EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. A. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

AN ASTONISHING DECISION.

OCCASIONALLY a strange, surprising and exceptional decision is rendered by the higher courts. Such an one was that rendered this week by the United States supreme court in the case of Captain Oberlin M. Carter. Some ten or a dozen years ago, or more, Carter, then an engineer officer in the employ of the government, was in charge of some extensive improvements to be constructed in Savannah harbor. Through the influence of prominent New York politicians and business interests the contract was let to two men named Greene and Gaynor. These men and Carter conspired to defraud the government, and did so to the extent of somewhere from $1,750,000 to $2,500,000. The process was simple; Greene and Gaynor only made a pretense of doing the work; Carter certified that it was done, and the money was paid. Men "higher up" must have known about so rank a transaction; but the swindlers got the money, Carter's share being some $700,000.

Carter was after great effort convicted and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment in Fort Leavenworth, where he enjoyed all the luxuries of high life. Greene and Gaynor escaped to Canada, and have just been finally sentenced to four years' imprisonment, where, it is presumed, if they have any money left, they will be treated with the extreme consideration due their rank as high financiers. If they are broke, it will be different.

But here comes the astonishing feature of the case. Carter before his imprisonment bought bonds to the extent of $400,000 with the stolen money, and deposited them in half a dozen states. The government found where these bonds were deposited, showed that they had been bought with the goverament's money, and sued to recover them. And the government, in the highest court of the land, has actually won this case and will get the bonds. We remember no similar case on record.

EXCLUSION OF ORIENTALS.

IT IS not only union workingmen, but we think a large majority of the common people aside from them, who will approve of Mr. Bryan's declaration in favor of the exclusion of orientals from this country, with a few carefully selected exceptions. The races are so different in thought, customs, religion, education, habits and aspirations that they cannot assimilate nor live together in amity and content; though living apart, in their own several countries, they may remain friendly and be mutually helpful to one another.

With Europeans, even the worst of them that come—and many who come are no advantage to us—it is different, because in two or three generations at most they become Americanized. They go to our schools, maintain homes, generally spend or invest their money here, help pay taxes, take an interest in politics, inter-marry with Americans, run for office, and so evolve into real American citizens. We suppose there are colonies in New York and perhaps in a few other large cities that furnish exceptions to this statement, but it is the rule. The orientals do not do these things—or if the Japanese do to some extent they are in various ways rather annoying in the process.

We do not keep out the orientals because we are better than they—perhaps we are not; in some respects they are wiser than we—but because they are different. We can assimilate all sorts of white peoples, and have done so; we are all sorts almost from the beginning, but we do not assimilate the orientals; neither they nor we submit to the process. Hence there is constant friction, trouble, between the races.

The labor consideration may be overdrawn, yet it is in itself a sufficient reason. It is true that during the past few years, when there has been a scarcity of laborers all over the country, more oriental laborers could have been employed to advantage. In some places and at certain seasons they might be so employed yet, and always. But if we let down the bars there would be no end of trouble. Even now there is an excess of labor supply over the demand, and this may be the condition most of the time, or frequently. And whenever this is so, oriental labor is a cause of strife and mischief.

That this is not due to "Americanism," is not peculiar to the United States, is shown by recent outbreaks in two British provinces. The same thing will happen wherever the oriental comes into competitive contact with the white race in the labor world. If it be said that this is not justice, the sufficient reply is that it is nature, the world around; and further, that no ethics of political economy require one nation to admit people of another nation freely, much less people of a different race. Each nation has a right to make its own immigration laws, and so long as it can maintain itself to work out its own destiny with its own people and such immigrants as it chooses to admit.

The Japanese have some admirable racial and national traits, to which we have more than once alluded. They have done wonders and gained the respect and aroused the astonishment of the world. They are going to do other great things. We have no quarrel with them, within their own sphere. But in this country we think they are more objectionable than an equal or even a much larger number of Chinese.

China has assented in good faith and with no great resistance to the exclusion law, and probably Japan will do the same. Japan will have large fields for her surplus population in Korea and Manchuria. A treaty satisfactory to both nations can very likely be made. The United States should move in the matter with the utmost friendliness, and with intent to give no offense; yet should adhere rigidly to the exclusion policy. That is the only safe, wise course, and Mr. Bryan sees this clearly, and with characteristic freedom of expression says so.

HOW TO MAKE THEM PIOUS.

THE REPORT of the interstate commerce commission announces that the railroads will all observe the requirements of the rate law. Of course they will. It also declares that the railroads will cooperate in enforcing its provisions. Exactly so.

And with equal alacrity, should the government take the step, the roads would obey statutes providing for capitalization as a basis of rate control. They would be compelled to do so, and their discretion would impel them to do so, should congress make the law and the authorities apply it. The howl of railroad lawyers in the last congress against rate legislation has been proven to be bosh. The fulmination of the same crowd against constitutionality and inadvisability of capitalization legislation is also bosh. It is the subterfuge of railroad hirelings and their masters, employed to perpetuate as long as possible a prized and precious privilege of over-capitalization and overcharges.

Our system of government did not provide for license for one and law for the other. The fathers contemplated that not only the butcher's boy, but the captain of railroad industry should respect and obey the law. The seeming contrary view that has prevailed for two decades was wrong and correctible, as Mr. Roosevelt has partly proven. The Harrimans, Heinzes and Rockefellers will continue to be elastic in their finance and acrobatic in railroad manipulation until government laws and government authorities forbid, and then they will be meek as lambs. A railroad baron will obey the law as piously as anybody else when he knows he has to, as his new attitude on the rate law proves. He would have been lawabiding long ago if the government had required it of him. His kind are not a bad lot, at least, when the penitentiary looms on their horizon. All we have to do is to fumigate the United States senate, so salutary laws can pass it, keep a citizen of the right sort in the White House and it won't be long until the docility and piety of the railroads will be perfect.

OREGON FRUIT.

OREGON PEARS, according to a report, sell for four times the price paid for California pears in eastern markets. It is true that while California is celebrated as a great fruit state, and indeed is so, Oregon far excels California in the quality of most kinds of fruit. We all know with what relief and keen appetite we turn from the early fruits and vegetables of California to those of Oregon maturing a little later. The latter are almost beyond comparison superior, in most cases, even after allowing due discount for the trip from California here. Of course in semi-tropical fruits—oranges, dates, olives, etc.—Oregon does not compete; but in all other fruits and in most vegetables, Oregon, if a slang phrase may be allowed, has California "skinned."

Rogue River valley pears perhaps furnish an exceptional case, for they have established the reputation of being superior to any raised in the United States, and the same is true of Hood River apples; but other fruits and berries and garden stuff raised not only in these but in other sections of Oregon, will bear out the general proposition as to their superiority, both for flavor and for nutritious qualities.

California is in every aspect a great state; it produces enormous quantities of many things, some of them excellent in quality; taken altogether it is a monster wonderland, fit for an empire; but for excellence of products, and probably also for yield per acre, when due care is taken and the best methods are employed, Oregon can win the high prize.

RETRENCHMENT NECESSARY.

A DISPATCH says: "The Union Pacific and Burlington railroads will take porters off chair cars and do away with flagmen on some of their passenger trains. This reduction is made as a matter of retrenchment."

We may expect soon to hear that further retrenchment has been ordered, if possible, in the discharge of section crews, repairers, and all laborers possible to spare. These poor corporations must save money. True, they are doing a bigger business than ever before, at as high or higher rates than for some years past; true, they are paying 18 per cent dividends, and Harriman has blown in some $135,000,000 of earnings in the last two years in Wall street speculations; true, the service and accommodations are insufficient, entirely inadequate, and in some respects shamefully inconsiderate of patrons; true also, many accidents happen, due to gross carelessness and negligence, and because not enough capable men are employed and because the railroad officials care nothing for human life except the damages they have to pay—but there must be retrenchment.

Harriman may need several hundred millions more to squander or invest to the injury of his patrons; so retrench. Let the trains collide or fall through bridges or be thrown off by broken rails; the company must retrench. Let the people ride without care, comfort or courtesy, treated with scarcely as much consideration as a trainload of cattle; the high financiers must retrench.

CAN MR. SCHUEBEL DO IT?

THE JOURNAL is not advised as to the legal attainments of Christian Schuebel. There seems to be bewildering lack of information on the subject. That he is not the Nestor of the Oregon bar is doubtless known to all, Senator Bourne excepted. That he is a second rate, or even a third rate lawyer, has yet to be proven to the people of Oregon. The most that is generally known of him is that he is unknown. Until his name was mentioned a few weeks ago as candidate for district attorney, it is doubtful if 5 per cent of the people of the state had ever heard of him. He has never had a case in the federal court, and was only admitted to practice in that court last April. His principal experience in his profession has been as justice of the peace at Oregon City and assistant district attorney in Clackamas county. It is not a ripe experience. It is not such an experience as would be required to equip the ordinary mortal to cope with the able, experienced and distinguished counsel that as United States district attorney Mr. Schuebel would be pitted against in the federal courts. If it has equipped Mr. Schuebel for so great an undertaking he is indeed a phenomenon. If this inexperienced fledgling of the law can swoop down on the federal court, and there, man to man, and mind to mind, engage the great lawyers in and out of Oregon in legal battle and so hold his own that the interests of the people or the government shall not suffer, he is extraordinary.

Can he do it?

THE ROSE FIESTA.

NOW IT is time to get busy not only in politics, but in the matter of the Rose Fiesta next June. Here it is nearly the middle of January, and only a fair beginning has been made to secure the necessary funds. The matter would probably have been all arranged weeks ago except for the financial flurry. Just when the committee was ready to make a canvass for funds the banks stopped cash payments, many people became frightened, and the resultant "panic" rendered the work impossible or inopportune; but now that conditions have been pretty well straightened out again, and business has settled down to something like its normal state, this enterprise must be taken hold of and carried forward with vigor and enthusiasm.

A rose fiesta for a week on a large scale, thoroughly advertised, will be worth a great deal to Portland; will be directly worth more than its cost in money expended by visitors attracted by it, and of far greater value indirectly. It will be a splendid advertisement for the city and state, and the seed thus sown will result in a continuous harvest.

But to have the desired result it must be conducted on a large, liberal scale, one that will cost a good deal of money. This money is needed now, in order that ample preparations may be made in time. The affair is in the hands of capable and reliable men, who with sufficient means will make it a great success. Every resident and friend of Portland should help.

Governor Hughes is still troubling the Republican party leaders in New York, even those who try to be decent and clean and yet keep straight in a party sense. They say that "his whole conception of public life seems to them fatal to the preservation of party strength." They have made a discovery, and if they live and learn may make another; that party strength is almost invariably used to the public hurt. Hence Hughes in weakening the party while serving the people, is no enigma. A party is organized to fool and work the people.

The Journal receives for publication a great many rhymes on various topics which go into the capacious waste basket, for two reasons: First, amateur poetry is not this paper's specialty—it has little space for such production; and second, almost all the matter sent in, though to some extent rhyming, is not poetry. Not having a poetical sharp on the staff, a mistake might be made, but in case of doubt the yawning waste basket looks tempting. So with entire friendliness toward would-be rhymers, our advice is to stick to prose, and then boil it down.

Judge Dunne, who tried the Schmitz case, among other remarks indicating his actual if not legal contempt for the appellate court, remarks that the members of the jury who convicted Schmitz (and modesty prevented him from including the judge) would be held in honored remembrance long after the members of the appellate court had sunk into oblivion. Even if this be true, probably the judges don't care a ——.

Apparently the only safe course in a criminal trial is for the judge to decide every point in the defendant's favor, thus reducing to the minimum the grounds of appeal.

Perhaps three or four weeks will be consumed in selecting a jury to try Thaw, though quite as good a jury could be selected in a day.

Schmitz is not entitled to laugh very long and loud yet; Heney isn't through with him by a long way.

Letters From the People

Liquor Letters.

Brownsville, Or., Jan. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—Two liquor dealers in Portland for the past two years, or since the prohibition law was passed, have been sending out letters and circulars describing their liquors. Residents from all over the state have received letters thanking them for their patronage and for recent orders when, in reality, no orders were sent to them. Some who have received these letters are temperance workers and the liquor houses will get all that's coming to them if the letters are not stopped. Recipients of these letters have sent back others with temperance tracts and sermons inclosed.

I would like to ask through the columns of The Journal if this objectionable feature of the liquor houses could not be stopped? Could not this be brought up before the postal authorities? It is similar to blackmailing and is defaming of character in a way.

What prohibitionist wants a friend to see him receive a letter from "Mike Jacob & Co." or some other big liquor house? I mention this concern as it is one of the objectionable companies. The writer has received several of these objectionable letters and would like to hear from others who have. Will some one throw some light on the subject as to whether this can be brought up before the postal authorities?

"Woe unto the man who giveth his neighbor drink."

FRED HARRISON.

Gentlemen, What Next?

To the Editor of The Journal—There are hundreds of decent, respectable young men in Portland out of employment, who cannot secure work of any kind. Many of these unemployed are men of education and morality and many have families, whose welfare they are responsible for. Yesterday their rent was due, today they must go hungry, tomorrow they will be desperate, and then, gentlemen what next?

Yesterday a young married woman worked all day in an east side factory on one meal, a 10-cent breakfast, her husband without a single meal looked all day in vain for work. Last night an unmarried man with 60 cents divided with the man with the family. Thirty cents doesn't last a married man long. When that is gone, gentlemen, what next?

Can't Portland do something for its unemployed, before in desperation men are driven to desperate deeds? As one of them and in behalf of the unemployed in this city, I say, gentlemen, we don't want bread, but a chance to earn it. G. E. F.

Thomas Dixon Jr.'s Birthday.

Rev. Thomas Dixon Jr., author of "The Clansman," was born in Cleveland county, North Carolina, January 11, 1864. He was graduated from Wake Forest college at the age of nineteen, and the following year, before he had attained his legal majority, became a member of the North Carolina legislature—the youngest man who ever sat in that body. At the same period he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he abandoned the practice of law in 1886 to enter the Baptist ministry. After a brief period as pastor of a church in Raleigh, North Carolina, he occupied a Baptist pulpit in Boston, and the next year accepted a call to New York, remaining in charge of the People's Baptist church in that city until 1899. Mr. Dixon's attacks on Tammany misrule and his strongly worded utterances on other topics of the day attracted widespread attention during the period that he occupied the New York pulpit. During the past few years Mr. Dixon has written several successful novels, and has also given much of his time to the lecture platform.

This Date in History.

1651—First school opened in New England for instruction of Indian children.

1775—First provincial assembly of South Carolina met at Charleston.

1815—Sir John A. Macdonald, Canadian statesman, born.

1820—Large part of Savannah, Georgia, destroyed by fire.

1853—The Victoria nugget, weighing 28 pounds, sent by Australia as a present to Queen Victoria.

1863—The Alabama sank the United States steamer Hatteras.

1888—Many lives lost in terrific snowstorm in the northwest.

1893—General Benjamin F. Butler died. Born November 5, 1818.

Not So Bad.

From Life.

His Wife—Are you going to ask that young Jenkins and his fiancee to our house party?

Husband—Not much.

His Wife—You dislike him, don't you?

Husband—Yes, but not enough for that.

VARYING VIEWS ON SCHUEBEL

Bourne Is Doing Things.

From the BakerCity Herald (Rep.).

The appointment of Christian Schuebel to the office of federal district attorney for Oregon is direct proof that Senator Bourne is the member of the delegation in congress who does things. Standing alone as he was, with not even a remote sympathy of any other member with his candidate, the junior senator secured the appointment of Schuebel and established his prestige at the White House among his constituents.

Talk about wormwood and gall to Senator Fulton! He could not have suffered greater insult had the president openly chastised him. There had been suspicion that Fulton's influence with the executive was at low ebb, but none supposed that it had reached a point which the appointment of Schuebel would indicate.

It would have been due any senior senator to consider his wishes, unless that senator had given cause for the president to cease his acknowledgment of him, in a case so important as this. Doubtless the president deemed it necessary to make this appointment without the aid of Fulton, and desiring to favor Bourne, who has always been an administration man, he nominated the Oregon City man, not waiting for the return of Senator Fulton and Congressman Ellis from their holiday vacation. However, any surmise that is made leads back to the original fact that Jonathan Bourne, the junior senator from this state, is getting whatever he wants from the departments and the president as well, and anyone desiring appointment at the present time must have Mr. Bourne's indorsement.

Some Objections to Schuebel.

From the Salem Journal.

A man of no prominence before the Oregon bar has been appointed United States district attorney for Oregon.

He was a poor young man employed in an Oregon City factory a few years ago.

He was elected justice of the peace, read law, was admitted, and now "is it."

Schuebel seems to come of poor but worthy German farming parents, and has made his own way in the world.

He has nothing against him morally, but that he lives in Clackamas county.

It seems to be a geographical crime in Oregon to hail from the same county with George C. Brownell and George A. Steel.

The only objection personally to Mr. Schuebel so far named is his being a partner of W. S. U'Ren.

Christian Schuebel has denied the report that he had been asked to make W. S. U'Ren his chief deputy in his office, as federal district attorney, by Senator Bourne.

The old machine politicians are not used to Mr. U'Ren as a political factor.

It grates on them to hear appointments come from a man who parts his name with a fly speck.

Of poor and obscure parentage, Mr. Schuebel will not stand in any more terrible awe of millionaire and corporation criminals than of common people.

Objections to Schuebel seem to be inferential, geographical, orthographical and unreal.

His honesty, integrity, independence, have not been questioned.

He has not as much experience as some lawyers, but many are not improved by their experience.

If the real criminals have any kick coming it ought not be at his lack of ability.

Of all the United States federal district attorneys Oregon has had in the past none ever struck a blow at a graft that we remember.

If Mr. Schuebel will attack graft in every form, great and small, right down the line, and gets more than he can handle, he can hire some help.

For the present, gentlemen who keep the law or break the law, it's hats off to Christ Schuebel, the Oregon City mill boy.

Some Modern Politics.

From the Albany Democrat.

The appointment of Chris Schuebel of Oregon City has caused general disgust among Republicans in Oregon. It is looked upon as the rottenest kind of politics. It might be sized up about like this:

Bourne owed W. S. U'Ren a political debt.

Bourne painted a lot of taffy all over the president, said to be about the most conceited individual in the United States, notwithstanding a good many good qualities possessed by him.

The president appointed Schuebel, though opposed by the three other representatives from Oregon.

And there you are, modern politics, of the kind that smells.

Schuebel is not of the district attorney caliber, and everybody knows it. He has been practicing only a few years, and someone says it is doubtful if he ever tried a case in a court higher than a justice court. Anyway, his experience is very limited.

How do you like that kind of doings, anyway?

An Oregon Man Calls on Bryan

N. Young of Scio tells the News of a recent visit to Lincoln, Nebraska, and of riding out past Mr. Bryan's home, as follows:

"There is Mr. Bryan's home," said the conductor, "and there is Mr. Bryan standing in the yard." As I was the only passenger aboard, I asked that the car be stopped long enough for me to step into the yard and shake hands with the illustrious commoner. The car stopped as I requested. Entering the yard and approaching Mr. Bryan, I informed him who I was and where I came from. Cordially grasping my hand he asked at once if I lived at or near Lebanon. I informed him that I did and that I had had the pleasure of listening to his address, delivered there a few years ago, and that I was well acquainted with his friend, State Senator Miller. The waiting car admonished that time was passing. I accordingly, much against my desire, cut the call short. Mr. Bryan seemed to be in the best of health and looked but little older than when he was in Lebanon.

"When the car was again in motion I asked the conductor if, in his opinion, Mr. Bryan had lost or gained in popularity since the campaign of 1896 and 1900. 'He is more popular than ever,' was the reply. 'The common people look upon him as their friend and they trust him implicitly.' Will their friendship extend far enough to cause them to vote for Mr. Bryan, I asked. 'Yes, indeed,' replied the conductor, and he then related the following story to show that Mr. Bryan's friendship and good will toward the working man was more than mere words.

"'When Mr. Bryan started on his tour around the world,' said the conductor, 'I asked him when he reached England to take the time to visit my aged parents. When in England Mr. Bryan remembered his promise and called to see my parents. When he came away he brought a plum pudding, which my mother had baked, all the way to Lincoln and placed it in my hands with my parents' blessing. I am a Republican, but I will vote for Mr. Bryan gladly; and there are thousands of other Republicans who voted against him before who will vote for him this time.'"

No Bosses' Convention Wanted.

From the Woodburn Independent (Rep.)

It is proposed by the "bosses" to hold a state convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to the Republican national convention, but not until after the direct primary election. Such a convention would choose slated candidates. It is needless to deny this; Republicans throughout the state know it to be a fact. There is no guarantee that the delegates "elected" would represent the wishes of the majority of the Republicans of Oregon. We have a direct primary; use it. If a man desires to go to the Republican national convention, let him state his preference for president. Give us all a chance. Don't try to make those swallow Taft who want Hughes, La Follette or some other man. The day of gag rule is past. It is not a square deal, something in which Roosevelt is said to believe. It would only be making votes for Bryan. We are of the opinion that those who go before the Republicans at the direct primary, and are selected, will be recognized by the national convention. Those who want to dabble in a state convention are at perfect liberty to do so, but they have no right to deprive others of their clear prerogative to go before the Republican voters on the direct primary ballot. There are not a few Republicans in this state who want delegates under a promise to vote for Roosevelt regardless of his second declaration.

Irrigon a Resource.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian.

In the entanglement following the suspension of the Title Guarantee & Trust company's bank in Portland, the irrigated town of Irrigon, the dream of J. Thorburn Ross and F. B. Holbrook, the phoenix risen from the sagebrush desert, the green oasis in the arid belt of Morrow county, finds itself in a strange predicament.

It is thrown into the grab bag with the wreck of the Title Guarantee & Trust company's resources.

But Irrigon is a resource not to be overlooked. With 7,000 acres of rich land under a good ditch system, Irrigon, by judicious management, will be able to produce at least $700,000 toward paying the bills of the defunct trust company. It is perhaps the richest resource in the entire collection.

Every foot of the 7,000 acres of land under the Irrigon ditch system is worth $100 per acre if any irrigated land in the world is worth than much, and by placing it on the market, selling it to actual settlers and husbanding its resources, Irrigon alone can almost pay the bills of the trust company.

It would be a happy ending of this unfortunate entanglement if Irrigon, the little struggling sagebrush village in the heart of the eastern Oregon desert, should put her shoulder under this gigantic trust company of the big metropolis of Oregon and left it bodily to its feet and restore its health and strength.

Don't Take the Office Home

By Irene Gardner.

When men are asked what traits they admire in a wife they may differ in naming some qualifications, but there is one which every man will say he requires. It is that a wife should not take her kitchen into the parlor.

Nor should she, but, by the same token, a man should not take his office into his home.

Women know so well how men dislike to be met with complaints regarding the domestic machinery when they come home at night that few of them ever discuss household cares before the husband. And this is as it should be, for men have cares enough in the business world without being burdened with the cares of the domestic end of life. And it is equally true that the majority of home-makers have enough to worry them without being burdened with every phase of the husband's business life. The kindest of husbands, men who would really not hurt their wives for the world, unconsciously or thoughtlessly inflict added burdens on them by taking their offices home with them.

"I can tell the moment my husband enters the door whether things have gone right at the office that day," said a woman who has long since learned that it does not conduce to domestic happiness to take her kitchen into the dining-room, to say nothing of the parlor.

That man ought to be ashamed of himself. His wife has many cares. She runs her house with the assistance of one medium-priced girl, and there are three young children. They all live comfortably, but it takes good management, for the income is not large. Now, don't you think that woman has just as much right to enjoy an evening free from office cares as the man has to be free from kitchen cares? She seldom has such an evening, for she is more than often obliged to hear all the trials that have beset her husband during the day. This means that her already tired brain and body receive an unjust burden.

When a man meets a serious business difficulty the majority of wives rise magnificently to the occasion and help bear the burden bravely. But they should not be annoyed with the from-day-to-day troubles, for they have enough of their own.

There was the man who recently told his wife a long detailed account of a difficulty he was in at the office, and added, "If things don't change soon, I don't know what I'll do," and kept on this rate until he got her all worried. The difficulty was one that had just arisen, and was only a temporary trouble, as deep in his heart he knew. But he wanted sympathy, and so got it from his wife by appealing to her. In the morning he was gloomy and left her with a weight like lead at her heart. All day long she felt depressed. The children were cross and she had to give much strength to them, meantime carrying the added burden of her husband's business. When he came home at night and she saw his radiant face she gasped: "Oh, Will, is it all right?"

"What do you mean?" he asked blankly; then remembering, added laughingly, "Oh, yes; that turned out all right. I found the letter waiting for me when I got down town this morning." And he will never know that just such incidents as that are eating away the bloom from her love for him. She is one of those women who, when one of the children is sick, will send him off to business with a smile and a kiss and tell him it's less serious than she really feels it to be, for she does not want him to carry an added worry during business hours. She does not compel him to take the family and house to his office.

If you've got a wife like that, my masculine reader, just see that you play fair with her. You are probably a kind and indulgent husband, as most of them are, but be still kinder by being as kind to her as she is to you. Don't take your office home at night. Lock it all in when you turn the key in the door.

Mike's Tribute.

From Harper's Weekly.

A rich and well-known citizen of an eastern city boasts of an extraordinary collection of books wherein the authors have inscribed their autographs.

It is rumored that the envy and frequently the skepticism of his friends have been aroused by the flattering inscriptions in question, and some cynics have even gone so far as to hint of a similarity in handwriting throughout the collection.

The citizen recently purchased a rare edition of Montaigne's essays. One evening at dinner the costly volume was passed from hand to hand, and for a time the owner lost sight of it. When, however, it did finally come back to him he was astonished to find on the fly leaf this inscription:

"To John Blank, from his old friend and classmate, Mike Montaigne."

That New Safety.

"You are losing flesh, old man," said Tete de Veau.

"Yes, well I know it," returned L'Oignon. "I have been shaving myself since Christmas with a razor that my wife gave me."

Small Change

Now for five months of politics.

* *

Good, true men should "come out."

* *

Heney will try one case, Hall's, this year.

* *

The Thaw jury may be obtained this month.

* *

It is honorable honorably to serve the people.

* *

Of course the politicians are against La Follette.

* *

Few newspaper men condescend to step down into politics.

* *

The east is also having spring-like weather just now—but look out.

* *

Is Bourne to be a boss? But being a boss is not so easy as it used to be.

* *

There is still an overwhelming majority of Republicans—on the register.

* *

Some men who have been in the legislature should be left at home hereafter.

* *

You don't have to register as a Bourne, Fulton, Cake or any other kind of a Republican.

* *

One thing that would help is less opportunity to appeal. But lawyers wouldn't like that.

* *

It will take a year or two for half the papers of Oregon to learn how to spell Schuebel's name.

* *

Hobson wants the government to run a newspaper. If it told all the truth, how yellow it would be.

* *

Fortunately the president can't hear what Bob Evans says about the naval row when he hears of it.

* *

Thaw can get as much space as fomerly only by having another brainstorm and killing somebody.

* *

If recent arrivals from frozen-up states don't like the mid-winter weather they can easily find something different.

* *

The man who is not willing for the people to select a senator is not suitable for senator, nor for a member of the legislature.

* *

On Senator Bourne's election the Portland morning paper expressed itself as entirely satisfied and said he would make an excellent senator and do things for Oregon.

* *

Baker county may furnish a candidate for the Democratic nomination of United States senator. Stranger things than that have happened.—Baker City Herald. Who? Sam White?

* *

The San Francisco Bulletin says a mother-in-law's judgment of a man is the soundest of anybody's. Can that be the reason why so many men are reputed to dislike their mothers-in-law?

* *

Los Angeles Times: When a young man would rather take his sister to a theatre than some other girl it is a sure sign that he has been disappointed in love or that the show doesn't amount to much.

* *

Dallas Observer: "I didn't," says Fulton. "You did," says Heney. "I am innocent of any wrongdoing, and you are a liar," replies Fulton. "That's what Mitchell and Abe Ruef and Mayor Schmitz said," retorts Heney. And so it goes.

Oregon Sidelights

Building goes on steadily in Silverton.

* *

About 10 men are at work improving Mosier's streets.

* *

Baker City will accept a Carnegie library elephant.

* *

It has been fine spraying weather, and it is yet time to do it.

* *

The late financial crisis was not felt in Tillamook, says the Herald.

* *

An engine ran into and killed a Cottage Grove man's span of horses worth $400.

* *

Medford people are to hold a prosperity mass meeting Monday. They have the goods.

* *

The Dalles takes pride in being the "Cherry City," but lots of other fine fruit is raised thereabouts also.

* *

A name on a The Dalles hotel register is O. Olepolesenpolcatyonere. The owner should be charged about $17 a day.

* *

The big brick factory of the Estacada Brick & Tile company in Estacada will be operated at its full capacity the coming summer, says the News.

* *

The winter so far has been ideal in Harney county for stockmen and farmers alike. At no time has the thermometer reached the zero point, says the Times-Herald.

* *

The Silverton Lumber company has put up a large 30-mile whistle that wakes the echoes in the hills surrounding Silverton. They are still enlarging their plant, putting up dock and numerous other buildings.

* *

The Junction City Times says it will accept on subscription, promises, dad's dollars, nuggets or dust, spuds, slabwood, salmon, venison, bear meat, Chinamen, elk teeth, cougar claws, prunes, teasel, buckskin, pitch pine, mohair, pelt, chittem bark, baled hay, or if you want the paper, set a hen.

* *

The good people of Rainier are all talking improvements of the streets and sidewalks for this city, says the Review, and when the spring time comes everybody will be ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, and make Rainier one of the finest cities in the state in which to build a home.

* *

Parties from Bray report renewed activity in railroad circles there. Three big Southern Pacific engines are now at work bringing up large quantities of railroad supplies, the principal part of which is ties, although six carloads of rails were brought in Saturday, says the Klamath Falls Herald. It is said there is sufficient equipment now piled up in the yards at Bray to complete the road to Dorris and that additional supplies are being brought in daily. Harriman can find plenty of money to spend up there, but none to build elsewhere in Oregon.

* *

Underwood Correspondence of the Hood River Glacier: Our beautiful country is not only the home of the fine large early strawberry, big red apple, nice juicy peach and four cuttings of alfalfa, all grown without irrigation, but the hen is going to play her part, and Professor Cromwell says it isn't the blue hen either. It's just a pullet, and she lays her two eggs a day, and the predictions are that when she becomes a hen she will go one better. He says all of the other hens are giving him one egg a day.

The Sulky Brute.

The quarrel about his broken New Year's resolutions having reached its climax, began slowly to decline.

"Come, dear," she said at last—and she touched her rosy dimple with her slim finger, "come, kiss my cheek, dear, and make it up."

"Humph," he retorted, "I'll kiss it, but do you think it needs any more making up?"