EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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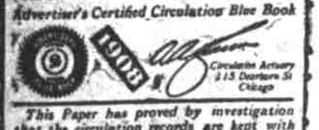

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Find your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be hewer of wood, or drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—Spurgeon.

ATTACKS ON THE PRIMARY SYSTEM.

THE PRIMARY election in Washington Tuesday furnishes an opportunity for journalistic champions of standpatism and ring-rule to attack the primary nomination law, though, on examination, their criticisms and complaints are found to be mostly mere windy, vagrant railing, without any apparent conception of the real reasons and purposes behind the law. We are told that it "produces disorder" in the ranks of the majority party, that unfit men present themselves for office, whom the people nominate by pluralities only, and that, in a word, it is a disorganizing and disconcerting sort of system.

But we see nothing yet in the result in the state of Washington to discredit the law. The undoubted choice of the majority of Republicans, or at least a large plurality, has been nominated for senator, and will without doubt be elected, nearly all nominees for the legislature being pledged to vote for the primary election nominee. A Republican convention might very likely have renominated Senator Ankeny, for he has great means of bringing about such a result in a convention of politicians, but the people, no doubt correctly, think that they will be better represented by a very different type of man. At least they prefer Jones to Ankeny, and that is an all-sufficient answer to all objections.

So in the case of governor. There were three strong and several weaker contestants. In such a case voters must vote for both first and second choice, and if no one has 40 per cent of first-choice votes the second-choice votes are also counted, and the nominee is thus determined. It appears at present that Mr. Cosgrove is clearly the choice under the law. Nearly as large a percentage of Republicans voted for McBride, and also for Mead, as for Congrove, and other candidates were voted for, but more voters preferred Cosgrove than either of the others, and so he becomes the nominee. No one, with three or more candidates, could get or could expect a clear majority of first-choice votes. A plurality is sufficient, is fair, and is a necessary test. Under the convention system men are frequently elected to important offices by only a plurality of a party's votes, by perhaps 35 per cent of 55 per cent or 20 per cent, of the total vote polled, and nobody complains about that. So to say that Jones, or Cosgrove, or any other nominee, received only a plurality, is an objection without merit, and is made merely to try to create an ill-founded prejudice against the primary system.

Would there have been any better results if a lot of delegates had come together, and acting under the dictation of a few machine-running bosses had selected a ticket? As able men might have been named, but they would have been nominated with the understanding and on the condition that their first and chief duty in public office was not to the people but to the party, to the organization, to the machine, to the bosses, men who were making a business of politics for what there was in it for them, the people's only part in the program being to vote the straight party ticket and pay the taxes. Otherwise they were to have nothing to say; in the opinion of the bosses, the people are not fit for self-government anyway.

This brings the subject up to the main reason, the vital, basic principle, the chief purpose, of the primary law, and this your machine organ will deftly ignore. It will not even notice, hoping that readers will not observe or will forget it—namely: To make public officers responsible directly to the masses of the people, and not to a clique of corporation-serving and people-plundering political bosses. Under this system it is the people, even if by pluralities, that nominate; it is they who confer favor and honor and legal emoluments; it is they and not a few selfish organizers and manipulators who select and elevate and entrust with official duties certain men, and therefore it is the people, the masses, the many instead of the few, whom these officials are bound to serve, not only as a duty but as a matter of self-interest. The authority goes direct from the people to the officers; to the people directly the officers are answerable. This is the vital principle of the primary system, and it is this that offends the self-seeking politicians, the bosses, the boodlers and grafters, and their organs all the way from New Haven to Portland, Oregon.

THE S. P. AND FOURTH STREET.

IN ALL probability the mayor is correct when he tells the council that to get the S. P. off Fourth street the old "permit" ordinance must be repealed, and then the corporation must be regarded as having no right there at all, and treated accordingly. This, if the S. P. desired to retain the use of the street, would result in litigation, that very likely would be taken to the supreme court of the United States. If such a suit is necessary, unavoidable, then the sooner the move that will bring it on is made the better. Nothing is to be gained by delay.

But, as The Journal suggested recently, it would be politic to extend the time for the removal of the railroad from Fourth street, in consideration of what Mr. Harriman promises to do in Oregon, providing he will fix some reasonable time for such removal and promise satisfactorily to get off within that time. Since Portland has been so patient and long-enduring in this matter, he ought not to object to such a stipulation.

In any event such an ordinance and the consequent fight in the courts will probably be necessary, for it is presumed that in removing the traffic as at present carried on, the S. P. will still insist that it has a continuing and perpetual franchise for a railroad along Fourth street. If this shall be the case, the council and all city authorities have but one course to pursue; they must fight that proposition to a finish. They must act on the theory that as soon as a repealing ordinance has been passed the Southern Pacific has no right of way along Fourth street whatever, for any purpose, more than any other corporation or individual.

There should be no objection under all the circumstances to extending the time reasonably, but when the S. P. moves from Fourth street it must move entirely; its pretended right must go with its rails and freight cars. The old ordinance must be repealed.

MR. GOMPERS AND WORKINGMEN.

BECAUSE Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, after carefully considering the whole situation, has declared in favor of Bryan as against all other candidates, some of the Aldrich-Cannon-Rockefeller organs are much perturbed, and are greatly offended with Mr. Gompers, and indulge in many campaign compliments to workingmen, declaring that they cannot be ruled by Mr. Gompers' advice or influenced by Mr. Bryan's declarations in behalf of the rights and interests of labor.

Such an organ of the plutocratic interests in this city insinuates in this connection that it has been assumed that workingmen's votes are largely purchasable, and it scorns the imputation that votes are ever purchased in a presidential election in this country. Of course the votes of real workingmen are unpurchasable, in the ordinary sense of that term; they cannot be bought at so many dollars apiece; but if men who have to earn their living by working for others are threatened with loss of work and starvation for their families, if they vote one way, and with steady employment at good wages if they vote the other way, this, if not purchase, is intimidation, coercion, and the votes thus cast are not free votes. They are the votes of the employers and not of the employes. And that this means of coercion was successfully resorted to in 1896 and in 1900 everybody knows, and that great numbers of workingmen voted for McKinley on this account alone. And we don't blame these men for so voting, if as they evidently did, they believed their threatening employers. They at least were not sure that what was promised or predicted would not come to pass. And a man with wife and children to feed and clothe is not going to let them suffer for the sake of voting as he would really like to do.

But this year it is a little different. It seems the promise did not hold good permanently. Under McKinley and Roosevelt there was considerable of prosperity, a little for the workingman and a great deal for the trusts, and then, under the same party, the same laws, the same policies, the same promises and professions and pretensions, there fell a terrible panic, that threw some 2,000,000 working people out of employment, and a good many of them are out yet. So the workingmen have found out that the party of prosperity is also the party of panic, and that it either cannot or will not keep its word to them. Besides, they are constantly becoming, as a mass, wiser and more independent, and they see that the election of one man instead of another for president ought not to and cannot of itself produce a prolonged panic or depression; that in a country so wonderfully great, so marvelously resourceful as this, labor, under any reasonable and just laws, must ordinarily find employment and have its reward—or such as the laws allow. For some of the laws are made to enrich the rich and to burden the poor, and the Republican party enacted those laws and stands for them today, and has persistently refused to repeal or amend them in the interest of labor and of the common people.

So what Mr. Gompers is trying to do is neither purchase nor coercion. He points out certain facts, and certain results; he sizes up the situation and prospects, and says that in his opinion the cause of labor will be best served by organized workingmen voting for Bryan. They don't have to. There is no compulsion. There is no threat. Simply information and advice. Yet every plutocratic organ in the country, from Boston to Portland, Or., is pitching into Gompers, as if he were a purchaser or a compeller of labor votes.

Let labor vote as it pleases, intelligently, conscientiously and, besides, unafriad. The plutocrats can't starve labor to death, even if they should try. At least labor can't be much if any worse off than it has been within the past year.

PEOPLE WILL DECIDE FOR THEMSELVES.

THE NEW YORK WORLD, that has much against President Roosevelt, does not like Mr. Bryan to claim or intimate that he is Roosevelt's logical heir, and that he rather than Taft will carry out the president's policies. The World goes on to criticise the president severely on several counts, and then says:

"Mr. Roosevelt knows, too, the fatuity of any attempts on his political paternity. He knows that when the psychological moment arrives one breath from him will settle indisputably which of the claimants is the anointed heir and which the changeling."

No, independent voters are not going to take Roosevelt's word for it, but will judge for themselves. Some of his policies and performances—his advocacy of a ship subsidy law, and of a large army, his refusal to attack the mother of trusts, the tariff, his approval of the Aldrich currency law in the interest of Morgan and a few other bankers, his solicitation of a campaign fund from Harriman and the interests, and some other acts—the critical independent voters do not approve; but the majority of his acts and policies they do approve, and it happens that Mr. Bryan stands conspicuously for these very policies.

Mr. Roosevelt may tell the people that Taft is the man they want to continue the good work he has begun, but a great many of them, considering that every trust and all the predatory plutocrats are supporting Taft, will not take the president's word for this. He has begun some very excellent work, has started a great movement, but they know that he has sometimes been mistaken and sometimes mysteriously inconsistent. The people will not be dictated to, even by Roosevelt, but will do their own thinking.

A SLIGHT CORRECTION.

TO AN inquirer the Tacoma Tribune furnishes the following information:

The north bank line is a railroad which has been under construction for the last two years along the north bank of the Columbia river between a point opposite Pasco in eastern Washington and Vancouver in western Washington, at a cost of about $12,000,000, jointly built and for joint use by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway companies as an extension of their main lines through, instead of over, the lofty Cascade range of mountains at their base and on a water level. Event of tremendous import!

Readers of the Tribune were entitled to a little farther information, namely: That running on a water level route "through" instead of over the Cascade mountains, the north bank will become really the main line, hauling the bulk of the traffic; that it doesn't end at Vancouver, or merely connect there with the Northern Pacific extending to Tacoma, but comes over and makes its terminus in Portland, where it is preparing to handle an enormous traffic which is already assured; and that there being now a certainty of an increasingly sufficient channel to the sea, Portland is thus made unquestionably the leading and favorite seaport of the Pacific Northwest, and will draw a great volume of traffic from Tacoma and Seattle.

With these slight corrections or additions, the Tribune's information would be sufficiently correct and complete. But Tacoma will go right on growing nevertheless, all the same. It will enjoy a big volume of commerce, even after Portland's has doubled and trebled.

Cleveland was the youngest retiring president, being in his fifty-third year when he retired, says an exchange.

But he retired again eight years later.

Small Change

Gradually the standpat senators are being moved to the rear.

* * *

Senator Ankeny can get along without his senatorial salary.

* * *

Shouldn't the new society rich novels be deodorized by the health officers?

* * *

If knowledge is power, it must be equally true that ignorance is weakness.

* * *

Why doesn't some party declare for the guaranty of bank deposits for everybody?

* * *

A new comet has been discovered. Why doesn't Hobson shout "War with Japan."

* * *

The yarn market is said to be dull, but this does not apply to political or fishing yarns.

* * *

A scientist says death can come in 5,200 ways. But one way is plenty for each person.

* * *

"Edison's fame secure," says an exchange. Has anybody been trying to steal or destroy it?

* * *

That Vermont straw did not show much, and probably the Maine straw will be equally inert.

* * *

In order to attract a big crowd of fall visitors, Newport people should catch and anchor that comet.

* * *

Chicago has a 14-story school building. We suppose the upper stories are to be used for higher education.

* * *

Chairman Cake is very confident that Taft will be elected. But wasn't he so also about his brother, and Mr. Devlin?

* * *

President Roosevelt told the Olympic victors that he never was an athlete. And this after all his use of that big stick.

* * *

A Pennsylvania woman threw acid in a politician's face, which he felt more than biting sarcasm and caustic criticism.

* * *

Larry Sullivan has been grubstaked to go and hunt gold. It will do Larry good to do some real honest labor for once—if he does.

* * *

Mr. Hearst says there is no Democratic party. He knows that there is an Independent party, for he made it and is it himself.

* * *

After its recent experience, one would suppose that Augusta, Ga., and some other places down there would want to go dry and stay so.

* * *

If you can find "or other securities" on a bank bill, it is one of the $4,000,000 in circulation under the Aldrich-Vreeland-Morgan law.

* * *

William Nelson Cromwell's donation to the Republican campaign fund is $50,000. He must have quite a big scheme up his sleeve.

* * *

A preacher says he is going to drive the devil out of Arizona. But why not let him stay in such a God-forsaken region if he wants to?

* * *

Hetty Green says society women should not spend more money than their husbands can make, which shows what an old-fashioned fossilized creature she is.

* * *

The Seattle Times reports a rumor that the Guggenheims have taken an option on the Post-Intelligencer for $700,000, and says that at that price it would be a very profitable investment.

* * *

"Never marry a man until you've seen him drunk," says a matron to a maid in a novel of Chicago society. But some men won't get drunk even in order to get married. And some women could only marry a man when he was drunk.

Oregon Sidelights

Irrigation will double the value of many farms in Union county.

* * *

The Pendleton High school Monday had 123 pupils, nine more than on the opening day last year.

* * *

A Detroit (Mich.) man is in Eugene looking over the country in the interest of capitalists who desire to put in a milk condensing plant there.

* * *

A Lebanon team at Albany ran away, running along several streets and around a few blocks and then slowed up and went into a livery stable.

* * *

Irrigation is essentially the most important feature to be desired in the industrial development of Josephine county at this time, says the Courier.

* * *

A Harney county cougar (it is supposed) has killed many animals among them 13 calves belonging to one man. Sometimes he slinks up to the porches of farm houses and takes therefrom cats and dogs lying thereon. No dog has yet been found brave enough or strong enough to frighten the beast away.

* * *

The Journal indorses this from the Eugene Register: All Oregon should be interested in the success of the State fair, attend, help boost, and show the visitors from the outside that we not only have the products that make the state famous, but an enthusiastic population that takes pride in getting together at Salem once each year and congratulating each other that we live in such a productive and progressive commonwealth.

* * *

Eugene Guard: Harriman says the Oregon Eastern will be built across the mountains from Natron to Klamath Falls, connecting with the Southern Pacific at Weed, Cal. This is equivalent to saying that Eugene will be made the actual junction of two of the greatest railroad lines in the west. Wouldn't that jar the knockers of Eugene if there are really any more of those fellows left here?

* * *

There is no question in the ordinary Astorian mind, says the Astorian, that this city and the Columbia river will get the first rail and its traffic out of the Tillamook region; that the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad company, a Hill line and connection, will beat the Harriman system and all its works, in the race down and to the coast of Tillamook. For, as 35 miles are to 70 miles, so is the chance of the Astoria & Columbia River beyond, and better than the Lytle chance, to get in there, and here.

* * *

Salem Statesman: Among those who have returned the complimentary season tickets issued to them by the Oregon State Board of Agriculture for the fair next week are Mayor Harry Lane of Portland, Oswald West, railroad commissioner, and A. M. Crawford, attorney general for the state. Each expressed himself as desiring to pay his way and signified that the fair would be visited because of it being a worthy institution which should be supported by all public-spirited citizens.

Ove Gude's Birthday.

Ove Gude, who last December was elected to succeed the late Christian Hauge as minister to the United States from Norway, was born in Dusseldorf, Germany, September 11, 1853. He is the son of Hans Frederick Gude, a famous landscape painter. After completing his studies he began his diplomatic career in 1877 as attache to the legation of Norway and Sweden at Paris. Later he was attached to the ministry of foreign affairs, and was also attached to the legation at Berlin, to which place he was appointed in 1884. Later he was transferred to London as attache of the legation. In November, 1897, Mr. Gude was appointed minister to Madrid, and later transferred to Copenhagen. Though young in years as compared with the average age of men in the diplomatic service, Mr. Gude has earned an enviable reputation for his knowledge of international law and diplomacy.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

Count Leo Tolstoy, the great Russian reformer, friend of the people, author, whose words have ever been for freedom and liberty, and of whose influence the czar stands in fear, was 80 years old August 28.

An international celebration of this event was planned by his friends and followers in Russia, England and other countries, but at the request of the count this has been abandoned.

The great novelist's modesty proved the obstacle in the way. He does not believe that he should be honored in this manner, and decries all his service in the cause of Russia and throughout the world. Especially he desires that his recent arraignment of the czar and the Russian government should not be taken into consideration.

To the committee on arrangements which called on him with the plans, he said: "I gratefully recognize the kindness of my friends, the Russian people, in making this proposal, but it must not be said that Tolstoy has contributed anything to his personal popularity by the arraignment of a vicious government. Let us take the word for the deed."

In reply to a friend, who congratulated him on the approach of his eightieth birthday, he said: "It is another happiness that I await—death." In a letter somewhat later to the Paris Matin, he amplifies that saying and adds that all this life is a dream and death the awakening. "Our earthly life is one of the dreams of another and more real life," he writes. "And that life is a dream of yet another life, and so on, ad infinitum, even to the last life, the life of God.

"Even in this present dream life, we feel that which the new life will perhaps make real to us. The earthly form in which the awakening of our knowledge of true life finds us, perhaps, is a limitation to the free development of our spirit. The true life begins when that limitation is removed. * * * I feel, I know with certainty, that in time I shall be happy; that I shall enter a world more real."

* * *

Tolstoy was born in 1828, and in his autobiography he says: "I would divide my life into four periods—the innocent, joyful, poetic period of childhood up to 14; then those dreadful 20 years, the period of coarse dissoluteness of service, of ambition, and vanity, and above all of sensuousness; next the 18 years during which I lived regular, honest family life, yet a period, all the interest of which were limited to egotistical family cares, to concern for the increase of wealth, the attainment of literary success, and the enjoyment o fevery kind of pleasure, and the fourth period, in which I now live and hope to die, from whose standpoint I see all the significance of my past life."

The Tolstoy family dates from 1353. One of their ancestors came from Germany with 3,000 men, and became the founder of several noble Russian families. When Peter I was on the throne, Peter Tolstoy occupied high positions in the military and diplomatic services. He was made a count. When Catherine was succeeded by Peter II, Peter Tolstoy fell from power, and in 1729 died in exile. The title of count was not restored to the family until 1760, when it was received by the great-grandfather of the present count.

Count Tolstoy's mother was the only daughter of Prince Nieslay Sergeyvich Volkonsky. Leo was two years of age when she died. She was cultured, sweet and gentle. The count's father was a landowner, and was kind to his dependents.

* * *

Although born of an aristocratic family, the count in early manhood began to startle his friends by his radical views. His writings later got him into serious troubles with the officials of the czar, but he was never punished. Considering the violence of his utterances, the Russian government has dealt leniently with him. He used to wonder every morning when he woke up why he was not on the road to Siberia. Alexander III declared that while Tolstoy lived he should never lose his liberty, and the present czar, it is believed, has given him the same assurance.

Tolstoy years ago assumed the garb of a peasant and toiled in the fields—many times going barefoot. Tall, gaunt and shaggy though he be, his peasant dress cannot hide the aristocrat. His eyes are kindly, his chin broad and covered with a mighty beard. His eyebrows are bushy. His appearance is rugged and uncouth, yet when he speaks you at once recognize the kindly, cultured gentleman.

Fifty-two years have passed since Tolstoy fought in the Crimean war as a young officer. Here he learned the hardship, and here it was that he determined to devote his life to the welfare of the people. He practiced what he preached, and has since lived a life of toil and privation. He stripped his room of furniture, and luxuries were banished from his table. At his town house in Moscow or at his country estate he toiled early and late. He receives his guests in a big, square room almost devoid of furniture. But his wife, the countess, receives the same guests in a drawing-room furnished with refinement and liberality. She does not share her husband's creed. She is a sweet woman, and no woman ever had a more loyal or devoted husband. She does as she likes. The count never interferes with personal liberty.

The farmhouse of the count is situated in the village of Yasanaya Polyana. When his health permitted, the count used to pay frequent visits to the huts of the peasants and ask them questions about everything. He would examine what they were eating, ask how they worked, and was in the habit of attending weddings and christenings. The peasants love him.

No matter how ill he may be, his doors are never closed against the peasants. He is their father, friend, confident and adviser. They come to him for advice of all sorts, and he gives it freely. When he walks through the streets of the village, children flock about him, and he has a kind and loving word for them all. The great of all lands call to pay him honor, but he loves best of all the friendship of the pheasants.

* * *

Count Tolstoy is a hard worker in his studio. He has a prolific pen and his writings are in demand all over the world, being translated into all tongues. Among his works may be mentioned the following: "War and Peace," a novel; "Anna Karenina," a novel; "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth," an autobiography; "The Cossacks," "Sevastopol," "The Invaders," "A Russian Proprietor," "Family Happiness," a romance; "A Prisoner in the Caucasus," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch, and Other Stories"; "A Long Exile," "Stories for Children," "Walk in the Light," "Master and Man," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and sequel; "The Dekabrists," "My Confession," "My Religion," "The Gospel in Brief," "What is to Be Done?" "Life," "The Kingdom of God is Within You," "What is Art?" "Resurrection," besides, he wrote many essays, letters and miscellanies.

In November, 1905, the count startled the literary world by an attack upon the works and teachings of Shakespeare, at once remarkable for its bitterness and astounding charges against the greatest of all dramatists. He declared with profound conviction that Shakespeare had hypnotized the reading public since Goethe, toward the end of the eighteenth century, pronounced him the master poet. The count called upon all thinking people to reject "the trivial and immoral works of Shakespeare" as unworthy of serious study and reflection. He was assailed from all quarters for his attack on the immortal bard.

In February, 1906, Tolstoy caused a great sensation by an open letter to the czar, in which he addressed the emperor as "Dear Brother." The letter was written just previous to the meeting of the national assembly. It was a personal appeal to the czar, urging still further concessions in behalf of the great proletariat of Russia. The letter was personal and very bold in its language. In concluding the count said: "Forgive me if, unwillingly, I have offended you, or grieved you by what I have just written. Only the desire for your good and the good of the Russian people has dictated this letter. Have I reached the end that I have in view? Only the future, that probably, I shall not see, can decide. I have done what I consider my duty. Your brother, who wishes you the true happiness."

Tolstoy has nothing but sneers for the peace conference at The Hague on June 11, 1907. He said in an interview: "The Hague peace conference is only a disgusting manifestation of Christian hyprocrisy."

In a letter written in the early part of this year to Paul Sabatier, the author, Tolstoy predicted the possible reduction of all the Christian countries of the west to a state of vassalage to the Japanese and other oriental peoples. He based his prediction upon the ground that it is only in the orient that religion and patriotism are synonymous.

Bent with age, Tolstoy calmly awaits the end. He stands forth as a prophet and a teacher. The keynote of his teachings may be summed up in the following sentence, which he uttered not long ago:

"How can you and I sleep on mattresses and feather beds when hard-working men have not even straw? If you were Christians you could not. What right have you to too much when your brother has not even enough?"

"The Giants Wins."

By James J. Montague.

When work shuts up its dusty shop, and
world-worn millionaires
Trail in behind their office boys on "L"
and Subway stairs,
When brain-spent boss and nerve-spent
clerk and brawn-spent working-
man
Fight greedily in swarming trains to
get what space they can,
Some urchin on a platform seat cries
in screaming glee
Behind a page of two foot type, "The
Giants wins, b' Gee!"
And furrowed scowls are smoothed in
smiles, and everything the day
Has brought of trial, defeat and grief is
cast, the while, away.

"The Giants Wins!" That triumph
makes our own defeats no less,
It eases not the rugged road to what
we call success.
It neither lifts the load we bear, nor
vanquishes a foe
Of all the eager enemies along the way
we go.
And yet it wakes the same old thrill we
used to know of old
Before the red, warm blood of youth ran
sluggishly and cold.
And through that throng of wan-faced
boys and jaded, faded men.
There runs a rumbling undertone:
"We've won! We've won again!"

Who says the world is growing old; that
all men used to know
Of simple, honest happiness has vanished long ago?
Who says that city graft and greed, and
city craft and guile
Have robbed all city human kind of
everything worth while?
When men still feel a boy's delight, and
in a boy's own way
Cheer on the valiant victors in the game
they used to play,
No pessimism need appall; forgive them
for their sins,
But bet on them as long as they will
shout "The Giants Wins!"

This Date in History.

1709—Marlborough victorious at battle of Malplaquet.

1777—British defeated the Americans at battle of Brandywine.

1813—The anniversary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie celebrated by a great ball and parade at Newport, R. I.

1842—A Mexican army, 1,500 strong, invaded Texas, but soon retreated.

1864—General Sherman ordered all civilians to leave Atlanta and offered them transportation.

1884—Floods on the Chippewa and tributary rivers in Wisconsin destroyed many lives and much property.

1898—Disastrous hurricane in the West Indies.

1907—Riotous demonstrations against Japanese took place in Vancouver, B. C.

Women Oyster Gatherers.

From Woman's Life.

The work of oyster collecting and culture is most unsuitable for women, but in France, owing to its tedious nature, it does not appeal to men.

Often from an early hour in the morning till late into the evening the women are standing up to the knees in water, with a strong sun beating down on them. The result is that never a year passes without some of them going mad and having to be hurried away to the asylums.

The work is well paid, as indeed it ought to be, while in the case of the few who own beds the profits are large and small fortunes are quickly amassed.

Keep the Pot A-Boiling.

By Wex Jones.

Oshkakee, Sept. 1.—Mad citizens wrecked the opera house here last night during what was announced as a Bryan speech evening.

When the people discovered that the speeches were "canned," and that the eggs they had brought with them would not affect a phonograph, they demanded their money back.

The manager declared that as a consistent Bryan man he couldn't establish any such precedent.

The damage to the opera house, which was totally demolished, is estimated at $11.70.

Mozambique, Sept. 1.—Jujube, the famous trick elephant, is being marched up country to the hunting grounds. Jujube will fall down at the sound of a shot and play dead long enough for even an amateur photographer to get a good picture of the hunter and his quarry.

Jujube has made more big game reputations than any other animal in Africa, and it is rumored that the giant tusker will be employed on a task of international importance in the near future.

Outside End Bass, Sept. 1.—Big Bill Taft forgot all about politics today and went on a good, old-fashioned fishing trip, accompanied by a few close personal friends.

Six launches accommodated the little party of newspaper men, press agents, photographers, moving picture men and phonograph men, who had been invited to see the candidate having some genuine fun away from the madding—but unmaddening, to a candidate—crowd.

Big Bill fished for 10 minutes, without much luck, when a private secretary hooked a huge bass to the candidate's line, and the monster was landed amid the clicking of cameras, whirr of machines and tapping of telegraph instruments.

Mr. Taft expressed himself as delighted with his day's outing, and said that he thought that tariff should be revised, sooner or later—if not sooner, then, of course, later.

Melbourne, Sept. 1.—The city capitulated to the American fleet without the firing of a shot.

It is believed that the fleet will tow the island home with it.

Zurcrant, Sept. 1.—The new Zeppelin airship broke away from its moorings today and carried the greater part of Switzerland with it, to the great discomfort of many tourists. Part of the country was left on top of Venice and the remainder was dropped in the Mediterranean, where the mountain peaks form an archipelago.

In view of the accident, steps are being taken to bar airships from any country smaller than Russia.

An Unselfish Hermit.

'Tis sometimes good to be alone—
Deep thinkers frequently affirm it—
To seek some spot afar, unknown,
And dwell there as a very hermit.

For me, I'm not at all inclined
To frown on folks who go in hiding.
There to restore a tired mind,
Or to escape a world too chiding.

Indeed I think that loneliness,
Instead of as a crime say, distressing,
Is often truly more or less
A source of comfort and a blessing.

But I'm no selfish wight, and so
When I'm alone I so prepare it,
I have a brown-eyed lass I know
Along with me—to share it.

—Blakeney Gray in September Atlantic.

The REALM FEMININE

The White Hand of a Woman.

HETTY GREEN, the richest woman in America, has spoken. To do her justice, Mrs. Green is nearly as saving with words as with dollars, and seldom talks or spends, merely for the sake of doing it. Her latest utterance to be made public, is this:

"American women have helped to make hard times," said Mrs. Green. "All they live for, all they care for, is clothes—the latest shape in hats, the newest fangled skirts. And they are none too particular how they get what they want or who pays for it. Oh, I am not saying that American women are not moral, but I do say that they do not care what price their husbands and fathers and brothers pay for the luxury and finery they demand.

"More men are driven to dishonesty by the white hand of a woman, stuck all over with jewels, than by their own love of horses, rich food and gay times."

In which, as in most falsehoods, there is a grain of truth.

To say, however, that American women do not care what price their nearest male relative pays for their finery and pleasure is too broad and unqualified a statement to pass unchallenged.

American women. That means, if Mrs. Green would but consider, not only the inhabitants of the marble palaces of Newport and upper Manhattan, but some millions of women who toil for their own daily bread, and whose neat, sensible, well-kept clothes are paid for by the sweat of their own pure brows; it includes also many millions of women who with great care and diligence keep their homes neat, their husbands heartened, themselves and the children well dressed, on a small salary. It means women doctors, teachers, stenographers, farmers' wives, tradesmen's wives, professional men's wives, factory hands, seamstresses, cashiers, waitresses, clerks, saleswomen.

When one says American women, it means a vast army. Somewhere in the procession, to be sure, are the few women who lead the lives of petted children—or poodles. Who are fed on choice food, given rich raiment, who lie softly and drive out gallantly, to be looked at. We have heard somewhat of this class of women lately, poor things. Their frailties, their extravagances and their quest for amusement have furnished a text for many a half-veiled sermon. Not to go into it more deeply, there are Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth;" Mrs. Burnett's "Marriage of William Ashe;" Locke's "Where Love Is"—and plenty more, dealing with the follies of what we have been pleased to call the upper classes.

Extravagance and idleness and folly are not by any means peculiar to America. The people of much wealth disport themselves in practically the same manner in all countries—necessarily. There are certain things that money can buy, anywhere. With gold you can purchase practically the same things in all markets. Wine, and horses, and automobiles, and pleasures, and wild follies and dissipations, and ennui, and headaches, and heartaches, and cirrnosis can be had as well in Vienna or Calcutta or Valparaiso as in New York—or Portland.

But Mrs. Green, despising these things, forgets, though it is strange that she should, that the class she scorns is not by any means in the majority. She, born of the people, should know that the mass of American women are the sane, practical, home-loving, wise-spending class. They are the wives of the ordinary men, the mothers of the ordinary children. They lose their lives to gain them in the lives of their husbands, who love them, and their sons, who arise and call them blessed.

And even of the spenders, the arraignment is not, thank God, all true. More men are saved from destruction than pushed into it, by the white hand of a woman. More wives, even though they may have been of the petted, doll-baby class, would sacrifice their idle pleasures for the sake of their husbands, if the case were put to them fairly, than would turn the back upon him if things went wrong.

How shall they stop eating husks unless they be given corn? Suppose their husbands were capable of giving them something more than husks—would not the women be responsive? Truly I think so.

And there is another thing that Mrs. Green overlooks, and that is that the people who spend money sometimes do more good than those who hoard it. Even when spent extravagantly, some of it falls into the hands of the deserving poor people who would starve to death if it were all shut up in iron coffers. How much did Mrs. Green do to help the helpless who were caught in the panic?

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Nervous Women and Drugs.

REV. SAMUEL M'COMB of the Emmanuel church movement in Boston, in writing about his system in Harper's Bazar, says:

"One of the saddest features of our time is woman's growing reliance on those pretended redeemers from misery and despair—alcohol, cocaine, morphine, veronal, sulphonal, and the like. And yet it cannot be repeated often enough that in yielding to such temptations women are forging the chains of an intolerable and degrading slavery and are making their last state infinitely worse than their first.

"It cannot be denied that these drugs will lift the load of despair from the heart, will dissipate fear and worry, will lead the mind out of the hell of unrest into the heaven of peace, but it is equally true not only that these effects are merely temporary, but also that the demons which seem to have been exercised by their agency will return reinforced a hundredfold. Whatever, therefore, the nervous sufferer may or may not do, there is one temptation she must at all costs resist—and that is the temptation to rely on narcotic drugs."

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Dark Room in Apartments.

DARK hall and rooms in apartments which open on courts may be definitely improved by a judicious selection of wall paper and furnishings. An unattractive and gloomy looking room, formerly papered in green or red paper, with oak or stained woodwork, may be transformed into a thing of beauty and brightness by having the woodwork painted white and papering the walls in a deep, soft yellow. With muslin curtains at the windows and a light matting or filling covering the floor, this room would never be recognized as the gloomy, red-walled place it once appeared to be. Long, dark halls in flats may also be much brightened by light paper.

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The Daily Menu.

BREAKFAST.
Concord grapes.
Corned beef hash, poached eggs.
Hot biscuits. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Baked beans. Boston brown bread.
Salmon salad.
Stewed pears with preserved ginger.
Tea.

DINNER.
Soup Mulligatawney.
Breaded breast of lamb.
Green corn on cob.
Stuffed baked tomatoes.
Lettuce, French dressing.
Peach pudding. Biscuit and cheese.
Black coffee.

Peach Pudding.—One cup flour, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon baking powder, little salt. Mix with milk. Raise as biscuit, drop in buttered plate (tin preferred), set in steamer and steam 20 minutes, then split open, spread with peaches and cream. Cut the peaches up, cover with sugar and let them stand two or three hours before using, putting on cream when serving.