# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL


## THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES—MAIN 7173. HOME, A-0051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want. East Side office, B-2444; East 839.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE. Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 1007-08 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail or to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico:

DAILY.
One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.
One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65


> What the malcontent hath, he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees he careth not for, because he cares so much for that which he hath not.—Bishop Hall.

### A WAY TO BEST OUR BARON

OVER AND over again the discrimination against Oregon as to railroad development has been described. Over and over again the means and effect of this discrimination have been recounted. It has been so often told in the public press that by its familiarity we seem ready to accept it as a matter of course and willing to submit to it as the inevitable. Thus we stand by and see enormous sums wrung from our industry through overlarge railroad exactions and sent away for purchase and betterment of railroads in other states. We stand by and see our state suffer in growth and expansion while from railroad earnings which we place in his hands, a railroad baron contributes to the growth and expansion of other states. All we do is to wring our hands in helplessness and impotently cry out against the injustice.

The condition makes welcome a message to the people of the state from the pen of Colonel C. E. S. Wood, in an article which appeared in The Journal of last Sunday. It is a message full of hope and assurance. It is a declaration that there is no need for us to submit longer to the infamous discriminations of Mr. Harriman. It shows that while the railroad emperor of Oregon claims he has no money for added lines in Oregon, he has in fact great sums for paralleling lines and for building new roads in other states. Wherever it suits Mr. Harriman's fancy to fight Mr. Hill and to prevent that great railroad builder from reaching new territory, there are millions of money for the purpose. It shows conclusively that the claim of Mr. Harriman that he has no money for new lines in Oregon is sounding brass and hollow talk.

What is best of all, Colonel Wood assures the people that they have the means for putting an end to this policy of discrimination and injustice. The bond issuing power of the state and the invocation of it, he says, is a means of deliverance. The forests, the mines, the fields, the water powers and the other resources can be used in the money marts for raising all the millions necessary for acquiring all the railroads Oregon may desire. It is a security upon which the world's money changers would lend capital almost without limit. The money could be used in the construction by the state of new lines, or, if desired, in condemning and acquiring the whole of the Harriman system within Oregon. The price would be fixed by an Oregon jury, and if not confiscatory, no power from the supreme court down could prevent its consummation. The state owned lines could be leased for private operation, if not to Harriman, to any of his several competitors, Hill among them. The revenues from the lines would speedily retire the bonds, and, without expense or cost, the state would ultimately have complete ownership. Constitutional right could be arranged for and the enterprise be entered upon with no other limitations than such litigation as would become necessary in pursuing the policy to its ultimate.

Though confessing that the movement is entirely improbable, of its appropriateness Colonel Wood has no doubt. We use the credit and assets of the state in building wagon roads. We do the same with respect to waterways. The railroad is as much of a state's transportation system as is either. The steel road with its equipment of locomotives and cars is essential to make the wagon road or the waterway effective. Its efficiency in this respect is even tenfold greater than the agency of either wagon road or waterway. It is only by common consent and usage, and not by actual fact, that the railroad is accepted as out of the realm of state aid. From the standpoint of economic philosophy, Colonel Wood's article advances ideas of extreme interest and that ought to be familiar to the mind of every citizen of this state so exploited by a railroad baron and so handicapped by railroad discrimination. Its value is that it shows how we need not always be meek suppliants at the throne of Harriman; that if necessary we may oust him from the state, and as a last resort ourselves provide the railroads he withholds.

### THE MARINER RESOLUTION

AT SALEM there is resistance to the Mariner resolution memorializing congress to remove the duty on jute bags. It would be interesting to know what the farmers, wool growers and hop growers think of this opposition. It is out of their pockets that the duty comes, in the higher prices they have to pay for grain bags, wool bags and hop bags. The jute out of which the bags are manufactured costs 1½ to 2½ cents a pound in India. There 800,000 acres of land, more than half of it in Bengal, is devoted to jute culture. That country is the natural home of the product. The labor is so cheap that, as stated in reports by the department of agriculture, competition in the production is impracticable to any extent in this country.

The difference between the 10, 11 and sometimes 12 cents that farmers pay for grain bags and the 1½ to 2½ cents a pound for the raw jute is transportation, tariff and trust. It is a fearful tax upon the American farmer. It helps to rip the heart out of his wheat profits. It is a heavy tax on the wool industry and hop production. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, we consumed 131,192 tons of jute and jute butts, costing $4,480,000. The jute cost $48 per ton or less than 2½ cents per pound. At 10 or 11 cents per bag, and in each grain bag less than a pound of jute, what was the enormous toll laid on farmers by the tariff and the trust, and who but the wheat growers paid the bill? It is the enormous profit thus yielded, and of which there are enriched beneficiaries, that causes resistance to the Mariner resolution at Salem.

### A GOVERNMENT THAT HELPS THE PEOPLE

CANADA is becoming progressive in various ways. Through government aid, judiciously extended—not as our government did—a great deal of railroad building has been done. Canada conserves her forest and water power wealth, as we have not done. Not to speak herein of other things, Canada is the first of the New World governments to help and encourage people to provide for their old age, when they can no longer earn an income. Canada in this has followed the German rather than the new British law, but has added features of its own. It is called the annuity system, and the bill passed both houses of parliament unanimously.

Any citizen can provide himself with an annuity of not under $50 and not over $600. Except in the case of disability or invalidism, it cannot be paid to any one under 55 years old. One may begin buying the annuity at the age of 20, and can pay it all at once or in sums as low as 25 cents a week. If for good reasons the payments cannot be kept up, there is no forfeiture. One may pay up at any time. One at 40, for instance, may pay for the 20 preceding years and thereafter in installments. The benefit is nonforfeitable and not subject to the payment of debts. One can draw out the money paid at any time if he wants to quit. If the money paid in is not sufficient to yield at least $50 a year, it is returned with compound interest at 3 per cent. All cost of the system is borne by the government; every cent paid in counts. By paying 3 cents a day from 20 to 60 years of age, one will get an annuity of $100 a year; or 16 2-3 cents a day will give him $600 a year from 60 on as long as he lives.

Here is a good scheme of a government for helping the people of small means and incomes to make themselves sure and safe against destitution in old age. It beats ordinary life insurance for the poor man, at least in some respects.

### CAUGHT IN THE ACT

THERE is no doubt but the eyes of the kings of money are fixed on the water powers of the country. The fact is accentuated by action of the Michigan legislature. Speaker Whalen and a delegation of legislators from that body have filed a formal protest with President Roosevelt against a bill now pending in congress. They say the measure if passed will create a giant water monopoly, benefiting two corporations controlled by Wall street interests. They declare the bill would give the corporations absolute control of the Soo and Michigan rivers for power purposes without return to the government and to the exclusion of other capital and the detriment of public interests.

It is the statement of experts, that each horsepower transmitted by electrical agency from streams is worth $20 a year in any market. It is a resource that continues to pour its stream of gold into the lap of the owner as long as water flows. Coal beds in time become exhausted and cease to be a profit to their owner. So does the gold mine, the silver, the copper and the oil. The forests may disappear as an asset in time, but the water flows on forever. The mines, as the lower levels are reached and their operation becomes more and more expensive, lose in a measure their dividend-paying capacity. The water courses, instead of losing their power as profit producers, will as the fuel materials grow scarcer and costlier, increase the dividends of their owners.

This power will be increased gradually by the perfecting of processes of electrical transmission.

In any event, the water powers of the country are fast coming to be the most formidable of all the known assets of wealth production. They are to move the railroad trains, turn the wheels of industry, and be the most fertile agency for potential energy in the world. The gold mines, the iron mines, the copper mines or coal mines are each in comparison to be but a small source of wealth along with the potentialities of the rushing mountain streams.

To monopolize this last and greatest asset, as has been done with all the others, is the present struggle of far seeing capitalists. It has been stated on the floor of congress that this has almost been accomplished in the state of California. It is known to be proceeding rapidly in the state of Washington. Engineers, according to the dispatches, are everywhere in the Rocky mountains seeking sources of electrical power for the uses of great corporations. The American Falls at Niagara are almost a black cliff as a result of the reprisals of capital. South Carolina and North Carolina are almost in the hands and at the mercy of water monopolists. A means of reprisal of the public rights in water powers is seen in the measure against which the Michigan legislature boldly protests. President Roosevelt sees from afar the trend of the day, and his vetoes of water concessions passed by congress have been the acts of a statesman. Will the men at Salem grasp the drift of events, and before they adjourn put Oregon out of danger from theft of her magnificent and immensely valuable water assets?

### A JURY'S BAD MISTAKE

THAT T. JENKINS HAINS made a false defense and that the jury that tried him made a mistake in acquitting him, is shown by the offensively exultant and insolent remarks of the late defendant himself since his acquittal. Among other things he says that he will continue to carry a pistol, "for a man can't tell when he might have to use one." Having been acquitted of two murders, the doughty hero doubtless contemplates pursuing his manslaying career, whenever any provocation tempts, and of course he will be the sole judge of the time and occasion when he "has to use" a gun. He also says his brother will as a matter of course be acquitted, through the application of the "unwritten law," which he asserts oracularly, as if he were above all legislatures and courts, is above all statute law. All of which is evidence enough that the jury lamentably erred in believing the story of Hains and his witnesses on the witness-stand, and in allowing the "unwritten law" to protect this strutting cock from due punishment for his participation in one of the most dastardly murders ever committed in this country. He is going to continue to carry a gun, and very likely will find occasion before long to use it, and if he does so with fatal effect the jury that lately acquitted him must share the odium of his guilt.

Wheat is quoted in the Portland market today at $1.09 per bushel. The price is the highest that has been reached in many a year. At one time, back in the seventies, it rose to $1.25 and even better. It touched $1.02 in Portland during the Leiter boom, but that was an artificial figure brought about by manipulation in Chicago. The present sky price is an effect of unusually large shipments from the Portland market, the season's export having doubled that of former years. The incident emphasizes Portland's supremacy as a factor in the grain trade.

Much has been said by the Oregonian to the effect that "Oregon is the fool of the family." Expressions everywhere commending Oregon for good faith, good sense and good business as a result of her senatorial election, are giving the state abroad anything but repute as the "fool of the family." From time immemorial, the fool's cap has been the part of the dunce who could not learn the simplest lessons, and for the present it belongs to that masterly statesmanship that insists that Oregon is a political fool.

Federal biologists have estimated that common house rats in Washington and Baltimore cost the householders of those cities about $1,100,000 last year. At this rate in other cities, the rats in the whole country did damage amounting to over $100,000,000 in 1908. Such estimates are not worth much, but it may safely be assumed that this species of rodent is a pretty costly fellow, to say nothing of his being a conveyer of plague germs. Moral: Kill the rats.

On an important rebate case in the United States supreme court, Justice Moody not sitting, the judges were evenly divided, four to four. This would often happen if the court consisted of an even number of justices. Five-to-four decisions are quite frequent. All of which shows what an "onsartin critter" the law is.

If the present law for apportioning the state taxes is unconstitutional and void, it has been so of course all the time since it was enacted. Then are not all the taxes paid under it recoverable? Surely men's money cannot be taken from them for taxes under a void law. So here may be a big job for some attorneys, who if this view of the matter be correct may pertinently remark: "It beats Hades how business keeps up."

The first and so far the only result of the "live as Jesus did" movement is to raise a row among the brethren and sisters. But did not Jesus say: "I am come not to bring peace, but a sword"?

It seems impossible to get laws, state or city, especialy tax laws, that will stick. Couldn't some method be devised of getting the supreme court's opinion of laws while the bills are pending?

It was a Rainey day yesterday for the administration in the national house, but both Roosevelt and Cromwell are tough, hardy men, who don't mind a pelting shower like that.

As Judge Webster says, Multnomah county is to be punished over $100,000 for making a decent tax levy. Yes, and besides that, for obeying the law—the old as well as the void law.

## Who Owns the Water?

From The Technical World Magazine.

The same organized greed which has already exploited the other natural resources of the country for personal gain is now doing its audacious and crafty best to secure control also of the water. And unless the public does wake up—and wakes up in wrath, sternly determined to protect forever the remnant of its birthright—25 years will add to the present peerage of ironmasters, coal kings, land barons and petroleum princes a vastly greater list of monarchs of water. And an aristocracy of wealth, based on water is more dangerous than any other; coal, iron, copper and oil deposits will some day be exhausted; properly conserved the water supply will last forever and wealth based on its control will go on increasing to the end of time.

To the myopic and indifferent public the idea of a few men getting control of the water supply and of drawing vast wealth from that control will sound like the foolish wail of a crack-brained sensationalist; it will arouse only a fatuous smile of ignorant contempt. But the readers of this magazine have heard of the turbine waterwheel; they know what is meant by the long distance transmission of electric power; they are able to realize what it means to hand over, forever, as a free gift to a little coterie of men the absolute control of the incalculable power developed by the rivers and streams of the United States. And—pray God—once they do understand the situation, they will not smile, but smite. The congress of the United States and the legislatures of the various states are the danger points which must be constantly watched if the people are to be saved from spoliation.

When the first cost of a waterpower development and distribution plant have been met, it will put the richest gold mine to shame in the potent matter of profits. In the latter case the supply of ore must be continually dug from deeper and deeper levels; this ore must be crushed and the gold extracted at a considerable cost for labor and materials; and every night the mineowner goes to bed with the fear that on the morrow his rich veins may pinch out into a stratum of worthless schist. The owner of a waterpower, on the other hand, if the watershed of the stream which he controls is properly protected—and this work the people will be forced, for compelling reasons, to do at their own expense, no matter who gets the incidental benefit—may sit snugly at home, knowing that at no cost for raw materials; no cost of manufacture or for labor—save the trifle required for the upkeep and management of his plant—his spinning turbines will deliver every day and 24 hours each day two, five, ten thousand horsepower, available anywhere within 200 miles at the end of a copper wire the size of a man's thumb. And in any market such power is worth upwards of $20 per year for each unit. Most comfortable of all, the happy owner of a perpetual waterpower franchise rests secure in the certainty that, humanly speaking, the golden stream will to the end of time pour its forty, hundred or two hundred thousand dollars a year into the distant money bags of his most remote descendants.

### This Date in History.

1785—Charter granted the University of Georgia.

1804—Great dinner given in Washington by members of congress in honor of President Jefferson.

1807—Burr's conspiracy communicated to congress.

1824—The Virginia legislature chartered the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal company.

1830—Daniel Webster made his great speech for the union, in reply to Robert Y. Hayne.

1851—John James Audubon, famous ornithologist, died at Audubon Park, N. Y. Born near New Orleans, May 4, 1780.

1859—Emperor William II of Germany born.

1863—Fort McAllister, Georgia, bombarded.

1875—Attempt to capture the James brothers, outlaws, at their home in Kearny, Mo., resulted in the killing of their younger brother and the wounding of their mother.

1893—James G. Blaine, American statesman, died. Born January 31, 1830.

1903—Twenty-one persons killed and many injured in railroad collision near Greenland, N. J.

1909—United States supreme court declared unconstitutional the law prohibiting discrimination against members of labor organizations.

### John Henry Harms' Birthday.

The Rev. Dr. John Henry Harms, who some time ago succeeded James A. B. Scherer as president of Newberry college, S. C., was born in Savannah, Ga., January 27, 1876. He took the A. B. degree at Newberry college, afterward being graduated from the Lutheran Theological seminary at Gettysburg, Pa. After entering the ministry he was pastor successively of churches in Chambersburg, Newport and Harrisburg, Pa. From the Tabernacle church in Harrisburg, he was called by his alma mater to return to her in the capacity of president, and when he was inducted into the office last fall he had the distinction of being one of the youngest college presidents in the country.

John Hazleton and John Keeney, who were playmates when boys, and had not met for 40 years, met in Eugene, both having in recent years become totally blind.

## COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

### SMALL CHANGE

Seventeen from 40 leaves 23; session nearly half out.

* *

A man eating with a knife is a new ground for divorce.

* *

But we thought the beef trust was busted some two years ago.

* *

Whatever else they are, the Hains brothers are dastardly cowards.

* *

War should be declared and kept up on tuberculosis and the revolver.

* *

How would it do for every official not satisfied with his salary to resign?

* *

So far no member has introduced a bill or resolution to do as Jesus would.

* *

The Eugene Guard predicts Secretary Benson's nomination for governor next year.

* *

Wonders will never cease; the possum begins to loom bigger than the bear.

* *

The law for reviving a judgment every 10 years is another one that needs killing.

* *

The new senator from Indiana, Shively, is said to measure up well for that position.

* *

The Eugene Register thinks that Representative Farrell must have been jabbed with a hatpin.

* *

T. Jenkins Hains, with his gun, is probably keeping an eye out for a third man to kill or help kill.

* *

It may be assumed that Mr. Bryan is not heartily in sympathy with the bill to increase the president's salary.

* *

If we are not mistaken, a gargoyle is perfectly still, silent and serene, however artistic or ugly. So is not Roosevelt.

* *

More stump pullers are being sold in Salem than ever before.—Statesman. How would it do to use some of them on mossbacks?

* *

It is supposed that Willett's speech will be expunged so that the Congressional Record cannot be classed as a yellow journal.

* *

But neither Oregon nor Portland can go back to the condition and status of 20 years ago. They have outgrown their clothes of that time.

* *

If the latest reports concerning Abruzzi be true, it is supposed he is going around humming, "I'd rather lose me straps than lose me Daisy."

* *

It is reported that Castro has announced his intention of going back to Venezuela. He can very likely get an operation performed on him there.

* *

Mr. Taft lauded the beauty and grace and sweetness of southern girls. They must be nearly as beautiful and graceful and sweet as Oregon girls—some of them.

* *

A minister says that "fair babbiers" encourage Satan. Very likely; he is said to be a shrewd fellow; but are they not all daughters of Eve, the first "fair babbler"?

* *

According to report, President-elect Taft was dancing at 2 o'clock last Sunday morning. But before condemning him think of the loveliness of those southern ladies.

### OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

The Jacksonville city charter was passed in 1860.

* *

Eugene boasts of four nickelodeons and a continuous vaudeville show.

* *

For improvements under way and contemplated, La Grande will have to spend about $500,000, but it will be a good investment, says the Star.

* *

The postoffice and town Holland, in Klamath county, there being a postoffice of that name in Josephine county, has been changed to Ady, the name of the largest landowner thereabouts.

* *

There will be expended in Joseph this spring $20,000 for waterworks, $25,000 for a schoolhouse, $25,000 for a water plant, $5000 for a warehouse, $5000 for a new Methodist Episcopal church and $15,000 for five residences; total, $113,000.

* *

Newport News-Reporter: The talk of asking the legislature to raise the salary of any of our county officers meets with strenuous objection by the taxpayers. Our county officials are well paid and most of them are contented with their pay.

* *

Curry county showed the best climate in Oregon during the late cold snap, says the Port Orford Tribune. The snow was but an inch deep, ice one fourth inch, cold about 30 degrees above zero and no chilling wind to shiver us.

* *

Another artesian well—this time of purest quality of water, entirely void of oily substance—has been found on the J. A. Gaskell ranch near Imbler. The flow was struck when the well was down a depth of 423 feet, and is far greater than he can consume.

* *

Irrigon Irrigator: Something doing over at the manse. Mr. Niles has overhauled the chicken house and fenced off a new park. He has sided the building up with rustic and, what do you think, he is going to give it a good coat of paint. This should be an inducement for even the neighbors' fowls to deposit eggs there.

* *

Canyon City Eagle: So far as the records show the wind has not been on such a blow before, since the storm that brewed when Noah was a sailor. No damage has been reported, except all previous records were blown away, a number of coyotes blown in from sister counties and a few spoken words that were blown clear out of the state.

* *

Medford Tribune: In 1909, if present crop prospects materialize, the Rogue River valley will ship half the total apple shipments of Oregon and nine tenths of the pear shipments. Each year the fruit shipments will increase amazingly as new orchards come into bearing. Never have the trees been as full of fruit buds and the weather conditions are most favorable.

* *

Medford Tribune: In 1908, more cars of commodities were unloaded by the Southern Pacific at Medford than at any other city in western Oregon outside of Portland. As many carload shipments were made to Medford as to any other city. More cars of household goods were shipped to Medford than to any other city, indicating a greater influx of people. These new residents came from a greater number of states than the newcomers in any other locality, every state west of the Mississippi being represented. The shipments increased 60 per cent over the shipments of the year previous, which in turn were an increase of 50 per cent over those of the year previous.

## FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

### "Napoleon and Grant"—By Charles Devens

(From an address at a meeting of the citizens of Worcester, on the Common, on Grant's funeral day, August 8, 1885.)

There is in the Corcoran gallery at Washington the beautiful statue by Vela of Napoleon as he is dying at St. Helena. It is the saddest thing upon which my eyes have ever looked. The emperor is sitting with his morning gown half wrapped around his naked throat, and on his lap lies outspread the map of Europe. The face, of wondrous beauty, is of unutterable grief. Wasted opportunities, disappointed ambition, remorse—have set upon it their ineffaceable seal. His wife is far away, his only son a prisoner at the Austrian court. Upon the throne of France, trampled as she is under the feet of the armies of Europe, sits again a Bourbon king, held there by foreign bayonets. He seems to recall the brave who have died by thousands, not that man might be nobler and better, but to minister to his thirst for dominion, his insatiate passion for power. He seems to remember that by his own acts he has brought ruin upon the people who had loved him devotedly, and upon himself. In those days, says his biographer, M. Thiers, he talked much of his old companions. "Shall I see them again, Desaix and Lannes, Murat and Ney?"

Ah, what comfort could there be in that—Lannes, who on the field of Essling, dying, had said to him, "Sire, you will ruin everything by these constant wars"; or Murat and Ney, who for him had died deaths not altogether honorable to themselves, even if disgraceful to those who inflicted them. Or what comfort to him to see again that splendid youth of France who had followed him from the sands of Egypt to the snows of Russia, the only reward of whose valor had been the destruction of their own liberty and country.

As we turn in sorrow from this scene which the cunning hand of the artist has made so lifelike, we behold that which has been enacted almost before our own bodily eyes. It is 65 years later, and another sits in his chair to die. Upon him is the same mortal disease, although in a far more agonizing form. His face had never the Olympian beauty of the great emperor; it is marked now with the heavy lines that princely care and rugged war have impressed deep upon it, but it is grave and majestic still. The broad brow and heavy jaw tell alike of the calm thought and resolute will which show him fit to be among the kings of men. He has led great armies on fields as fiercely contested as Wagram or Austerlitz, or Waterloo itself, and a million of men have sprung at his trumpet call. He, too, has ruled as constitutional magistrate over a realm broader and fairer than France itself. Life has to him been labor and duty, and until tongue and hand and brain refuse their office, he labors still.

Around him gathers everything that makes life beautiful, and parting from it so hard; but there is no remorse, no thought of duties left undone to the country which in its sore need called to him, no obligations unfulfilled to those who had followed him to danger and to death. The only woman he has ever loved is there with tender hand to moisten the parched lips or wipe the gathering death damp from his brow. Their children and grandchildren are at their feet. From a grateful country there has come up in a thousand forms the utterances of love and reverence. Those lately in arms against the cause he served have generously and tenderly united in each expression of feeling. He looks abroad over the country whose union he fought to preserve; everywhere there is peace and prosperity; no hostile armies trample the soil, no hostile bayonets flash back the sun, the war drums long since are silent. The fields are already white with the harvest, the great gateways on the Atlantic and Pacific seas are open, and through them commerce pours its generous tide. Master and slave are known no longer in the land where labor is honored and manhood is revered. To him, too, in those dreaming and waiting hours came the memories of those who have fallen in battle by his side, or yielding since to the remorseless artillery of time, have gone before him. Even if he does not utter them, how well we may imagine the thoughts that pass through his mind as he feels that he draws near to them—"Shall I see them again, McPherson, Reynolds and Sedgwick, as they died at the head of their army corps; Rawlins, whom I loved as a brother; Hooker, as when his cannon rang down from among the clouds on Lookout's crest; Thomas, as he triumphed at Nashville; Meade, as he dashed back the fierce charge at Gettysburg or urged to the last dread struggle the ever faithful army of the Potomac? If it be so, I know they will meet me as comrades and brothers. Nor those alone, not alone the great chiefs who urged forward the fiery onset of mighty battalions. Shall I see again the splendid youth of 1861 as they came in all the ardor of their generous patriotism, in all the fire of their splendid courage, to fill the ranks of our armies? Shall I see them as when through the valleys the battle poured its awful tide, or as when the hills were made red by their glorious sacrifice? I am very near them now. Almost I can behold them, although the light on their faces is that which never was on sea or land. Almost I can hear their bugles call to me as the notes softly rise and fall across the dark valley through which I must pass. I go to them; and I know there is not one that will not meet me as a father and a friend."

### The Proper Remedy for Graft.

From the Good Roads Magazine.

Word came from Oregon to the effect that the bill which has been drawn by the State Good Roads association for submission to the next legislature is being opposed by the State Grange on the ground that it contains a bonding proposition which would place the handling of a large amount of money with a limited number of state officials and leave room for graft.

The proposed bill may not be the kind of legislation desired by the people of Oregon, and its provisions may or may not have been drawn carefully. The point involved in this report that interests an outsider is the fear of graft on the part of the officers who will have the management of the funds.

There can be no question that there has been sufficient reason in many sections of the country for the general public to regard the average politician as dishonest until he has been proven honest. Graft in office is as ancient as society itself, but it is believed that times and men are better than they used to be, and that especially in the highway departments of the several states those charged with handling the large amounts of money that are being expended form a class of particularly upright and faithful public servants.

If grafting has been a too prevalent custom in the past the remedy is in using greater discrimination in selecting public officials rather than by limiting development through curtailing necessary expenditures. It is not a valid reason why a man should never carry any money with him because he has had his pocket picked once, for he can keep his hand on his purse and take other precautions to guard against a repetition of the misfortune, among the wisest of which is to keep away from suspicious persons.

It is to be hoped that the people of Oregon will select trustworthy men to handle their money and then trust them to build the highways that are necessary for a continuance of their remarkable progress.

## The REALM FEMININE

### On Custom and Privilege.

A HOSTESS in an eastern city gave a tea the other day, and her guests sat upon the floor. They sat upon the floor because there were no chairs provided and because that was what they were invited for—just to sit on the floor.

Now at first glance there may not seem to be anything noteworthy in this affair, and yet at the next there is. It is an astonishing piece of good sense in the midst of a wicked and perverse reign of inconsequent foolishness.

Every woman who reads will understand what a lot of good times we miss just because we have grown up and are not permitted to sit on the floor in that comfortable, unostentatious and elementary way in which we delighted as children, and from which with the first donning of long skirts and acquisition of hair pins we were barred.

To sit on the floor is one of the first instincts of a human being. From the igloo of Greenland's icy mountains to the grass hut of India's coral strand, unspoiled and untutored natives sit upon the floor if they happen to have a floor, and if they haven't they sit on their heels on the grass. This is sufficient evidence that it is the natural and instinctive method of repose for people to assume, and is proof that chairs were never intended in the scheme of providence.

And look at the graceful forms and unconsciously beautiful poses of straight limbed, shiny skinned natives of the south seas, and the islands of the Pacific. They never attained those unfettered muscles, erect poses and dignified carriage of their bodies by cramping bandy legged chairs. Never. And they never had to live with those monstrosities of freak carving (done with a turning lathe) those ball and claw feet and unanatomical backed curiosities known as Morris chairs—chairs that would make poor old William Morris tear his hair in despair if he could see them. For the sake of his poor ghost let us hope that our spiritualistic friends are mistaken about the air being filled with these departed presences which have lived among us. For could there be greater mental agony than to find one's name perpetually and indissolubly connected with the very error which in the flesh a mortal fought with all that was in him?

But we were talking about chairs. Now chairs in the beginning of things were stationary objects intended to set a man up and apart from his fellows. The common people had forms—settles—benches—call them what you will. The great ones, those whom estates or titles or principalities designated as rulers and therefore apart from common clay, occupied chairs.

But now this useful distinction is lost. The furniture factories are turning out millions of chairs—parlor chairs, kitchen chairs—until the house of even the poorest of us is overstocked with chairs, an accumulation of legs and backs and seats that are very much in the way, that have to be moved about and dusted and cleaned, that take up valuable room and are a constant nuisance. Since the fine distinction that marked a man who sat in a chair has been done away with, why perpetuate the mere form? We sit too much in chairs. Have we not all backs and legs of our own? Then why depend upon wooden and leather ones?

To sit on one foot is the next best thing to sitting on the floor. No mere man of course knows how to sit on one foot gracefully. It takes a college girl or a saucy high school miss to do it just right, and it is one of the privileges of youth that the gray haired matron relinquishes with a sigh. Unbending, captious, tyrannical custom forbids a dignified woman of mature years to sit upon one foot. It is a harsh and unuseful decree. To sit upon one foot and to swing the other, especially if it be clad in silken hose and petite slipper, is a rare and delightful privilege.

But best of all is it to sit upon the floor—upon a rug, an' it please you, to pop corn over blazing coals in the open fireplace, or to toast marshmallows on a pointed stick, or merely to muse and dream, the while the frets and cares and burdens of life fall off and the dear, old dreams of life—which are the true things—come back and sing a song of happy memories or hopes—ah, that is to enjoy the privileges of home and fireside.

And when you sit on the floor you cast off the supercilious mood, the uncanny wisdom, the captious criticism which wraps about the brow and heart of the chair-elevated humanity which esteems itself as better than its neighbors, and you come back to the childlike mind and heart, the simple, unquestioning faith and the belief in the best things which make life worth living.

Believe me if we all sat on the floor much more than we do, life would be richer. We have too much of constraint, too much of false pride in our possessions and our furniture, and too much pharisaical self-righteousness. We need to sit on the floor.

### Good Things to Eat.

POPOVERS—One cup flour, one fourth teaspoon salt, seven eighths cup milk, one half teaspoon melted butter, two eggs. Mix salt and flour; add milk gradually in order to obtain a smooth dough. Add eggs beaten until light, and butter; beat two minutes with Dover egg beater, turn into hissing hot buttered gem pans and bake in a hot oven 30 minutes. The popovers are made light by the expansion of the steam and at the same time the heat from the oven forming a hard crust to hold it in.

Black Bean Soup—One pint black beans, four quarts cold water, two tablespoons chopped onion, four teaspoons salt, one half teaspoon pepper, one fourth teaspoon mustard, four tablespoons flour, four tablespoons butter, one large lemon, two hard cooked eggs, cayenne. Beans must be soaked over night in two quarts of the cold water. Drain and put to cook in two quarts of cold water. When beans are tender mash through a sieve into a bowl. Cook onion in one tablespoon butter and add to the beans before straining. Make a white sauce with the butter, flour, mustard and a pint of soup stock. Add to soup stock and cook a few minutes longer. Cut lemon in thin slices and place in soup tureen; also cut hard cooked eggs in thin slices and put in tureen. Pour soup into tureen over these. Serve a slice of lemon and egg in each plate.

This is a delicious soup and is especially nourishing for children.

Coffee Jelly—Two tablespoons granulated gelatine, one half cup cold water, one half cup boiling water, one third cup sugar, two cups boiled coffee. Make the same as lemon jelly. If cream does not whip easily the white of one egg added will help.

### American Meats Good.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says: Representatives of the medical department of the United States government in Scotland, in a report covering inspection of meat foods in tins and glass, sets forth facts which go a long ways toward discrediting persistent rumors circulated against the purity of American meats, according to Consul Maxwell Blake of Dumferline. This investigation disclosed that a large amount of hams and bacon of British origin are converted into prepared foods, a large amount of which is found on analysis to contain borac preservatives.

The examination of samples disclosed that American products contained only 15 per cent preservatives, while the British products contained more than 40 per cent. The British manufacturers attempted to contradict the justice of the findings on the ground that many of the products used for canning purposes were of American origin. The official report, however, contradicts this contention.