EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets. —Carlyle.

THE PLATFORM.

IT IS mostly a Roosevelt-Taft deliverance. With some of it the leaders who still have control of legislation are not in sympathy. The president and his administration are lauded extravagantly, and their accomplishments much exaggerated, but it is quite naturally not pointed out that congress resisted, in most cases successfully, most of Roosevelt's efforts for better things. The elements of the Republican party represented by Cannon, Fairbanks, Dalzell, Payne, Sherman, Hopkins, Scott and many other prominent figures declaring "unfaltering adherence" to Roosevelt's policies and pledging their "continuance" is the height of political hypocrisy, of platform prevarication.

Tariff revision is "unequivocally" declared for, to be effected at a special session of congress next spring, and the sort of revision desired is pretty fairly though guardedly indicated. Since Taft was to be the nominee, this plank had to go in, but there can be no reasonable expectation of any such tariff revision as the people need while congress is controlled as it is. If Roosevelt has been nearly powerless over congress it cannot be expected that Taft can swerve it to do as he wishes.

The currency plank is weak, evasive, insincere. It avoids commending the new Aldrich law, and promises nothing except in vague terms, which mean nothing. The platform, with almost admirable audacity, declares for postal savings banks, railroad regulation and several other things that the last congress, overwhelmingly Republican in both branches, for six months obstinately refused to enact or even to discuss, almost the only support of these measures coming from Democrats.

Much is said about the country's great growth and prosperity, credit for all of which is claimed for the Republican party, but probably through forgetfulness the panic of last fall and winter was overlooked. There are about 1,000,000 workingmen in the country, however, who were out of work for months, many of them suffering from hunger, who may not have forgotten that incident. If a party claims credit for everything good that has happened, it ought not to shirk responsibility for the evil that comes along.

The rhetorical climax of the platform runs thus: "In experience the difference between Democracy and Republicanism is that one means adversity, while the other means prosperity. One means low wages, the other means high; one means doubt and debt, the other means confidence and thrift. On principle the difference between Democracy and Republicanism is that one stands for vacillation and timidity in government, the other for strength and purpose; one for obstruction, the other for construction; one promises, the other performs."

There is a good deal in the history of the Republican party to commend it, much about it that commands admiration and applause. Besides, it has almost always been the party of good luck. It got out of power in 1893 just as the great panic came upon the country, and the poor Democrats had to take the curse of it. But when analyzed a little these assertions are nine tenths pure buncombe.

But this is to be expected in a party platform. Nobody expects it to be truthful and sincere. It is in the nature of a stump speech, and not to be taken very seriously. Keeping this in mind, it may be said that the platform will do very well.

THE INJUNCTION DILEMMA.

THE GREATEST trouble of the convention at Chicago is the proposed anti-injunction plank. The platform makers have been besieged by two opposing forces—roughly stated, capital and labor. All the organized labor unions of the country have demanded vainly of congress a law, and now demand of the convention a declaration that certain restrictions and limitations be placed on the power of courts to issue injunctions. The corporations, the manufacturers' associations, large capitalists and employers of labor, and leading lawyers, insist that the Republican party shall not thus go on record, shall make no declaration on the subject. The president and Mr. Taft are in favor of a plank on the subject, but the declaration reported as the one favored by them amounts to nothing; it certainly would not in the least degree meet the demands of union labor, and on the other hand would displease the injunction standpatters.

This question, and some others that Mr. Gompers, speaking for union labor, has raised, place the party in a serious dilemma, for not since 1892, if then, have union workingmen shown such a determined disposition to break away from the Republican party, to which most of them ordinarily adhere, as now. This feeling will be accentuated, too, especially in view of this injunction question, by the nomination of Secretary Taft, who as a federal judge issued several injunctions against union workingmen. It may seem to the impartial observer that in the cases in hand he did right, or at least no more than was the custom then of all the courts; but the workingmen will not take this view of it, especially after a winter when a million of them could find no work to do.

Mr. Gompers and his followers are strengthened by a strong public sentiment, outside the ranks of union labor, that the injunction process has been entirely too freely used. This has been the case in numerous instances when railroads were the petitioners, and other corporations have often made use of this writ to work practical injustice. Even state laws have been overthrown and nullified by injunctions issued out of federal courts.

It is quite probable that Mr. Gompers asks more than could reasonably and wisely be granted, and that Mr. Taft's ideas on the subject are nearer right, but however that may be, it is a matter that has worried the convention greatly, and is likely to cause the candidate more anxiety than anything else—except the last horrible congress—during the campaign.

ROOSEVELT AND THE CONVENTION.

IF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT dominated the Chicago convention, especially as to the nominee for president, he had a good, large excuse for doing so, and that was to prevent the threatened or rumored stampede to himself. Roosevelt positively declared immediately after his election in 1904 that he would under no circumstances be a candidate in 1908. He considered this his second consecutive term, and while this was not strictly speaking the case, he had a right to take that position. Later, on several occasions, the last one only a few months ago, Roosevelt repeated his declaration. Meantime, relying on this, other men became candidates. One of them, Taft, Roosevelt himself openly favored. To have "under any circumstances" consented to be a candidate, or allowed himself to be nominated if he could prevent it, would not only have broken his voluntary positive and unequivocal word to the whole country, and shown him a weak, vacillating man, but would have been at least a negative act of bad faith, a most inexcusable act of political perfidy, to all these other candidates, and especially to his particular friend and favorite in the race, Mr. Taft. When the situation is thus viewed it seems inconceivable that so many people still insisted on Roosevelt becoming a candidate and thus making a traitor and scoundrel of himself, not only to Taft and others but to himself. The wonder is that Senator Bourne and others who were insisting that Roosevelt should allow himself to become a candidate could not see that this would be a shamefully dishonorable thing for him to do. More than this, while the people would probably have reelected him, he would have indelibly stained his record and lowered himself in the world's estimation for all time to come. Nothing that he could have done during another term could have prevented this or atoned for such a breach of faith.

But Roosevelt is not the kind of a man to make this sort of a mistake. He has a very appreciative estimate of Theodore Roosevelt, whose name, he knows, has been written large already on the scroll of history and may appear conspicuously in years to come. For though he said he would not be a candidate for president in 1908, he did not say he would not be a candidate in 1912 or 1916 or 1920. Besides, there are other high and potent positions than that of president. And Roosevelt is only 50 years old. He might be fit for president 20 years hence.

Some criticism may be due Roosevelt for interfering so actively in behalf of Taft as against other candidates, if that were all to be considered, but the president's object was evidently not more the nomination of Taft than to make sure that any embarrassing stampede to himself would not occur. And for that purpose some dominancy of the convention on his part may be excused.

An ordinance is pending in Chicago which declares a billboard a nuisance if it is located in any place where two thirds of the buildings within a block on both sides of the street are used for residence purposes, but permits the erection of billboards if a majority of the property owners give their consent. How would some such plan do here? Should people of a locality to whom billboards constitute a nuisance be afflicted with them? But if they are not to be restricted, should they not be taxed higher, and made to yield a much larger revenue? At present the city gets but a mere trifle for permitting what to many amounts to a wholesale disfiguration of the city.

GOOD ROADS.

A SPEECH delivered in the senate last April by Senator Bankhead ought to be in the hands of every farmer, yes, and of every business man in the country. Probably the rest of the senators did not listen to it at all; possibly it was not even delivered, but printed as having been delivered. This is as well, if it could get into general circulation. It was not about the currency, or the tariff, or railroads, or any subject occupying a great deal of public attention and space in the newspapers, but about good roads. And very few subjects are of greater importance throughout the country, including Oregon. The proposition under discussion was an amendment to the postoffice appropriation bill appropriating $500,000 for improving rural delivery route roads, providing states or counties appropriated equal amounts. In the course of his speech Mr. Bankhead said:

"Good roads are avenues of progress, the best proof of intelligence; they aid the social and religious advancement of the people; they increase the value of products; they save time, labor and money; they are the initial sources of commerce, which swell in great streams and flow everywhere, distributing the products of our fields, forests and factories. The highways are the common property of the country, their benefits are shared by all, and they are needed by all; they benefit all, and all should contribute to them." Farther along he said:

"The effects of good roads reach everybody. Both city and country share in their benefits. In justice and equity, therefore, everybody should contribute to the cost of their construction and maintenance. * * The average cost of hauling over wagon roads in this country is 25 cents per ton per mile and that the average haul is over 8 miles. The cost of hauling in Europe has, in many cases, been reduced to as low as 7 cents per ton per mile, and it has been established that good roads will reduce the cost to the farmers to as low as 10 cents per mile in this country. This means a reduction by half of the annual cost of transportation to the farmers. It is only necessary to consider the fact that the immense tonnage of farm products is hauled over the common roads to the railroad stations to realize what a tremendous saving is possible when we reduce the cost of transportation even 12½ cents per ton per mile."

Senator Bankhead is right in his reasoning that the people living along a highway should not have to pay all the cost of making a good road of it. This cost should be borne by all who are benefitted. Whether the general government should help is a large question. How and to what extent the state should carry on the work is an important question. But whatever the best solution of the problem it should not be neglected. More interest should be taken in it, both in country and city. People need to educate themselves better to the great benefit of good roads. When this is once fully apprehended the ways and means will be devised.

Appropriations for several purposes for the next fiscal year, as compared with those for 1897, 12 years ago, are as follows: Army, $95,382,247; in 1897, $23,278,403. Navy, $122,662,716; in 1897, $30,562,661. Pensions, $163,053,000; in 1897, $141,328,580. Sundry civil, $112,937,314; in 1897, $29,812,113. Deficiencies, $57,057,653; in 1897, $13,900,106. Permanent annual, $154,194,296; in 1897, nothing. But behold a great saving: in 1897 $15,944,147 was appropriated for rivers and harbors; this year nothing.

The effects of the speculators' and "malefactors'" panic will be further overcome during the next few weeks by another big crop of cereals, according to present estimates. The wheat crop promises to be one of the largest on record, the corn prospect is good and crops generally will probably be up to the average or above. This is especially fortunate in a campaign year.

If as reported crop prospects throughout the country generally are better than usual, certainly the Republican platform will not fail to point to that fact as a triumph of Republican principles, and especially of the protective tariff.

The voice at the Chicago convention will be the voice of Roosevelt Jacob, but the hand that will carry out the party policies, without a great change in the personnel of congress, will be the hand of Aldrich Esau.

So far as the chair is concerned, the proceedings at Chicago will be conducted grammatically, and in the most approved Bostonese language. Henry Cabot Lodge is to be permanent chairman.

Small Change

The "allies" are like a lot of coyotes in a corral with a lion.

• •

Look Portland over now if you doubt that it is the Rose City.

• •

An advertisement announces, "Bathing suits reduced." In dimensions?

• •

Well, we guess that among other things Portland can do, is playing ball.

• •

Hitchcock to the allies: "But, I tell you there ain't goin' to be no core."

• •

A Eugene Jap ran amuck with an ax. War! War! Send the news to Hobson.

• •

That big, dark, mischief-making tangled tongue would much adorn a rockpile scene.

• •

Whether the vice-president is a reactionary or a progressist seems to be immaterial.

• •

The platform makers couldn't resist the temptation to indulge in a great lot of buncombe.

• •

Many people seem to doubt whether the brewers are the right kind of temperance reformers.

• •

But what will the country do for good crops when Secretary of Agriculture Wilson dies or resigns?

• •

Longfellow sang of "The Summer Rain," but even as good a poet as he could express the deliciousness of it but feebly.

• •

It is said there is still an occasional housekeeper who can make an old-fashioned cherry pie, but few people can prove this.

• •

Senator Burrows' long-winded platitudinous keynote speech got into print, of course, but nobody listened to it and few will read it.

• •

Senator Fulton is in high favor among the Republican leaders—perhaps because they believe what Heney said about him.

• •

The 22d of this month will be the thirtieth anniversary of Mr. Taft's graduation from Yale college, and he will deliver an address.

• •

But would Cummins be a safe and sane campaigner, or presiding officer? He is almost as much of a Democrat as Roosevelt or La Follette.

• •

The new school census for Chicago gives that town a population of 2,300,000. Up to date yesterday, Seattle had not claimed a larger population than this.

• •

It is easy to tell who will be the next president. He'll be a stout man, who has traveled a good deal, talked considerable, likes a joke, is good to his wife and his first name is Bill.

• •

A news item speaks of the growth of the lobster canning industry. The "allies" at Chicago should furnish quite an additional supply of raw material.

• •

Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia who made a rambling, foolish speech, denies that he was drunk when he did so. In the case of many people, the making of such a speech is certainly no evidence of inebriety.

• •

A western New York newspaper wants the people to go to church in Quaker fashion during the "Merry Widow" hat craze, that is, the women to sit upon one side of the church and the men upon the other. But the men won't need a whole side, a corner will do for them.

Oregon Sidelights

Several mineral springs are near Waldport.

• •

Fish are caught plentifully now in streams near Waldport.

• •

Eugene's suburban districts are filling up with new residents.

• •

A Brownsville cucumber is 14 inches long and 10 inches around.

• •

The strawberry crop in the Milton-Freewater district is worth $50,000.

• •

Clatsop county voted two to one in favor of the university appropriation.

The single tax amendment was "originally exposed" by the Canby Tribune, it says.

• •

A band of 500 cattle passed through Monument from the Dayville region to Heppner.

• •

Seaside expects more summer visitors than ever before, and is better prepared for them.

• •

The Burns postoffice and landoffice both show a large increase of business for the past year.

• •

Some anti-prohibition people hung a candidate for sheriff in effigy on election morning, and in consequence he gained many votes and was elected.

• •

Burns News: The past 10 days have brought great results to Harney county in the way of rain in the valleys and snow in the mountains, which will provide the necessary moisture for all kinds of agricultural products, natural and cultivated.

• •

A rising Grants Pass attorney, says The Outlook, who has always been in doubt as to the expediency of closing up the saloons, recently returned from a visit in Eugene where he had an opportunity to see the practical workings of municipal prohibition. Now he is an enthusiastic advocate of boozelessness.

• •

A Grant county lamb had two well-formed bodies which joined at the shoulders and to this combination were joined two heads, imperfect, yet clearly the property of twin lambkins. Unfortunately only one mouth was provided. There were two noses, three eyes and four ears. Right back of the shoulders protruded a third head set on its own neck and shoulders, with fore feet hanging helplessly down. It lived about an hour.

• •

Jackson county citizens are putting up to themselves the question, "Why is a fish warden?" says the Grants Pass Outlook. Also, what's the use of stocking up streams with trout for the benefit of anglers while irrigation ditches are taking them off by thousands? The law provides that the intakes of all irrigation ditches shall be screened, but it appears that the water users have made no attempt to comply with the law, and there are neither deputy wardens nor funds with which to pay for such wardens if employed.

• •

Madras Pioneer: Every farmer you meet these days has a wrinkle across the middle of his face extending from ear to ear, which he calls a smile. The cause of all this hilarity is the greatly improved crop prospects throughout this section following the heavy rain Tuesday afternoon, when for nearly three hours there was a steady downpour. The rain was general throughout the district.

• •

While three men were working in the bottom of a shaft in the Spencer butte coal mine, and L. J. Bowman was on the derrick arranging some of the machinery the clutch became unfastened and the heavy bucket began to descend. Wrapping his leg around the swiftly moving cable and grasping the other with his arm, he exerted all his strength and stopped it, but not without much damage to both his members. He held on for dear life and yelled until he thought all hope was gone, and he would soon have had to let go, when a man arrived and shut off the engine and he was released. It was a close call for the men below.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Justice John M. Harlan of the supreme court, is the dean of that august tribunal in length of service, and he also has the distinction of being the oldest member; he tops Chief Justice Fuller, his nearest competitor in the matter of age, by a few days; both men were born the same year, 1833.

Justice Harlan wears his 75 years well. He is more than six feet tall and will easily weigh 250 pounds or better, but there is very little superfluous flesh on his frame. He walks from his house to the supreme courtrooms and back every pleasant day, a distance of several miles, and he steps along at a pace that might make many a younger man envious.

Not long ago Justice Harlan having an important decision to write, remained at home and gave strict orders that he was not to be disturbed. Justice Harlan writes out all of his opinions in long hand, and then dictates from the manuscript to a typewriter. He had barely got settled comfortably at his desk in his study on the second floor on the day in question when there came a particularly vigorous ring at the door bell.

It was a book agent, one of the red haired variety that are apparently immune to rebuffs. The agent would not be denied and shoved his way into the hall. He had a work of such transcedental importance that Justice Harlan, no matter what orders he had given about not being disturbed would consider it a favor to look at.

"Young man," shouted the book agent, in a loud voice, "you will be in danger of losing your job if you do not show me up to Judge Harlan at once."

At this juncture the tall figure of Justice Harlan appeared at the head of the stairs. He was attired in a long loose fitting dressing gown, which made him look like a veritable giant indeed.

"William," said the venerable jurist, in stentorian tones, "show the brazenly infernal scoundrel up to me. If you can not handle him I will!"

The persistent book agent made a hasty get-away, apparently thoroughly frightened for once.

Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, who is rounding out nearly 30 years of continuous service in the United States senate, has little faith in doctors, and does not believe in taking medicine. He is rarely sick, but early this spring he had a slight attack of grip, which kept him away from the capitol for more than a week.

"No, I didn't call in a doctor," said the senior senator from Maine to a colleague who made inquiries concerning his illness. "If I had," he continued, with a dry smile, "I would be in bed now instead of in the senate! All I did was to diet for a few days and take absolute rest; did not open a letter, look at a newspaper or book, or permit myself to think about business affairs. By following this course and only partaking of the simplest foods I brought myself around all right in short order. The drugs the average man takes into his stomach are much more to be feared in my opinion than any ordinary disease."

"You do not mean that you are—er—a believer in—er—Christian—?"

"No," came the quick reply. "I am neither a Christian scientist nor faith curist. I am merely a believer in horse sense, so far as the care of the human body is concerned. Rest and quiet, and plain simple food will cure most any trouble the flesh is heir to. That is my doctrine, anyhow, and I practice what I preach."

Although Senator Hale comes from a prohibition state and is personally temperate, he is an excellent judge of wine and is the possessor of what is pronounced by experts to be one of the finest wine cellars at the national capital. The vintages that adorn the shelves are both rare and old, and have been selected with care and judgment.

A newly appointed diplomat was a dinner guest at Senator Hale's house one evening in January. This diplomat believed himself to be a real connoisseur on wines and is always eager to air his superior knowledge.

"Senator," he said, addressing his host in a rather condescending tone, raising his glass and taking a sip, "this is, ah, rather good claret, don't you know. It is really not at all bad!"

"I am glad you like it," said Senator Hale quietly, "but I am under the impression that you are drinking burgundy!"

"By jove, so it is!" said the self-appointed expert in a crestfallen tone, after taking another sip.

Just before the adjournment of congress Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio, in passing through the marble room adjoining the senate chamber heard a man say to the man in charge of the weather map which hangs on the wall:

"What is the temperature at Fargo, S. D.?"

The senior Ohio senator stopped, glanced at the speaker sharply, and then walked up to him and held out his hand.

"I know you," he said, "your name is Edwards."

"You are right," replied the stranger with a surprised look, "but you have the advantage of me, sir."

"I do not wonder at that," said Senator Foraker with a laugh, "for we have not seen each other for 44 years. Don't you remember," he continued, "down in Marietta, Ga., in 1864, arguing with a young soldier on the proper conduct of the war? By George, we both of us felt competent to take command of the army! You belonged to the Army of the Tennessee; I was with the Army of the Cumberland."

"Joe Foraker, by thunder," exclaimed the man, tightening his grip on the senator's hand, "but," he added, with the frankness of the west, "say, haven't you grown gray and, and ain't you bald?"

"Well," said Senator Foraker, laughing, "I suppose I have changed some in 44 years!"

Then the Ohio senator escorted his old comrade down to the senate restaurant, where they lunched together and reviewed again "the conduct of the war."

Senator N. O. Bacon of Georgia, who is a very able constitutional lawyer, and who takes a very serious view of life generally, met Senator Depew of New York walking up to the capitol one mild March day. After the customary senatorial salutations had been exchanged, the two men continued their journey together.

"I say, Bacon," said the junior senator from the Empire state, "what is the longest sentence in the English language you ever heard of?"

"Well," said the Georgia senator, slowly, "that is rather a hard question to answer right on the spur of the moment. However," he added, "the longest sentence I can recall off hand was spoken by a former senator from your state, William M. Evarts. You will find it in his argument before the Geneva tribunal. I think the sentence I have in mind would fill almost a column in a newspaper. Can you recall any that will beat that?"

"Yes, a life sentence!" said Senator Depew, roaring with laughter.

The Georgia senator made a gesture of disgust.

"Depew," he said, "if I ever indulged in slang, I would say that you occasionally give me that tired feeling!"

Letters From the People

Battle Against Land Monopoly.

To the Editor of The Journal—The battle against land monopoly, the first skirmish of which in Oregon recently met with a repulse, is on with force and victory in New South Wales, a state of the Australian commonwealth larger than Oregon, Idaho and Washington combined and having a population of over 1,500,000. Last November the new home-rule tax went into effect, by which any city or town can tax land values alone, or tax everything in sight, as it pleases. Every shire (county) but one immediately went on a single tax basis. Town after town and city after city swung into the dreadful single-tax column, in spite of the prayers and threats and tears of the holders of idle lots and acres. At last accounts in the Sydney Standard, nearly 100 places, many of them larger than any city in Oregon outside of Portland, had deliberately gone single tax—deliberately declared that industry and thrift should not be punished by the levying of taxes on personal property and improvements—and where the question was submitted to a referendum vote this "impracticable craze" (as we were assured by the self-constituted oracles of Oregon it undeniably is) carried every time and by most decisive majorities.

In the town of Waverly, which has annual expenditures of nearly $125,000, and so cannot be a small village, the forces of tax-everything-in-sight decided to make a stand for the old tax system. By a vote of 10 to 2 the city council voted a tax of equal in our American money to 11⅛ mills on land values, exclusive of improvements, and a 3-mill tax on improvements. These blamed single-tax cranks wouldn't even stand for that; said any tax on a man's improvements, stock, furniture, tools, fences, etc., was an imposition, and to the referendum it went. Now, only landowners could vote, and after a canvass in which every plot, lot and acre of ground in the jurisdiction of the town was figured out to its owner to a farthing as to what his taxes would be under the old and new system, the polls were opened on the eleventh of March. The arguments against the new system read like excerpts from the oldest paper in Oregon, and the councilmen whose propositions were on trial declared they would resign if the taxpayers did not sustain them. Awful warnings and sedulous solicitations went for naught, for by a vote of 413 to 333 the single-taxers swept the field. In a few days Woollahra turned down by a vote of 271 to 171 a proposition to put a 2-mill tax on improvements in addition to an 8-mill tax on land values. At Mossman, by a vote of 288 to 84, a 10-mill tax on land values, coupled with a 4-mill tax on improvements, was rejected after a hot and energetic fight. And so it went down the line. Of course, this does not concern Oregon very much; but bear in mind that such a reform in New South Wales went further in 14 weeks than it did in New Zealand in 14 years; that, like the guaranteeing of bank deposits by Oklahoma, it forces its extension on the adjoining states rapidly and with increasing momentum—a momentum which will ultimately reach every community in the civilized world, including even Oregon. Unless other states of this United States guarantee bank deposits within the next two years they will have no bank deposits. Unless other states in the Australian commonwealth guarantee that the products of labor and capital be free from spoliation by the tax gatherer, they will be bereft of producers and capitalists, who will seek the avenue of least resistance and "pull their freight" for New South Wales.

The people of this colony or state have been studying the operations of a similar law in New Zealand for several years, and know what they are doing. When the people of Oregon have had more time to study the matter it will be up to the opponents of the single-taxers to propose something better, or the single tax will sweep the state like a tidal wave. Land monopoly must cease in Oregon sooner or later. In New South Wales the people no longer shy at single tax, and the discussion of the question is without prejudice at the term. It means something. Land speculators and rent eaters of the world, get off the backs of the producers! A. D. CRIDGE.

Crook county was treated to a gift of about $50,000 Monday afternoon and evening, in the form of a splendid shower of five hours' duration, says the Prineville Review.

The Cleveland Car Strike

From Louie Post's Public.

The recent streetcar strike in Cleveland, Ohio, is no more. It died almost in giving birth to itself. There were interests that thought they could make cheap prestige by promoting a strike just as municipalization began, because they supposed that Mayor Johnson would be embarrassed and have to "lie down," regardless of the justice of the strike. Perhaps they had other reasons, for the influence of national leaders of the streetcar unions has usually been available whenever the old monopoly streetcar company needed it to battle Johnson's municipalization policy. Whether the former streetcar managers as a "crowd" were encouraging any labor leaders to foment the recent strike, is not certain; but it is certain that one of those managers did all he could. The most active encouragement, however, came from the illuminating company, the public utilities corporation of Cleveland, which is to come next in Johnson's process of municipalization. This company seems to have assumed that it could save itself if it could make a failure of the streetcar municipalization; and a labor strike no doubt looked under these circumstances like the handiest thing imaginable. So there came about a coalition of plutocratic conniving and labor "skating," which for several days furnished "news" material and editorial reflections against the Cleveland municipalization policy for all the plutocratic and some of the labor papers of the country. It is a noticeable fact, too, that dynamiting was resorted to with a recklessness and to a degree never before experienced anywhere; and that the plutocratic press of the country turned their batteries loose upon Tom Johnson and his cause.

H. Clay Evans' Birthday.

Henry Clay Evans, leader of the Republican party in Tennessee, was born in Juniata county, Pennsylvania, June 18, 1843, and received a solid school and academic education. Soon after the beginning of the Civil war he enlisted as a private in a Wisconsin regiment and served until the close of hostilities. In 1870 he took up his home in Chattanooga and engaged in business as an iron and car manufacturer. He was twice mayor of his adopted city and in 1889 was elected to congress on the Republican ticket, though the district was strongly Democratic. In 1893 he was appointed assistant postmaster-general of the United States and in the following year he was an unsuccessful candidate for governor of Tennessee. In 1896, at the Republican national convention, he stood second in the balloting for the vice-presidential nomination. President McKinley appointed him United States commissioner of pensions, which position he held for five years. From 1902 to 1905 he was the United States consul-general at London.

This Date in History.

1609—Champlain left Quebec to explore the lake which bears his name.
1778—British evacuated Philadelphia.
1812—United States congress declared war against Great Britain.
1815—Battle of Waterloo.
1850—Steamer Griffith burned on Lake Erie with loss of 300 lives.
1853—Allen Thorndike Rice, editor, born. Died May 16, 1889.
1894—William Water Phelps, American statesman and diplomat, died. Born August 24, 1839.
1907—The French chamber voted to suppress the agitation in the wine-growing districts by force.

The Latest Genius.

The latest addition to the list of "discovered geniuses" is Maurergeselle Berthold Pusch. He is a youth of 19, whose fine baritone voice was known to his fellow workmen long before the musical world became aware of it. Pusch was until recently a stone mason's apprentice, but is now being educated musically under the direction of well known masters for the Royal Opera at Berlin, and some people predict that his voice will some day create much enthusiasm as Droschkenkutscher Wachtel's tenor aroused in his day. An American, writing from Berlin, says that the young baritone needs a press agent of the same name.

A monster rattlesnake killed in Grant county, had 18 rattles.

The REALM of FEMININE

The Dreams of a Girl.

IT is old enough to be a proverb, yet it sometimes comes to us with fresh force, that if we had the things we think we want we should be quite wretched. For instance, there are few young women who in planning their lives and in dreaming of the future do not imagine themselves leaders of society, occupying an enviable place among people, owning horses and lands and jewels, and living the life of the easy and happy rich. It is the kind of a figment that many a girl has in her brain before she has really tested life.

It not irrequently causes her to ignore the affection of an honest and sober-minded young man who will never, by the very nature of him, possess these fascinating things nor be able to keep his wife in the butterfly state which she imagines would be so delightful. But if she is a girl who cares at all for the simple things of life, the honest friendships, the unassuming simplicity of superior people, she would find the life of a society leader a most exacting one, filled with petty cares and responsibilities and occupied with show instead of realities. If she is honest with herself she must be glad after a few years have passed and she has really found herself, that the life which looked so brilliant to her unformed imagination was not vouchsafed her.

There is another dream of girlhood which is sometimes hard to give up, and that is seeing oneself the center of a group of ambitious and talented people, young authors, writers, painters, a coterie of brilliant minds which find mutual inspiration and satisfaction in the conversation of the others of the circle, whose brilliancy is to startle the world.

How many a girl dreams of herself in her mature years founding such a society and enjoying the stimulus of their animated thought and vivid experience. It is a childish sort of a dream, and surely does no harm to the girl who fancies this her future lot. But how she will laugh at it in her mature years, and how funny it will seem that she imagined this her highest happiness and the summit of usefulness. Looking at herself without prejudice in her developed years she must be glad that she is not called upon to occupy the limelight in this kind of a gathering, and must realize that with her very modest qualities of mind she would be ill at ease if not positively miserable when called upon to shine in an assembly of these brilliant ones.

The fact of the matter is, that life gets hold of us, knocks us, tries us, molds us, and by and by we are fitted to occupy a very small and quiet place in the world, which in our days of great aspirations we would have thought too obscure for our talents. And so it becomes a truism that if we had what we think we want we should be unhappy.

The luxurious life and the series of gaieties into which the woman of social position is necessarily involved is becoming alarmingly productive of the latest exclusive disease, neurasthenia, or nerve exhaustion, and the sanatoriums and rest resorts are well supplied with its victims. For this life which looks easy to the uninformed is really most exacting and wearisome. It involves unnatural hours, too much of overheated rooms, too much of noise of tongues, too much dressing and undressing and dressing over again, and untimely meals composed of too rich food, and a strain of excitement and a hurry from one engagement to another, and a striving after new excitement, and usually a recourse to stimulants to keep the poor, tired body up to the unnatural pitch, and at last a giving away of the overwrought nerves, and the poor, haggard, wearied woman, if she is wise enough to take herself in hand in time, starts for a sanitarium to regain her lost vitality and get ready for another season. What a life. Beside it the healthful routine of occupation and rest, day time and night time, in their proper succession, wholesome pleasures, honest friendships, which fill the life of the stenographer or clerk, seem enviable.

One cannot, for long, force these bodies of ours to unwholesome and unnatural occupations, especially when this is combined with a strain of excitement, without paying for it in haggard looks, fretfulness and melancholy, which not infrequently ends in insanity or suicide. You may see that look of unsatisfied desires, that ennui and distaste for life on the face of a girl who has been in society but a year or so. It is unnatural, and the strain tells.

In contrast with the woman, worn at 25 and old at 35, who has given her life to the quest for amusement, you may see the mother of a family maturing in sweetness and placidity, in poise and restfulness, in content with life and its rewards. Hers is a life which makes lines of wholesome humor rather than of haggardness and restlessness. She has a natural interest in all good and simple things, is content with simple pleasures, looks upon life with trust and satisfaction. She has not lived the life she dreamed of in her ambitious girlhood, this wholesome, natural woman, but she has lived life as it came, with a profound trust in God and a belief in goodness, and has made her supreme desire the development of her children into worthy men and women.

In reward, life has touched her gently, leaving her with an unfailing spring of youthfulness and spontaneous humor, of belief in mankind and of interest in all simple honest things, which lights her eyes and informs her face. She is a good person to know, and her circle of friends, while it may not equal in brilliancy those dream people with which she filled her salon, is composed of true souls, firm of purpose and sincere in aims, who love her for what she is, not for what she has and who would rally to her in a moment of trouble.

Life is an unknown country to the girl just entering it, but she will do well to set her course by the old-fashioned guideposts of faith in God and humanity and a determination to live a profitable life, rather than by those which point to riches and pleasures as the goal.

The Daily Menu.

BREAKFAST.
Cereal. Broiled Bacon, Poached Eggs. Coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Salmon Salad. Creamed Potatoes. Sandwich Biscuits. Strawberries and Cream. Tea.
DINNER.
Cream of Barley Soup. Broiled Beefsteak. Spaghetti with Tomato. Cucumber Salad. Rice Custard Pudding. Coffee.

Salmon salad—To be made from remains of yesterday's boiled fish. Flake the cold fish, removing all bone and skin. Cut up the best of one head of lettuce (when celery is not in market), and two or three small cucumber pickles or six olives. Stir all together and moisten with French dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Sandwich biscuit—Make nice biscuit dough, roll out half inch thick, cut out and spread half the biscuits with butter, then a thick layer of chopped cold meat well seasoned. Press the other rounds on top and bake in quick oven.

Cucumber salad—Cut a slice from a cucumber and scoop out the inside, cut bits of tomato in similar size and mix the two with French dressing. Return to shell, put each cucumber on a plate by itself on lettuce. Serve cream cheese with this.

Senator Thomas S. Martin of Virginia, 61 years of age, rarely makes a speech, yet he is known as one of the most influential men on the Democratic side.