EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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APRIL CIRCULATION OF THE JOURNAL.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Following is the sworn statement of The Journal's circulation for April, 1909:

State of Oregon,
County of Multnomah—ss.

C. S. Jackson, publisher of The Journal, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the following is a true report of The Journal's circulation for April, 1909:

From April 1, 1909, to May 1, 1909.

April 1	31,508	April 16	32,915
April 2	31,667	April 17	31,617
April 3	32,155	April 18	32,673
April 4	32,365	April 19	30,961
April 5	30,803	April 20	30,968
April 6	30,740	April 21	31,028
April 7	31,125	April 22	31,069
April 8	31,360	April 23	30,809
April 9	31,101	April 24	31,592
April 10	31,412	April 25	32,615
April 11	32,415	April 26	31,044
April 12	30,806	April 27	30,955
April 13	30,698	April 28	31,047
April 14	31,029	April 29	31,037
April 15	30,981	April 30	31,009

Total for month.....969,045

The daily average circulation for April, 1909, was.....31,329

The Sunday average circulation for April, 1909, was.....32,522

The daily average circulation for April, 1908, was.....30,259

The average daily gain in April, 1909, over April, 1908, was.....1,070

(Signed) C. S. JACKSON,
Publisher of The Journal.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of May, 1909.

(Signed.) A. W. CAUTHORN,
Notary Public for the State of Oregon.

The Journal is the only Portland newspaper that prints a sworn daily circulation statement. Furthermore, The Journal is the only Portland newspaper that will at any time permit advertisers to examine its circulation records.

> As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

WHAT THE APOLOGIES MEAN

THE OREGONIAN makes apologies for the Simon convention. It loathes the primary law. It has resorted to every means to break it down. Its defense of the Simon convention shows how that convention is another assault of the Oregonian on the primary law. If Simon himself as its product be not a sufficient proof of the real mission of the convention, the Oregonian's apologies for it establish its character completely. The paper even goes to the limit of accepting Simon, whom it declared in 1902, "must go and his machine must go," in order to deal a blow to rule by the electorate. It wants this convention for a precedent to be used in the future when governors, congressmen and other officials are to be elected. The two, the Oregonian and Simon, are in cahoots. These mortal foes that despise each other have joined hands in the effort to restore boss rule in Portland and Oregon.

In its apologies the Oregonian says the convention is like that recommended by Governor Hughes for New York. And so New York politics is the brand the Oregonian would have adopted in Oregon. What a beautiful proposition to make to the people of this city and this state! New York with its Democratic Boss Murphy and its Republican Boss Platt, and all their minions of darkness is a sublime conception of the kind of rule Portland and Oregon should have. Governor Hughes had this crowd to deal with and had in addition a citizen body gathered from the remotest parts of earth, unlettered, uncultured and corrupt. His first choice of a proper primary law was to duplicate the Oregon system almost in its entirety, but with the minions of Murphy and Platt in the legislature and and an illiterate citizen body, such a law was hopeless, and he was compelled to ask for the very little in reform that there was chance for him to get.

What he got was nothing, and what we have in Portland is the Oregonian holding up the resistance to him of Tammany and the corrupt Republican machine as a civic standard for Portland and Oregon to copy. Of all the brazen proposals ever made to the enlightened people of Portland this one takes the persimmon. It discloses the true inwardness of the Simon convention and the real mission of Mr. Simon. If the program works we are to have the sweet scented politics as performed and practiced in New York translated to orderly and decent Portland.

The plan, as proposed by an employe in the assessor's office, to enjoin Democrats from use of a ballot on which to express their choice for city officers is a case of mighty small potatoes and few in a hill. It is something new in Oregon that there should be a movement to disfranchise a part of the voters. It is the more reprehensible because of the numerical weakness of the minority party. The Democrats have asked Judge Munly to become a candidate for mayor. He has consented and those who desire to do so should have the right to vote for him. To deprive them of this right would be tyranny, and vicious tyranny at that. Judge Munly is a clean man, a capable man, and should not only be given the right to be voted for, but should be and will be widely supported.

ITS COSTLY LEGISLATURE

APPROPRIATIONS of more than $68,000,000 were voted by the Pennsylvania legislature, which has just adjourned. The sum is nearly 20 times that voted by the Oregon legislature, concerning which so many tears have been shed. Beside the Pennsylvania figures the little Oregon total of less than three and one half millions is as a molehill to a mountain. The resultant tax is a toll of twice as much per capita in Pennsylvania as in Oregon. The former is a far older state and by every consideration its tax demands in proportion to population should be lighter. In area it is less than half the size of Oregon and by its compactness and long settlement ought to present a smaller per capita tax levy. The newer state with wider expanse, its sparser settlement, its greater requirements for roads, bridges, education and other improvements, should, but it does not, present a much larger biennial appropriation, in proportion.

It is probable that the presence of the power of veto in the hands of the people accounts for the reduced appropriations in Oregon. It was manifestly the influence which kept the Oregon budget below three and one half millions when the Washington aggregate went above $10,000,000. The Pennsylvania legislature made its appropriations over the protest of Governor Stewart, who urged that it keep the aggregate down to $45,000,000, which is the limit of the state's revenue. Every added experience, and every sign on the horizon shows that the Oregon electorate is safe and sane in its plans of popular government.

A LESSON FROM SPOKANE

N. S. PRATT, a Democrat, but a nonpartisan candidate for mayor of Spokane, yesterday defeated J. T. Omo, the Republican and machine candidate, by a majority of some 700, although Spokane is Republican in a national election by two or more to one. Omo, according to the Republican Spokesman-Review, that has been fighting him, is a politician of the machine or ring order; he believes in the spoils system, he is a staunch and standpat partisan, he courts the favor of forces of civic unrighteousness, and he succeeded in getting the Republican primary nomination. He had not only the support of the Republican organization, but of the liquor interests, and other interests such as always seek to get something for nothing, or much from little, out of the people. He had thus apparently a very strong combination of forces behind him, but he went down to overwhelming defeat before a man who, though a Democrat, stood for a strictly nonpartisan administration, and more than that a moral, clean, respectable administration. As between these two men the people of Spokane made a decisive choice for the better man, the right policy. Everywhere men such as Omo is represented to be are going down to defeat, and men like Pratt are coming to the front.

In this election there is a warning for the Simon cohorts, and for Republicans generally in Portland. If Simon shall be nominated in the primaries, as Omo was, it will be strange if the people of Portland, like those of Spokane, do not reject him in the election, in favor of a Democrat who will promise a nonpartisan, business, clean, moral, progressive administration, and who can be depended on to keep his promise. If Portland has a Pratt, there is no doubt of the defeat of Omo Simon.

IN TERROR OF THE AIR

WILBUR WRIGHT has arrived in London, and the British capital is literally at his feet. He is loaded down with the $200,000 in gold for which he sold the rights of his aeroplane in Italy, and is apparently to be overwhelmed with adulations by British admirers. His entry into the city on the Thames is almost the triumphal performance of a conqueror.

Something more, possibly, than mere admiration figures in the British attention to the American youth. That nation is in a panic over the alleged menace of German invasion. The country is persuaded that these are years of doom for British concerns. It is manifest not only in the feverish race against Germany in the building of Dreadnaughts, but in the terrors that Germany may pour down from the air. The alarm is voiced in a recent article by a military and aeronautic expert writing in the London Times.

According to his view, Britain is, or will be, literally at the mercy of the kaiser's aerial navy. In 1912, he points out, Germany will have a fleet of 24 Zeppelin war balloons, each capable of making over sea excursions and speedier than any naval vessel. Before the end of this year there will be ready four such aerial craft, all of them improvements on the vessel with which experiments are now being conducted. At a cost of $1,500,000, the German government is developing its air ship factory at Friedrichshafen, and after this year the plant will be able to turn out eight Zeppelin ships annually.

The present Zeppelin ship can rise to a height of a mile. It can, in addition to its crew, carry a ton of explosives and supplies for a voyage of 800 miles. It is known to have made unbroken flights of 360 miles and to have attained a speed of 35 miles an hour. The nearer parts of Germany and England are only 250 miles from each other. The Times expert estimates that a Zeppelin air ship of the present type could reach England in 10 hours and do enormous damage within a short time. He concludes that improvements will rapidly be made, and that the 24 vessels of the 1912 type could on the outbreak of hostilities, put at least 10 of the 20 British Dreadnaughts out of action and seriously damage the English naval bases.

To oppose this terror of the air, England is almost helpless, so far as war balloons are concerned. She has a tentative program for the building of five small, nonrigid balloons that in comparison with the German terrors would be as antiquated cruisers to Dreadnaughts. The widespread panic among Englishmen that results from the comparison may in part explain the feverish welcome extended to Wilbur Wright in London.

The childlike innocence of the Simon managers in proposing that all candidates sign articles to support the nominee of the primaries is touching. It is so beautifully appropriate to have such a proposal from the shadows of the Simon sanctuary. The "demo-fusion" conventions that Simon used to hold to beat the Republican ticket when he couldn't rule it show what evangels of party regularity are the ex-boss and his retinue. "These fifth rib stabs in politics suit Simon and his machine perfectly," said the Oregonian April 17, 1902; "Williamson, the Republican nominee for congress, is now to be knifed. This stiletto work in politics is no new thing under the Simon machine. Many men have been victims of it. Let us see if we cannot now put an end to the work of this political mafia, which so long has been operating in Oregon." What a gladdening thing it is that steps have been taken to see that the other wicked candidates, if beaten, shall not, with fifth rib stabs and stilettoes, make a martyr of the immaculate Mr. Simon.

With the warning that "it is written just the way we want it to go in," a Saginaw bride sent to the family newspaper the notice of her wedding. It read thus: "Married at 6 o'clock p. m., at the home of her parents, ——, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. ——. The wedding was a very quiet home affair, with only relatives and immediate friends attending." If a bridegroom figured in the ceremony he was not discoverable in the notice. Whether it is the result of the suffragette movement, or a mere oversight, the result is the same—the new husband's predominance in the family circle is not likely to be marked, unless he resorts to assault and battery.

All Europe is on a hunt for rats. Besides the war of extermination, the sale of rat skins has become an important item of commerce. The skins are used for book binding, photograph frames, purses, the thumbs of ladies' gloves and other purposes, and the sales in London alone last year aggregated $200,000. In Denmark, 75 to 80 cents a day is earned at rat hunting for the bounty and proceeds from sale of their skins. Civilization has probably written doom over the head of the unwelcome rodent. According to reports, there is a gold mine for some enterprising citizen in the garbage pile at the Portland crematory.

There ought to be a large, even a full vote at the primaries Saturday. Voting is a duty as well as a privilege, as we have often said and shown. It is a matter concerning all the people's business. The less worthy elements of society always cast nearly a full vote on such an occasion, so that it is of vital importance that all the better elements should vote too. These are in the majority always, but too frequently fail to express themselves at the polls.

Mr. Lownsdale says that the Willamette valley can produce better apples than the Hood river valley—not merely as good, observe, but better. Now if we put our ears to the ground we shall hear some roaring up Hood River way. But Mr. Lownsdale's further statement that the Willamette valley is a good deal larger than Hood river valley and therefore can produce a far greater quantity of apples, none can dispute.

The first of May, 1909, should hereafter be embossed on all the calendars and cut in marble and bronze as a red letter day in this country. It is not the day when the declaration of independence was signed. Nor was it the day when the surrender came at Appomatox, nor the day the battleship fleet for the trip around the world. Nor was it the day Paul Revere made his famous ride, nor the day that Sheridan saved Winchester. It was the day Kermit shot the lion.

The P.-I. notes with the eye of an expert that the Seattle baseball team has twice turned defeat into victory in the seventh inning and three times turned the same trick in the ninth, whereat and for other reasons it editorially promulgates that the Seattle aggregation is "a hummer." Peace congresses deliberate, tariff congresses legislate, the Turks revolute, and all have their place on the American editorial page, but none to the exclusion of the great American game.

Never before has there been such a tide of immigration to Oregon as now. It should be appreciated. Welcome the newcomers as far as possible. Give them sincerely the glad hand. Sell them what they are seeking for at reasonable prices. Keep them here and help to make their residence here pleasant and profitable. Oregon needs them, tens of thousands of them.

Seattle expressmen who attempted to extort a $5 fee for delivering a trunk from the union depot to the university district, have been fined $100 by the authorities. The incident is comforting to the thousands who will visit the exposition and who will be glad of the assurance that the Seattle authorities do not propose to permit them to be held up and robbed by those who seeks to capitalize the crowd and turn it into dividends.

If President Taft tamely submits to the Aldrich bill, if it should pass, one of "perfidy and dishonor," he will greatly disappoint millions of Americans who had hoped for honest revision, involving large reductions in tariff taxation.

There is now at the head of the interior department a first class lawyer and business man, and a far western man, and if the fogies and fossils around the capital watch him closely awhile they may be able to learn something.

It is said that factional wars in the Republican party are over. Good, if true. But since party lines in local elections are almost entirely broken down for good and all, it doesn't make much difference.

Rich Possibilities of Western Mexico.

By Dillon Wallace, in the Outing Magazine for May.

The soil of the whole country through which we were passing was rich and arable, and capable of being turned into a veritable paradise. This is on the line of the proposed extension of the Southern Pacific railroad, and I could not but picture to myself the wonderful transformation that is in store for it during the next decade, when American capital, which is sure to follow the opening of the railway, takes hold of it. What opportunities for investment it offers! And now is the time to strike. Investors who take hold of this land now, while it can be had at a merely nominal price, will reap fortunes in colonization later. In five years at furthest—probably much sooner—the whistle of the locomotive will awake the country from its long night of darkness and inertia to the daylight of progress and prosperity. These jungles will be transformed into orange groves, fields of corn and barley and alfalfa will spring up, rich harvests of bananas, pineapples and the hundred other profitable crops they are capable of will be gathered, and from the nearby hills will come as fine coffee as tropical America can grow.

Perhaps this is too optimistic a view to take, but we shall see. I have traveled from seaboard to seaboard of the United States, but have seen nothing to compare with this land in natural resources. There is plenty of water for irrigation, but irrigation is not generally necessary in this section of Tepic Territory.

This Date in History.

1704—South Carolina church act signed.

1709—Baron John Lovelace, colonial governor of New York, died of appoplexy.

1776—Two British warships ascended the Delaware river to attack Philadelphia.

1780—Fort Moultrie surrendered to the British.

1835—First issue of the New York Herald.

1853—Many lives lost in a drawbridge accident on the New York & New Haven railroad at Norwalk, Conn.

1861—Arkansas convention passed an ordinance of secession, by a vote of 69 to 1.

1863—Alexandria, La., taken by the Federals.

1864—Sherman advanced from Chickamauga.

1892—Destructive floods in Mississippi.

1895—Theodore Roosevelt became a member of the board of police commissioners of New York city.

1905—Statue of John Winthrop unveiled at New London, Conn.

Prince Frederick William's Birthday.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia, heir to the German throne, was born at Potsdam, May 6, 1882, and was educated by private tutors and at Heidelberg university. He spent a year also at Bonn university and later received a thorough military training. Among his fellow students at the university his democratic and unassuming manners won him wide popularity. He is devoted to automobiling, tennis and other forms of outdoor sport and is said to be a skillful marksman as well as an excellent horseman. In 1905 he was married to Princess Cecelie, daughter of the late Frederick Franz III of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. They have two sons, the first born of whom, Prince William Frederick, first saw the light on the American national holiday, July 4, 1906.

Panics and Parties.

From the Indianapolis Star (Rep.)

The discreditable myth that the panic of 1893 was due to the election of Grover Cleveland and the Wilson tariff law of 1894 has long been so outcast in respectable society that it hardly needed the attention bestowed upon it by Senator Nelson. No intelligent person ever believed it and it would have been allowed to sleep peacefully in its grave had not certain unfair free trade publications revived it by arguing that the panic of 1907 was caused by the Dingley tariff. * * * Nevertheless, it was a brave and salutary thing for Senator Nelson to speak out the way he did and to disown for himself and for intelligent Republicans generally the calumny that Grover Cleveland caused the panic of 1893. It would be much more comfortable all around if those who had been denying that any share of prosperity from 1897 to 1907 was due to the Dingley law had not promptly turned around and blamed it for the panic of 1907.

The Rock That Moses Struck.

"The 'rock of Moses' lies in the wild valley of the Leja at the base of Jebel Musa, the Mount of the Law, in the peninsula of Sinai," says a writer in the May Strand. "The rock is 18 or 20 feet high, slightly inclined, a rough indentation running over each side, which is intersected here and there with slits, and the stone is worn away in places as if from the effects of running water. It is beyond doubt the oldest known legendary object in the vicinity. The Koran refers to this rock more than once, and from these allusions arose the reverence of the Dedouins, who hold it sacred. From the middle ages onward it has been visited by Christian pilgrims, who have carved rude crosses in its side. Of all the objects in the desert it is most closely bound up with the simple faith of its wild inhabitants and of its early visitants."

A local union of the women employes of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, D. C., has been organized with a charter membership of 200.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Only two days till the primaries. Vote for Portland.

• •

Party should have nothing to do with city elections.

• •

Abdul Hamid was also a standpatter, as long as possible.

• •

It seems that calling Patten a bull was a case of nature faking.

• •

How many voters want a new party machine to run their affairs?

• •

A scientist predicts that even Niagara Falls will go dry after awhile.

• •

Only a month for those roses to get ready. Probably they'll do it.

• •

What the Young Turks need to do next is to depose the Sheik-ul-Islam.

• •

There is no way of transforming and transferring Aldrich, Cannon et al into African lions.

• •

And still counties and cities are going dry here and there. The Prohibition party has lost its job.

• •

Oregon will cheerfully pay its share of that $25,000 if President Taft will make us a visit this summer.

• •

President Taft is not sending in any entreating or threatening messages, but he may have a veto message in mind.

• •

Hamid, Castro, Aldrich and Cannon would make a good quartet to put off by themselves on some desert island.

• •

Senator Dolliver is also giving the old standpatters some hard jabs. The tariff plunderbund is beginning to collapse.

• •

Uncle Sam needs constant nudging and prodding to make him understand how Portland's postoffice business is growing.

• •

Efforts to get people to change their religion, and partial success in doing so have caused no end of strife, misery and bloodshed.

• •

Thirty years hence a large part of the Willamette valley, as well as of southern Oregon valleys will be covered with orchards.

• •

Spokane rejected an organization "interest" serving Republican, and elected a Democrat of high character mayor. Portland may do likewise.

• •

Peter Von Vlissingen of Chicago swindled people by forged documents out of $1,600,000, and yet he seems not to have had a pleasant time.

• •

A recent long alleged story by Rudyard Kipling in Collier's is nearly as interesting as a section of Webster's dictionary and as exciting as a consular report on the drainage of swamps.

• •

The chorus girl who wrote to congress objecting to the high duties on stockings added a postscript of thanks that lobsters are on the free list. A chorus girl is always interested in lobsters, especially the homo species.

• •

Those southern senators and representatives who vote with Aldrich and Cannon call themselves Democrats, but they are not so—unless the name Democrat has exactly the opposite meaning from what it was supposed it had.

• •

A Portland young man—like thousands before him—got into serious trouble through breaking a long abstinence and taking one drink. That one started him on the road to a spree, crime and jail. The moral is plain, beware of the first drink.

• •

Belshazzar the king and a lot of his lords were having a roaring old spree, when were writ on the wall some unknown words by a hand they could not see. Being guilty they all were scared to death, and sent for a learned Jew, and the words meant, he said, while they held their breath, that they'd fallen deep into the stew. Some councilmen thought, with insolent sneers, that the people they could flout, and merrily serve special ends for years, until their full terms were out. But there comes, not a band, but a warning voice, that at first is quiet and small, but may rise, ere long, to a roaring noise, and its name is—The Recall.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Monmouth will soon have a flour mill.

• •

No Sunday baseball at Monmouth this year.

• •

Bandon is to have a large new ice plant.

• •

A woolen mill may be established at Burns.

• •

Athena Commercial association has been revived.

• •

Lake county stockmen are raising better stock every year.

• •

Short fruit crops along Myrtle creek this year, report the Mail.

• •

Prospect is for the greatest fruit crop ever raised in Benton county.

• •

Jesuits will establish a college in Pendleton, reports the Tribune.

• •

One gift of $12,000 was made by an eastern man to Columbia college at Milton.

• •

The Joseph cheese factory finds a ready market for the large amount of its excellent product.

• •

Twice recently, according to the Herald, a Tillamook boy, not the same one, has licked the high school teacher.

• •

Seaside will soon become noted for the large number of elegant and beautiful homes it contains, says the Signal.

• •

The Deschutes Lumber company has purchased 15,000 acres of timber land along that stream of San Francisco parties.

• •

Condon Times: Surely the days of the coyote are numbered, he has been weighed in the balance and found chock full of mutton.

• •

Gilliam county has a property value of over $7,000,000 and there is no indebtedness; in fact the county is $20,251.59 to the good.

• •

It is a paradise for the artistic soul to take a ramble along the Santiam or to view Stayton from her various points, says the Mail.

• •

The Moro Observer speaks of a pair of black horses worth $8000 and another span, worth $12,000. Didn't you add a naught unintentionaly, Mr. O?

• •

Prineville Review: With the right of way secure for the next five years to the Harriman system, all railroad talk from now on may be expected to cease.

• •

Jacksonville Post: In regard to situation, climatic conditions, pure water, etc., this city has many natural advantages far superior to those of any other town in southern Oregon, in fact in these respects it is equal to any and surpassed by none on the Pacific coast.

• •

Sumpter American: From all the mining districts of the northwest comes the prediction that gold mining is on the verge of a great revival. Eastern Oregon is no exception to the other districts in this respect and in a large measure it seems this county will be indebted to Spokane capital for the revival.

• •

Grants Pass Courier: The outlook for apples, pears and cherries is very promising this year, notwithstanding the fact some of the orchards have been slightly visited by frosts. So far no great damage has been done, which may be accounted for by the fact that the continued cold weather held the orchard bloom back enough to give the required protection.

• •

Astoria Budget: During the year several hundred dollars are collected from hunters and fishermen in Clatsop county for licenses the ostensible purpose being to utilize this money in the protection of game fish, fowl and quadrupeds under the state laws. Those interested in these laws being observed for the benefit of pure sportsmanship state that none of this money is used in this county for the purpose for which it was intended and that there are a number of people who ruthlessly kill all kinds of game out of season with impunity. One flagrant instance was recently noted on the Clatsop plain's lakes where many ducks have been killed and there appears no game warden to interfere.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

"A Storm at Sea"—By Archbishop John Hughes

(From a description in his diary of a trip across the Atlantic, and which was written under the date of October 31, 1839.)

The weather, especially along the surface of the sea, was thick and hazy, so much so, that you could not see more than a mile in any direction. But within that horizon, the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference, there were mountains and plains, the alternate rising and sinking of which seemed like the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted water, emerging out of the darkness on one side, and rushing and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them, they rolled away into similar darkness on the other. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate offspring of a true tempest. It was this elevation that imparted the beautifully pale and transparent green to the billows, from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down towards you with the dash of a cataract. Not less magnificent than the waves themselves were the varying dimensions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying, as it were, a moment of repose but during the hurricane's frenzy this was not the case. Their waters had lost for a moment the onward motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarfs of the mighty insurgents that had passed over them. The angry aspect they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically, upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift currents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron; all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently in all the rushing, convulsive violence of the general commotion. But mountain and plain, of these infuriated waters, were covered, some on the very summit, and on the lee "side" of the waves, with the white foam of the water, against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, hurled along with the intense rapidity of its motion, until the whole prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

In the meantime our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy of a duck—and except the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out the whirlwind without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance, in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium against the fury of the one and her buoyancy in my confidence tenfold, not only in the sea but in the ship. If no longer surprises me that few vessels are lost at sea—for they and their element are made for each other. And the practical conclusion from this experience of a gale is encouraging for all my future navigation. I shall have confidence in my ship now as I have ever had in the sea.

Ever since my eyes first rested on the ocean, I have cherished an instinctive affection for it, as if it was something capable of sympathy and benevolence. When calm it is to me a slumbering infant. How tranquilly it sleeps!—no trace of grief or guilt is on its forehead—no trouble in its breast. It is a mirror in which the clear blue sky beholds the reflection of its brightness and purity.

The REALM FEMININE

ONE of the common problems of motherhood is that of developing love of truth in the child. A child is often a puzzle and it requires a considerable amount of practical psychology to determine his processes of thought. Yet it is usually the case that a child is honest and straightforward about things unless he has been taught to lie. He has learned it from a playmate or he has gathered it from the deceit of some member of the family, or he is frightened into lying, thinking it safer than truth, or else it is a purely imaginative lie and meant to be so understood. And a mother should be very careful to determine which of these reasoning processes is going on in the little brain before she reproves.

The normal, healthy child, who has no fear of his parents but believes in their love and sympathy, usually tells the truth.

Sometimes it hurts and we chide or speak angrily; sometimes it pierces the disguises we had set up for our neighbor's benefit and shames us and then we punish him; sometimes it reveals the fact that we have been using underhand methods with the child ourselves and in our dismay at being so revealed we visit our anger upon the offender. What a curiously mixed impression of the mutual advantages of truth and falsehood an alert youngster must gather from such events.

There are few children who really want to be untruthful. The largest part of their thought in childhood is imagination. It must be so, for the reasoning faculty has not had time to develop, and there is, of course, no recollection from which to deduce. Often the child is making believe, he is playing; he is pretending that things are so and so, and if you could get his point of view you would understand his flights of fancy as you cannot sometimes, now.

So all his imaginative stories are not falsehoods, and it is a very unwise mother who punishes without trying to find out whether the child thinks he is telling a plain fact or whether he is taking a childish poetic license to make an interesting story.

Sometimes, to be sure, a child deliberately makes up a tale and comes and tells it with unshrinking candor. It is difficult then to know how to reach his conscience in the matter, but it can be done with patience and understanding. Certainly you will not make him hate lying and love truth by calling him a liar and punishing him on the instant. You can reach his conscience only by developing the truth-loving part of him. And a wise mother will take time to talk over the child's tale with him, alone, find out upon what it was based, understand his point of view and then explain that when we are only playing we will say "let's pretend" so that we can understand each other and have everything fair and square.

And if you find you have such an imaginative child, what a pleasure and privilege to be allowed to live in his imaginary world with him and to give him right imaginings instead of wrong ones. To such a child the world is a fairy land and he only one of the half imaginative people who dwell in it. All the world's early history is founded on such thinking and it all belongs to the same period of development in the child nature. Fairies and goblins, elves and gnomes, princes and princesses, heroes and crusaders belong to the imaginative period of the race and to the imaginary world of the child. You are missing a great treat if you deliberately shut yourself out from the child's world and force him to find other companions.

You may have read of the delightful understanding which existed between Mansfield and his little son and how they lived together in a world of the child's own making. Nothing sweeter is found in the relation of parent and child.

But if Mr. Mansfield had called his son a liar and punished him for saying he was the chief engineer and the discoverer of the north pole and all the other imaginary errors that the little child fancied himself we should never have known of this tender companionship, and the boy, forced to find some one else with whom to "pretend" would have lost all that guidance and strength which comes from the parent's participation. Most small children do not hate lying and love truth. They are in that respect undiscriminating and they will accept either view. But they do believe in justice and in having everything fair and square. And it is not difficult to show them that what is right and true and square is on one side and what is plainly untrue, false and deceptive, is on the other side.

But to insure a child's standing with the side of fairness, first of all the parents must be square and honest with him. And, too often they are not.

Enameling a Refrigerator.

LAST summer my refrigerator seemed almost unfit to use as it was leaking from the ice box, says a good housewife. After giving it a thorough cleaning with soda water I puttied up the cracks and gave it a thin coat of white paint. A few days later gave it a coat of white enamel, which dried very quickly, and found it quite usable in less than a week. The shelf which was of narrow strips of zinc seemed hopelessly rusty, but I rubbed these first with sandpaper and gave them the two coats, and the whole thing has been more than satisfactory. Two days ago I freshened it up again by giving one thin coat of enamel, and it now looks fine, and there is not the slightest odor left. If the enamel is too thick add a little turpentine, as it makes a better job if thin. A new five-cent flat brush, one ten-cent can of enamel was all the cost, and it took me less than an hour. If your kitchen is warm and dry the paint will dry much more quickly. I am sure you will feel repaid if you do as I did. I shall hope to hear later of your success. I occasionally give my sink sieve a coat of enamel. This keeps it from rusting and pays.

New Way With Asparagus.

From the Boston Globe.

STAND a bunch of asparagus upright in a kettle, nearly cover with slightly salted boiling water and cook until tender. Place slices of toasted bread on a platter, moisten with a little of the asparagus water, place a few asparagus stalks on each piece of toast, sprinkle with pepper, salt and grated cheese, break a fresh egg over each and bake in a quick oven until the whites are set.

The Simple Life

(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.)

I'm tired of all the sordid cares that mark the city life; the noise, the pitfalls and the snares, the stratagems and strife; so back to nature let me fly, and, by the woodland streams, with star reporters standing by, I'll weave my shining dreams. Afar from this, my urban home, I fain would go and dwell, beneath the lordly oaks to roam, and in the sylvan dell, where bird songs float upon the breeze, and blooms the woodland rose, and kodak men; among the trees, might catch my every pose. How sweet to breathe the purer air, that blows o'er fragrant lawns, to sleep at night without a care, and wake in golden dawns! To leave these buildings, grim and tall, and wander off alone, where city editors might call me up by telephone.

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