EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. Jackson.....Publisher

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

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONE—MAIN 7173.

All departments reached by this number. Tell the operator the department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

Wreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; Tribune Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

DAILY.

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

To educate the heart, one must be willing to go out of himself and to come into loving contact with others.—James Freeman Clarke.

MISSES THE MAIN POINT.

WITH DUE deference to State Senator Hedges' legal learning, it seems to us that in his argument in favor of the legality of the Milwaukie club and of the power of the Milwaukie council to license gambling, he has overlooked or argued clear around the main, vital proposition, namely: that no special law can authorize the commission of a crime per se, a thing that on general principles the courts have held to be against public policy. Senator Hedges argues that the legislature, by a special law enacted in 1905, granted the Milwaukie council power to "license, tax, regulate and restrain all offensive trades and occupations, and to license the different branches of business or professions which in their judgment should be licensed." But this cannot be construed as a legislative permit to the council to license robbery, or arson, or adultery, or any other crime; only "offensive trades and occupations," which we suppose will be construed to mean liquor selling, slaughtering of animals for meat, etc. Gambling is not a trade or occupation recognized by the law. It is an outlawed business, the same as burglary, according to a recent decision of the supreme court.

Besides, the Milwaukie council never licensed the Milwaukie club. The council itself recognized the fact that it had no power to license this outlawed occupation. The council simply permitted it to do its unlawful business, and took a certain amount as a penalty for the club's violation of the law. No legislative act can be construed to give authority to license a clearly unlawful thing; and if it attempted to do so the law would be held to be in violation of the constitution.

This subject has been pretty well threshed out in the courts, and the recent decisions, as we understand them, are against Attorney Hedges' position. Some years ago his argument might have had some weight, but we think it has little now.

PLENTY OF COAL.

SEVERAL PREDICTIONS have been made during recent years that the world's supply of coal would not last long, and only a year ago that great pessimistic developer, Mr. J. J. Hill, asserted positively that the coal supply of this nation and of the world had become an appreciable, measurable quantity, that could not long endure. Now comes the United States government, through its geological surveying bureau, that has made extended investigations, and announces that there is enough coal "in sight" to keep the world warm and industrial wheels revolving for 200 years to come. This is not a very long period, in the life of a planet, or even of a nation, but this assurance is sufficient to relieve the world, or that part of it that can procure the coal known to be in existence, from the shivers for several generations to come.

New methods of mining have made it possible to mine more coal, even if no new supplies had been discovered, and besides that, new and large discoveries are frequently being made. There is officially said to be 2,200,000,000,000 tons scientifically in sight, and long before that gives out the probability is that as great an amount will have been discovered. Besides, other materials will come into use for fuel. There may be still greater discoveries of petroleum, so that this substance will be used much more than it is; and as Secretary Wilson has suggested, alcohol, manufactured from potatoes, may be much used for fuel in the future, especially in the rural districts. Then we are only beginning to understand and use the subtle, all-pervading force of electricity, that may in the near future largely take the place of fuel for heating as well as for power purposes.

So, as far as a possible exhaustion of the coal supply of the world is concerned, everybody should join the Don't Worry club. What people have to worry about is not the supply of coal in existence, but how to get it out of the grasp of monopolists and carried to consumers when needed and at a reasonable price.

A BRIEF STATEMENT.

MR. PITTOCK'S and Mr. Leadbetter's morning paper refers to The Journal as "Mr. Ladd's paper." The Journal is not ashamed of Mr. Ladd's relationship to or connection with this newspaper, but as Mr. Pittock's and his son-in-law's newspaper sees fit to reiterate in print a false statement it is probably meet and proper for the public to know the truth. Mr. Ladd has held from the starting of The Journal $10,000 of its stock, on which he draws an annual dividend, the same as other stockholders.

In all there is $120,000 of stock in The Journal company, $72,500 of which is owned and held by Mr. C. S. Jackson, publisher of The Journal, and the balance, $47,500, is held by 15 prominent business men in Portland, including Mr. Ladd. Pittock's and his son-in-law's paper knows this, and yet it prefers to misrepresent and create a contrary impression in hopes of arousing prejudice for a selfish and dishonest purpose.

But in spite of all Mr. Pittock's and his son-in-law's newspapers have been capable of doing to injure and keep down The Journal, it has risen to be a success, both as a newspaper and a paying enterprise, supported by the people of the Oregon country, because they believe in its good intent and purpose. And it shall continue to serve them.

IRRIGATION IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

"ALREADY," says the Corvallis Republican, "there is a great difference observable in the two fields of corn and alfalfa undergoing the experiment of irrigation out at the O. A. C. farm. The fields are divided in halves, one half being irrigated regularly and the other half receiving no water other than natural showers. The irrigated side of the field is growing rapidly and has a fresh, healthy appearance, while the other section is making very little progress. The experiment demonstrates that large dividends are sure for the farmer who will go to the slight expense of preparing his ground for irrigation."

What the professors of agriculture are doing on the college farm, a large proportion of farmers in the Willamette valley can do to some extent—that is, greatly increase production by irrigation. Water is plentiful in this part of Oregon. It flows down from the mountains on either side of the valley in a multitude of streams, and bubbles up in innumerable springs. There are comparatively few farms that cannot be irrigated more or less through the dry summer weeks with immense aggregate benefit to the growing crops.

It is but recently that irrigation in the Willamette valley has been tried or even thought of. To most people it seemed ridiculous to irrigate land in a region where so much rain fell. But there is usually quite a long dry spell in the summer, when, however much rain fell during the preceding months, irrigation would be beneficial. The soil is not so well adapted to irrigation as the calcareous surface of eastern Oregon, yet moderate and timely irrigation would be productive of very profitable results.

The Oregon Agricultural college is doing good work in making this along with other tests. It suggests what to do to Willamette valley farmers so situated as to profit by the experiment, and shows them how to do it. Thousands of them will do well to take the hint and profit by the example.

A BLESSED BENEFACTION.

IF A little portion of Mr. Rockefeller's wealth which he gave to finance the investigation of certain hitherto incurable or usually deadly diseases has resulted, as is reported, in the discovery of a serum that is a specific for cerebro-spinal meningitis, then there is a big item to be placed on the credit side of Mr. Rockefeller's ledger, in the summary of his accounts with the world. The report is that in consequence of this benefaction Dr. Flexner, who has been conducting investigations along this line for a long time, has found an absolute cure for this hitherto almost invariably deadly disease. The recent epidemic in Portland, though of comparatively small proportions, is sufficiently in mind here yet to suggest an approximate appreciation of the great value to the human race of this discovery. And this may not be the only discovery of great importance rendered possible or hastened because of this gift of Mr. Rockefeller's, which gave investigators and experimentors the means with which to work to the best advantage. In considering such a benefaction as this, we feel tempted, when anyone asks us where and how Rockefeller got the money, to look the other way. The old man has some real good streaks in him.

Ex-Mayor Schmitz is the case of a man who could not stand preferment and prosperity, and who was not strong enough for the large place he was elected to fill. And that he was not a beneficiary of the wholesale grafting going on is most emphatically disputed by his personal expenditures. His salary as mayor was $500 a month, but according to the San Francisco Chronicle he lived at the apparent rate of $1,000 a month, he built a fine house and furnished it in a costly fashion, he took a trip to Europe on a scale of expense which only a rich man could bear, and he has consistently refused while in office to furnish any statement to the assessor, as required by law. Under such circumstances Schmitz cannot reasonably expect people to believe him innocent.

Any one of a hundred other Republicans might have beaten Governor Chamberlain either time he was elected, declares the Oregonian. Well, that is rather a hard slam on Mr. Furnish and Professor Withycombe. In the latter case at least it is not true, because it was principally Chamberlain's record that reelected him. But the Oregonian evidently wants to upset the primary law as to state officers also, as well as with regard to United States senators. The party that does it will upset itself.

Portland cannot afford to be slow any more. It is important to be sure, but one need not always be snail-slow in order to be sure enough. If we are going to have those improvements, to pay for which the bonds were voted, it is time to get a move on. There seems no need of waiting month after month to ascertain whether the bonds will be valid or not. Find out, and in either event, go ahead.

Ex-Senator "Billy" Mason's candidacy for the senate is beginning to be taken seriously by some people besides himself. He has challenged Senator Hopkins to submit their claims to a popular primary election, which Hopkins is too dignified to do. "Billy" has his faults, but he might be an improvement on either of Illinois' present senators.

A 15-year-old Malheur county boy with a gun—that of course he thought unloaded—shot his 3-year-old sister, but by a narrow margin failed to kill her. But there will be plenty of children who won't escape so luckily, as long as boys are allowed to monkey with guns.

Soon the gamblers will have to get out of Astoria also. Only the ocean, over three marine leagues from shore, is left them. They are an incubus on the body politic that has been tolerated long enough.

If any European country is to gobble up Morocco, as Japan is taking Korea, France is best entitled to it. Most of the development of northern Africa has been accomplished by the French.

Congratulations to Senator Beveridge and his bride, and hoping he will be too happy to load the magazines with misinformation for some months to come.

There is only a short time in which to write those letters or send that Oregon literature to eastern friends, calling their attention to the colonist rates during September and October.

Railroad wrecks in Europe are rare as compared with those in this country, but that one yesterday in Germany was nearly down to the worst American standard.

There are said to be those who are willing to bet that Senator Fulton will not monopolize Secretary Taft on his visit here.

It would be only fair for some of the fashionable and expensive gown builders to go bail for "Jack the Smearer."

How's your Standard Oil stock? Don't get panicky; Uncle John can raise the price.

But Foraker can point to the president himself as an illustrious standpatter—so far.

Governor Hughes says he does not want to be president. Is this man going to turn out our greatest politician?

Letters From the People

How to Fight Forest Fires.

Waldport, Or., Aug. 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am now 76 years old. Not being able to do manual labor but still feeling an interest in the welfare of my countrymen, I have attempted to set down from my experience a few directions, which I believe, if closely followed, would do much toward preventing forest fires. I have lived all my life on the frontier and have aided in extinguishing a great many fires.

The old adage—a stitch in time saves nine—is not more applicable to anything than to forest fires. There are two things that are necessary, knowledge and energy. As soon as a fire is discovered no time should be lost. It is impossible to do anything in the heat of day and especially if the wind is blowing, but preparations can be made.

The best time to fight fire is as soon after daylight as possible. For a little fire of a few acres three or four men are sufficient. One man must be chosen, however, who understands the lay of the land and who has good judgment. He should take complete charge.

This man should pass around the fire with an ax in hand and carefully blaze every tree to fix a trail. He should be followed by a second man who should could out a trail, clear it of brush and small logs. The bark can be stripped from large logs and the sap will prevent them from catching fire. He should be followed by a third man with a good iron-toothed rake who should rake out all the leaves and sticks from two to three feet wide, remembering to always rake toward the fire.

A fourth man should follow these with a lighted torch and should fire the leaves and trash that has been raked up, making a fire about every 20 feet along the trail and as this will not take all his time he can patrol the trail already lighted and see that no fire crosses to the opposite side. This fire will soon meet the first fire and burn itself out.

It is best to have a few buckets of water scattered along the trail to put out any fires that might leap across.

All dead trees should be left outside of the fire line if possible. But if they are inside they should be quite a distance inside as the fire is likely to run up on them and burn for several days. Greater difficulty arises from flying pieces of rotton wood or bark that the wind carries into the green timber from tall trees burning, than from any other cause. If a little fire is discovered across the fire line and no water convenient it can be extinguished with earth or sand.

The fire line should be selected with great care. Roads and creek beds can be used to advantage. Down grade is preferable to an up grade as fire travels very slowly down hill and very fast up hill. I have known sparks to set a fire but have seen them blown by a light wind across the line into dry leaves without doing any harm but look out if there is a dead stump or snag near the fire line.

If the fire is extensive it would be better to have four parties operating on the plan given above just as did the four men. I have known fires to start the second time from pieces of bark that had blown across the line from tall trees, therefore, it is a good plan to pass over the trail two or three times a day for a few days, especially if it is known there are trees and logs in the burn still afire.

Work should begin from 100 to 300 feet in advance of the fire and when the first man has completed the circuit he can assist where he is most needed. If there are not too many obstacles in the way the four men should proceed with the fire line at least one fourth mile per hour.

per hour.

DAVID RUBLE.

May Change Their Minds.

Portland, Or., Aug. 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—To settle an argument will you please inform me whether a marriage license can be bought, and published, the parties thereto not being obliged to use it? The argument arose over the published statement that a couple in Aberdeen got a license with no intention of using it. If it is true, to fool a community, and wanting to intrude in a decent locality, all you need to do is to buy a license and get it published and you may, perhaps, pull the wool over people's eyes.

INQUIRER, City.

[A man and a woman cannot be compelled to marry merely because they have taken out a license.]

Political Demagogues at Work.

From the Prairie City Mirror.

The political bosses, and demagogues are all at work attempting to defeat Statement No. 1 of the Direct Primary law, which means defeat of the election of United States Senator by popular vote, or to the same effect as far as the State of Oregon is concerned. Will the voters do the bosses' bidding? Or will they come out in their just right at the next direct primary, by voting against every candidate for the legislature who has not signed Statement No. 1? If every state in the union will adopt a system of primary election laws as we have here in Oregon, including Statement No. 1, and enforcing it to the letter, voting for no candidate who has not signed Statement No. 1, then we have practically the election of United States Senators by popular vote. Therefore, the voter will use his privilige, his franchise, his right of free and untrammelled suffrage, and vote at the direct primary election for such candidates only as have subscribed to Statement No. 1. Unless candidates have subscribed to Statement No. 1, they need not ask the voter for his support, for it will be in vain—they will not get it. The voters are wide awake, and all the talk and writing against Statement No. 1 will fall on barren ground. The political bosses and demagogues are shorn of their power forever.

Lake County Lands.

From the Lakeview Herald.

Evidences of the great fertility of the soil in the Goose Lake valley are upon exhibit in Lakeview. Samples of bromus grass, white rye, black rye, alfalfa, macaroni wheat, white winter wheat and native rye grass; all of which grow most luxuriantly and to a great height were brought in from his ranch by Robert Nelson, this week. Nature has been very generous to Lake county, and has given it a great depth of the most marvelously rich soil on earth. In any of the valleys, vegetables, fruit, grain and grasses of all kinds grow with little cultivation and produce their kind most prolifically. The fruits raised here, cherries, strawberries, loganberries, raspberries, plums, peaches, pears and apples, can be surpassed no where on earth. The grain is extremely rich in constituents that make fine flour, feed and malt. The barley raised in the Goose Lake valley makes malt that is the delight of the brewers, and they assure us that no finer could possibly be made. Alfalfa will grow luxuriantly if given but half a chance, and very fine crops of it are grown in Warner, Goose Lake, and Chewaucan valleys.

This Date in History.

1607—First settlers from England landed in Maine.

1647—Irish defeated at Dungan hill.

1690—Limerick besieged by William III.

1827—George Canning, famous British statesman and orator, died. Born 1770.

1831—Louis McLane of Delaware became secretary of the United States treasury.

1843—Natal annexed to the British possessions.

1857—Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie arrived in England to visit Queen Victoria.

1862—Sir Allan Napier McNabb, Canadian premier, died. Born February 19, 1798.

1894—The president formally recognized the republic of Hawaii.

1895—Justice Howell E. Jackson, of the United States supreme court, died.

1897—Senor Canovas, prime minister of Spain, assassinated by an anarchist.

IN JULES VERNE'S DAY

A Dream Today Common Sense and Almost Reality

By Arthur Brisbane.

The young German emperor gets peevish sometimes, it is said, and wants a real war. He feels that a man with the blood of Frederick the Great in his veins ought to be thrashing somebody, and colored gentlemen in Africa or occasional Social Democrats nearer home are not enough.

The news from Berlin tells us that the kaiser is deeply interested in airships—fighting airships of course. He is also interested in the suggestions that these airships could be used to conquer or devastate Great Britain. The emperor's mother was the sister of the English king, but somehow that doesn't seem to make any difference. The emperor apparently thinks that to thrash his old uncle and keep the fight in the family would be rather desirable and patriotic.

What interests us is the suggestion that war balloons might enable the emperor to conquer the English and make that protecting channel that the English have talked so much about a foolish story of long ago.

If we had heard this talk about conquering England in a balloon a few years ago we should have thought about Jules Verne and paid no further attention.

But the fiction of Jules Verne's day is today's reality.

The airship with its load of dynamite or some higher explosive would very soon make that narrow English channel as ridiculous as the famous little moat around Croker's house at Wantage.

For a long time the man who had a moat or an open ditch around his house felt free from attack. Today such a ditch only brings mosquitoes and malaria; it does no good.

The English still imagine that the ditch between them and the continent is very important. But its importance is diminishing, and soon that ditch will be nothing more than any other little moat, just a humorous reminder of the past.

Napoleon stood on the edge of the English ditch for a very long time, trying some scheme to get his sailing vessels across the water. If he could have got a few tens of thousands of men across that ditch, only a few miles wide, he could have closed up the pocketbook that was hiring men to fight him on the continent, and perhaps made himself the world's real ruler. But he couldn't get his sailing vessels across, and, instead of his conquering England, England locked him up on a little island, and that was the end of it.

Even the great Napoleon, always looking into the future, could little imagine that the day would come when the Prussian king whose ancestors he despised so thoroughly would be talking of sending to England a flock of balloons. His mind couldn't grasp that, for it was actually at the very time when he wanted to cross the English channel that Napoleon refused to give Fulton a chance to explain thoroughly his steamship idea.

Since those old days the steamship has realized itself, and may soon be, in fighting, a thing of the past. The submarine makes it unsafe, the balloon also.

The world moves. And the only foolish man is he who says that anything is impossible. What a man can imagine, he can do. Therefore, let your imagination work; don't be afraid to dream; you may be at least a prophet, one of those advanced thinkers whose dreams of today are the facts and the prosperity of a later day.

How to Keep Cool When It's Hot

By Charles R. Page.

"It is better to look at common customs and vices calmly without either laughing or weeping; since the former is a cruel pleasure, and the latter is an endless grief!"—Reign of Stoics.

No use to cry over the fate of the unfortunates who die daily these hot spells from heat—and the heat strokes. They are beyond help and beyond need of sympathy; but we owe something to the living. While the writer in his single thickness of light drapery, and nourished during the heat of the day by blackberries and cantaloupe, and something more substantial before bedtime was feeling at the age of 67 like running a footrace on the sunny side of the street, and clipping upstairs two steps at a time, we learn from the papers every day that numerous persons were dying of the heat and innumerable persons were suffering the tortures of the damned, and all this practically from want of a little knowledge and good sense in a matter of drapery and feeding during a torrid wave.

The law would not permit us to parade the streets with an exclusive dress of an umbrella and a pair of sandals, but the merest horse sense ought to indicate the thinnest suit obtainable and the lightest kind of diet for both old and young.

In the seclusion of the home one may strip to the buff and have instant safety and comfort. For the infant and young child this would always be good practice, and in many instances it would mean immunity from harm from otherwise fatal heat. And, oh! how the baby will laugh and kick out, free from its wretched wraps. The average mother, so comfortable in peek-a-boo waist, will smother her little babe with many folds of flannel, feed it early and often, and wonder why it cries and dies!

Every summer, year in and year out, the death rate of infants and young children in hot weather is a veritable "slaughter of the innocents." We note that from one third to one half of the deaths, week by week, are of children under five. In an entire torrid week it will reach nearly the latter figure under one year. And all for want of knowledge on the part of parents and attendants of the essential importance of keeping cool by the only possible means, namely, dressing or undressing and feeding according to the weather.

If this advice were universally applied deaths or even discomfort from heat would be very rare indeed, and the death rate among infants and young children would not rise with the mercury.

A Cry of the Times.

From the New York Times.

It isn't the war talk that frets me,
The times I am reading the news;
It isn't the weather that gets me
Into such a state of the blues;
It isn't the trusts—they're a bubble
And not worth a tear of my grief;
I'll tell you the cause of my trouble:
They've boosted the price of my beef.

It isn't the tariff that worries,
It isn't the state of the crops;
It isn't the stock market flurries—
What odds if price rises or drops?
It isn't the peach crop that galls me,
It isn't just plain discontent,
I'll tell you the woe that befalls me:
The landlord is raising my rent.

It isn't that I am a kicker,
It isn't I'm out of a job,
It isn't a craving for liquor,
It isn't for praise of the mob;
It isn't I'm given to yearning
For clothes of fine linen and silk,
The secret of all my heart-burning:
They've increased the price of my milk.

It isn't because I'm not wealthy,
It isn't because of my work;
It isn't because I'm not healthy,
It isn't because I would shirk;
It isn't because I'm not getting
Of these worldly goods a big slice;
The reason of all of this fretting:
They've doubled the price of my ice.

It isn't a panic impending,
It isn't some grief that is past;
It isn't a fear of the ending
Of good times—so good they won't last;
It isn't the break of some bubble,
My worry's of something far worse;
I'll tell you the source of my trouble:
The times are too good for my purse!

Got Bumped.

From Young's Magazine.

"Even self confidence will get bumped," reflected Adele Ritchie, the bright particular star in "Fascinating Flora." "Whereby hangs a story.

"A man came shooting from a brightly lighted window one night, and landed with a crash on the sidewalk.

"'It's all right,' he said to the crowd that had gathered, as he stiffly rose. 'That's my club, the Eight Precinct. I'm a Smith man, and there's ten Jones men in there. I'm going back to them. You stay here and count them as they come out of that window.'

"He limped back into the club. There was a great uproar. Then a figure crashed through the window, and struck the sidewalk with a grunt.

"'That's one!' said the crowd.

"'No,' said the figure, rising, 'Don't start counting yet. It's me again.'"

Expediency.

From the Baltimore News.

Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, after a visit to the president at Oyster Bay, announces that there will be no tariff revision until after the next presidential election. Then if the Republican party is successful it will be claimed as evidence that the people do not desire tariff revision, but have voted in favor of letting well enough alone. The Republican party is in favor of tariff revision when the time for it has arrived, but that time will never come so long as it can hold on to power.

The Summer Girl

By Beatrice Fairfax.

The summer is in its glory, and so is the summer girl.

You see her everywhere, dainty and sweet as a rose. On the boats, in the parks, on the beach; the whole country is abloom with its loveliest flower, the summer girl.

And, girls, just because this is the season when you are at your sweetest and prettiest, I want you to realize the fact that all your prettiness and sweetness will be lost unless you remember to be good and modest as well as pretty and sweet.

Be out of doors as much as you can; have a good time and frolic to your hearts' content, but don't let the good time degenerate into rowdyism.

In having a good time it is not necessary to laugh and talk at the top of your lungs. Nor is it necessary to stare boldly at every stranger whose eye you happen to catch.

If girls only knew how plain and ordinary and unattractive they look when they get that bold look upon their faces they would avoid it very carefully.

Do not be tempted under any circumstances to drink an intoxicant when you are enjoying an outing at any of the resorts.

Even a glass of beer affects a young girl's manner and makes her reckless. There are many delicious non-intoxicants, and that is all you need, no matter how tired or thirsty you may be.

Above all, don't indulge in love-making for the benefit of the public. The people will either laugh at it or look disgusted, and surely you do not care to have either indulged in at your expense.

If you go to Coney Island with a man friend be content to enjoy the sights. Don't sit about with your head on his shoulder and his arms about you. That is vulgar, and no modest, well-behaved girl would think of permitting it.

Going to Coney on the boat it is almost impossible to avoid the spooning young people who take up most of the room.

You may think some of these ideas prudish, girls, but I know that in your heart of hearts every girl of you wants to be a lady.

To be a lady you must behave as one, and ladies do not make themselves conspicuous by undignified behavior.

Many of you are obliged to work; don't spoil your outing by staying out so late that you will be good for nothing the next day. It is better to go often and get home in decent time. And in any case it looks bad to see a young girl out late unless her mother or father is with her.

I know you are thinking to yourselves, "Oh, dear, Miss Fairfax is fussing a lot over a few trifles." But, dear little girls, it is only because I want to save you from regret that I urge you to remember all these things.

The very best thing about you is your purity and sweetness. Try to behave in such a way that no blot may fall on either.

The Meaning of Music.

Music is called the universal language; and yet when you are struggling to understand what a composer is trying to say, always remember that he is speaking a primitive language that frames vaguely a sentiment, or a mood, or a tangled fabric of sentiments and moods.

"The best definition I ever heard of music," says Rupert Hughes in the August Delineator, "is that of Taine, 'Music is a cry,' and—to my thinking, at least—the best music is that in which, to the last degree, each note represents an outcry. But then a cry may mean so much or so little!

"The spirit of brooding music may be found in the story of Robert Schumann and his cherished friend, Frau Voigt. One evening he took her out in a rowboat, shipped the oars and sat for an hour in complete silence. When they landed again, Schumann pressed her hand in farewell and said:

"'We have understood each other perfectly.'

"There is the message of contemplative music in a nutshell; we have understood without words; and with words we could not explain.

"Music cannot even hint at a glorious contour or a ripple of music which sculpture can make immortal; nor suggest the color of a landscape or a woman's eyes, which painting can give to posterity; nor spin out skeins of thoughts well chosen and deftly arranged as poetry and prose are wont to do. It cannot, with a gesture, grip your heart, or, with a grimace, make you laugh as drama can. It cannot narrate a romance, nor indulge in the whimsies of an essay, the patiotic fire of an oration, the fact-mosaics of a history, the massive flights of architecture.

"Music is eternally debarred from even attempting any of these fields. And yet it finds compensation in being allowed to nestle a little closer to the heart of things in themselves and emotions as emotions than any other of the muses that make the world worth while."

Stronger Than Any Party.

An examination of press clippings will convince even the most skeptical that Governor Hughes is a man of national importance—more important at the present time, hiwever, as a teacher of new political methods than as a possible presidential candidate. The local press, regardless of party affiliations, is practically unanimous that Hughes is stronger than either party and worthy of the support of the better element in each. The outside press seems to think that what can be done in the empire state can be done in any state, and is recommending that other governors adopt the methods of this new teacher, who has demonstrated his ability to govern by appeal to the people and who is the embodiment of the best aspirations of both parties.—James Melvin Lee, in the August Circle.

Small Change

Well, Madame August, this is better cool.

* *

Vardaman can stay under "the stars and bars."

* *

Cortelyou—a good, capable clerk—for president!

* *

The suicide business seems to be booming also.

* *

Wanted, by hop growers, a few lusty, guaranteed hop bulls.

* *

Everybody has his trials, but few people have so many as Caleb Powers.

* *

Perhaps the farmers might get a few more men by offering champagne to harvest hands.

* *

We hope Peary will like the country up around the north pole well enough to stay a good while.

* *

A Marion county prune grower committed suicide the other day. Too full of prunes, perhaps.

* *

The Swiss have had their independence for 616 years. That's the advantage of being small.

* *

"Vacation too Short" is the title of a long editorial in an exchange. Yes, 11 months would be about right.

* *

Dr. Hindheds of Denmark declares that 10 cents will buy luxurious hair. But most people are not hindheaded.

* *

Senator Foraker says he is thankful that he has never been nominated for any office by Democrats. And the Democrats are thankful that with all their mistakes they cannot be charged with the extreme folly of ever nominating a man like Foraker.

* *

The Klamath Falls Morning Express prints at the head of its editorial columns: "Our Ticket for 1908: For president, W. J. Bryan; for senator, George E. Chamberlain; for governor, Harry Lane." It is suspected that the Express is a Democrat.

* *

"I would throw away a biscuit any time for a kiss," says a Chicago preacher. But we should think it would depend a little on the quality of each article and the condition of a man's stomach. There are times and circumstances when a man might be deemed wise to throw away even pie for a kiss.

* *

A Chicago scientist declares that he has developed a lot of bugs that are "wonderfully fond of music." If these bugs could be properly distributed in houses where noises called music are made for hours at a time, he will be hailed as a public benefactor—that is, if the bugs are duly disagreeable.

Oregon Sidelights

Considerable building is going on in Lakeview.

* *

Haines people will rebuild the Radium Springs sanitarium.

* *

A "hermit kingdom" is an impossibility—these times.

* *

Foraker stands pat, but the country, nor even Ohio, won't stand Foraker.

* *

A half section of land near Milton yielded 65 bushels of wheat an acre.

* *

The trouble is that most people who get important offices have been railroad attorneys.

* *

A Douglas county hog was "handed" a large number of quills by a porcupine, an uncommon animal there.

* *

Thomas Gerber, only 14 years old, is the Western Union telegraph operator at Albany, having worked at other points for two years.

* *

A Hood River man has invented an apple-picking car, or wheelbarrow, to take the place of stepladders, and it is said to be a great improvement.

* *

The vicinity of Union, says the Republican, appears to be the home of a gang of organized horsethieves. The work of stealing horses has been going on for many months.

* *

Out on the "desert" flat east of Haines, where only two years ago the sole vegetation consisted of sagebrush, now may be found a farm of 1,400 acres, 900 of which will produce 25,000 bushels of grain.

* *

There is a buggy craze in northern Grant county, over a score having been sold by outside parties, and 13 passing through Monument in a string, says the Enterprise, which criticises buyers for not patronizing local dealers.

* *

Condon Times: Cow items are getting old, but what was our astonishment when the news came to the office on Saturday that the editor's own cow was caught in the act of eating up a garden and collared by the marshal.

* *

The oil wells at Sand Hollow are attracting considerable attention, says the Vale Oriano. Two townships of land have been located by different parties in the vicinity of the wells to be bored by the corporation. One hundred tons of coal, a carload of casing and other materials have arrived.

* *

The boy with a gun has been heard from again, this time in Malheur county, where a 3-year-old girl was shot by her brother. She was playing in bed when her 15-year-old brother picked up a rifle and in fun snapped it at her, not thinking it was loaded. The bullet struck the child in the thigh, but fortunately the wound was not fatal.

* *

Dry lumber is worth its weight in gold in Joseph; in fact, it is impossible to purchase any, says the Herald. One of our prominent contractors recently purchased 28,000 feet at the Chesnimnus about 40 miles away for use in Joseph. We know of seven new buildings that would be under course of erection today if building material could be secured.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

The man whose life has been a

FAILURE

Usually attributes his lack of

SUCCESS

to

BAD LUCK

Or else claims that he never

HAD A CHANCE

Few lay the blame where it really belongs, upon lack of self-discipline in money matters.

A BANK ACCOUNT

Acts as a check on needless expenditures. The desire to stand well with the bank keeps you from overdrawing your account. The returned checks keep you informed as to where your money has gone. Your

Savings Bank Account

Incites you to greater economy.

THE

Commercial Savings Bank

KNOTT AND WILLIAMS AVE.

Pays 4 per cent interest on Savings Accounts, compounded semi-annually.

Geo. W. Bates.....President
J. S. Birrel.....Cashier