EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

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I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one, and to read the other.—Seneca.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE MAYOR.

THE TWO MEN and the woman who have been arrested, charged with a conspiracy to blacken the good name of Mayor Harry Lane, continue to protest their innocence, but there is one damning fact which gives them the lie and which goes far to prove their guilt. That fact is their demeanor at the time of the attack upon the mayor in his private office, and their subsequent conduct. If their story were true, there was no possible reason why they should go into hiding or seek safety in flight. On the contrary the plain, obvious and only course was for the woman to appeal instantly to the authorities and to the protection of the law. Conscious of her own virtue and innocence, she would have rejected with indignation the mere suggestion of flight. Still less would she have consented to any false statement of the facts, knowing full well that the truth must be her chief defense.

But what did they do? Radding, Mandelay and the woman made their escape from the building with all possible haste. Hurrying to the woman's rooms in the Marquam lodging house, a conference was held there, with the result that Mrs. Waymire left the city the same evening and fled to Vancouver, where she would be beyond the jurisdiction of the Portland authorities. She was accompanied in her flight by one W. F. Bell, who is said to have posed as her husband, and the two spent the night at a Vancouver hotel. No attempt was made before her departure, or since, to lodge any complaint against the mayor. No effort was made to get before the public any defense of the woman's reputation. The woman and her confederates did precisely what every criminal does, striving red-handed to escape from the consequences of his crime.

Radding went to Vancouver the next day and joined the woman there. Presumably they agreed upon a plan of defense. Radding came back to Portland and his arrest followed. Within the past three days statements have been made to the police and to the press by Mandelay, Radding, Bell and Mrs. Waymire. These statements have bristled with lies. The woman is smarter than her companions and has not given out such glaring falsehoods as they, yet it is manifest that in numerous particulars she is not telling the truth. Mandelay lied persistently for hours after his arrest, denying all acquaintance with Radding or Mrs. Waymire, only to break down at last and acknowledge that he went to the Hamilton building at Radding's request, expecting "something to happen" and he admitted that he had known for 10 days that some plot was about to be hatched.

Radding's reputation is so unsavory that little credence would be given to his statements, even though they were uncontradicted by other evidence. He denies that there was a plot but witnesses are at hand to prove that he told them that he was engaged in a job which was to yield him $1,000 and that it was to be "pulled off" Wednesday evening. The occurrences at the mayor's offices were one day later, and if this was the "job" of which Radding had spoken it is easy to understand how the delay of a day might have occurred.

Finally W. F. Bell, who was intimately associated with Radding and Mrs. Waymire, gave The Journal last Saturday a long statement which now proves to have been a mass of falsehoods. Although he went to Vancouver with the woman Thursday night, he vehemently denied any knowledge of her whereabouts and made numerous assertions which are now provedly false.

These are but a few of the facts which indicate the guilt of the persons charged with the conspiracy against Mayor Lane. Every skilled detective knows the extreme significance of such circumstances as these. Even the most hardened criminal betrays his guilt while the crime is still fresh and in the first numbing access of fear of arrest and punishment. The criminal seeks safety in flight, and if captured takes refuge in falsehood. In the present case, the conduct of the alleged conspirators is one of the strongest evidences against the presumption of their innocence.

WAGES AND COST OF FOOD.

A RECENT REPORT issued by the bureau of labor furnishes some additional information about the relative increase in the cost of food and in wages. It shows that as to food, other necessaries not being considered, the increase in its cost has been exceeded in recent years by the increase in wages. For the past 10 years the incomes and expenses of the masses of the American people have been running a close race, but as a rule the expenses have had the best of it. Wages, as every one knows, have increased since 1896, but by no means in proportion to the increased cost of living.

"In effect," says so careful an observer as Samuel E. Moffet, in Collier's Weekly, "wage earners have been in worse condition on the crest of a wave of prosperity than they were in the depths of hard times." The advantage of the "good times" to wage earners consists principally in their ability to find steady work now, as all of them could not do during the "hard times."

But according to this report there has been in the matter of food a rather steady gain for income over outgo, up till lately. Last year the average weekly earnings of each employe in the country increased by 3.9 per cent, while the cost of food used in representative workingmen's families increased by only 2.9 per cent, a gain for wages over food cost of 1 per cent, as compared with 1905. Compared with the 10-year period, 1890-1899, wages per week last year were 18.5 per cent higher, and food 15.7 per cent higher, an advantage of 2.8 per cent.

But food is only one of life's necessaries to workingmen, and the cost of other necessaries has much more than swallowed up the slight gain on food. And even as to food, the report shows that the cost was rapidly increasing through 1906, the price in December being 5.1 per cent higher than in the corresponding month of 1905; and it is a matter of common knowledge that the cost of food has gone on increasing during the present year, so that even in this respect it is supposed that the gain of income over outgo has been wiped out.

The expenses of employes have enormously increased also, in all other respects as well as in wages paid, so that in many cases it is not certain that more wages can be paid. If this be the case; if wage earners are no better off than they were 10 years ago, and if employers as a rule are making only reasonable profits, who are having the good times? That there is a large degree of real prosperity there seems to be no doubt, but are not a comparatively few people getting the cream of it, while only the skim-milk is left to the masses?

MISSISSIPPI IMPROVEMENT.

THE VIEW IS TAKEN by some that the effort being made to improve and canalize the upper Mississippi river, which project is to be especially exploited along that river and at Memphis this week, is designed to be inimical to other river improvement projects, or will result that way, but we are inclined to take a broader view of the matter than this. Because the United States undertakes the improvement of the Mississippi should be no reason why it should neglect the Columbia or any other stream. The people of Oregon don't ask or want the government to spend all or the greater part of the river and harbor appropriation in the Pacific northwest, but only what is reasonable and right to expend here, and are quite willing that other regions and rivers shall receive their due share. With $50,000,000 a year for 10 years all the worthy projects can be attended to, and then they will have cost not much more than the probable ultimate cost of the Panama canal.

WHEN METHODISTS MEET.

LAST WEEK was Methodist week in Portland. The deliberations of the conference must have given stimulation to influences that are at work for the weal of the state. The denomination is one of the most powerful of all the foes of wrong. From the days of the Wesleys to the present Methodism has been uncompromising in its war on evil. The effect of its labors for the uplift of mankind has been tremendous. Its influence in raising the standard of citizenship has been inestimable. It is impossible for a good churchman not to be a good citizen. The state is the product of the units. Christianity is a character-builder. Every denomination is a salutary factor in state-building, and none more far reaching in its achievements than Methodism.

The church militant is, indeed, the handmaid of the state, in civilizing and organizing the world. The world could do without one about as well as without the other. It is doubtful indeed, if there would be governments and states, were there no religions. It is notorious that where there is no church, there is no enduring civilization. History reeks with the decadence and decay of barbarian nations, and the passage of barbarian races from the stage of action. Even if we doubt the form or conditions of Christianity, we are compelled to confess its towering influence for civilization. We may reject its outward signs, but, deep down, we are obliged to admit its vitalizing, harmonizing and elevating agency in the enlightenment and betterment of mankind. Jenghis Kahn piled up 100,000 human heads before the gates of a city he had conquered. Those were the terms of surrender before the days of the gospel. What a contrast with that scene at Appomatox, when the victorious general of a Christian nation handed back his sword to vanquished General Lee and told the defeated soldiers to take their horses home with them for use in working their fields. The contrast in the two incidents, is typical of what the church is doing for the world. And so, it is a good omen as well as good tidings, when Methodists meet.

CALIFORNIA PETROLEUM.

SCARCELY less wonderful than the story of gold production, following John Marshall's accidental find in Sutter creek in 1848, is the tale of the yield of oil in California during the past few years. It is this vast outpour of oil in the southern part of that state, more than anything else, that has made Los Angeles the second city on the Pacific coast, and given it hope of becoming the first.

In one broadly important respect a great output of petroleum is more beneficial to the region where it is found than a great output of gold. The gold, with its wings, flies hither and yon, far away; the mining camps become deserted; but oil, in these days, largely remains in the vicinity to develop manufacturing enterprises, and for use as fuel. Not many years ago Los Angeles did not expect to be an important manufacturing center, because of the scarcity and high price of fuel, but it is now a city of many large flourishing manufactories, that are constantly increasing in number because of petroleum.

Within less than 10 years the oil production of California has increased from 400,000 to 40,000,000 barrels—100 fold. The oil besides being used in great quantities locally, is shipped to Alaska, Mexico, Nevada, Chile, Japan, and other countries. Producers now have a contract with Japan for 20,000,000 barrels. Oil of this region is piped across the isthmus of Panama and shipped to Liverpool, cheaper than it could be delivered in Arizona. The Hawaiian islands are also a large customer.

This great output of oil has been a compensatory gift of nature to a region that was largely a desert. It has helped greatly to accomplish what seemed to be the impossible. Oregon, in most parts more greatly favored, has so far yielded no petroleum, though there are indications that it exists in various localities. Oregon cannot complain if oil is never found within her borders, but it would nevertheless be a great day for Oregon if a gusher should be struck.

The unveiling of the McKinley monument today recalls the very successful political career of a typical American who was twice elected president, and whose tragic death by assassination profoundly shocked the country. Mr. McKinley was perhaps the most amiable of all our presidents, and he filled a large space in our recent history. Beside him, now, lies the long-afflicted companion of his domestic life, which set a luminous example before the world.

Deceitful.

From the Buffalo News.

Judge not from what the eyes behold,
For rank deceit
Is practiced everywhere, I'm told,
By folks we meet;
The man who from his baby's bank
Steals streetcar fares,
Delights to strut like one of rank
With million airs!

The Play

Whee! After three hours spent with "Little Johnny Jones" you are sure of only one thing—that you have made a night of it. You aren't certain what your condition was and you feel of your head tenderly and with a reminiscent smile. But you know that you're glad you went.

Your evening starts in with a stiff brandy and soda at that home of parvenu Americans, the Cecil, London. There is a whirl of other drinks; it is vaguely remembered that someone mentions a cup of tea while the fun is hottest, which strikes you as hugely funny; red cherries and black olives recall that there must have been a good many Martinis and Manhattans with a pousse cafe or two in colors, and you know that you were denied the comfort of a sobering demi-tasse at the end.

Mr. Gaites' company this year is on the whole excellent and there was nothing but praise from the audience which filled the Heilig from top to bottom for the scenery and costuming. In a production of the character of Cohan's it is supremely necessary that the audience be half-blinded with a glare of lights, of good stage settings, of many girls who display much lingerie, that they be kept in a state of intoxication from the time the curtain goes up on the first act until it drops on the second, with enough more thrown in to assure a hang-over the next morning.

There are 17 musical numbers interspersed during the evening which practically makes it a case of there being a few lines placed now and then between musical numbers. "Cecil in London Town" does for an eye-opener and is soon followed by "They're all my friends" and "Mam'selle Fauchette," the latter a good song, although the improvised Goldie is a long ways from being what she might, both as to dancing, singing and youthfulness.

Perhaps the best known of the numbers is Johnny Jones' song, "Yankee Doodle Boy," which made its usual hit. Billy Seymour gives a very fair account of himself as Johnny Jones, the American jockey. It is a trying part and Seymour hasn't a stage voice, but the Cohan music very nearly sings itself and actually does whistle of its own accord.

Then there is Captain Squirvy of the 10-day boat who—shades of Gilbert and Sullivan!—brings in the pure melody of "Pinafore" in that motley crowd of painted and berouged and utterly shameless Cohan creations. We blush and are ashamed at the intrusion of this innocent "Pinafore" song and are much more comfortable when she takes her flight behind the wings.

"Give My Regards to Broadway," "A Girl I Know" and "Life Is a Very Funny Proposition After All" are some of the best-known of the favorites in "Little Johnny Jones" and they all won recalls from the good-natured Heilig audience. The chorus sang well. Its average of years was pretty good. Considering the scarcity of girls on Broadway it was reasonably comely.

Of the leading parts William Keough as "The Unknown" carried off the honors this year as last. Ada Gifford made a hit as Florabelle Fly, the San Francisco "reporteress," while the chap who takes the part of Henry Hapgood—name unknown—although evidently a bit new, has a good stage appearance and carried off his songs and lines very well.

"Little Johnny Jones" will continue its offering of refreshments and cure for bad dispositions tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday.

"The Girl With the Green Eyes."

Jinny Austin drew tears and smiles and scolds and pity from the Baker audience yesterday as she has with other audiences ever since Clyde Fitch wrote his near-great play, "The Girl With the Green Eyes," and placed in it, as the girl, the young person who cannot control her jealousy.

There has been a slight change in the arrangement of the members of the company since last week and now Dorothy Bernard is playing second lead and doing it very well. It is distinctly an advantageous shifting—as Ruth Chester, Miss Bernard gives the most delightful performance in this week's offering. She is graceful and has a pleasing and well-bred voice, her lines are spoken distinctly and there is no striving after a forced effect.

As might have been expected from the character of his previous work, Austin Webb gave a very satisfactory performance of the part of John Austin, the young husband of Jinny, who possesses almost unbelievably good qualities of mind and heart. The man in a Fitch play must, above all other things, be good-looking and the matinee crowd gave Mr. Webb a very respectable score on that point.

Miss Cullingham, the meddling friend of the Austins, was played by Miss Kent, Mrs. Gleason played Mrs. Tillman and Donald Bowles, Goeffrey Tillman, the weak and selfish brother of Jinny. Mr. Bowles' presentation was, as always, excellent.

The play, representing as it does New York society people of wealth, calls for elaborate costumes on the part of nearly all of the people in the cast. The stage settings were adequate.

When it comes to a word on the play itself there is the ever-present temptation to take a whack at Mr. Fitch for his fatal last acts.

There weren't many at the matinees yesterday, probably, who have gone into the psychology of the Fiske play to any great extent, but it was interesting to note the very real and intense interest which permeated every minute of the first three acts, only to be dropped cold and naked when the unconvincing, melodramatic and unsatisfactory last act was given.

Through three acts there is a very remarkable struggle going on—the struggle of a woman to conquer her hereditary weakness of disposition, her prediliction to suspect those whom she really loves above all else. And when weakly and disappointingly she turns her back on her high resolves, she decides to end her life, the interest lags, the ridiculous details become overprominent.

But after all it is one of the most interesting of Mr. Fitch's plays and well worth going to see.

Laugh at "Uncle Josh."

That rural drama of ever-lasting youth and animal spirits, "Uncle Josh Perkins," played to a laughingly appreciative audience at the Empire yesterday afternoon, and there was another large crowd to see the new company last night.

Bart Hodgkins took down the house with his Uncle Josh, the good old country philanthropist, who goes to New York City from Shelltown, Vermont, and shows the city boys that he knows a thing or two, if his chin whiskers are luxuriant and his jeans somewhat abbreviated. Uncle Josh acts the part of hero and heroine saver all the way through, from the time that he knocks out a gang of Bowery toughs and wildcat policeman until he cools the anger of Caleb Slick, the scheming lawyer, by taking him gracefully by the neck and ducking him in the well. It is real ducking, too, and Caleb appears after it, very wet, very "drippy" and without an evil intention in the world.

Rags, an orphan, who is the ubiquitous youngster of the play, won high favor—she made even more of a hit than do most stage children, and deserved all the recalls that her singing and dancing brought her.

As a laugh-maker and a good type of rural play of its kind, "Uncle Josh" seems bound to live on to a ripe old age.

The Weak Point.

From the Atlanta Journal.

The weak point in Taft's speech is his advice to postpone for 18 months the correction of an iniquitous abuse like the present tariff.

ANYTHING TO BEAT TOM JOHNSON

From the Public.

Corrupt traction interests are now centering their fight for existence in Cleveland, as six months ago they centered it in Chicago. At the time of the Chicago election the Cleveland traction ring was upon the edge of a settlement with Mayor Johnson which would have involved the extinction of the monopoly ring and the substitution of a 3-cent fare system with provision for municipal ownership as soon as state legislation permitting it could be obtained. But the Cleveland gang "backed water" as soon as political corruption in Chicago had elected Busse and passed the fraudulent traction franchises. Since then they have been hunting in couples with the local Republican machine for a mayoral candidate, in order to save their graft in the only possible way—by getting Mayor Johnson out of office. At last their efforts have culminated in Congressman Burton's reluctant consent to run. But he consents upon condition that the traction ring shall hie itself into the background of local politics, while its partner, the Republican machine, goes forth and proclaims a dissolution of the partnership.

This naive demand of Mr. Burton's, that as a condition of his accepting its nomination his party machine shall give him a certificate of non-alliance with the traction interests, is not without a touch of pathetic humor. Mr. Burton is really a well-meaning man. It is inconceivable that if elected mayor he would consciously lend himself to the corrupt schemes of the traction ring. But it is equally inconceivable that he has either the will or the ability to cope effectively with the ring. No matter how conscientiously he opposed its plans, it and not he would win, in the circumstances in which it would manage to surround him. Mayor Johnson, with all his special knowledge of the subject, supplemented with high business skill and acute political perceptions, has been held at bay by the political, financial and judicial powers with which the traction ring and its affiliated interests have confronted him. Only now, after the best kind of work, is he on the eve of achieving the victory he set out to win for his city six years ago.

It is not a certificate of non-alliance with the traction ring that Mr. Burton needs, but a certificate of the unflinching will and the necessary ability to cope with the conspiracy which exists between the traction ring and the machine of his own party. A certificate of non-alliance with the traction ring—such a certificate from the Republican machine which has been in partnership with the traction ring ever since Mayor Johnson began attacking the unjust privileges of that ring! Of what use does Mr. Burton suppose such a certificate from such a source would be to him? Does he draw no lesson from the old anecdote of the tender-hearted judge? We mean the judge who in passing sentence upon a young convict of previously fair repute urged him to make a record of good behavior, assuring him that then he could doubtless get at the end of his term a certificate of good character from the warden of the penitentiary and begin life over again. "Your Honor," interposed the humiliated youth, "do you think a certificate of good character from the penitentiary would be a valuable recommendation to travel on?"

THE FLY AS A PUBLIC ENEMY

From Collier's.

One by one the plagues of Egypt are being abolished by science. The frogs were abolished long ago by the draintile. The flies are checked by insect powder, and the darkness that could be felt has melted away before the arc light. The sixth plague still remains in full glory. The fly is always with us. The great Dr. Radcliffe used to declare that the three worst annoyances of life were smoke, flies and irrelevant questions. Humanity has hitherto accepted these with a patient shrug of the shoulders as among the inevitable. At last the worm has turned. It is proceeding slowly to put on smoke consumers, and has declared a war of extermination against the fly. The motives which whet our hitherto easily blunted purpose are supplied by science. They are, first, that flies carry disease; second, that their very presence is a sign of dirt. That the fly is frequently the angel of the pestilence has long been suspected, but its most vivid and impressive demonstration was furnished by the disgraceful death rate from typhoid, one of the most scandalous of the many murders of official stupidity, in our camps in the south during the Spanish-American war. It was clearly proved by the eminent commission of experts, who investigated the situation post-mortem, that the principal means of the spread of this dreaded disease was the flight of flies from the excreta of the earliest cases to the food exposed in the camp kitchens, carrying typhoid germs on their legs and probosces. Experiments were promptly set on foot, and a gruesomely vivid corroboration furnished. Flies were allowed to feed upon meat smeared with cultures of various bacilli, then induced to alight on gelatin plates, and walk about on them. These plates were then placed in an incubator, and every step of the track of the fly could, in a few days, be traced by the clumps of bacilli which sprang up where his feet had planted them.

* * *

Not merely typhoid, but tuberculosis, diphtheria, measles, and sepsis (blood poisoning) may be readily carried by these pests. The fly must go. Fortunately, the problem of his extermination is not difficult—he is not only a cause but a consequence of dirt. While he can live almost anywhere, he can breed only in some form of filth, most commonly and chiefly in barnyard manure, particularly horse manure. This he infinitely prefers, but can make shift with garbage barrels, dust bins or other accumulations of dirt. Destroy or properly disinfect the latter, and remove stables outside of town limits, and flies will quickly disappear. That this is not too good to be true one may satisfy himself by a practical test. In small towns, where stables can not be got rid of, if the manure be thrown into a tight box or pit, the opening of which is covered by a wire screen swing door, or, failing this, as a rough and ready substitute, the heap be sprinkled once a week with a little Paris green or other form of arsenic, to poison both the brooding flies and any eggs they may deposit, the plague can be stayed. Or the problem may be attacked from the other end of the line where open-vault privies are in use, by sprinkling the latter with arsenic, and thus killing any flies that may resort to them and become infected. We have known small towns, where the water supply was good, keep entirely clear from any spread of typhoid by this simple precaution, while their neighbors, with equally good water supply, suffered severely.

The Best Day

By John Anderson Jayne.

In one of Mr. Emerson's masterly essays he gives expression to the thought that "one of the illusions of life is that the present hour is not the critical hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year."

How that suggests that important word of the olden time, "Now is the accepted time!"

And then, by a very natural process of remembrance and thinking, you come to the idea so dominant in our American life. Do it now.

There is no gainsaying the truth that today is the best day the world has ever known. The golden age of the world is not in the past, as poets who rave of the halcyon day of Queen Bess would have us believe. For real manhood and worth of character we are not compelled to search the dim, dust-gray ages of the past. We find it in our everyday life. True, there was manhood then, but there is more manhood today. We may not have any better men than Marcus Aurelius, Plato and Socrates, but we do have more men of the same stamp who, because of their broader outlook on life, see things even more clearly than they saw.

Ever is it true that the mental world keeps progress with the physical, and the spiritual, or moral keeps pace with the mental. Because men are stronger physically today than they could have been hundreds of years ago is the reason they are better equipped mentally than they were in the centuries agone. Because they are mentally better, it follows that they must be spiritually better.

Optimists always, we do not yield one inch in the argument that the world is better today than yesterday, consequently for us today is the best day the world has ever seen.

Growing out of the thought that this day is the world's best day is this compelling and forceful interrogation: What are you doing today?

There are three things you can do with today, as it comes fresh to you from the loom of the eternities:

You can loaf in today. You can sit by the stream of life and see it float past you. You can be idle, restless and unresisting. You can let it glide through your fingers as water glides through the marble fingers of a statue erected in the center of a city fountain. And all the while the statue stands unresponsive to the calls of the water, never attempting to stay or use the power that flows through it. You can be a cold lifeless beauty statue of brainless block in today if you will, for today and its use is up to you. To day is yours to do with as you please.

The second thing you may do with today is to labor with your might, doing with all the powers of your soul the work you find to do. You may work so hard that when night comes you will be unable to enjoy your paper, the intercourse with your family, or the delightful pleasures of life that bring strength to the hand or power to the brain. You may labor so hard that you will be nothing more or less than an old horse treading round and round in a continous treadmill, never advancing, never getting anywhere, only moving, but not progressing.

The third thing that you may do with today is to lift. You may see the needs of your brother men. You may help bear their burdens. You may help relieve their distresses. You may make the world brighter, better and nobler because you have lived. If you live as a world-lifter, surely today will be the best day for you the world has ever given you.

What are you: A loafer, a laborer, a lifter?

Answer to your own heart the questions!

Tacoma "Watched It Grow."

From the Tacoma Ledger.

The salmon is a wonderful fish. A. D. Charlton, passenger agent of the Northern Pacific, caught a fine one down in the Columbia river. It got into the Portland newspapers at 18 pounds. Then Mr. Charlton came to Tacoma and, upon his arrival, the Chinook tipped the scales at 28 pounds.

Dinkelspiel to His Girl Friends

By George V. Hobart.

(Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal-Examiner.)

Home, Lately.—Mein Lieber Looey: Ve haf receifed your letter from Pittsburg, und ve vas glat to hear it dot your healt' is goot und dot pitsness mit commercial trafeling is also satisfactionary.

I notice vat you set in your letter abould meeting your cousin, Louisa Bergenthaler, at McKeesport, und dot Louisa is yust crazy I should write her a letter mit some nice ettyket for girls in it.

Vy does Louisa dink dot I am a ettyketist, I vunder?

Haf you been showing my letters to somevun, Looey?

Such is not der cheneral idea of hospitality, Looey, to show anyvun your private correspondences, eggscept ven you vas in politics, ven it is alvays a showdown.

Howefer, Looey, be dot as it should, I must not disappointment your cousin, Louisa, so I haf made up a few leedle ettyketisms vich vill be a nice idea for her und udder girls to study und commit a memory mit dem, yet.

Louisa, don'd nefer eat piggies und candy at der same meal, because indichestion is der root of all evil complexions.

Louisa, don'd nefer change der complexion of your hair yust to make it harmonization mit der parlor furniture.

Louisa, don'd nefer forget it dot der girl dot speaks elefen lankviches is not as popular as der girl dot keeps her tongue quiet in vun.

Louisa, don d nefer offer to pay your friend's fare on der streetcar, because she may let you do it und you vill be a nickel to der bad.

Louisa, don'd nefer stand in a streetcar ven men vas sitting all around you. It vas eggstremely impoliteful not to offer your strap to a man.

Louisa, doan'd nefer make goose-goose eyes at a strange man. Borrow a introduction to him from somebody, und den if you still luff him all vill be vell.

Louisa, don'd nefer vear false hair in der pompador, because ven a girl has rats in der garret no young man vill set a trap to catch her in der bonds of matrimonials.

Louisa, don'd nefer refusal to eat breakfast und luncheon at home yust because you vas going out to dinner mit a chent in der efening. Hunger is a nice idea, but it should not be carried to eggstremes.

Louisa, don'd nefer go shopping mit der idea dot you can find yust vat you vant, because it chenerally turns ould dot you haf forgotten vot you vanted in der eggscitement of remembering someding vich you vould vant if you dit not vant someding else.

Louisa, doan'd nefer wear a short dress on a rainy day, because der longer der train der more passengers vill it take to stand on it. Und, more also, how sveet it is ven der twilight makes faces at der sunset to know dot during all der day our long skirt has helped der veary streetsveeper mit his labors.

Louisa, doan'd nefer say "T'ank you kindly" to der strange chent dot gifs you a seat in der streetcar, because he might response "Don'd mention it," und you vould haf to say "Much obliged," und he vould feel der inspiration to say "Der pleasure vas dll mine." Und dis vould lead to a cheneral gonversationing abould der vedder und a proposal of marriage vich vould result in papa kicking der man down der airshaft, because politeness means so leedle at der beginning, but grows so bitter as ve pursue it.

Looey, teli Louisa it vould pleasure me to mention some more, but I vas going mit your mother py Coney Island tonight und ve need all der ettyket ve can scrape up to get us ofer der Brooklyn britch mitould svearing.

Yours mit luff,

D. DINKELSPIEL,
Per Georve V. Hobart.

Happy Adam.

Adam never drove a horse
That balked upon a railroad track;
And, furthermore, Eve never wore
A waist that buttoned down the back.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

On Getting Even

By Irene Gardiner.

"Well, I got even with him anyway. I have that satisfaction. He played a mean trick on me, but I got even with him. He knows by this time that he can't get ahead of me."

The man spoke in a way that showed his great satisfaction with himself. I don't know who he was, for I caught the speech I have quoted as I stood by his side on a street corner waiting for a chance to cross. But since that I have often thought of his words and how contemptible they made him appear.

How delightful he was that he had "got even" with the man who had, in his estimation at least, done him a wrong! It never seemed to enter his mind that in bragging about getting even he revealed a quality in his nature of which he should have been most heartily ashamed.

Some man had played a mean trick on him, and in getting even it had been necessary for him to be equally mean. This he did not seem to comprehend.

It takes neither intellect nor courage to get even with an enemy. The savage or the imbecile is capable of working out full revenge along the line of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." It is so very easy to slip down to the level of the one who has injured us. No courage is required, neither any kindness.

But, after all, how can we blame the individual for getting even in this cowardly way when the great arm of the law sets him a bad example? Does one man kill another? Revenge is quick, for the law gets even by taking a life in return for a life. It is all so easy, so quickly done.

Such a dispensation of justice requires no tedious attempt at reformation, no dealing with a man's soul. His hand brought death to one of his fellow men, and so shall the law bring death to him.

The very foundation of the Christian faith is in the belief that an unregenerate soul cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

Yet the more unregenerate a soul, the more atrocious the crime committed, the quicker does the law decree that it be sent to the great unknown so that it may no longer contaminate this world. No matter what its future. That is left to take of itself.

Verily, the angels in heaven must mock at the prayers that are offered at the foot of the scaffold. The well-regulated Christian community prays for the future welfare of the soul it is deliberately sending out of this world black with crime. Within the sight of church steeples and the sound of church chimes the one puny creature is crushed out of existence. It is so much easier to annihilate than to risk contamination or to work arduously to reform.

But some time in those fair future years, when our creeds shall in truth be graven on our hearts, we shall cease to lower ourselves to the level of the murderer by murdering in turn. We shall realize that to bring repentance to one murderer's soul and teach him to live a life of usefulness and self-sacrifice is to do more for the world than to send 10,000X10,000 murderers post-haste into eternity, many of them sullen, many of them cursing, and a few—oh, how few—repentant.

No, we can hardly blame thoughtless men and women for bragging about "getting even" as long as the law itself spreads this doctrine broadcast.

Effect of the Two-Cent Rate.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

The two-cent rate law has been found, in one state, at least, to have proven highly beneficial to the roads, and extremely so to the public. That one state is Minnesota, whose attorney-general has compiled two very interesting tables, showing the receipts of the Minnesota roads from their passenger traffic, both local and interstate, for May and June, 1907, as compared with the average two months' business for the year 1906, when the three-cent rate was in force.

MINNESOTA LOCAL BUSINESS ONLY

	May-June 1907. 2 cents.	Two aver. mo. 1906 3 cents.
Soo	$ 70,823	$ 73,188
Great Northern	363,442	327,520
Willmar & S. F.	13,286	14,371
Northern Pacific	209,292	160,567
St. Paul	158,989	89,593
Northwestern	82,106	67,977
Omaha	97,300	84,336
M. & St. L.	70,397	93,124
Great Western	46,760	58,620
Rock Island	18,906	17,896

ENTIRE MINNESOTA BUSINESS.

	May-June 1907. 2 cents.	Two aver. mo. 1906 3 cents.
Soo	$102,276	$ 77,527
Great Northern	525,238	403,658
Willmar & S. F.	31,398	26,780
Northern Pacific	361,108	299,201
Northwestern	171,094	125,704
Omaha	230,795	196,449
M. & St. L.	160,420	149,481
Great Western	97,561	155,298
Rock Island	62,301	53,634

The figures from which these tables were compiled were furnished by the railroads themselves, and they show that the big roads—the ones with considerable mileage — largely increased their incomes from passenger business, and that the little ones did not suffer any material reduction. Local passenger business gained $150,000, and local and through combined gained about $250,000.

This is a state of big population. It will be interesting to watch reports from states less densely settled.

Editors Have to Be So Careful!

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The poet to the magazine editor—I wonder if you would like a few verses I wrote after dinner yesterday?

The editor, suspiciously—What sort of dinner was it?

A New Route.

From the Topeka Capital.

Mr. Taft is believed to be the only man who ever went around the world by way of Oklahoma City and Springfield, Missouri.

Elusive.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The richest man is as elusive to those who chase him as the dollar is to the poor man when the richest man chases him.

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