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Why Delay Opening the Rivers? The people need open rivers. The state needs open rivers.

Open rivers will bring about lower traffic charges. With lower cost for transportation there will be greater development in all lines.

Free open rivers will free the people from the exactions of the transportation companies, whose policy must be to exact all the traffic will bear.

Open rivers would bring about short trolley lines from river points to the interior country and thus enable the people to "fly with their own wings," doing much for themselves that now they depend upon others to do for them.

Self-reliance is a great virtue. To secure open rivers the people, acting through their commercial bodies, will have to exert themselves, demand of their public servants serious and strenuous work.

The corporation nose is in this business and the corporation finger is pointing the way and guiding the public servant in too many instances. Our congressional delegation is not entirely free from this influence, as time will show.

"Procrastination is the thief of time," and the railroad corporations, whose interests would be affected by open rivers, are acting upon this principle. They are exerting themselves to delay the opening of the rivers and several of the servants of the people are aiding them in the work.

The people must awake and help themselves; must demand and exact faithful performance from their public servants, particularly their representatives in the legislature and in congress. There is where the corporate influence is all powerful and where is done the work of preventing the opening of the rivers.

The Willamette river should be free to navigation within a year or two, and the Columbia and Snake rivers should be open from Lewiston to the sea within three to four years. Only the indolence of the people, as represented by their commercial bodies and their official servants, will prevent it.

Portland should awake to her opportunity and thus bring about a result that means more to her than any other ten things within her reach, which guarantees an enlargement of her empire and a vast increase in her trade, importance, population and position, as the leading city of the Northwest Pacific coast.

But will she do it? Will she grasp the opportunity, or will she sit supinely by and let it slip? What will the answer be?

AN IRRESISTIBLE COMBINATION.

THE LATEST from Washington is that Mr. Roosevelt, at the end of his presidential term, wants to be made senator from New York, to succeed Platt. Why not? The change would be a heavy gain for the senatorial body. Platt is the opposite of what is wanted there. He is of the type of senatorial chair-warmers with which the senate has long been overcrowded. He is a corporationist, and his hand is always lifted to further corporate interests. He and his kind have steered the country into an era of corporation domination, for which the masses pay a dreadful price. His successor, whatever his character might be, could not be more completely unfaithful to the welfare of his countrymen.

As a senator, Mr. Roosevelt would be a widely different type. No corporation owns him. Harriman paid the price and thought he did, but failed to get the goods. It cost \$200,000, but when the king of high finance opened his box, it was a gold brick. With his impetuosity and personal power, Mr. Roosevelt would soon have the chamber on his mettle.

Dry bones would rattle and teeth chatter. The icy Mr. Aldrich would soon become heated, and other frigid stalwarts would break out into perspiration. If the refrigerated old chamber did not speedily become a fiery furnace, the history of the man in the White House isn't worth much. There would be a wrecking of antiquated precedents and a contempt for senatorial courtesy that would jar senatorial whiskers and fill the country with delight. It would be better than a circus in the entertainment it would afford, and better than a moral wave in the good it would bring.

But, best of all, if Mr. Bryan should be elected president, and if Mr. Roosevelt were in the senate, what a team! Roosevelt, admirer and promoter of Bryan policies of the past, in the senate to jam through that body Bryan policies of the future, would be a combination incomparable.

VOTERS AND PARTIES.

A FEW of our very Republican contemporaries are occasionally rather sarcastically critical of The Journal because, they say, while it advocates non-partisanship on some occasions, it always or usually supports Democratic rather than Republican candidates; and they say its object is to get Republican voters to vote for Democratic candidates.

The Journal is non-partisan to the extent of believing, and urging, that party should not be the main thing in politics—that is, a mere party name, nor yet what a party did or failed to do 100 or 50 or even 10 years ago. A man should be free to change his party just as often as he believes, from honest, candid, unprejudiced, intelligent observation and thought that his party has got on the wrong track or has fallen into bad hands, and the other party might do better. There is no reason in a man being a Republican or a Democrat all his life, through thick and thin, right or wrong, good or bad, in the sense that he would be a Catholic or a Protestant in religion.

It is quite natural, too, that an independent newspaper should in a majority of cases, under average circumstances, support, locally at least, the nominees of the minority party. Party politics is pretty bad at best, and the party that is in is always for the time worse than the party that is out. If a newspaper can help to equalize or nearly balance the parties, so as to make it necessary or politic for them to nominate and elect their best men, it would render a good service. So it does when it helps divide the offices between the parties, which is only a fair equitable division of the honors and spoils. Abstractly, it is unjust for a party composed of nearly half or even only one third the voters to have no offices, no voice in the government. Why should a big, fat, overgrown hog have all the corn and swill, and a slightly smaller but a good deal leaner hog get none?

Aside from any national questions or policies, the Republican party in Oregon and in Portland needed disciplining. Under either faction of that party things were not well managed for the people's interests. A great many if not most Republicans will acknowledge this. The majority of the people, including necessarily a great many Republicans, thought so, for they twice elected a Democrat for governor and another Democrat for mayor of Portland. Trying them once as a protest against Republican misgovernment, they reelected them on their good records. That they are Democrats doesn't scare the people a bit. And it would be a very good thing for both parties and for all the people if nearly half, at least, of the members of the next legislature were Democrats. It is well to have a legislature rather evenly balanced politically. Nearly everybody agrees with this proposition, abstractly considered. Then why this to-do about electing a few Democrats, as if that would cause the heavens to fall?

But The Journal is not endeavoring to get voters to elect Democrats merely because they are Democrats, nor does The Journal suppose it could accomplish anything appreciable in that direction if it tried. What The Journal is trying to do is to get people to think, to reason, to observe, to analyze, to study, to put aside unreasoning prejudice, to be patriotic rather than partisan, not either to support or get scared at a candidate because of a party name; but to vote, regardless of party; for the men whom they honestly and intelligently believe will best serve the people.

Because The Journal is doing this some of the thick-and-thin organs are alarmed, are censorious, are sarcastic; they fear that a lot of Republicans are going to keep on voting for Democrats if the voters be-

lieve the Democratic nominees are the better men. Perhaps they will. We hope so. We would like to see even more political independence. If the Democrats prove unworthy, vote them out. We will help do that, too. If we are for the under dog, it is because the dog on top deserves a fall and a chewing-up himself. A turn-about occasionally is a good thing. There is nothing sacred about a political party. Indeed, it is usually not long in power till it deserves to be kicked out.

LIKE THE SCRIPTURAL SOW.

THE MORNING paper of Portland, that for a long time pretended to favor the primary law, scarcely disguises any longer its opposition to that law, in all its essential features. It not only advises candidates for the legislature not to subscribe to statement No. 1, thereby promising to obey the expressed will of the people, but it wants the old convention system of nominations for state and county officers revived, notwithstanding its exposure at the same time of that system. In the state convention of 1902, it says, "one set of bosses was pitted against another, in the usual way. The rivalry extended to all parts of the state. One set had to win in the convention; the other had to lose, and the set that won was at least as good as the set that lost." Yes, so it had been going for many years. Only the interest of the bosses, the officeholders, and their beneficiaries, was considered; the people's interests were forgotten, ignored, trampled under foot. Finally enough Republicans became wearily disgusted with both the factions to beat a candidate for governor, and this is talked of as a great calamity, whereas it was about the best thing, politically, that ever happened in the state—not for any party in particular, but for the people as a whole. At last Oregon got a man for governor who was free to look squarely at its affairs and deeply into them, and to bring about very valuable reforms, especially in the hitherto rotten state land business.

But the primary system, the morning paper thinks, is worse than the old system when the people were the victim of first one and then another set of Republican bosses and politicians. Its chief grievance seems to be that Chamberlain was reelected by a greater majority under the primary system than under the old boss system. This has happened because Chamberlain had "made good," and the people knew it and wanted him for another four years. They wanted him, regardless of his politics, for precisely the reason that the Oregonian doesn't want him, or a man like him—because in the performance of his official duties he has shown up some of the rascality of Republican bosses and officeholders, and stood firmly on guard against crookedness and plunder.

A return to the convention system, if we do not much mistake the sentiment of the people, would be far more disastrous to the party that brought it about than the primary system of plurality nominations by the people. We think the great majority of them have no sympathy whatever with this movement to return practically to old conditions.

GERMAN STATE RAILROADS.

IN VIEW of the discussion of public ownership of railroads in this country, a series of articles in The Public, of Chicago, on "Public Ownership of Railroads in Europe," by Erik Oberg, is interesting. We summarize his recent article on German state railroads, which comprise the greater part of the railroads of at least the Prussian portion of the empire.

Service is divided into three and on some railroads into four classes. The first and second classes are almost the same, except that the first class is more exclusive. The third class is thoroughly comfortable, much better, for instance, than the Harriman service this side of Green river. The fourth class is mainly for peasants and tradesmen with produce, and is furnished on some freight trains. "The accommodations of German passenger trains are decidedly superior to those in France and Italy, and are not equaled anywhere, except in the Scandinavian countries and by Pullman service in the United States."

The first class fare ranges from 2.4 to 3.64 cents per mile, the average being 3.2 cents. The second class fare runs from 1.8 to 2.87 cents, average about 2.4. The third class passengers ride for 1.6 cents, and the fourth class for about .8 of a cent per mile. For commutation travel near Berlin the fares are: For 5 miles, 2d class, 4 cents; 3d class, 2.5 cents; for 9 1/2 miles, 8 and 5 cents; for 13 1/2 miles, 12 and 7.5 cents; for 20 miles, 24 and 16 cents. The rates for first-class are high, to

pay for distinction and exclusiveness; the second class accommodations are equal to the best in this country; the third class is used by the great majority of the people, and the fare for this class is about 20 per cent below 2 cents a mile.

All express is handled directly by the railroads; there are no gouging subsidiary companies. Trains are almost invariably punctual. Freight rates average higher in this country, but this is because the average haul is much shorter. Passengers are far more safe on German than on American trains. "The German roads carry annually over 306,000,000 passengers, compared with less than 750,000,000 in the United States, yet the number of passengers killed in Germany is only one-fifth those killed in the United States."

Freight is moved with much greater despatch than here. Express charges are much lower, about .4 of a cent per mile for 100 pounds. German railways stipulate to move regular freight not less than 62 miles a day if the distance is not over 124 miles, and 124 miles a day if over that distance. In this country much freight does not move over 30 or even 20 miles a day.

The Prussian state railroads have been in operation for many years, some of them over 50 years, and have always paid a fair rate of interest on the investment, besides a sufficient sum for betterments, rehabilitation, etc. Considering all these facts, Mr. Oberg thinks that "it is almost impossible to give a good reason why state or government ownership should prove a failure in this country." Yet we can see differences between this country and Germany—size, style of government, and others—that are to be considered before concluding that we could safely and easily imitate Germany. With regard to another objection frequently raised Mr. Oberg says:

It is a poor objection to offer to intimate that such a system of government departments as it would be necessary to create could not be carried on without corruption. We, as Americans, either by birth or free choice, if we are true to the ideals of our country and of our ancestors, ought to be too proud to confess that we fear that there could not be enough honesty found among us to conduct public property in an honest way. It does at times look difficult and discouraging. But let us remember that we are not obliged to elect only corporation lawyers to our public offices. Let us remember that when the public owns its transportation systems, the greatest corrupting factor in American politics will have been eliminated. Then, and not till then, may we hope for a truly free people, for pure politics, and for justice, in a greater measure at least than is at present possible.

WHY? HARRIMAN.

HARRIMAN some more. Possibly some of the censure Oregonians are bestowing on Harriman could be diverted to Stubbs, Kruttschnitt, and particularly—as to the ocean service—to Schwerin. But it is supposed and nowhere denied that Harriman is the boss, the man highest up. He could relieve the situation with a word, could raise the heavy incubus, could dispel the blight, on Oregon, in a minute, if he would. But he won't. At least he hasn't. And there is no assurance, nor even any very good prospect, that he will.

The service, both by land and water, between here and San Francisco, has been wretched, insufficient, neglectful and discriminating for years, and is constantly growing worse. Schwerin cares no more about Portland than he does about Scappoose. Is there nothing that the people of this city can do to compel merely a decent and tolerable recognition of its interests with respect to these lines of traffic? How long is Portland going to suffer inconvenience and embarrassment and loss and insult at the hands of this traffic tyrant? Perhaps when the Hill road is completed the conditions will be changed. But if a change can be forced sooner it should be done.

And there is central Oregon. Mr. Jefferson Myers told The Journal recently—and many others say the same—that there are vast areas of rich farming land in southern Crook county, as good as that in eastern Umatilla county which is now supplying the Harriman road with from 40 to 50 bushels an acre of wheat to haul away; yet these Crook county lands are untilled, uninhabited, waiting, waiting, as they have been waiting for years, for a railroad. Why? Harriman.

A country lies up there miles away from any railroad, that would produce enough traffic for two or three main railroads and several branches, a country embracing many thousands of square miles, with but few people and little products—lying there waiting, waiting, as it seems hopelessly waiting. Why? Harriman. Some people have gone in there, most of them on irrigation projects, but quite a number also on unriparated lands, and are raising crops

both by irrigation and successfully, too, by dry-land farming. They already have hundreds of carloads raised or growing, and yet, after all their toil and sacrifice and good faith, their stuff is of little worth because there is no railroad to carry it away, and no certainty that if they go on producing they can get it carried away next year or the year after. Why? Harriman.

As was told in The Journal yesterday, the agency plains alone will raise about 300 carloads of wheat, which must be hauled by teams 50 miles to Shaniko. There are also fine oats, and barley, and alfalfa, and hardy fruits, hundreds of carloads of surplus products from this one part of Crook county alone, not one tenth of a similar area, and yet it will not have paid these industrious, enterprising, worthy people to raise it. Why? Harriman.

There is room up there for tens of thousands of industrious, worthy, prosperous people where there are only hundreds today. Why are the people not there, as they are in eastern Washington? And why has Washington forged so far ahead of Oregon? Harriman.

Our commercial bodies and other organizations, and even the railroads themselves, are inviting immigrants and pointing among other parts of Oregon to these extensive central Oregon plains and forests and ranges, and showing homeseekers what chances there are, how thousands upon thousands of homes can be secured cheaply, but when these people ask how they are to succeed in farming on lands 100 miles or more from a railroad, we cannot honestly tell them that they can do so; we have to tell them that they may have to wait two, five, ten, twenty years, work and wait without due reward. Why? Harriman.

These are some of the reasons why we feel obliged to discuss this "undesirable citizen" so much. A large part of Oregon—indeed, all Oregon—has lain under a blight for the last six years at least because of this one man, the deadliest enemy in the shape of a single mortal that a state ever had in all history—Harriman.

The exact cause, or causes, of the telegraphers' strike are not known to the public. As usual, representatives of the two sides to the controversy do not agree. If the telegraph companies' story is true, the strike is unjustifiable. But the leaders of the strike tell another story, or rather say they will have one to tell in their own time, that will put a different face on the matter. While awaiting information it may be in order to remark that if the government owned and operated the telegraph business of the country there would be no strikes of operators. Uncle Sam's employes never strike.

The owner and driver of the automobile that ran over and perhaps fatally injured an old man Friday evening was clearly utterly incompetent to handle the vehicle, and had no business to try to do so on the public thoroughfares. It is curious if a man who drives one of these machines over a person because he does not know enough to back or turn it is not in anyway responsible for the results of his ignorance. He should be limited to a wheelbarrow.

Oregon lumbermen, says the Tacoma Ledger, "say the dividends of approximately 12 per cent which the Harriman lines have been paying are enough." Right they are, no doubt, but what the managers of the Harriman lines are looking at is the profits of the lumbermen.

Since the people have to make light of kerosene, Standard Oil, which has a monopoly of the stuff, can make light of fines, however heavy.

Uncle Sam has dropped on to the sure way of preventing Cuban revolutions—staying down there and spending all the Cuban treasury's money.

It is not a man's getting rich that the common people object to, but getting rich, through the operation of unjust laws, or by violation of just laws.

Vardaman having been definitely beaten, Tillman will continue to shine alone in his glory in the senate as a negro-phobic reactionary.

There is quite an admirable side to John D. Rockefeller, unless his press agent invents the old man's talk for him.

Still, let us be thankful to King Harriman for building to Coos Bay and Tillamook—if he does.

Casa Blanca, the troubled Moroccan port, means "white house." It needed a man in it with a big stick.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope. Every doctrine must prove itself by doing.

Conscience is a good cure for undue conceit.

He is lifted in blessing who lifts another's burden.

Only a fool takes experience for a road instead of a guide.

The surest way to impoverish the heart is to set it on riches.

The striking sermon is the one that hits the other sinner hard.

Few things choke sympathy quicker than chastened sorrow.

All the treasure houses of truth open to the master key of sincerity.

Only those who are not afraid of being poor really become rich.

The man with a hot head evens up on temperature at the other end.

People who have sympathy for humanity are not sighing for heaven.

The Lord of only loves a cheerful giver; he loves a giver of good cheer.

You never will make much headway going at things with the head alone.

This world only become beautiful as we tackle its unpleasant problems.

If you cannot find God in folks on the street, you will not find him on the golden streets.

The ten commandments give little trouble to people who do not want to get around them.

The sins we hide in the basement always get up into the parlor when we have company.

A little work for this poor old present world is better than much weeping over a lost Eden.

Some folks think they must have a great deal of faith because they are so mortally afraid of the devil.

It may be better to mark time than to try to outstrip it by sticking it into a pious flowerpot about once a week.

Hymns to Know

Conflict. By Samuel Johnson. (Samuel Johnson, Salem, Mass., 1832—North Andover, Mass., 1882) was the minister for a number of years of an independent church in North Andover.

By thy thorn road, and suns other, Is the mount of vision won; Tread without shrieve to brother! Jesus trod it—press thou on!

By thy trustful, calm endeavor, Guiding, oh! serene the sun, Earth bound hearts thou shalt deliver; O, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger, For thy life of pain and peace; While it needs thee, O, no longer Pray thou for thy quick release.

Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather, By the prayer of Jesus—"Father, Not my will, but thine, be done!"

Large and Small Tracts.

Holders of large tracts of land would realize more for their property, and meet with quicker sales by cutting their holdings up into small tracts. It is a mistake of holders of large tracts that their property increases in value because of their holding it or because of the land through cultivation. It really is because of small holdings that the price of land advances. The owner of a small tract tills his land more thoroughly than the owner of large tracts—the latter often tilling (?) but a small portion of his land. The owner of the few small tracts often gets nearly as much crop as the man who cultivates (?) four or five times as much land. The owner of the small tract having given his land thorough cultivation, the result is that the land produces much more. Then again the small tracts are bought by people who wish to make homes, and as a result population is increased and there are more taxpayers to help pay taxes necessary to keep county and state machinery running. The weather man sometimes, by some scheme, manages to dodge and not pay his full share of taxes. The necessary improvements on the small tracts to make homes, increase the demand for small tracts at advanced prices over land in large tracts.

The editor of a little western paper was in the habit of cheering up his subscribers daily with a column of short pertinent comments on their town, their habits, and themselves. The department on account of its intimate personal flavor was the most popular thing in the paper.

The editor, as he saw it growing in favor, gradually allowed himself a wider and wider latitude in his remarks, until the town passed much of its time conjecturing "what he'd say next."

On a hot day, when the sun whistled gaily up the streets of the town, depositing everywhere its burden of heat, the editor brought forth this gem of thought:

"All the windows along Main street need washing badly; he was waited on by a platoon of indignant citizens who confronted him with the paragraph in question, fresh from the hands of the compositor and informed him fiercely that he had gone too far. After a hasty and horrified glance he admitted it now read:

"All the windows along Main street need washing badly." Under the Spruce Street tree, in the August Everybody's.

Bait Getting Stale. From Young's Magazine. "The older bachelors grow the more conceited they become," said Ada Lewis, of "Pasadena, Florida." "I was talking to one recently and I asked him why he did not marry. He evaded the question by describing a series of young women he had known and finding some fault with each one. But all of them, it seemed, had married.

"You are in danger of getting left," I said to him. "You had better hurry up before it is too late."

"Oh," said the bachelor, "there are just as good fish left in the sea."

"I know that," I said, "but the bait isn't there; the danger of the bait becoming stale?"

Big One Will Do. From the Washington Post. The treasury department reports that there is a strong demand for small bills. But even this is not going to discourage Bill Taff's friends.

A Sermon for Today

New Truths for New Days. By Henry F. Cope.

"The spirit of truth shall guide you into all truth."—John xxi. 17.

There are many who think they must live content with religion because they cannot be better. They believe the views held by their fathers.

The facts on which the faith of the past was based have come into light so that the modern man, examining them finds himself in all honesty compelled to question them and often ultimately to call them fables.

The attempt to answer the questions of the clear eyed modern scientific mind by accusing it of inherent antagonism to religion is cheap and ineffectual. There are honest doubters who at this time, in our earnest seekers after truth, who desire the best, are willing to pay any price for personal character and social righteousness.

It is a mistake to suppose that they refuse to be bound by creeds they cannot endorse. No greater loss could be incurred by them than to insist that we shall accept and endorse a lie in order that the body of religious teaching shall remain undisturbed. The heresy we most need to guard against is that which declares one thing while at heart fearing that another is true.

The new generation in religion is accusing the new religion of faith and the new is accusing the old of blindness to truth. When the father says to the son, "I believe in God," the son answers that he rather would be in company with truth and honesty of conscience than be saved at the cost of both.

But do these divergencies mean that the faith of the modern mind must give up its position and that those who cling to the traditional views can find no fellowship with those who see new light? It is a mistake to suppose that the new religion presses on every individual in him the universal thirst for religion, finds also standing before the living God, and that he must drink only out of this cup handed down from the fathers; you can approach only by the way of the cross.

Our fathers looked on religious truth as something complete and unchangeable, once for all delivered to the saints. But they forgot how different was truth, as they saw it, from its vision as it tends to look in the light of final goal and its views as the last possible statement of truth.

Let how clearly does the past teach us that the religion of the past was changing. The science of today will be largely the folly of tomorrow. Truth, in any age, is a country whose boundaries are ever before us, and whose geography each age must write anew. Truth is a road, not a terminus; a process of search and not the thing discovered alone.

He only is religious really who opens heart and mind to the increasing vision of truth, in whose religion is not a cast and dried, fixed and unchanging philosophy, but to who it is a method and a motive, and who is in the process of adjusting himself to all his world in the full light of all the truth that can come to him.

There is a religion for the man who must deny things that once seemed essential to religion; for the man who feels compelled to doubt things which the religion of the honest, open souled, reserved search for truth and the transparent truth as it is known into character and living.

If the setting of the face toward truth means breaking through ancient theology and the old religion, bringing us face to face with the infinite, it is a good thing to lose the symbol if we only will seek the substance. The heart of man cries out for the reality, not the symbol, of all our words and for the realization of our doctrines in deeds.

When the light of truth is seen, when earth is a desert and the heavens a brass, we find our refreshing, we find the resources of religion not in doctrinal statements, but in the living creeds, but in that creed which expects us to write on our hearts, in the consciousness of the living God, the demonstrated by logic, in the sense of the unity of ourselves and our race with the infinite and divine.

Every day must have a new creed, its enlarging visions of truth, but back of all lies truth itself, the reality upon which our fathers leant, and the unchanging springs where they were refreshed and the glowing visions that came to them. In that reality lies every man's religion.

The Elimination of Fido.

From the Youth's Companion. Wuna Henry Beamus had a dog witch Sum fleeze and other things almost as bad.

And hardly any hare because it wear it out by skeratchun on the kitchen dore.

When Henry's mother did not look; and it Wood berry boans in the front yard and bit.

The preacher wuns on his frunt porch, ware he Kood he sit down from beln bit, you see.

Which made a fuss in church; and Henry had to up for fear he would go mad.

And Henry had to give his dog away. But everywears he went he wood not bring.

For he loved Henry so, and he wood bring a new boan boom and howl like every-thing.

For ows and ows as if he had a fit; And all the naburs tried to poyzen it, and chided the head of voters and cats.

Belonging to themselves and a dog bratts As Henry shood be punnent when a dog that onley howld and never slept.

And one day Henry found him layen him And all curled up in the kornur of the shed As peacefull as kood ba, to howl no more.

Match a bullter than he was before, And me and Redd and Henry Beamus drug.

Him over by the crick and then we dug a grave for him, and Henry Beamus said.

A prare, and put a hedstoan at his head; And Henry's eyes was full of tears, because.

He noo how good and fatherful his dog was.

Norway's Good Example.

From the Detroit Journal. The Norwegian stovthing has conferred the franchise upon women who are over the age of 25 years and who pay taxes on an income of \$10 or more, or who are married to men who earn such a wage. In one respect the Norwegians have given us a lesson in gallantry. When a woman applies for registration she is not obliged to state her age, and she is not obliged to state her income. All that she has to do is to state that she has reached the age of 25. There is many a woman in Detroit who has renounced the right to vote, and who undergoes the ordeal of telling her age before a lot of men. It is all very well to say that it does not harm a woman to tell her age, but if she has prejudices we ought to respect them.

This Date in History.

1093—Crusaders victorious at Ascalon.

1582—Peace of Passau.

1825—King Charles I. of England dissolved parliament.

1793—King George IV. of England born. Died 30th June 1830.

1812—Madoc entered by Wellington and his forces.

1824—Suicide of Lord Castlereagh, 1824—Revolution in Madrid, and flight of Isabella.

1848—George Stephenson, famous railway engineer, died. Born 1781.

1868—Disastrous fire at Buffalo. Declared off August 24.