EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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from God.—Colton.

He who sings at his work is rich.—Luke North.

YESTERDAY'S CONVENTION

THE HAPPENINGS in yesterday's so-called assembly are of scarcely more than trivial importance. It is possible that a few men had a right to call a convention, just as they have done. But what of it? What of the men named for office thereat? Some of them are excellent persons, but what and whom do they represent? They do not even have the approval of a convention selected by the rank and file of the party. The great multitude of the party was given no opportunity whatever to exercise an influence in the selection of these so-called nominees. The pretense that these nominees should stand as the nominees of the party is preposterous. In such a process, every semblance of popular rule is swept aside and the rights of the masses rejected and repudiated.

Nor is this all. It was to abolish exactly the sort of proceeding that transpired yesterday that a state election law was enacted. It is not necessary to dilate here on the conditions that led to the abolishment of conventions and the substitution of another method. Those conditions are well remembered, and widely condemned. They were such as to occasion grave doubt as to the wisdom of yesterday's convention. It cannot be denied that it was a convention almost if not completely in contempt of the proceeding provided by statute. It will be widely regarded as a first move toward a return to the old discredited order. Its illegality is emphasized by the fact that the persons sought to be nominated are not even lawfully constituted nominees. They must drop back to the level of other good men who are in the field, and who, thanks to the laws of Oregon, are not shut out of the running by the action of the few who ordained the calling of this convention.

Nor is this all. There are a number of excellent men who have announced their candidacy for mayor. There are still other good men whom Portland people are considering for the position. The city and its people are anxious to secure a man who will be typical in his personality of the exemplary government this city deserves. With the primaries more than a month away a convention of 250 persons selected by a dozen men among more than 200,000 has done that which contemplates the elimination of all other mayoralty candidates. The candidates for these positions and their friends have not been given that fair and free field in the running that the state law ordains. None of them ever stood the slightest show of indorsement by the so-called convention. The selection of delegates was not made with that fair notice and open field in which all were given an even chance. The fact that 250 of the men appointed by the few did not sit in the convention, and that of those who did sit in it, all, as appears by the vote, were united for Mr. Simon for mayor, is its own comment. Even though a number of excellent men were in the convention, and though some of those named for positions are equally excellent, the whole proceeding is a violation of the spirit of the state law, as must be admitted by all.

FULTON AS MINISTER TO CHINA

THE PRESIDENT is justified in tendering the Chinese mission to ex-Senator Fulton of Oregon. In justice to himself, he could not have named Mr. Fulton for the judgeship. The reasons were obvious and authoritative. The judgeship was created for, and largely by the act of, Mr. Fulton while he was yet senator. It was a plan wrong in conception, and would have approximated a scandal if carried out. The judiciary cannot be made an asylum for those in the United States senate or otherwhere, who have lost their positions. It was in bad taste for anybody to ask the president to become a party to a proceeding so completely out of tune with our accepted notions of the judiciary and the relation of the chief magistrate thereto. This and the further fact that Mr. Fulton's long career in a discredited school of Oregon politics ill fitted him for a jurist, made Mr. Fulton an impossibility.

But Mr. Fulton is easily eligible to the position of minister to China. It is a position of distinction, and one of signal importance to the Pacific coast. Mr. Fulton's identification with coast interests, his wide knowledge of conditions here and his capacity and vigor particularly qualify him for the place, and his nomination for the position should meet with very general approval in this state. A selection far less acceptable to coast interests might have been made.

MAYOR LANE'S WITHDRAWAL

MAYOR LANE is not to be a candidate for reelection. His decision will be widely regretted. There are thousands in Portland who would be glad to support him for another term. There is not the slightest doubt but the number of these supporters would be sufficient to make him a most formidable candidate. It is very possible that no candidate could have been named who would have defeated him at the polls.

Whatever may be the various estimates of his administration, no man will question Mayor Lane's honesty. It may be a long time before another mayor whose integrity is as manifest will stand at the head of the city's affairs. It will be comparatively easy for a time to come when large numbers of people will look back upon his stewardship with a wish that a man so devoted to the public interest could again be placed in the headship of the city. It is conceded that Mayor Lane has made mistakes. Some of his policies may have lacked in discretion. It is probable that a more diplomatic course at times would have been more resultful. Yet it remains true that no official is entirely faultless. The great responsibility of the office, its intricate complexities and the manifold and exacting duties make errors easy.

A stumbling block to the Lane administration has been a council in which there were elements to obstruct the efforts of any mayor in plans for good government. The spirit that sometimes possessed some of the members is a spirit that never ought to be manifest in the government of this or any other city. The city's interests have been lost sight of and its opportunities wasted in petty obstructions and stubborn disregard of that lofty purpose that should be the guiding motive in the conduct of municipal affairs. Time, that brings a correct judgment in all matters, will give much credit to Mayor Lane's efforts in the public behalf. He has labored to give the people of Portland a clean city, and as conditions in rival cities will reveal, with a very large degree of success. He has followed the light as he saw it, and with a courage and directness that those who opposed him are compelled to admire. His proven integrity and earnest efforts in the general behalf are traits that should enter into the personality of whoever is to be Portland's next mayor.

A CONTRAST

FIGURES COMPILED by the Spokane chamber of commerce show that more than 63,000 settlers have located in eastern Washington during the past 14 months. Nearly all of them settled in the rural districts, and most of them in comparatively new and undeveloped regions, which, however, were not very far from a railroad line. The influx of newcomers into that region is greater this spring than ever before. A large proportion of the immigrants coming over the Union Pacific and O. R. & N. have tickets for eastern Washington points. They travel over a Harriman line out of Harriman territory.

While these thousands and tens of thousands have gone into eastern Washington, how many have settled in eastern Oregon? Comparatively few. And of these few but a very small fraction have gone back into central Oregon, where there is land for a million. Still eastern Washington grows and develops rapidly; still a large portion of eastern Oregon, just as rich and attractive, lies dormant, uninhabited, desolate, as if a blight of the Almighty rested upon it.

There does rest upon it yet, as for a long time past, the blight of the Almighty Harriman. He is making sounds and motions now indicating that at last he may dispel that blight, may open up that immense region to settlement, cultivation, development. If he does, much will be forgiven; all, perhaps, will be forgotten. Yet it will always remain true that no such monstrous wrong was ever done an American state by any man, corporation or combination, as has been done during the past decade by Harriman to Oregon. He has both plundered it with one hand and strangled it with the other.

The people of Oregon would be "forms of men with souls of geese" indeed if they permitted this condition to exist much longer. Unless Harriman builds, and right soon, they must build, or offer such inducements as will cause other capitalists to build. Oregon must be throttled and held up by one railroad buccaneer no longer.

FORDNEY SWEATS BLOOD

FORDNEY, multi-millionaire lumberman, and owner of vast tracts of extremely valuable timber lands, worth ten, twenty or forty times what they cost him, in order to save the tariff on lumber moved to strike out the countervailing duty, which was intended to prevent the importation of any lumber whatever from Canada, even if that country could otherwise ship some in and pay the duty of $2 per thousand feet. It made Fordney, who has legally plundered American lumber consumers out of millions of dollars, wince and growl and writhe to surrender even a little fraction of his strangle hold on the people; as he said himself, "it causes me to sweat blood in doing so"; but he feared that unless this concession were made he would lose the whole tariff loot. A man like Fordney has no business in the American congress. He is there not to represent the American people at all, but solely to represent his own and his associates' business interest, and to pass or maintain laws that will authorize him and them to hold up and pick the pockets of millions of his countrymen. It is time that he and a lot of other looters were made to "sweat blood."

Among other super-egotistical, vain-glorious boasting attributed to Roosevelt by a Paris correspondent, he is reported as saying: "I have fought the oil kings and the steel emperors; they tried to break my back, but my back is still intact." The backs of the "oil kings and steel emperors" appear to be in very fine condition also, and never to have been hurt a particle. In fact, Roosevelt himself strengthened the "steel emperors'" backs to the extent of a few tens of millions by allowing them to violate a law by making their monopoly more absolute and acquiring a vast property at about one sixth its value. Roosevelt probably never said what is attributed to him in this suspicous dispatch, and the less he says about fighting the steel trust the better.

THE ASTORIA COMMON POINT CASE

WHEATGROWERS and warehousemen east of the mountains are taking up Astoria's fight for "common point" rates, and, it has been reported, will try to compel the railroads, through the Interstate Commerce commission, to make that city a common point with Portland and Puget sound cities as to rates. If the facts relied upon are those published, the case must fail, for some of the more important of the allegations can be easily and completely disproved.

Railroads and steamship lines have their reasons, sufficient unto themselves, and apparent to most other people, for preferring to meet at a fresh water port 100 miles inland, reached by ships drawing 26 or 27 feet, and that soon can be reached by ships drawing 30 feet, and a port that is besides the chief commercial and financial mart and center of the whole region, rather than to meet near the sea, requiring 100 miles more of rail instead of water haul. However, there is no objection to taking the matter before the commission and into the courts. If Astoria can win any points, she should be quite welcome to them, so far as Portland is concerned.

The real principle of the protective tariff, carried to its logical conclusion, is to keep everything out of the country that can be produced in it. This is not quite done, but this is what ought to be done, if the system is right and beneficial to the people. The chief results of this system are three: First, since we would buy nothing or but little abroad, foreigners would not buy of us more than they were obliged to, and we would lose most of our foreign trade; second, the government would lose most of its customs revenues, and would have to raise revenue in other ways; third, trusts, combinations and monopolies would become still stronger and more numerous, and could raise still higher the prices of necessaries. These are the proper results of a high protective tariff policy.

Still the prohibition cause, by means of local option, marches on, though apparently with some slackening or halting of its pace. In elections Tuesday 19 more Michigan counties went dry, putting 600 saloons and 10 breweries out of business, but in other places not much gain was made, and in a few cases dry towns became wet again. These latter instances, while few and apparently insignificant, may possibly be the first ripples showing a turn of the tide, though we think that except in the case of quite large towns most dry localities will remain so. Prohibitionists will be foolish to press statewide prohibition, which could not be enforced in large cities, and would cause a reaction, and would be detrimental to their cause.

Leavenworth and Wichita, Kan., which have been trying the commission form of government, voted Tuesday to retain it, apparently preferring it to the common system. So far no town that has adopted the commission or Des Moines plan has abandoned it.

There is fruitage from the Whitla child theft. An enterprising Milton youth as attempted to capitalize a father's affection for his child and to draw dividends of blood money by threats of violence. His plan was a mixture of black hand and abduction, both of which are vile beyond compare. In Massachusetts the legislature is about to pass a law making child theft punishable with imprisonment for life. In congress a bill is pending that makes it a capital crime. This country will not long tolerate cradle robbing.

The president would make no error in naming either Justice Bean or Judge Burnett for the new federal judgeship. Both are far removed from politics and each is an exemplar of that purity that adorns the bench and befits the courts. Both are jurists of experience whose lives have run along the lines of propriety and prudence that gives polish and prestige to the judiciary. They are types from which the personnel of the judiciary should be drawn in order to give it that repute that is the key to popular confidence.

Whatever legitimate means can be employed to discredit and break up the school "frats," and all such nonsense, inimical alike to study and democratic ideals, is to be approved and welcomed. The silly organizations should be ridiculed out of existence, if they cannot be directly suppressed by authority.

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.

Vote of Thanks to The Journal.

Portland, April 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—At the meeting of Division, No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held tonight a vote of thanks was extended to you for the many, varied and elaborate notices which you gave to our recent 17th of March entertainment, and which were in a large measure responsible for the great success of the same. We desire especially to thank you and express our deep appreciation of the artistic design which occupied the front page of your paper on the afternoon of March 17.

D. W. LANE,
E. H. DEERY,
Committee.

Don't Get the Glass Habit.

Portland, April 5. — To the Editor of The Journal—One of the earliest traditions of my youthful mind to absorb was that of "Death in the Flowing Bowl," but I never expected the grim monster to appear in a harmless cooking bowl of bread and milk. That the dread visit failed, by the narrowest margin, to appear in that innocent guise, seems but another manifestation of divine providence.

While yours truly was enjoying the childhood luxury of bread and milk a week ago, one of the few "grinders" belonging to "said party of the first part" came in contact with some foreign substance, with a low, grating sound. Investigation proved same to be a sample of a new kind of breakfast food, unclassified, and not predigested. Nothing less, in fact, than a piece of glass, almost perfectly triangular in shape, its sides approximately three fourths of an inch each, thin as a wafer, with one rounded and two pointed angles, every angle and edge sharp as a razor.

To say that this "find" created consternation in my family of one, and set the family to overhauling its conscience rapidly, looking for any slight errors that may have crept it, would not imperfectly describe the true state of affairs.

The most trivial incidents of our lives are often fraught with lessons of grave import. For whatever lesson is hidden in this incident you can search me. All I can think of at the last minute is, don't get the glass habit; or, strain your milk, if it comes in glass bottles.

PUBLICO.

Cheap Labor Not Solution.

Portland, April 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your paper of a few days ago Isidor Straus told us how to solve the problem of cheap labor on this coast, and how we could get rid of the Japanese and Chinese laborers. He said we should flood this coast with European laborers, so that there would be no demand for the Japanese and Chinese laborers. I think any one who can think or understand anything at all should be able to understand what he means by this. If he means anything at all, he means that the European laborers will work so much cheaper than the Japanese and Chinese that it will not pay the latter to come to this country.

If this is the case, will it not hurt the whole people of this coast? I think it will. Why I think so is because only a short time ago one of the eastern states was talking about sending a few trainloads of this wondrously cheap European labor out this way to get rid of it. Now, mind you, this state was going to pay the railroads for hauling them out here. If they are such a good thing to have, why does this eastern state want to get rid of them?

I think it is about time the working men of this coast should open their eyes and keep them open. If we take any part in any movement along those lines we should try to get a law passed that would keep out all foreign labor for at least 20 years, or until such time as we get those we have on our hands pulled up to our standard of living. I do not say this because I have any ill will against any man because he is of foreign birth, but it is because they are already coming into this country faster than we can take care of them. There is one thing sure, you cannot put a fire out by adding fuel to it, nor can it help the conditions of the workingmen of this country by adding a great number of cheap laborers to the great number of unemployed men that we have on our hands at the present time, and do not know what to do with them.

To prove that we have a great number of idle men in this country, I will quote part of a letter I received a few days ago. It reads as follows:

Cleveland, Ohio, March 15, '09.—Mr. William Wise. Dear Sir and Brother: Your most welcome letter received and was glad to hear from you. Business is very poor here. There are thousands of good men looking for work, willing to do most anything. I heard a fireman say last night he looked the Cleveland shops all over for a job, and they would come right out and hire foreigners, but would not give him the least bit of a show, so you can see what this country is coming to unless something is done. Men that have worked in Collin wood yards for five years have been laid off and without any prospects of ever getting back at all."

Now, fellow workingmen, do we want such conditions on this coast as this brother says they have back in those eastern states? WILLIAM WISE.

Moses S. Cross' Birthday.

Dr. Moses Smith Cross, professor and for some time acting president of the University of the Pacific, at San Jose, Cal., was born April 8, 1854, at Lightsville, Ill. He was graduated from Northwestern university in 1881 and from the theological seminary of the same university the following year. In 1884 he went to Europe, where he spent the next five years in study, principally at the universities of Leipsig and Berlin and the National University of Greece. Prior to going abroad he had served two years as professor of Greek, Latin and Hebrew at Northwestern university and upon his return from Europe in 1890 he accepted a similar position at the University of the Pacific. In 1906 he became acting president of the university. In addition to his reputation as an educator Dr. Cross is well known as a clergyman and a writer.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a mining scheme
Up to his very eyes.
And when he found that he was "out,"
With all his might and mind
He jumped out of the scheme again,
But left his pile behind.
—Boston Herald.

Stayton woolen mill is running again.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Councilman Baker was conspicuous by his absence.

Easter comes rather early for the Oregon lilies some years.

When the city has 500,000 population, will it provide a detention hospital?

Don't overlook Arbor day—Friday, 9th. Plant a tree, or several trees.

Doubtless the seven anti-people councilmen could concoct a corker of a charter.

If the Baldwin heirs settle among themselves, won't some lawyers be awful mad?

It may be considered doubtful if the Prohibitionists would indorse Mr. Paul Wessinger.

Of course Kermit couldn't lose an opportunity to get his name in the newspapers.

No, you silly superstitious creature, a tree planted on Friday won't therefore fail to grow.

The Oregonian's population knock is bearing fruit. Some people back east believe that paper.

It is to be observed that as soon as Teddy left the country, Harriman began talking freely.

But Payne can't tariff-tax the mittens that girls frequently hand out to undesirable suitors.

Wisconsin lumber interests are yet great, but the Wisconsin delegation in the house is a unit for free lumber.

Would it be considered a crime to kidnap some councilmen? But no danger; no big reward would be offered.

Now is the maple sugar season back east, but we will buy the same old stuff at the same old price, or more.

The A. P. story about a Paris interview with Roosevelt, published in the morning paper, is almost certainly a raw fake.

An Ohio minister says kissing is worse than drinking whiskey. His personal experience might be interesting to some.

Considering its paramount importance, it is strange that there is so little discussion publicly about the feminine Easter hat.

Poor Multimillionaire Fordney; he says he makes him "sweat blood" to let go of even a little fraction of his privilege to plunder.

Human feeling toward the hen is becoming more friendly; there will be plenty of eggs for Easter at a comparatively reasonable price.

Fordney, with hundreds of thousands of acres of very valuable timber lands, and some millions of dollars, is one of the fellows who are howling for protection.

Recent arrivals in Oregon are of course not very familiar with the history of the Republican party in this state, hence are likely to make some funny remarks.

Wonderful wise in their noes and their ayes, some councilmen think they must be. Of charters they know, by their own say so, more than voters ten thousand times three. Fifteen picked men, with clear, far ken, with great labor a charter did make; but Belding and Cottel, Annand, Driscoll et al, say 'tis naught but a fraudulent fake. But if so, why not let all the voters get a chance to vote the thing down? "Oh, the people are fools; they're not safe with such tools," say these seven wise guys of the town. But look here, if you won't trust the people, then don't blame them if they won't trust you; if not the recall, 'twill be a hard fall, you'll get if you e'er run anew.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Amity has purchased a fire engine.

A Waldport potato weighs six pounds.

All crop prospects good around Condon.

Goats are paying critters in southern Oregon.

Corvallis may have an electric street-car line.

A Mitchell man has bought a $4000 automobile.

Wallowa is to have a new stone business block.

There is much activity in the Elkton mining district.

Near-beer license raised from $300 to $800 in Mitchell.

During March 20 of a Corvallis man's ducks laid 583 eggs.

Another big orchard company in Benton county; 270 acres; $100,000.

There is big money in raising spuds around Athena, at present prices.

A Silver Lake sheepman has a young ram with four perfectly formed horns.

Poor married men of Milwaukie; two new millinery stores have opened up there.

Lane county recorder did larger business in March than in any preceding month.

The city of Medford, according to the March report of the city recorder, has a total of $147,432.03 cash on hand.

Recent additions to Wallowa county churches number 67 at Flora, 52 at Lostine, 47 at Enterprise and 36 at Wallowa.

Gold Beach Globe: During the last three months the new town of Chittenden was born, lived and died a natural death.

If wheat stays to such a high pitch as it is now, until the fall crop is harvested, the Ione district will resemble a national bank, says the Proclaimer.

Farmers from all sections of Morrow county report the best wheat prospect they have had for years at this time of year and that the acreage is the largest in the history of the county.

Gold Hill News: Arbor day is to be a red letter day in our school. We shall erect a flagpole, clean up the grounds, mop the floor, decorate the interior of the building and in the afternoon have literary exercises with music and song.

All kinds of real property in Tillamook county is getting away out of reach, with too much speculative valuation injected into it, declares a local paper. This is unfortunate for the county for the high price that land is held at scares away many homeseekers who would otherwise locate in the county.

The thousands of acres of fine alfalfa land within a radius of a dozen miles of this city cannot be excelled in extent and richness anywhere on the Pacific coast, says the Merril Record. With the abundance of water that is guaranteed to the lands of this valley for all time, a "dry season" is a terror of the past. The farmers here will produce more lasting wealth than all gold miners of the nation.

Two Baker City men were talking horse as they stood on the edge of the sidewalk, narrates the Herald. A man drove a sorrel nag past them just as a redhaired woman was passing on the sidewalk. The men were familiar with the sorrel horse and one of them remarked: "Old sorreltop is stepping some today." The woman overheard the remark and without explanation landed an umbrella across the man's head. Nobody said a word.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

"Greece"—By Harvey N. Shepard

(From a prepared lecture on "Greece," which has been delivered on several occasions.)

Greece is a little land, with no mountains of majestic height, no plains of great breadth, no rivers which are navigable. It is rich neither in gold nor silver, nor in the useful nor precious metals. The wheat for its people has been brought for centuries from other countries, and its fruits, except the olive; and its wines do not compare with those of its near neighbors. It has known no vast and populous cities, no fame in manufacture, and no surprising fortunes won in trade. But it is great and rich in something higher and better than any and all of these. It has been always the cradle of liberty and the home of art, science and literature.

Would you see man nearest to the perfection of his development as a physical and intellectual being, you must turn to the Greek, trained in the gymnasia, exercised in the duties of war, a voter and a juror, a trained critic of architecture, sculpture and painting, and an appreciative hearer of Demosthenes, Plato, Aeschylus and Herodotus. What, then, are the precious stuffs of Sidon and Tyre, the splendors of India, the vast domains of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, the long wall of China, the hanging gardens of Babylon, Thebes and her hundred gates, and even the legends of eternal Rome, beside the Iliad of Homer, the learning of Aristotle, the eloquence of Athens, the fortitude of Sparta, the grace of the Parthenon, and the matchless glories in painting and sculpture which no artist since has never dreamed to equal?

Take our stand where we will within the limits of any domain in the realm of knowledge, and, like the planets in their circle round the sun, we are controlled and illumined by the wisdom and beauty of ancient Greece. Her warriors saved Europe, for the benefit of all mankind, by their famous victories over the hitherto invincible soldiers of Darius, the 2,000,000 followers of Xerxes and his myriad far stretching war galleys, from the crushing and debasing despotism of the east to the most brilliant record of free commonwealths known to history. Overcome by the power of Rome, nevertheless Greece continued crowded with temples and statues, and her schools of philosophy and rhetoric were filled with pupils from every portion of the empire; while all her forms of public life were kept in their former state.

Nor is it ancient Greece alone which claims our praise, nor the Greeks of today solely by our indebtedness to their ancestors, but because in the war of the revolution they proved to the world that neither had the weight of centuries weakened a noble lineage, nor years of suffering and slavery under the ruthless Turk quenched the fires of freedom and their aspirations for the blessings of knowledge and civilization. Constantinople sent forth her thousands, hordes of Tartars crossed the Bosphorus, Tripoli, Algeria, and Egypt gave their contingents—all these hordes swarmed into poor and little Greece, repelled by all Europe, and left desolate and alone in her feebleness, amid the ruins of her cities and villages, and the slavery of her women and children. More than 200,000 of her sons gave up their lives, but not in vain, for their oppressors died where the Persians died.

Inspired by this heroism, the choice souls of other lands volunteered in her cause. Byron awoke from the delusions of passion, and crowned his life by a noble consecration to her cause; the navies of England and Russia sank and dispersed the fleet of Egypt, and Greece became one of the free nations of the earth. Many friends and well wishers are disappointed that since her independence she has not taken a more distinguished and prominent part in affairs. We make, however, too little allowance for her restricted territory and her narrow resources, and say not enough of her zeal for literature and her maintenance of common schools, even amid the horrors of war, and the pluck and push which are gathering all the commerce of the archipelago into new hands.

The Greeks are today the saving and intellectual element of the eastern world, and when those regions, so richly endowed by nature for prosperity and happiness, are restored by the triumph of another Alexander, not necessarily with conquest by battle and the taking of cities by armed assault, but by the spread of Greek as the language of the people in all that vast and extended region, the powerful influence of her literature and the inspiration of her love of freedom, it will be a nobler and more enduring empire than that won by the great Macedonian, and even we may live to see the beginnings of a new Alexandria, and a new Antioch, and a new Palmyra, which shall equal the glories of ancient days.

The REALM FEMININE

Possibilities of Photography.

WE are told now that the camera has been successful in reproducing what some few people have heretofore been able to see, the aura or radiation of color which every personality emits. In other words that pictures have been produced showing the mental state and characteristics of individuals. In one instance anger was shown on the sensitive plate as sparks like those produced by a conflagration; in another a crowd praying showed a perceptible radiance of light. Now if this discovery could only be put into practical use in connection with the marriage question what a boon to humanity.

If a young woman who was in doubt as to whether the man who wished her to marry him were of a quarrelsome, irascible nature, all she would have to do would be to persuade him to be photographed by this new process, and she would have a perfect chart of his temperament. Or if a man who before marriage sees a girl only on her best behavior and in her best clothes, were able to study a photograph of her mental makeup he would be able to tell whether his chances of happiness in such a marriage were good.

For love is of this peculiar quality, that it obstructs the vision in regard to the loved one's real characteristics—"hence is winged Cupid painted blind." The defects may be perfectly apparent to other people but to the man or woman who loves, these seem so insignificant in comparison with the virtues that exist, that they are not taken into account.

When a man adores a maid, for instance, he sees only that she is kind, gentle, docile and pretty. That she is also selfish, vain and fickle never enters his head, or if it does he banishes the thought as utterly unworthy of him. But the camera which reproduces the very essence of individualism would tell him frankly of what stuff the soul of his inamorata is made.

A girl who is or about to be engaged thinks her lover the most heroic, most wise and stanchest of men; if she could see his soul through the medium of the photographic plate she might find him bombastic, conceited and empty. It is so hard to tell what people really are until you test them in all sorts of ways and the opportunities given a young man and a young woman of impressionable age of testing each others' qualities of endurance are very few.

It is not unlikely that such a photographic test would be of immense advantage to ourselves, if we could only obtain it. Of course introspection is not pleasant. It is usually laid aside, in the case of busy and practical people, with the excrescent clothing period of the college youth, and the chocolate consuming stage of girlhood. Out of those blue and black periods of soul depression hung round about with Omar Khayyam illustrations, the strong, aggressive personality usually emerges, to look back only with scorn at this youthful visioning. Yet if we could actually know ourselves; if we knew that we could count on just so much strength to resist wrong; just so much weakness which we must be on our guard against; just so much of vanity; just so much of real endurance that we might strengthen; there is no doubt it would help us mightily in our long battle with ourselves which most of us wage as a desperate conflict from maturity to the grave.

It is easy to see of what advantage a soul photograph might be. Or in the case of a child, whose nature is so often totally misunderstood in a well meaning family, a photograph of this kind, showing the actual soul quality with which the parents have to deal in their often misdirected efforts to bring out the best that is in him, would be of incalculable benefit.

Here's hoping that it may not be long before we hear of the practical application of the soul photograph to the actual problems that confront us all.

Easter Egg Dishes.

SCOTCH Eggs—These are delicious served hot or cold. The ingredients called for are one cupful lean cooked ham, chopped very fine, five hard boiled eggs, one-third cup stale bread crumbs, cooked to a smooth paste in one-third cupful milk, one raw egg, one-half teaspoonful mixed mustard and a half saltspoonful cayenne. Add ham and seasonings to the bread and milk paste, together with the raw eggs. Mix well. Take the shells from the boiled eggs and cover with the seasoned ham and bread paste. Have ready a kettle of deep fat smoking hot, drop in the eggs, fry two minutes, drain, and if to be served hot send at once to the table. When served cold, cut in two lengthwise and arrange on lettuce or parsley.

Easter Egg Salad—Boil the required number of eggs for twenty minutes, then cool in ice water. Remove the shells, cut the eggs in halves, take out the yolks and slice the whites in thin rings. Arrange these on a bed of crisp white lettuce leaves in a shallow salad bowl and fill each with the yolks of the eggs pressed through a potato ricer or strainer. Dress with mayonnaise. Serve with saltines and cheese balls molded into little eggs; roll in finely minced parsley.

Thin Corn Bread.

A plateful of thin, crispy cornbread makes an appetizing breakfast dish. Over a pint of fine cornmeal pour just enough boiling water to moisten thoroughly, then cover and let stand half an hour. Add a scant teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard and three well beaten eggs. Beat in one cupful of flour, then add gradually as much sweet milk as is needed to give a thin drop batter. Beat hard, stir in two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and pour in shallow greased pans. Bake in hot oven for 25 minutes.

The Wooden Indian

(Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose-poems will be a regular feature of this column in The Daily Journal.)

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A poor old Wooden Indian, all battered by the years, was seated on a pile of junk, and shedding briny tears. "What hurts you?" asked the Teddy Bear, "why are you thus distressed? Why do you tear your willow hair, and smite your basswood breast?" "Alas, my occupation's gone," the Indian replied; "cigar men now refuse to keep red warriors outside; I used to stand in pomp and pride before a stogie store; but times have changed, and those glad days will come to me no more. I'm waiting here among the junk in mournful solitude, till some one breaks me into chunks to use for kindling wood." "Cheer up!" exclaimed the Teddy Bear, "don't break your heart, old sport! You yet may have a chance to serve as juryman, in court."

WALT MASON.

Ware—His Tribute.

From the Kansas City Journal, February 28, 1909.

Eugene Ware put his harp to work the other day and sent this to Walt Mason: "Dear Walt—We read your anecdotes, and laugh just like a bunch of goats; we think the state should reimburse the writer of such bully verse. We hanker for the stuff you write, and for the stuff of old Bill White; that which you write is fresh and gay, and what Bill writes is rasherashay. He is the Nestor, you the Mentor; I pause to drink a fifteen-center."