be ——;' they will have to take what we give them, or walk,' seems to be the slogan of the O. W. P. company. But let us go after them. Make them give us fair service. We want nothing but what we are entitled to. It is not justice to hold us on the sidings from 5 to 15 minutes when we are tired and hungry; we don't like to see our wives, sisters or daughters compelled to stand during a long, tiresome ride; you would not want to see any of the female members of your own families forced to stand in a streetcar 20 to 40 minutes. Our women are as good as yours—they pay for seats, and you must provide them.

"Yours for better service.

"A. B. M."

An Old Soldier's View of the "Unwritten Law."

Montavilla, Or., June 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please accept my thanks for the editorials, "The Unwritten Law," "The Revolver Again," and one on the general proposition that the man who habitually carries a revolver is a coward, which appeared in The Journal of the 24th inst.

I am one of the Grand Army, which saw the flag carried safely from the Ohio river to the gulf of Mexico, I am a lover of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but I have no sympathy whatever with the phrase, "unwritten law," or the so-called "manly act" of a "defender of honor." It is a deplorable fact that many girls and women are victims of the unbridled passion of men, yet the shooting down of the betrayer adds manslaughter to the list of crimes and has a tendency to create a disrespect for all law. It is high time that the journals of the better class lifted up their voice in stentorian tones against every tendency to mob law.

ARTHUR H. NICHOLS.

His Old Excuse.

"A poor tramp stopped at the door today," said Mrs. Subbubs, "and I gave him a good meal.

"Well, well," sneered her husband, "why did you do that, softy?"

"I just couldn't help it; he reminded me so much of you. I asked him if he'd saw some wood for me, and he said he was too tired."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Dr. Long Rebukes Roosevelt

"It is an unwritten law of the camp," says Dr. Long, the naturalist, in an interview in the New York Times, "that you may go after game when you need it, but must spare the animal that comes confidently to your own door. But Mr. Roosevelt makes his own laws.

"Sitting on his veranda, a deer comes to drink at the river in front of him. The great huntsman records:

"'Slipping stealthily into the house, I picked up my rifle. * * * I held true, and as the smoke cleared away the deer lay struggling on the sands.'

"Too bad that deer did not know the heart of humanity as well as Mr. Roosevelt knows the heart of wild things.

"He writes of two antelope: 'They stood side by side facing me, motionless, unheeding the cracks of the rifle.' He killed one, after four shots, and then took several vain shots at the mate as it ran away. 'This deer did not seem satisfied,' he says, 'but kept hanging around in the distance, looking at us.' A nature-writer would say here that the deer was looking for his lost mate; but that, of course, would be a lie. He was merely ashamed of not letting himself be killed by so great a hunter.

"'There was one last elk left in the country wherein Mr. Roosevelt had his ranch in the west. One day the lonely old fellow, the last of a noble race, wandered upon the ranch. He belongs to a gregarious tribe, and he probably felt that he might find a sort of companionship, among the cattle. 'Of course,' writes Mr. Roosevelt, 'such a chance was not to be neglected.' He grabbed his rifle and rushed out.

"'My bullet struck too far back, but made a deadly wound. The elk disappeared in a wild, plunging gallop. We followed the bloody trail and found him dead in a thicket. * * * No sportsman can ever feel keener pleasure and self-satisfaction than when he walks up to a grand elk lying dead in the cool shade of the evergreen.'"

To this last sentiment Mr. Long utters a distinct denial, addressed directly to his opponent in the controversy:

"You are mistaken, Mr. Roosevelt—profoundly, absolutely, hopelessly mistaken. There was a better chance that you neglected when that lonely old elk the last of his race, wandered to your ranch, seeing your cattle unmolested, and thinking, it may even be, in his dim brute way, that here was a place where he might be safe from his enemies. And there is a keener pleasure than to walk up to a noble animal dead in the cool shade of the evergreen, his glad life gone, his symmetry distorted in the death struggle, his beautiful brown coat all clotted and blood-stained and his soft eyes glazing rapidly as if to hide the reproach that is in them. There is a greater pleasure and wisdom in all this, but you will never know what they are. The bloody endings over which you gloat bring little self-satisfaction to a thoughtful man who has seen the last look in the eyes of a stricken deer, and who remembers that even this small life has its mystery like our own. You are not a sportsman, though you have slain your thousands; you are not a naturalist, though you have measured hides and horns; you do not and you cannot understand 'the hearts of the wild things,' though you have made a grievous quantity of them bleed. It needs no eye-witness nor any affidavit to support this statement. You have yourself furnished all the proof."

Plants That Man's Presence Affects.

Howard J. Shannon in Harper's

There are two classes of plants which are incited by man's presence to describe certain definite movements. One class, the sensitive plants, retract their leaflets as we approach them as if they resented any attempt at closer intimacy, while the other class comprising all those vines which develop climbing organs called tendrils, will reach out toward us if we place our hands in contact with them, and will even use a finger as a support to climb upon. We know that these tendrils will wind just as readily about a twig or a grass stem, but as one feels these sensitive strands multiply their encircling coils about one's fingers, there almost seems to be established between us and the vegetable world a more intimate relationship than has ever existed before.

Tendrils are indeed capable of exhibiting faculties and going through evolutions more wonderful perhaps than many of us realize. It is only after we have seen them at work, testing with their sensitive tips the objects they come in contact with, apparently considering their suitability as a support and then accepting or rejecting them, as the case may be—it is only then that we realize how justly they have been called the "brains of plant life."

The thoroughness with which these wandering tips explore their surroundings is illustrated by an instance I observed in a grapevine tendril. A cherry branch, whose leaves had been variously punctured and scalloped by insects, hung near the tendril, and a particular leaf had just one small hole in its blade, not over three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. So careful had been the exploration of the leaf's surface that this one small hole had been discovered by the tendril, which had thrust itself nearly three inches through the opening.

Indians in Politics.

From the Kansas City Star.

With the anticipated admission of Oklahoma into the union the country may expect a demonstration of activity in politics, among the aborigines of the new state. Robert Owen of Muskogee, the Democratic nominee for United States senator, is of mixed blood, with the Caucasian strain predominating.

Small Change

The harvest will be great and the laborers scant.

* *

A city may feel both glad and sad to see its mayor in jail.

* *

It would seem appropriate for San Francisco to change its name to Strikeotown.

* *

Schmitz complains that he isn't getting justice. But it seems that he should rejoice at that.

* *

The Dalles Optimist kicks about the weather because the days are too brief and the nights too short.

* *

Having broken his record, Barney Oldfield is in line to break his neck, remarks the Pendleton Tribune.

* *

There is a report that there are persons in Russia plotting against the czar's life. Can it be possible?

* *

The Indianapolis Star has a long editorial on "Wrong Views of the Bible." Why doesn't the editor turn preacher?

* *

Senator Beveridge advises people to read poetry. That might be preferable to his magazine dissertations on politics.

* *

A Milwaukee man applied for divorce two hours after marriage. This is the record matrimonial eye-opener, for speed.

* *

The Pittsburg Dispatch says Knox has the best chance of all the candidates for the nomination, but the Dispatch may be short-sighted.

* *

The Los Angeles Times continues to intimate that it rains the year round in Oregon. But this is only a little exhibition of desert jealousy.

* *

According to the reporters of the Haywood trial, he should have employed them instead of Richardson, Darrow et al. to defend him.

* *

What a lot of wood for next winter's use loafers around town could cut, and earn good money. But they can't be compelled to cut wood instead of loafing.

* *

Ex-Governor Geer is willing that the people should choose the next United States senator, providing they will choose a Republican, though he might insist on naming the Republican.

* *

The Dalles Chronicle: Don't begin to kick about the hot weather; the harder you kick the warmer you'll be. Besides, it's going to be warmer than 96 before it gets through with it, and you'll be all kicked out before the real kicking time comes.

* *

Weather Prophet Hicks is predicting more and more storms, cyclones and meteorological cataclysms than ever. We would that Hicks would dry up. Even if he is correct it is only a weariness of the flesh to know of these things beforehand. And he doesn't know any more than the government weather bureau, which frequently misses its guess on the weather.

Oregon Sidelights

Prospects are good for big crops in the Deschutes country.

* *

The Bend Fourth of July celebration will include a trout barbecue.

* *

A spring in Polk county has been boiling ever since the San Francisco earthquake.

* *

A Harney county man traveled 300 miles, all in that county, to Burns to transact some land business.

* *

The celebration at Prairie City will be a great county affair, others towns joining. Joaquin Miller will be there.

* *

Union Republican: By actual count, one day this week, 151 teams passed a given point going one way below the junction of the Catherine and Little creek roads. Of these teams fully two-thirds carried loads.

* *

Burns Times-Herald: People keep pouring into the Harney country as fast as the stage and private conveyances can bring them. We're growing in population quite rapidly, and our new people are all of a desirable class.

* *

Antelope Herald: Some idea of the volume of business done at Shaniko during the wool sales last week may be gained from the fact that on June 12 $353,544.36 passed through the Eastern Oregon bank, this amount being in excess of the regular banking business.

* *

Union Republican: With 100 men and teams on the road, probably 100 more working in the sawmills and timber, and another 100 in the beets, to say nothing of the men employed on ranches tributary to the city, with our own city payroll, there ought to be some coin in circulation in this section this season.

* *

A San Francisco man has filed notice of the appropriation of 40,000 cubic inches of water, miners' measurement, from the north fork of the Santiam river. The water will be taken from the river by means of a canal which will be seven miles in length and 20 feet wide by 16 feet deep.

* *

According to Breese Gibson, a pioneer, Eola came within one vote of being made the state capital instead of Salem. Eola was then called Cincinnati and was a bustling town, and a merchant of Portland sold out and moved there, believing that would become the larger city. At the suggestion of a musical and aesthetic citizen the name was changed, Eola being derived from Aeolus, god of the winds, perhaps because there was a good deal of hot air thereabouts then.

* *

A northern California man, where great alfalfa crops are raised on land that 10 years ago was a sagebrush desert, tells the Burns Times-Herald that the sagebrush land was far more valuable than the natural meadow, as alfalfa should not be irrigated too much at first to secure the best stand of the forage. Where the surface is kept damp it has a tendency to cause the roots to sprangle out and stunt the growth of the taproot. By keeping the water off, the taproot will naturally go down, seeking moisture, and thereby makes strong plants. This gentleman is confident that the Harney country will be one of the greatest alfalfa sections of the entire west.

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