# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL


## THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Disputation often breeds hatred.—Confucius.

### THE SENATE IS AGAINST THE PEOPLE.

THE REPORT that comes from Washington that most of the senators, the senate as a whole, do not like the Oregon way of electing senators, is scarcely in the nature of news. It has long been known that a majority of the senate was opposed to the election of senators by direct vote of the people. Repeatedly the house has passed a resolution proposing this as a constitutional amendment, but it has always been voted down or ignored by the senate.

The reason is plain, and it is one that should strengthen the resolution of the people of Oregon to hold on to this new power and impel the people of other states to follow Oregon's example. The reason is simply this: The senate is not representative of the people, and knows it. Worse, it does not intend or desire to be so. It is representative chiefly of large special interests—railroads, express companies, Standard Oil, the steel trust, the sugar and tobacco trusts, and so on—and so not only cannot represent the people generally, but on numerous occasions and indeed as a rule, represents those who seek to impose upon and oppress the people.

The Oregon system would soon revolutionize the senate and the members of that body well know this fact. Most of them would have to go. Their name would be Ichabod. Some few younger members who would really like to serve the whole people and make some almost apologetic efforts to do so, like Beveridge, Dolliver and Borah, would probably be retained, but with the Oregon system in vogue throughout the country there would be an overturning, all the way from Massachusetts to California.

The senate would not unseat Chamberlain, because it would not have the slightest foundation upon which to stand in doing so. He will have been duly elected by the legislature, strictly in accordance with the constitution. To say that he shall be kept out because the legislature in electing him obeyed the wish of the people of the state, when the right of no one who has notoriously secured his seat by bribery is questioned, would be too hideous a joke for even the senate to perpetrate. Think of Platt, Hopkins and Guggenheim voting against seating Chamberlain because he was elected by both the people and the legislature!

The senate, that is the majority as controlled by its leaders, not only knows that it does not serve the people, but it knows that the people know it, and is afraid of them. It does not trust the people, and knows that the senate cannot be trusted by the people. Hence, it wants to keep as far away from the people, as far removed from their power, as possible, and so of course does not like the Oregon elections of this June and next January. But it is not likely to go to the extreme of denying Chamberlain his seat.

### ELECTRICITY.

IF ALL THE uses to which electricity has been put within a generation, could have been made of it at once, in a night, the world would have been shocked with amazement and awe. If the world could be put back suddenly where it was a generation ago in this one respect of the use of electricity, it would halt, and become partially paralyzed. Yet we have become in a short time so accustomed to the work of this intangible, mysterious, all-pervading force that we look upon it with scarcely a thought of how it has changed and developed the activities of the world within a brief span of years, or of what new wonders will yet be accomplished through its adaptation.

Yet knowledge of the existence of electricity is no new thing, is indeed, as old as any knowledge of which we have record. The story of electricity can be traced back through many hundreds of centuries, says a writer in the Engineering News, "until the tiny thread is lost in the great empire of China." Long before there were any written records people of the east bowed down to the magic lodestone. The name "electricity" itself goes back 2? centuries, being derived from the Greek word electro, meaning amber, which, from its power of attraction Thales thought contained the secret of life. Pliny remarked that the amber stone could be rubbed into life. But the Romans gained no correct idea of this force, nor suspected that the lightnings of the gods was sometimes caused by the amber-spiked spear points and helmets of the legions.

No scientific advancement was made till the seventeenth century, when an Englishman named Gilbert wrote a book entitled "De Magnete." Guerike, a Prussian, invented the first electric machine, a cylinder of sulphur mounted on an axle turned with a crank. In the eighteenth century many discoveries were made, an electrical machine of a large glass cylinder rubbed with leather having been invented, and De Faye, a Frenchman, sent a spark through a cord 1,500 feet long, and became charged with electricity by suspending himself from a silk cord. Then Musschenbrock produced the Leyden jar, named for his home city. Next that great all-around American student and scholar Benjamin Franklin, proved by his kite that the electricity of the clouds and that of the jar was the same substance, and could be conducted. Franklin, indeed, along with his great variety of other services to the world, did more than had been done through all the preceding centuries to put electricity on a scientific basis and give an impulse toward its practical application.

In 1790 Galvani, thinking from the twitching of frogs' muscles that he had discovered the secret of life, experimented till he had made a battery, though he did not know it as such, this being demonstrated later by Volta, who originated the Voltaic pile, composed of alternate layers of copper and zinc separated by a cloth moistened in an acid solution. Then scientists dropped the friction machine and studied the cell battery, on the theory that the body was itself a Voltaic pile, and life a manifestation of electricity. In 1820 Oersted discovered the relation between magnetism and electricity, and in 1831 Faraday discovered the principle of Voltaic induction, which gave rise to the alternating current. Then followed the dynamo, and then—the telegraph, the telephone, the arc and incandescent light, the electric motor car, and the multitude of electrical adaptations—which are perhaps only a beginning of what future generations will see and use and have the benefit of.

When we speak of this as an era of unprecedented, marvelous development, as it certainly is, we must admit that a very large proportion of this development is that of the uses of electricity, and the results thereof. What an incalculable, unimaginable sum, if one were to try to think of money value, does the world owe to these men—Gilbert, Guericke, De Faye, Musschenbrock, Galvani, Volta, Oersted, Ampere, Davy, Wollasten, Faraday and our own great Franklin; and later to Edison, the late Lord Kelvin, and an army of less noted investigators, experimenters and developers. And in this list S. F. B. Morse and David Dudley Field must be given high rank.

The first long distance message sent over the Morse telegraph from New York to Washington read, "Behold what God hath wrought." Without irreverence we may say, too, "Behold, what the genius, patience, wisdom and skill of men have wrought."

### YANKEE SAILORS MADE A HIT.

PERUVIAN papers, issued during the visit of the Atlantic fleet in their port, give interesting comments and stories of the conduct of our sailors. A leading daily says "it would be useless to pretend giving an account one by one of the many queer things done on our streets by the mariners of the American fleet. These robust and virile men of the sea are at bottom simple infants in whose brains have not entered the preoccupations which assault us, the people of other races, more grave and more complicated." The tone of the press is flattering to the civilization of the men, who seem to have conquered the admiration of the Peruvians. Of the garden party given to the officers of the fleet in the American legation, it is called, "a most beautiful, enthusiastic, and vibrating feast, where Peruvians and North Americans met with a common sentiment and inspired with a common intent, have given the highest note of fraternity."

Among incidents a Lima paper records, "a note of the merry genius of the yankee sailor was given by the engineer of one of the American cruisers, who wrote a letter to his home in the state of Virginia on one of his shirt collars, which has gone forward in the mail. On one side he has given a sketch of the events of the voyage from Hampton roads to Callao and on the other a picture in colors of the Peruvian flag, with a brief story of their reception here."

Another day we read that "a group of American sailors in Callao were on the point of lynching a mule driver who was unmercifully beating a mule, which had fallen on the street by reason of an excessive load of iron tubes it was trying to haul. The police rescued the man from his punishment and rebuked the sailors, who not understanding a word of the sermon, laughed at the officer and proceeded to unload the cart and help the mule to his feet, when one of the men put his arms about the animal's neck and caressingly patted him, after which they helped the fellow reload his cart, and then went on their way. But this incident is a comment on our humanity. We are a very religious people but we are not humane. We are without laws to protect animals against cruelty; laws which exist among a less devotional but more humane people, like those of the great republic of the north, where sentiments of humanity count in citizenship."

An old traveler recently told The Journal that he once took a club from a muleteer in the City of Mexico, who was brutally cudgeling a mule that had fallen under a load of water barrels and after helping the mule to rise, called a policeman standing near, who asked wonderingly, "are you the owner of the mule?"

Another day the Lima paper tells us that "the postoffice movement on account of the presence of the American squadron is enormously increased. In one day there were deposited for the United States, to go north by the first Panama steamer, 120,000 postal cards and 50,000 letters," and thus the yankee sailor away from home did much to add to the esteem of his country and its institutions.

### THE GREAT OREGON QUESTION.

THE JOURNAL has repeatedly suggested, may have insistently urged, that the subject to which the people of Oregon needed to give their most serious and earnest attention, the problem that demanded of them their grave and diligent thought, is that of additional transportation facilities, not only open and improved rivers but more railroads.

Toward opening the rivers the people of Oregon have done considerable and can and must do more. The federal government must be largely depended upon, but we can in some measure help ourselves and we can keep even more incessantly and urgently appealing to the government for relief. The next congress may be an improvement over the last—it could not be worse—and it may listen favorably to the appeal of the Rivers and Harbors congress for an appropriation of $50,000,000 a year for 10 years, besides the continuing contract appropriations. This policy once adopted and ample appropriations for the Celilo canal, the jetty, the Willamette locks and the upper Columbia secured, we should begin to see the fruition of hopes and the reward of efforts.

But railroads are needed the most urgently and they are an entirely different proposition. One man who could build them, and in all justice and equity to the people of Oregon ought to build them, and who indeed has promised to build them, still neglects and refuses to do so. Nor will he allow anyone else to do so. He will spend millions to block railroads that other people would like to build rather than to build them himself, although it is demonstrable that they would be good revenue producers. If this had been true only a year or two or three we might still have been patient, but when this policy is pursued for five, 10 years, acting as a continuous blight upon Oregon, it takes on the aspect of fairly demoniacal malevolence.

Harriman has kept hundreds of thousands of people out of Oregon that would have come here if he had acted justly and fairly by this state—since he is the overlord of it; he has kept its products down by millions of dollars' worth annually; he has kept it poorer to the extent of tens of millions; and this when out of one line, extending from Portland to Huntington and into eastern Washington, he has made "velvet" to the amount of some $30,000,000 in the last 10 years.

Do the people of Oregon have to let all this go on perpetually or indefinitely? With their increased powers can the people do nothing to ease the state from the strangle-grip of this man's domination? This is the question that Oregon's ablest and most influential men should be thinking about, talking about, conferring together upon, and planning action concerning, unless in the near future we get action on Harriman's part instead of rumors and sneers.

Schoolboy pranks are to be expected, and most of them, even if a little rude, are to be excused. But the kidnaping of a young man so that he was kept away from his graduating exercises and detained most of the night, causing his mother intense grief, not to speak of the great anxiety of other friends, is carrying a joke to an extent that deserves severe punishment. Boys who won't stop a "lark" within something like reasonable and humane bounds, should be taught better with stripes.

Senator Fulton's choice for vice-president, next to Fairbanks and Dolliver, is Crane, according to a report. Why Dolliver is sandwiched between Fairbanks and Crane is not known. Of Fairbanks the country has a pretty correct idea; Dolliver is supposed to be considerably different; and Crane is a typical New England "interest" senator, through and through, as much so as Standard Oil Aldrich.

The selection of Senator Burrows for temporary chairman of the Chicago convention and Senator Hopkins for chairman of the committee on platform seems to be sops thrown to the standpat and trust interests, though they may be an earnest of better things to come.

## Small Change

If you must go on a vacation trip, it would be well to rest up a bit first.

• •

Some people are happy if they can just hurrah, though they don't know what about.

• •

Now, before the harvest work comes on, is a good time to do some good-roads making.

• •

Senator Bourne made the same mistake that many have done; didn't know when to quit.

• •

Few delegates have anything to say or do with making a platform or nominating candidates.

• •

And this convention boss Hitchcock actually considered Cortelyou a presidential possibility.

• •

Senator Tom Platt says he has other things to think about now besides politics. His sins, perhaps.

• •

It will be easy to transport that Judge Gray boom to Denver; it can be carried in a vest pocket.

• •

The morning paper is still harping on "50 years back." Nothing can push or pull that paper up to date.

• •

Now will women living in dry counties object to their husbands going out evenings on business or to lodge?

• •

Oregon's "grand old man" will certainly be one of the most interesting figures in the Chicago convention.

• •

W. K. Vanderbilt won $75,000 on a Paris horserace again, proving the truth of the old saying that them as has gits.

• •

Twenty women teachers of the Aberdeen, Wash., schools have resigned, most of them to marry. This is leap year.

• •

It has been well suggested that a Sunday closing law be rigidly enforced against Billy Sunday. Enforce the law with a billy.

• •

It is hinted that in his platform speeches hereafter Senator La Follette may try to repeat that 18 hour filibustering speech.

• •

Jack London seems never to have reflected that his movements are not as important to the world as he seems to imagine they are.

• •

Not having 25 saloons to support hereafter Pendleton should be better able to support other things—and the same with other towns.

• •

When a school teacher thinks of the long, free vacation, it is not strange that she hesitates year after year to marry—even if she has a fair chance.

• •

What a joke it would be if the "allies" should cut all the wires from Chicago to the White House and could prevent communication for a few hours.

• •

Since politicians have to pay their fares not so many of them go to the national conventions as formerly, which is not loss to the country, only to convention city hotels, etc.

• •

A delegate from Hawaii is inclined to be opposed to Taft, probably out of cousinly sympathy with the southern colored brethren, but he will crowd into the big man's bandwagon just the same.

• •

The president will need to keep in mind when he goes to Africa that the lions and tigers are really less civilized than the big game in this country, at which he has been shooting paper ammunition.

• •

That eastern Oregon young woman who robbed the mails in order to dress stylishly wasn't so very far wrong; plenty of women rob males for the same purpose—or at least get money of them somehow.

## Oregon Sidelights

Albany's new fruit cannery has started up.

• •

Several new residences being built in The Dalles.

• •

Nearly 10,000 head of cattle were shipped from Ontario in the last two weeks.

• •

A locomotive and a few steel rails have actually been sent down toward Coos bay.

• •

New arrivals looking for fruit lands continue to appear in the now famous Rogue River valley.

• •

The house of a Salem family named Lemon was burglarized. But the burglars were not after the Lemons.

• •

In Curry county only three precincts went wet, Pistol River and Quosatin by 1 majority each, and Mule Creek by 2.

• •

A telephone man up in Morrow county is named John Doe. But he is not the one who is constantly getting into trouble.

• •

Mitchell will soon have a drugstore, says the Sentinel. This happening just as Mitchell becomes legally dry may be a mere coincidence.

• •

Rust caused by the long spell of cold damp weather last month will considerably decrease the yield of wheat in portions of Umatilla county.

• •

A man named Howard came to Albany from the east some years ago, and now the father and five sons, all but one, are settled there and doing well.

• •

The counties going dry have given a great boost for skating rinks, bowling alleys, merry-go-rounds, soda water shops, lemonade stands and other dry concerns.

• •

A Curry county German farmer heard what he thought was his dog trying to get into his smoke house one evening, and went out and gave the animal a kick, when it turned around and grasped him, and he yelled so that his wife came came out and poured hot water on the brute, which let loose just in time to save the man's life. It was a big black bear. Nobody can disprove this.

• •

Salem Statesman: Bitulithic on State, Commercial, Liberty, High and Court and macadam on half a dozen less important thoroughfares, absolutely assured before fall. "Nothing succeeds like success," especially in municipal improvements and it begins to look as though Salem is entitled to a place among the winners. She is doing things.

• •

After two years of no saloons the people of Curry county, says the Port Orford Tribune, were satisfied that it was a good thing and many voters who voted wet two years ago voted dry this year because they have seen that crime has decreased, that expenses are diminished, that rowdyism is a whiskey evil, and that many a man is practically reformed of drunkenness, and his family is happier and more comfortable.

### The Stoopers.

They look you up, they look you down.
They pass remarks about each gown,
They note the trimmings on each hat,
They get each tout ensemble—pat.
They criticize each person's clothes,
They size you up from head to toes!
They give you such a freezing glance,
They stare you out of countenance!
They laugh, they smirk, they smile, they jest.
They are, in fact, a social pest!
Who are "they?" "They" can only be
Those scoffers that you nightly see
Perched on round cushions at their doors.
Whom every passerby abhors.
Who are they? Snoopers, scandal whoopers!
They're "stoopers."

—La Touche Hancock in New York Sun.

## NATIONAL CAPITAL GOSSIP

Washington, June 11.—The capital of the nation has been in the throes of June weddings for the last few weeks and among the nuptials none were more eagerly watched than those of "Joe" Leiter of Chicago and wheat pit fame, and Miss Juliette Williams of Washington. Mr. Leiter is a man 39 years of age and his bride is 20, and in consequence his recollections go back even before his bride came into the world. Among the stories which Mr. Leiter related when he was in Washington before the wedding were a number of reminiscences of William Jennings Bryan, the probable Democratic nominee in the coming presidential race. Mr. Leiter is a Democrat, but he is not partial to the candidacy of Mr. Bryan and would much prefer that Governor Johnson of Minnesota carry the colors of the Democratic party.

Mr. Leiter said that he remembered very well the days when Bryan was a law clerk in Chicago. In those days he was not considered a man of ability, in fact he was somewhat of a butt. Mr. Bryan was 25 years old at the time. Mr. Leiter said that when he heard that the Democratic nominee in '96 might be a man named Bryan he had no idea it was the same law clerk who had worked in a Chicago law office.

During the past season a multi-millionaire from the west decided to make his winter home in Washington. He acquired a handsome residence, brought his family and immediately leaped into the gay social life with a vim. It has long been a saying in Washington that to be a social success in the national capital one must be agreeable, but this is rapidly being transposed into "to be a success in the national capital one must be wealthy." The millionaire from the west entertained lavishly in his large house and as a means of entertaining his numerous acquaintances he gave a handsome cotillion. As is usual, supper was served at midnight and it was a very elaborate collation. Several of the young men were not satisfied with the wines which were served and coolly ordered the waiter to bring them their favorite beverages. Their host overheard them, turned promptly and addressed them:

"You've made a mistake, gents," he said, "this is a private residence, not a bar."

It was a vulgar rebuke, but justified. To make matters worse, however, the daughter of the house the next day wrote a note to one of the men who had been rebuked, apologizing for her father's remark, which she ended by saying:

"You really must excuse papa. The reason of his apparent lack of hospitality is because we meet so many queer people in Washington."

A good story on the wife of an army officer of high rank has recently leaked out. It appears that the officer, who is a general and a friend of the president, and his wife, were dining at the home of a member of the cabinet. The president was present, and the wife of the army officer sat next to him. During the course of conversation the talk turned to Cuba, where the general and his wife had been during the winter for a brief visit. Suddenly the lady in question turned to President Roosevelt and said:

"Cuba is such a delightful place! Were you ever there, Mr. President?"

For a moment the guests who sat within hearing distance of the remark were spellbound, but then the humor of the situation proved too much for them and a shout of laughter went up, in which the president himself joined. What the general said to his wife when they reached home after dinner is not a matter of record, but it is understood not to have been complimentary.

An amusing mistake in identity occurred the other night at a dinner given at the Country club. Two attractive sisters who had come to Washington recently for a visit were among the guests. One of them was a widow and the other the wife of an army officer who is at present stationed in the Philippines.

A popular man about town took the pretty widow in to dinner. Unfortunately he thought she was the wife of the army officer, who at present is in the land of the living.

"I didn't realize how hot Washington could be in June," hazarded the widow, fanning herself vigorously the while.

"Yes, it is very hot," replied her dinner partner, and then he added with a cheerful smile, "But not half as hot as the place to which your husband has gone."

For the rest of the dinner the widow was exceedingly cold to the man, and he wondered what the trouble could be.

### At the Convention.

By James J. Montague.

The allies came down like the famished coyote
Drops in on the jackrabbit out in Dakoty,
And they swore that they'd hammer as flat as a raft
The boom of a spherical party called Taft.

And howled they for Fairbanks, and howled they for Knox,
And flocked they for Cannon in jubilant flocks,
And boosted they Hughes with full many a boost,
It was any old man to push Taft off the roost!

Like the selfsame buck turkey on July
That crowd strutted forth when it landed in "Chi,"
Like the selfsame bick turkey on Thanksgiving day
That crowd surreptitiously vanished away.

For the sheathless big stick of a sudden jarred loose
By way of effecting an amiable truce,
And crashing and lashing and smashing about
Kept busy till all of the allies were "out."

A deep-dented cherry alone marked the spot
Where Fairbanks had ---- but where now he was not,
While Hughes' vacant chair was disclosed to the view
By an unfinished speech and a whisker or two.

Of Knox there remained not a word he had quoth,
Of Cannon survived but a feverish oath,
And from lake unto packing-house none could descry
So much as the smoke of a single ally.

Oh, the sovereign citizen still has his say
In the nation's affairs in this glorious day;
Providing, of course, that the man he is for
Is also the choice of his nobs, Theodore.

### Worked for Charity.

From Tit-Bits.

The king of Sweden recently told a story of King Edward's charitable propensities. Just before the race for the Derby which the king's horse Diamond Jubilee carried off, his royal highness—as he then was—was watching the horses proceeding to the starting post. Suddenly turning to the king of Sweden, who was with him, he said: "I am most specially anxious to win today."

"Why so?" inquired the king.

"Because," was the answer, "I always give the princess whatever amount my success happens to bring me. With the stake money of the last Derby I won the princess provided 1,700 poor boys with a complete outfit—clothes, underlinen, boots and all necessaries—and stamped on each article was 'From you friend, the prince.'"

The Duchess of Portland some time ago presented to her husband a very handsome blotting book of Russia leather heavily mounted in silver. On the mountings are engraved the names of all the races won by that extraordinary racer Donovan. In 1889 Donovan won the Derby and the St. Ledger, besides the Newmarket stakes and many other important races. The total sum won by Donovan during his racing career amounted to £70,000, and the whole of this large fortune the duke gave to his wife for the purpose of building almshouses for widows of the duke's tenants and a cottage hospital for the neighborhood.

Baron Hirsch was another great turfite most of whose winnings went to charity. During his lifetime he spent more than £50,000 of turf winnings on charity. All the winnings of La Fleche, amounting in all to £34,585, were devoted to various charities.

Dogs have done much for charity. The record in this direction is held by Tim, the famous Airdale terrier which belonged to Mr. Bush, the Great Western inspector at Paddington. For more than 10 years before his death Tim trotted from train to train, inviting donations to the railway servants' widows' and orphans' fund. The total of his collections exceeded £800. The dog always knew when royalties were about to travel. He would sit down on the edge of the carpet laid on the platform and refuse to move until he had had something added to his hord. On five separate occasions Queen Victoria placed a sovereign in his box, and many time the king has done the same. W. W. Astor gave Tim his record present—a check for £200—on the occasion of the coming of age of his son.

Other animals, too, have indirectly contributed to the cause of charity. At Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school adopted a novel expedient for raising money for the Congo mission. He distributed among his scholars a number of pet rabbits. These they had to fatten at home, and when fit for market the creatures were sold, the proceeds going to the mission.

At Frieth, near Marlow, a pig raised no less than £7 for charitable purposes. It was raffled for and then given back by the winner to be sold again. In a Lancashire town a local butcher presented a handsome young pig to a bazaar on condition that a church member, got up in frock coat and silk hat, should drive it through the village. The procession caused great amusement and a collection realised more than £3.

### England's Egg Hunger.

Raising eggs for the English market offers a great future to French farmers, according to an artitcle by G. Labadie-Lagrave published in a recent number of the Figaro. England consumes 4,400,000,000 eggs a year, he says, and the demand for real new laid eggs is far in excess of the supply. This is where the opportunity for France comes in, he thinks.

The hens of England itself, after reserves have been set aside for new crops of chickens, send 2,270,000,000 eggs to market every year. The balance of 2,130,000,000 comes from abroad. It is a fiction of London dealers that they come from Belgium and Holland. They don't, Lagrave says, they come from almost any other country, even Egypt, Morocco and Siberia. They are called Belgian because Belgium is so near they can pretend to be fresh.

As a matter of fact, the African eggs are not imported to be eaten, "even by the poor." They are chiefly sold to bookbinders, who use them, Lagrave says, to make the leather they use more supple. But eggs from Italy and Hungary and vast quantities from Russia, even from Siberia, are sold for consumption as German or Swedish, and are bought at low prices by bakers and confectioners who are not particular.

The fine West End bakeries in London advertise that they use only English eggs and they generally live up to their declarations. But for some classes of confectionery the Spanish egg is in special demand. It has a yolk of deep orange hue and when used in cakes gives them a richness of color and flavor that cannot be attained in any other way. They are the product of the black Andalusian hen and expeditious methods of shipment are used to get them to London.

There are several retail purveyors in London whose trade calls for at least 40,000 fresh eggs a week. The surplus from the British henneries when the rest of the country is provided for is totally unequal to supplying the demand. Sweden, being cold, is not a first rate egg producing country, and the steamer service to England is inadequate. Germany is a great eating country and practically uses up all she produces. America can send inferior grades, but of course not newly laid eggs. Holland and Belgium produce only a few millions annually above their own needs. Danish eggs are not popular in England because of their peculiarly pale color.

Thus the consumption of fresh eggs is actually restricted in England by the present impossibility of supplying the market. Lagrave therefore urges the small French farmers within a couple of hundred miles of the channel ports to go heavily into chicken raising with a view to the production of eggs. He urges them further to raise hens of black or brilliant piumage so as to get eggs with dark yellow shells and yolks, as these sell in London at from 8 to 10 cents a dozen at wholesale in advance of the pale varieties.

### Lithographic Stone.

From the Kansas City Star.

A plain, plastered stone house about fifty yards from the ancient city hall of Nuremberg, Germany, has nothing to distinguish it from the other old houses of the neighborhood except that it is built of lithographic stone, worth from 6 to 21 cents a pound. So lithographers who go to Nuremberg wander from the worn tourist trails to see the wonder.

The house was built about 1680, nearly one hundred years before Alois Senefelder, the discoverer of lithography, was born. Andreas Lichtenstein, who built it, took the stone easiest to get and secured it for the trouble of carrying it away. Now the material in the building is worth about $4,000.

The present Andreas Lichtenstein, a descendant of the man who built the house, has said "Nein" about once a month for the last twenty years to speculators who want to buy his home and tear it down for the stone. It is his home and was that of his forefathers and he refuses to part with it. So lithographers, with thoughts of rising prices, look and sigh.

Lithographic stone is found in commercial quantities only in Bavaria. The largest quarries are near Nuremberg.

### Gustave V of Sweden.

Gustave V, who succeeded to the throne of Sweden on the death of his father, King Oscar II last December, was born June 16, 1858. On September 20, 1881, he married Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden Baden. While crown prince the present king several times ruled as regent during his father's illness. He is a student, like his father, and, like him, he has led a simple, abstemious life. He is a man of energetic character, with a strong predilection for militarism. His eldest son, Crown Prince Gustave Adolph, was born in 1882. He married the daughter of the Duke of Connaught, and they have an infant son, who, if he lives, will eventually be king of Sweden.

### This Date in History.

1779—Sir Francis Bernard, governor of Massachusetts Bay, died in England; born there in 1714.

1815—French under Marshal Ney engaged the allies in battle at Quatre-Bras, Belgium, two days before the battle of Waterloo.

1858—King Gustave of Sweden born.

1876—Hayes and Wheeler nominated by the Republican national convention.

1891 — A new Canadian ministry formed by Premier Abbott.

1898—Bering sea award paid.

1906—President Roosevelt signed the Oklahoma and Arizona statehood bills.

Paving is going ahead rapidly in Eugene.

## The REALM of FEMININE

### The Protection of Women.

SHALL we have an ordinance which prohibits women from entering saloons? Why? Is it an infringement on personal rights to forbid to women what seems so necessary to men? If women want to go into saloons should they not be allowed to? If it is right for men isn't it right for women? And again, why?

We are coming to the conclusion that what makes for immorality may wisely and with impunity be made an offense in the eyes of the law, and again we are finding out that what injures womanhood injures the race in the quickest and most vital way.

And so because it is a step in the right direction and because it promises to make safeguarding womanhood easier for those who make that their part of the world's work, let us welcome the Driscoll ordinance and hasten the day of its adoption.

It is almost impossible for the woman who has led the easy sheltered life of the well-to-do American girl, who has stepped from her father's house where she was guarded and petted, to her husband's house, where she is the prime object of his care and tenderness, to know what things an ignorant girl faces who comes unprotected into a large city. How is she to know that an invitation to lunch, with new companions who seem so sophisticated, when the entrance to the lunchroom is through a "family entrance," or a "ladies' entrance," means putting herself into the most questionable surroundings? How is she to know, until she has been confronted with such things that the first seemingly harmless step in this direction is too often only setting her feet in the slippery paths that lead to dissipation and degradation? It is dodging the question to say that everybody knows. Everybody does not know by any means.

Nor is it enough to say that when a girl knows she should have enough courage to refuse such invitations. We have all kinds of human nature, and one of the commonest kinds is that which is afraid to seem old-fashioned, or countrified, or simple. The kind that will sooner lie than be made fun of; the kind that wants to be as others are and is morally unequal to making a scene in a righteous cause. A girl who has never even heard of back rooms of saloons and who comes alone to town is an easy mark for the vicious who are lying in wait for just such, and the little rooms adjoining a saloon are the first and easiest pitfalls for her feet.

The Driscoll ordinance will put them out of business, and thereby greatly lighten the work of the Travelers' Aid and of the Rescue homes. It is not the glaring lights and the smell of liquor that attracts an unwary girl to her ruin. These things speak for themselves. It is the partly hidden dangers that she is in deadly peril from, and these she does not know.

So it will be a long step in the right direction when women are denied access to any saloon or any room in conjunction with a saloon. It will be another step in world progress, and one that many are now confidently expecting when all this drinking problem is settled by means of publicity and the purchasing of liquor is diverted to the proper channels of business.

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### Chocolate Dainties.

BLANC MANGE.—Soak half a cupful of Irish moss in cold water to cover for a few minutes; drain and pick over; add it to a quart of cold milk and cook in a double boiler for half an hour. Break up two squares of chocolate and dissolve to a smooth paste with three tablespoonfuls of boiling water and half a cupful of sugar. Mix all together and strain; mold; turn out very cold and serve with sugar and cream. The many gelatines on the market have somewhat crowded out the Irish moss, which is, however, well worth retaining among our domestic stores. It is supposed to have a certain tonic value, and it is at once convenient, economical and agreeable.

Cream Custard.—Melt two squares of chocolate with a very little hot water, add half a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of milk and scald. Beat two eggs with the yolks of two more; add a pinch of salt and a little vanilla to flavor and pour on the hot chocolate. Mix thoroughly and bake in a moderate oven until firm. It is a good plan to set the custard in a dish of hot water to bake. Serve very cold, heaped with whipped cream.

Chocolate Cream.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in milk enough to cover it for a few minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Make a smooth paste of the two ounces of chocolate with a very little boiling water. Add this to a cupful of milk, stir in a well-beaten egg and cook over boiling water to thicken. Strain the gelatine and mix all together, flavoring with vanilla. Add a cupful of good cream and stir occasionally until it begins to set, then pour into a mold. Serve very cold in a border of chocolate macaroons.

Cornstarch Pudding.—Stir to a paste with a little cold milk three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and stir into a pint of milk in a double boiler. Melt two squares of chocolate with two tablespoonfuls of hot water; add to the milk and cook until it thickens. When cool fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Serve with cream and sugar.

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### Our National Hymn.

AMERICAN national songs have been frequently criticised severely. The music has been objected to as having been borrowed, the words as not poetic. On the other hand, Dr. Walsh, the Scottish preacher, who lately visited the United States, remarks that "America" has one noble merit: "It is the least bellicose of national hymns."

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### The Daily Menu.

Strawberries.
Shredded wheat biscuit.
Dried beef, cream gravy.
Coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Veal stew with macaroni.
Beet salad. Boiled custard.
Sponge cake. Tea.
DINNER.
New England clam chowder.
String beans. Tomato salad.
Lemon sponge.
Jelly cake. Black coffee.

New England Claim Chowder.—Chop moderately fine ¼ pound of fat salt pork or bacon and 2 onions; place in a large kettle and cook over a slow fire until both are brown; then add 6 potatoes, which have been pared, cut in dice and soaked in cold water for half an hour, 1 quart of sliced or canned tomatoes, the juice from 25 soft-shelled or razor clams, and boiling water to cover. Cook slowly for 1 hour, and 10 minutes before serving add the clams (chopped) and pepper, parsley or summer savory to taste. Last of all add 1 quart of rich milk which has been brought to the scalding point, and half a dozen crackers, preferably hard-tack, broken in pieces. Serve very hot. The tomatoes may be omitted if preferred, or a seasoning of catsup used in their place. If the razor clams are used, the tougher parts should be boiled with the potatoes, and the softer parts only added at the last.

Lemon Sponge.—Soak ¾ ounces of gelatine in a pint of cold water for ½ hour, then put it into a saucepan over the fire with ¾ pound of of lump sugar, which has been rubbed on the rinds of two fresh lemons, add the strained juice and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Then strain all into a basin and put it aside to get cool, and when nearly beginning to set stir in the whites of three well-beaten eggs, then whisk all together briskly until it has the appearance of snow. Now pile it lightly upon a glass dish from a tablespoon, the shape of the bowl of the spoon, until the dish is full, keeping it in a high mound.