EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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> The fairest life ever lived on earth was that of a poor man, and with all its beauty it moved within the limits of narrow resource.—Ian Maclaren.

THE SPRINGFIELD OUTBREAK.

AGAIN has a northern community estopped itself from denouncing southerners for lynching negroes. Indeed, it is seldom that southerners go to the extreme of wholesale assault and rapine that was witnessed in Springfield. And the enormity of the crime is accentuated by the fact that it occurred not only in the capital of one of the greatest of the northern states, but in the home city, during most of his adult life, of Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of the slaves, the one American who above all others is revered by his countrymen and especially by the negroes.

Accepting as true the stories of assaults told, and remembering that one of the negro assaulters had also committed murder, we must admit that there was great provocation, yet it was not sufficient to excuse, much less to justify, such mad, wanton, savage revenge upon innocent and for the most part harmless and many of them worthy people. It is an episode for which Springfield, and Illinois, and the country, may well hang their heads in shame.

These recurrent outbreaks show that a considerable portion of the population are as yet civilized only on the surface. With many, civilization, a Christian civilization as we call it, is but a veneer. How easily the savage breaks out, to burn, torture, slay.

The inherent vice of the mob is that reason and judgment have no room in it. The slightest evidence will suffice; a mere suspicion is a warrant violently to kill; the restraining sentiment of justice has been extinguished. The mob is a ravening wild beast.

But we will probably learn that in Springfield, as in Atlanta, the mob was composed for the most part of the baser elements, the lower strata of society, of that city. The "better classes" may join in lynching a rapist, but they will not join in perpetrating furious cruelties upon innocent and defenseless people.

Not even, we think, if the people attacked are black. Yet the baser elements of the white population of a city will thus engage in a destructive riot against the blacks, and the better elements will excuse and condone it to some extent, simply on account of the difference of race and color. A white man's crimes, however black, are never revenged upon his family, friends, associates and neighbors. It is the race and color antagonism that boils out and overflows in acts of wrathful vengeance. In some southern communities the blacks outnumber the whites two or three to one; suppose on the occasion of a white man's similar crime the blacks should thus take vengeance upon the minority. What terrible lawless, savage, impossible beasts they would be, to be sure.

Good may come, and should come of such direful experiences. The negroes should learn to repress themselves from committing such crimes. True, there is no justification for this wholesale vicarious revenge; true, it should be remembered that the negro cannot help being what nature made him, and that his opportunities and advantages have been short and slight as compared with white Americans; true, he should therefore not be held to quite so strict a moral accountability as a white man; yet he should learn, must learn, aroused human prejudices and passions do not consider these things.

The negro has learned much, has advanced far, considering his racial and other disadvantages since Abraham Lincoln set him free over 40 years ago; but the one thing he needs to learn most is to restrain himself from [illegible] the crime that will arouse this [illegible] demon in the dominant race.

GET A HOME "NOW."

A GREAT MANY people in Portland, and in other places in Oregon are "building now," all right. A ride or walk in any direction around the city will furnish proof of this. But ever more building could be done profitably, because the chances are that materials and labor will not be so cheap again in a good while. If not right "now," those who intend to build should plan to do so if possible this fall or winter, for by spring the politicians will cease, in great part, to annoy and scare, and prices are sure to rise.

But we would address this advice to "build now" especially to employes, salaried people, city people who rent, or board, young married couples, all heads of families who do not own their homes, even single workingmen who, as every man should, nourish thoughts and hopes of a home of their own.

A home of one's own. This is a vastly valuable possession, though it be but a suburban lot or acre, and a temporary board shack in which to live. There's no place like home, in another sense than that meant by the poet. A home of one's own is not only so much valuable property, not only a place to eat and sleep; it is an encouragement, an anchor, an inspiration.

It is easier to get a home of one's own than many people imagine. Almost any man who has steady work at fair wages can save a portion of them, and with a very little money he can get a lot; in a few months he can pay for it, in a year or so more he can build a house and partly pay for that; and "there he is," on his own ground, in his own castle, an independent, justly proud American householder. No more saving up for the landlord. No more paying of rent. And pretty soon there is a nice garden, and there are berries, blooming rose bushes, and perhaps some chickens; and always the thought, on lying down and rising, and during the day: Home; my own home.

And then think, too—indeed this should be thought of first—how much happier and more contented and prouder wife and children—and if there are none already there should be later—will be in a home of their own. It is not all yours, after all; it is theirs, too, and that it is so makes you all the happier. We are sometimes tempted to think that a man who can possibly get a home of his own and does not do so, even at the cost of most rigid economy, cannot really be a good citizen. We won't say that, but will say that getting a home of one's own makes a man a better citizen.

To all such people, then, those who should and can build a house of their own, this advice, Build Now, or in the near future, as soon as possible should appeal strongly. There will never be a better time. And what is more, there will never be as good a time, either, to buy lots or acreage. Prices will rise every year.

ELECTRIC ROADS.

THE part the electric road is to play in the development of the Willamette valley is not yet well understood by the public. That is perhaps a reason why the Oregon Electric has encountered local difficulties in pushing its line forward. Were the influence of such roads as a determinative factor in the progress of a community thoroughly understood, it is doubtful if these obstacles to building operations would appear. Men and cities alike, in Oregon, have material interests at stake in the building and multiplication of electric lines. Population follows these lines, and population cuts up the big farms and converts them into small intensified farms. Population is the factor that swells the wealth and importance of cities and towns. Population is the agency that makes two blades of grass grow where there was but one, and makes a town where there was nothing but nature's wild. The story of every state in the union where electric roads have appeared, is eloquent of their influence as community and city builders. The progressive and best individual citizen of the day wants to be in touch with the heart of commerce and industry, and the electric road is the connecting link that most appeals to him. The people who are looking upward and not downward, who have their faces toward the future and not toward the past, have their eyes on facilities and conveniences in homeseeking, and they settle along the lines of the swiftly speeding electric road. The division of holdings, the increase of values, the intensifying of effort and the appearance of the happy and fruitful conditions to which these lead is the consequence, and it is a consequence that is mightily and forever favorable to state building.

HYPOCRITICAL PITY.

IN CRITICISING the primary law of Illinois the Chicago Inter Ocean says, in part:

It is a literal—and when we rightly think of it an appalling—truth that thousands upon thousands of Republicans voted in Chicago last Saturday for candidates of whom they knew absolutely nothing except that they had seen their pictures or their names in some newspaper, published with motives of which the voter could know nothing and often upon the same basis as other advertisements.

This ignorance, this blindness, these [illegible] gropings in the dark and this thrusting of power upon the press—an institution whose field it is to inform the people but not to rule them—is the price we pay for the abolition of representative government within political parties.

But suppose candidates had been nominated by a machine convention, how much would these voters have known about them? And if the voters did know more about them, would they not have known that as a rule the candidates were mostly representatives and tools of the machine, of predatory interests, of combinations and forces inimical to the interests of the people? This has become the almost universal rule under our representative system.

The people voted ignorantly, blindly, it is said. No wonder. As yet they are as sheep without a shepherd, like the emancipated negroes after the war. Heretofore they have had no choice, except between the candidates of two machines; in the primaries no choice at all; and it could not be expected that in a great city they would in every instance act intelligently and wisely on the first trial. But the process is educational. They will learn as they practice self-government. Because they may make some mistakes, are they always to be kept in political blindness and irresponsible helplessness?

It is to be suspected that the pity of the Chicago party machine organ is hypocritical. What it really fears is that they will become increasingly intelligent, independent and self-governing. Then the party machine organ's occupation will be gone.

The esteemed Spectator must know, and so it is near-naughtiness to insinuate otherwise, as it does in quoting a remark of The Journal's about Mr. Heney, that The Journal never vouched for the truth of Mr. Heney's accusations against Senator Fulton, never argued that all those accusations were pertinent to the case, never assumed that Heney was a saint or impeccable; but published all the facts and speeches, saying that Fulton should not be convicted of wrongdoing except upon sufficient proof; and so left the case, fairly stated, to the people's verdict. But it was not Heney who beat Fulton; it was Fulton.

Some newspaper correspondent back east has discovered that Democrats of that section are going to support Taft in the hope of getting tariff revision. They must be Democrats of the Ryan sort, who want the tariff revised, if at all, so as to protect the trusts and plunder the people more. For while Mr. Taft does not favor such a revision, his letter of acceptance shows that he would consent to anything agreed on by the high tariffites in congress. The tariff will not be revised right till congress is completely reconstructed and regenerated.

The Chicago Post remarks that it is a good time now to build, because not only materials but labor is lower than it has been and will be; and adds that while wages may be about as high, more work is done than when the demand for labor is greater. This is no doubt true. When everybody is employed and no more laborers are to be had, workingmen are likely to do a little less for the same wages than when their places could be easily filled.

If there are or can be any worse "humbug," "buncombe," and "juggle" than that of the machine politicians, nobody has discovered that fact nor does it seem possible to imagine it. If you want superlative samples of "humbug," "buncombe" and "juggle," just look at the record of the last congress, and then listen to a Republican campaign orator.

The last Democratic candidate for president is cordially welcomed in Portland by people of all parties, who hope he will form and retain pleasant impressions not only of Portland but of Oregon and the Pacific northwest. Visits here of distinguished easterners are calculated to do us good, and we are egotistical enough to believe that they get good by visiting this region.

Mr. J. J. Hill sends word that he will come to the celebration, which is another piece of good news. He will receive a great welcome.

Regaining Activity.

Pittsburg Correspondence of the Iron Trade Review.

The month of July just ended has played quite a conspicuous part in the process toward regaining former business conditions through which the iron and steel trade is now slowly passing. More clearly than any of the months that has preceded it, July was marked with the evidence of a hopeful spirit returning [illegible] commercial activity [illegible] of that period as they [illegible] lending encouragement [illegible] as to the future.

The fact that the past month [illegible] attention to the [illegible] iron and steel trade is [illegible] books through new [illegible] of these [illegible] was not of itself exactly [illegible] the beginning of the second half of the year July has [illegible] for the [illegible] of annual and semi-annual requirements of consumers and, with the added impetus of price concessions [illegible] this year has [illegible] in this respect.

But the hopeful [illegible] is spreading from [illegible] ... [illegible] companies. This has been particularly true in steel bars and to a less degree in other lines, including plates designed for pipe manufacture. As a result, the mills producing the favored lines have increased their operations, others less fortunate as to their products have barely sustained the record of the past. The net result is more hopeful, but scarcely one calculated to insure prosperity within any definite number of days or months. August has started well, but is not expected to exceed, if it can maintain the gait, of its predecessor.

The enforced reluctance of the railroads to buy iron and steel products is only occasionally being overcome.

Irrigation will double or treble the already great production of Grand Ronde valley.

Small Change

Resist the temptation to be mean.

It is no crime for a person to be born black.

A black heart is more to be deplored than a black skin.

Let the people beware of "agitation"; the trusts don't like it.

Governor Deneen is a man who does his duty—at least sometimes.

It has been a long time since the country had a farmer president.

There are literally millions of money for the people in open rivers.

The primary law is a "juggle"; the machine politicians never juggled.

If all the colonels vote for Bryan—he's a colonel—his election is assured.

The question, "Shall the people rule?" comes right home to Oregon, all right.

An exchange calls it the reportier gown. Well, it has certainly been well reported.

Tomorrow "Fighting Bob" Evans will retire. May he enjoy many years yet of peace and ease.

It is a wonder that the big timber owners do not hire men to protect their timber from fire.

A hayrack party up the valley had to walk home. But wasn't that easier than riding on a hayrack?

The latest alleged local murderer, Johnson, is a poor cuss, so may be punished with due celerity.

Then Hearst's treachery may win some votes for Bryan, too. People don't like such venomous spitework.

No effort will be spared by those business interests that want to run the government to scare the voters.

"Oregon's vote for Bryan would be a calamity," says a Hillsboro organ. What little bits of minds some men have.

"Hearst's knife is reaching for Bryan's vitals," says Walter Wellman. But Hearst's knife seems to be only a wooden toothpick.

Possibly if Mr. Hitchcock would tell Mr. Taft that his chances of election were slim, he might lose a little of that superfluous flesh.

About 10,000 rich eastern people ought to follow Mr. Harriman's example and come to Oregon for a vacation. It would do them good.

"Here we are again with two Republican parties in Oregon," says the Oregonian. Is that all? Or doesn't the Oregonian's party count?

Now a long struggle will begin to save the murderer Hains from punishment, whereas in such a clear case the penalty should be inflicted within a brief space of time.

What a chronic, doleful knocker the old Oregonian has become. Everything looks black over in its editorial sanctum. There is no honesty, no intelligence, no prosperity; everything is going to the dickens. Cheer up, old man; the world is much as you take it, and make it. A chronic pessimist is not only miserable himself, but he exerts a bad influence.

Oregon Sidelights

Isaac Skeeters, the first white man to view Crater lake, died at Medford, aged 82 years.

Fishing is improving at Waldport. Two men caught 28 fine chinook salmon one night.

The country around Echo produces fine honey. One man brought in 500 pounds one day.

The pear crop in the Rogue river valley will be lighter than last year, but of excellent quality.

A Heppner man sheared over 6,000 sheep by hand this season, finishing up last week in Montana.

Mrs. Patch of Galesburg, Ill., 80 years old, sister-in-law of Dan Patch, after whom the celebrated racing horse was named, is visiting at Forest Grove.

Milk to the amount of 3,619,619 pounds was received by 12 Tillamook county factories during July. This represents 320,000 pounds of cheese valued at $40,000.

Heppner Times: We defy anyone to point out to us a better section of the United States or Canada than is Morrow county in which to make a good living and lay aside money for old age. You can't do it.

Raising alfalfa is no longer an experiment in Washington county, says the Times. J. M. Schaefer has two large fields, one on low land and one on a hill, and the second crop yield was about four tons per acre.

That Willamina is destined to become an important town in the Willamette valley is a conclusion reached by all who know of its many natural advantages, says the Sheridan Sun, which gives many facts to support this belief.

Stayton will be the biggest town on the Marion county map before many months, for there is a concerted movement on the part of every citizen of this town to be the one individual committee working for the best interests of Stayton, says the Mail.

For eight years David Taylor of Athena has been trying to get an O. R. & N. switch and sidetrack to his warehouse, but in vain until now. Last year he used a new argument, bought 127,000 bushels of wheat and shipped it over the N. P., which has a spur to Athena. This opened the O. R. & N.'s eyes.

While George Masiker of Wheeler county was [illegible] on the limbs of a tall sawed-off stump working with a double-bitted ax, the branches broke and he threw his ax away from the tree as best he could, but it struck the ground with one of the blades sticking up so that he fell directly upon it, and it pierced his body full length, causing a fatal wound.

The opinion that the wheat district of Crook county will prove to be one of the very best in the state is gaining ground, says the Madras Pioneer. This year, when crop conditions were unfavorable throughout eastern Oregon the crops of this section compare favorably with those of the older and better known districts of eastern Oregon.

Jefferson has two of the liveliest kids in the United States, says the Review. They are L. Pease, aged 85 years, and A. J. Connor, over 80. Either of them will do more work in a day than the average man of 30, and both work at that. They are each well fixed financially, generous to a fault, but they have always been used to work and won't be happy till they get it.

A devil fish was caught in Yaquina bay and after much effort was confined in a tub, says the Mail, where he soon got accustomed to his quarters, tucked several hundred legs under him for a cushion, folded a couple of hundred arms around his chest and glared at the public out of his solitary eye as much as to say that this was a h—l of a town for a poor devil fish.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Letters to The Journal should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The name will not be used if the writer asks that it be withheld. The Journal is not to be understood as indorsing the views or statements of correspondents. Letters should be made as brief as possible. Those who wish their letters returned when not used should inclose postage.

Correspondents are notified that letters exceeding 300 words in length may, at the discretion of the editor, be cut down to that limit.

The Siletz Land Controversy.

Portland, Or., Aug. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mr. Hurst of Newport has seen fit to give forth some ideas for publication concerning myself and my alleged connection with Siletz claim jumping.

In the first place Mr. Hurst has misrepresented the state of facts as they exist, and has further misrepresented me in connection with them. I explained my connection with Messrs. Copeland and Jeffcott in their Siletz experience, and stated the facts in that connection.

I stated that the claims of Messrs. Priest and Williams were under contest by the government and that Messrs. Copeland and Jeffcott wished to gain a preference right by squatting on these claims, which would accrue to them only, if the government decided adversely to Priest and Williams in their contest. Messrs. Priest and Williams will not lose their claims through Copeland and Jeffcott, but only through the government contest or not at all.

This preference right spoken of is the first right to file upon the land after it becomes open for filing again, if it ever does.

This they know by the legal advice they sought long ago, and they do not expect to take any property or rights of any kind from any one.

If Mr. Hurst or Jacobson or any other person can see where I did any one any wrong or violated any law, by telling Messrs. Copeland and Jeffcott and perhaps others that the government had contested these claims and other claims, perhaps, I wish they would point it out as I will confess that if I am in the wrong I do not know it. This matter is public matter, to be found on public records, open to inspection by any who wish to examine them.

It is a fact known to all that the government gives the homesteader the benefit of any doubt regarding the matter of proof of compliance with the homestead law, but residence on the claim is required as essential to comply with the law.

Several years ago a one-time official of Lincoln county offered to locate me on a Siletz claim, saying my family could live in Albany and I could attend to business there and make visits to my claim periodically, and in that way fulfill the law. This I can prove by Jerome Smith of Lebanon, Or., and such advice, if carried out, would cost any man his homestead if contested and I am compelled to believe that it has made the trouble for those who accepted such advice and the services of the official alluded to.

Mr. Hurst states that I have "been traveling through the Siletz lately, claiming to be surveying, but in reality looking up claims upon which to install contestants." This I deny emphatically, and, further, state that I have been examining a tract of timber for a prospective purchaser who wished to install a paper mill and wished in advance to purchase a tract of spruce and hemlock timber. This last assertion I can prove by referring to Charles M. Lanning of 206 Rothchild building, Portland, and could also prove by other parties who are interested in pulp wood, that I have examined two tracts for them previous to looking this particular section south of the Siletz river, along the coast, over carefully, giving such attention to the lay of the land, the amount of timber, the amount of water, the ease and cost of handling, also any other matters wanted by people who put money into such propositions.

I offer the above to show that Mr. Hurst does not know what he is talking about, or does not care how he talks.

Homesteaders everywhere are more or less secure, and, like the "moonshiner," he is on the lookout—not necessarily because he is breaking the law, for more often he is not, but because he is liable to meet trouble, anywhere, any time, and must always prove his case before the proper officers to receive it, who in turn are governed by set rules in most matters connected therewith. E. T. PRICE.

Oregonian's Account Incorrect.

Portland, Aug. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Oregonian of the 16th gave a garbled account of the citizens' meeting held in Harrison hotel on Front street last Friday evening. For some veiled reasons, best known to themselves, their reporter did not give a correct account of what transpired at the meeting. He asserted that those who took part in this meeting were not in harmony. This is not true. Any gentleman who attended the meeting will bear me out in what I assert. There were from 80 to 100 property holders present and they were all a unit as to where the bridge should be—First and Sherman streets—with the exception of one man who wanted the bridge at Sheridan street, instead of Sherman. He made quite a talk in favor of this street. The audience listened to him patiently. At last the members present called for the "Question." Again this man took the floor and offered an amendment, but it was not seconded and a vote on the resolution was called for. A standing vote was taken and the resolutions were indorsed in favor of First and Sherman streets. There were only two dissenting votes.

I was afterward informed that a certain councilman who owns property in the vicinity of Sheridan street, sent this man to the meeting for the purpose of making an attempt to have the bridge located in this vicinity instead of Sherman street.

Mr. Belding and Councilman Cottell were at the meeting. The former gentleman took the floor and asserted that before taking any steps as to where the bridge should be located we should employ an engineer to ascertain whether the point selected was a practical place. He also stated that they paid an engineer $5,000 to locate a bridge and it would be well if we did the same thing. Mark O'Neill took the floor and replied that we did not intend to tap the city treasury or any other treasury for such a sum; that we were present for the purpose of developing and benefiting the city of Portland, and that we could employ an engineer who would be competent for the sum of $250. Mr. O'Neill also stated that we did not intend to go before the council with this matter; that we intended to refer it to referendum and bring it up at the coming city election in June next, as this was a matter which the citizens of this city were solely concerned in and they should be the ones to decide whether we should have the bridge or not.

A committee of five was then appointed in order to circulate petitions and prepare all necessary preliminaries so that the matter can be properly brought before the people. The meeting then adjourned until further notice. THOMAS GUINEAN.

Vacations for the Firemen.

Portland, Or., Aug. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—I wish to call the attention of the people to a little matter which has come to my knowledge. The city of Portland has recently passed an ordinance giving the city employes a vacation of 15 days instead of 10 days which they have in the past had. One would think that this meant all the city employes. But, in looking into the matter, I have found that the members of the fire department, with the exception of the chiefs, have not been given this extra five days, nor will they receive it until the first of the year.

Will anyone tell me why these men, whose past months' record will show that they work, and work hard, are not entitled to the same length of vacation as the other men who work for the city? They are kept more close, they work longer hours than any other employe—24 hours every day, with the exception of three hours each day for meals, and only 12 hours actually off duty each week—and yet, for some unaccountable reason they are not given the same privilege as the others. Of course, you may say this will come in time, but why not now?

I beg that this matter be considered and see if something cannot be done in their behalf. A SUBSCRIBER.

"Merely a Humbug."

Portland, Aug. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Oregonian is waking up to find a thorn in its side. Bryan's growing popularity with the masses begins to give the ancient one worry. In a column and a half headed, "A Shepherd of the People" it raves and shakes its ancient locks. It rushes to the past and turns its misty pages to find "the crime of 1873 was never perpetrated." It hurls its bolts of abuse and vituperation with splenetic malignity and declares, "Bryan never knew, doesn't know and is incapable of learning that gold is the only money setandard of the world."

Professing to discuss the question "Shall the people rule?" it goes into the muck-rake business and consoles itself "in quadrate platform equations" with Bryan's many misdeeds. Then after all its long tirade, concludes: "Bryan is merely a humbug."

Wonderful display of concern, and waste of words and space over a "mere humbug." One who reads this diatribe is lost in doubt at which to wonder most, the smallness of the vision or the viciousness of that smallness. This is the way it appears to A REPUBLICAN.

"SHALL THE PEOPLE RULE?"

From the Sacramento Bee.

That is the question which William Jennings Bryan puts before the citizens of these United States in his speech of acceptance. That address is in Bryan's best vein—full of meat, pithy and pointed, witty, sarcastic and argumentative.

It is in strong contrast with the address put forward by William Howard Taft in a similar position. Taft really found himself in an awkward predicament. Posing as the heir to platform watered and emasculated by elemental and vital doctrines of Rooseveltism, the Republican candidate endeavored to shape his address so as to embrace a modicum of the Roosevelt principles which the convention had put aside, without offending the platform makers who have no use for Rooseveltism; and, at the same time, not to pin his loyalty to the platform so conspicuously as to irritate the Roosevelt contingent which that platform had spurned and the convention had sat upon.

In that attempt Taft made a very sorry failure. For his address is evasive, contradictory; inconsistent here and there with the platform upon which he stands, and inconsistent there and here with the principles in which he is said to believe as the heir apparent to the Roosevelt scepter.

There is nothing of this evasion, nothing of this inconsistency, nothing of this contradiction in the address put forth by William J. Bryan. There is nothing which he needs to evade, or for which he has to apologize.

Unlike his distinguished opponent, Bryan does not stand upon a platform which had repudiated and spat upon those vital principles which he has always championed. On the contrary, the Democratic platform is a platform of Bryan ideas—and that is to say also that it is a platform instinct with Rooseveltism; for Roosevelt was but Bryan in office and Rooseveltism was and is nothing more than the practical application by a public official of the principles which William J. Bryan has championed for a dozen years, which Theodore Roosevelt accepted, and which the Republican national convention at Chicago spurned.

Bryan's document, therefore—in contrast with that set forth by Taft—is a consistent declaration of the principles in line with the policies he has always advocated and in faith with the platform upon which he stands.

You will find in Mr. Bryan's speech no apology for the platform which he has accepted, no effort to conciliate those who had always believed in him by trying to make them think that he is a platform unto himself, no effort at a weak promise to do those things which Taft intimates that he would like to do, but which the national Republican convention, through its platform, has said he should not do, and which a Republican congress would not let him do if he tried.

In this speech of acceptance by Bryan he riddles with grapeshot the candidate as to what he may do—such claims being in opposition to the declarations of the platform as to what he should do, and being ridiculously weak in that the Republican party—which has had within its power for the last dozen years the potency to do all of these things—has never done one of them, but has always voted each of them down whenever put to the test.

This Date in History.

1461—Louis XI of France crowned at Rheims.

1670—John Dryden created poet laureate of England.

1765—Pontiac's war for the extermination of the English in America came to an end.

1830—Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary born.

1850—Honore de Balzac, French novelist, died. Born May 16, 1799.

1860—The Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) arrived at Quebec.

1870—John P. Kennedy, the American secretary of the navy who wrote a chapter in one of Thackeray's novels, died at Newport. Born in Baltimore, October 25, 1795.

1891—Between 300 and 400 lives lost in earthquake in Martinique.

Robert Chalmer's Birthday.

Robert Chalmers, chairman of the board of inland revenue in the British government, was born August 18, 1858, in Aberdeen. He was educated in the city of London school and Oriel college, Oxford, obtaining a first-class in classical moderations in 1878 and a second in natural science in 1881. He won first place in the open competition for the civil service in 1882 and was secretary to the Indian currency commission in 1898 and 1899. In 1903 he became secretary of the treasury, which important position he continued to hold until a year ago, when he was appointed to succeed Sir Henry Primrose in the chairmanship of the board of inland revenue. Mr. Chalmers is the author of "A History of Currency in the British Colonies," and a translation of the "Jataka" from Pali.

Our Neighbor's Faults.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

"That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure."

"Oh," remarked the husband, "I thought she was a chatterbox. And to whom does she talk?"

"Why, my dear, to me, of course," was the reply. "She talks to me over the fence."

No man can serve two masters, and few can master two servants.

Cupid carries his bow and arrow in one hand and a copy of Bradstreet's in the other.

The REALM FEMININE

The Greater Love.

SO LONG as there is that in human nature that makes possible such heroism as was displayed by Brigadier-General Wardwell, a hero of two wars, and the hero of as noble and moving a tale of love as the world has ever heard, we need not mourn over the departure of the noble and beautiful from daily life.

General Wardwell has gone to his reward, the brave heart that beat so bravely the song of love on earth, to its union with the great love which rules the universe; the undaunted soul to its maker, but by the beauty of a great unselfish, untiring devotion which he leaves as his legacy to the world, he will be remembered.

This moving story of heroism and sacrifice begins with the devotion of a sister, nursing for two years, until he died, her brother, who was a leper. Isabel Cole was her name. She was tall and dark with queenly air and gentle breeding, well educated, well born. And if she ever thought that she was doing too much in offering her youth and beauty as a possible sacrifice, when love pointed to duty, she did not show it. Her brother needed care, and she gave it, faithfully and untiringly.

It was after her brother's death that General Wardwell met her. He served in the civil war, had proved a hero in the battle of Gaines Mills and was highly recommended by officials in the United States to the Mexican authorities. He lived in Mexico. Here he met Isabel Cole and though he knew her story, knew the fearful possibilities that hung over her, he loved her and married her.

Shortly afterward they went to California, and after eight years the first signs were noticed that pointed out Mrs. Wardwell as one of those afflicted with the fearful, creeping, loathsome disease of leprosy. People who knew their story speak with hushed tone of the devotion that General Wardwell showed his wife. Faithful, untiring, tender, he nursed her through long years that were full of tragedy. Day by day the awful thing crept over her, shutting her out from the enjoyments of life, causing people to shun her, the gentle, unselfish lady, as though she were the blackest criminal.

Criminal? What moral blackness, what perfidy, what devilish depravity is shunned by people of pure minds as this one accursed disease is shunned? It is a part of our training, I suppose, from our earliest days, to associate with the word leprosy all that is vile and loathsome. The setting of our earliest Bible stories, the oriental significance that is given this fearful plague through the pages of scripture, gets hold of us before we can fairly reason. Unclean! unclean! What worlds of misery are in the cry.

But, to this brave man who had faced bullets unflinchingly, she was not a loathsome, dreaded creature. He alone of all the world, stayed by her side; tended her, nursed her, loved her. She was his wife and he loved her, and to him it seemed, probably, no miracle that he should forsake all the world and cling only to her who had given her life into his keeping.

He was a hero, was General Wardwell, not only when the shouts of comrades and the excitement of battle urged him on to the performance of stern duties, but in the quiet day by day ministering to his afflicted wife. A hero, if ever the world saw one.

Seeking some place in which they might quietly die together they went to Los Angeles. A clipping from a paper a month old tells of Mrs. Wardwell's escape from the contagious ward of the county hospital. Her husband came and got her and they tried to escape to Mexico where they might end their days in peace, where she might die in his arms. There was no place for her. They did not get away to Mexico, it seems, but did escape to Arizona, and there, in quarantine, refused transportation to Molokai, isolated and helpless, except for their love, they remained until the brave, white-haired veteran of many wars was mustered out, to join the ranks of the blessed dead. His poor wife, for whom he laid down his life, has lost her reason and cannot be told of her husband's death. May the end come quickly for her, for her cup of sorrow is full to overflowing.

And some will doubtless exclaim in bat-like wisdom—"there is no God or he would not let people suffer so."

But others will say—how sure a proof that there is God and that the soul of man has something more than a human habitation, since it is capable of such sublimity.

Can such superhuman love spring from mere clay? If we are but cattle and at the end we return to dust, how shall we account for matchless devotion, fortitude, enduring the unendurable, or how shall we explain such a love that transcends mere mortality?

Suffering beyond the lot of most mortals they knew—but love beyond the conception of mere humanity they knew too, and who shall say that with all the pain and the sorrow there was not joy and rich happiness? Such love as sustains strong souls through undreamed of miseries, must be a wellspring of delight within the heart. They had each other, and they had love. They had such heroism within their souls that they must have had God too. And what more can strong souls have?

Some Cool Summer Drinks.

WHEN making raspberry shrub, for every cupful of fruit juice take half cup cider vinegar and two cups sugar. Put fruit juice, sugar and vinegar over the fire, stir until sugar dissolves and boil to a thick syrup. Skim if necessary, strain and bottle. When served, allow quarter cup of syrup to three-quarters cup ice water. Should the syrup be too thin do not use so much water.

For lemon sherbet use two quarts boiling water, eight lemons, white of one egg, one quart sugar. Roll the lemons in sugar to extract the oil, then cut in halves, remove seeds and squeeze out juice. Boil sugar and water until clear, skim off the scum as it rises, add the lemon juice, pour gradually over the beaten egg and freeze.

Pineapple lemonade is made by taking one cup sugar, one cup water, one cupful canned pineapple and the juice of two lemons. Boil the sugar and water until it spins a light thread. Put pineapple through a fruit press and add to the syrup with the juice of the lemons. When ready to serve, add water and sugar if needed. Serve ice cold.

For fruit punch use two cups sugar, one cup water, half cup orange juice, half cup lemon juice, one cup of strawberry juice, one cup pineapple juice, half cup Marchino cherry juice. Boil sugar and water to a syrup, and add the fruit juices. Let stand 20 minutes, strain and chill. Serve ice cold.

The Daily Menu.

BREAKFAST.

Prepared cereal with cream.
Scrambled eggs with minced ham.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Deviled crab. Tomato salad.
Blackberries. Layer cake.
Iced tea.

DINNER.

Celery bouillon. Cold roast veal.
Creamed new potatoes. Sweet pickles.
String beans.
Cucumber salad, mayonnaise.
Grape water ice. Snow cake.
Black coffee.