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-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE. Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 1007-08 Boyce Building, Chicago.

The Journal is on file in London, England, at the office of The Journal's English representatives, E. & J. Hardy & Co., 30 Fleet street, where subscriptions and advertisements will be received.

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

In life we shall find many men that are great and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.—Colton.

HOME COMING DAY

THIS is the festival's home coming day. The deep notes of the midday bell ushered it in, and the final halt in tonight's pageant will mark its passing. Pressing the golden key in the White House, the nation's chief shed the nation's benediction on the occasion. It was his hand, employing the enginery of Morse's genius that reached out across the continent and struck the silent bell into action. Its tones, more thrilling because of the ringer and his sympathy were a benison on the week of roses and its ceremonies. It was a message of good will to Portlanders and their guests from the nation, spoken through its chief magistrate. It was tidngs to the Golden West from the distant East, tidings of unity and Godspeed.

Marvelous is man, and mighty his genius. When Washington can span 3500 miles of continent and by a touch of the hand thrill Portland into life by the notes of a bell, there is genius unbounded. When the width of a continent is nothing, when by a slender wire the Atlantic can speak to the Pacific, when river, desert, mountain and plain stay not the president from signaling to the most distant city in his republic that it is her home coming day, there is genius triumphant. But greater than all in their meaning, more precious to man in their message of purity and truth, are the roses that are the theme of this day of home coming in Portland.

FESTIVAL WEEK

THE Rose Festival week opens auspiciously. The weather is all that could be desired, and the roses and other flowers are abloom in great abundance. It will do Portland good in many ways to make the most of this holiday time. Of course business cannot be suspended, but it can be in some measure made subsidiary to the innocent amusements and social festivities of the time. Not only in this state, but in distant states, the fame of Portland's annual Rose Festival will go abroad increasingly from year to year, and will undoubtedly be a very valuable advertisement for this city. The spirit of hospitality should be especially manifest this week to all the strangers and vistors within our boundaries. The true friends of Portland residing here will not charge any excessive or unusual prices for food, lodging or merchandise, and will extend the sincerely glad hand to all visitors. This is a highly favored city, in many respects, and all its citizens should not only appreciate that fact, but let all guests and travelers know that we do appreciate it. Make the most of this holiday week in all innocent kindness of heart and blitheness of spirit. Let the world know that we appreciate our wealth not only of roses but of advantages in many respects—as to situation, climate and splendid prospects. Every year Portland will become a much larger city; next year its population should be close to 300,000; and everybody should do what he could to make it also a better city, one that will continually attract desirable people from other states. Our Rose Festival will help to make Portland a better, healthier and happier city. Let us make the most of the occasion.

DOLLIVER AND ALDRICH

SENATOR DOLLIVER broke out again Saturday, saying some uncomplimentary things to and of Senator Aldrich. He accused the Senator from Rhode Island and Wall street of raising duties in the interest of certain manufacturers, and trying to deceive people in doing so. "What he has told you in many cases," said, or as the report says, "thundered," Dolliver, "are not facts. We have been deceived, and I am here to uncover those frauds." Aldrich got up to leave, but Dolliver shouted: "O, stay here and listen to what I have to say. Don't run away. I want to say to your face that the country is weary of deceptions being played. This tariff bill is not what the people want."

Good for Dolliver. And good for La Follette, who also told the tariff raisers some plain truths the other day. And Bristow and Cummins and Clapp and some others are also taking a stand on the people's side. Aldrich will pass his bill, with the aid of some professed Democrats, but the country, as soon as an opportunity occurs, will retire him and his followers to private life. The leaders of the Republican party in the near future will be the Dollivers and Bristows, rather than the Aldrichs and Cannons. At least there seems to be a fair prospect that such will be the case.

PORTLAND'S NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY

AN ARTICLE in the current Review of Reviews is of decided interest to Portlanders. It discusses the chief cities of the Pacific Coast, and says that though but 35 years old, Seattle has a population of nearly 300,000. It declares that in but one or two instances in history has a city shown such marvelous growth. It says Chicago was but 35 years old at the time of the great fire, and had a similar population, but was not nearly so splendid a city as is Seattle. It discusses the possible primacy of Pacific Coast cities, referring to the claims of Seattle, Los Angeles and San Francisco, but does not include Portland as a likely candidate. Its chief reference to Portland is the declaration that it is a conservative city. Of all the statements, however, the most interesting is the announcement that Seattle's rapid growth in the past few years has been due to her trade with Alaska. Because of its manifest truth, this latter statement should be of compelling interest in Portland.

Cities become rich, powerful and populated by trading and industry. They must have food to feed on, and one factor in this food is ocean commerce. It is as essential to have ocean commerce as to have lines of railroad. The one is as much of a factor in city building as is the other. It is fundamental that an inland port is best adapted to ocean commerce. Many of the busiest marts in the world are far inland. Among the examples are Manchester, London, Liverpool, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hong Kong and Calcutta. Portland has all the advantage for rivalry for ocean business. Ocean business is as factorful for her upbuild as are railroads, and the investment is infinitely less costly. It is as desirable to gain a portion of the Alaska trade as it is to get a transcontinental railroad, and it would be a great deal more profitable.

It would be a splendid resource for Portland business houses, for Portland industries and for Portland's future. There must be sustenance for this great city or it cannot always thrive. There must be fuel for the fires of the great engine or it cannot always swiftly move forward. If there is no nourishment for the body the heart will cease to pulsate. We of Portland cannot always enrich ourselves by capitalizing our real estate. We cannot rise to primacy by merely lending money and collecting interest. We must have other selling places and other peoples to sell to. We owe it to Portland and owe it to ourselves to seize our share of the Alaska trade, and until we do so we have not a dead man's chance to become the city militant for which nature destined us.

AS FALSE AS FOOLISH

IT MAY well be doubted whether the editor of the Oregonian knows the difference between truth and falsehood. In one breath he professes the utmost horror of "frauds, cheats and humbugs." In the next he gives utterance to statements which he knows to be false and which he attempts to palm off on the public as true.

The columns of his paper afford numerous illustrations. The latest is an editorial published Sunday morning, in which he charges The Journal with having been "the organ of those who seized the franchises of Portland," the evident reference being to the blanket street railway franchises granted by the city council some seven years ago. The falsity of the accusation is only equalled by its folly. The Oregonian advocated the granting of those franchises—The Journal opposed them. Observe these facts:

In June, 1902, the people of Portland adopted the present city charter which restricts the life of franchises to 25 years and imposes numerous conditions for the benefit of the city. But the new charter could not take effect until ratified by the legislature which convened the following January. In the interval the Portland Railway company and the City & Suburban (since merged in the present company) applied to the city council for thirty year extensions of their franchises. The Journal vigorously protested against the granting of these new "blanket" franchises, insisting editorially again and again that it would be grossly improper for the council to take any action until the new charter was in effect.

The Oregonian advised the granting of the franchises and the council acted upon this advice. One of the two franchises was granted in November, 1902, and the second was railroaded through in January, 1903, only a few hours before the ratification of the new charter by the legislature. The Oregonian, not The Journal, was the "organ of those who seized the franchises," as any one can see who takes the trouble to examine the files of the two papers.

If there is an "utterly contemptible newspaper" in Portland or in Oregon, it is the Oregonian, which degrades its editorial columns by statements which it knows to be unqualifiedly false.

STARTLING GOLD FIGURES

WHAT is the future to behold with respect to the world's stock of gold money in its relation to the rise or fall in the prices of commodities? The mines of the yellow metal are yielding as never before. Is it a mere episode that prices are higher than at any time in history?

In the past 25 years, the world has mined $6,000,000,000 of gold. In the whole period from the discovery of America to 1883, the world produced but $7,000,000,000 of gold. In the last 10 years the gold production has aggregated $3,400,000,000, or nearly half as much as the entire production of the world for the 392 years from the landing of Columbus to 1883. The figures, which were recently made public by the bureau of statistics at Washington, are startling in their suggestion of possibilities within another decade or another quarter of a century.

In 25 years, the stock of gold money in the United States has increased from $925,000,000 to $1,613,000,000, or about 75 per cent, which is about the ratio of the world's increase for the period. This country has 60 per cent more gold than Germany, which is second in gold holdings, 70 per cent more than France or Russia, and three times as much as the United Kingdom.

IMPROVEMENT IN CONSULAR SERVICE

THE EFFORT that has been made for several years to give the country a better consular service, substituting merit for the spoils system, deserves universal commendation. Mr. Roosevelt began this work, and it seems that Mr. Taft is keeping it up—is in this respect carrying out a Roosevelt policy.

A long list of appointments to consular positions was made public the other day, and it appeared that all of the more important places had been filled by the promotion of men with experience in consular work. The new men appointed to minor places were likewise chosen on a merit basis, and they in turn will be in line for later promotion on their records.

Formerly consuls were appointed at the request of members of congress merely to pay political debts, and with little regard to their actual capabilities or fitness, and so the service fell into much disrepute, and was a subject of foreign sneers; but under the new plan it is becoming more respectable and valuable.

The Tacoma Ledger says:

Our A.-Y.-P. exposition is unique in three particulars. In contrast with all its predecessors, it was finished and ready on the date of its opening. It has had no aid from the federal government, and has been heroically financed by the plucky business enterprise of the great cities of the northwest and Pacific slope. Finally, in architectural and landscape beauty, it has far outstripped anything of its kind ever witnessed in this country.

The esteemed Tacoma paper should state facts in this connection. The Lewis and Clark fair, held in Portland four years ago, was also "ready and finished on the date of its opening." And the A.-Y.-P. exposition secured an appropriation from congress, the same as ours did. These facts are no discredit or disparagement to the present exposition, which we doubt not is all that is claimed for it, but we are going to stand up for the truth with regard to the Lewis and Clark fair, which was the biggest success of its size the country ever saw.

A Chicago chauffeur has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree. While running at a speed of over 40 miles an hour, he ran over and killed a boy, and then increased his speed to try to escape recognition. The verdict is certainly a just one, and it is to be hoped will serve as a warning to other reckless drivers.

The New York World remarks: "Republicanism in its day has appealed to three powerful sentiments—humanity, patriotism and selfishness." This is the natural, perhaps the inevitable drift of a political organization. Yes, the appeal now is to selfishness. How long will it be so? And what next?

"H. W. S." has reached the stage of senility, judging from what has appeared from his pen in the Oregonian of late. His letter to the Pullman college professor is a case in point.

Samuel M. Crothers' Birthday.

Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, who is equally well known as a clergyman and an author, was born in Oswego, Ill., June 7, 1857. His early education was received at Springfield, Ohio. In 1874 he graduated from Princeton college and later studied theology at the Union Theological seminary. After entering the ministry he filled pastorates at several points in California, Nevada and Minnesota. Since 1894 he has been pastor of the First Parish church of Cambridge, Mass., and also preacher to Harvard university. Dr. Crothers is the author of several books of essays, and because of his graceful style he is frequently called "the Oliver Wendell Holmes of today."

Eugene is growing twice as fast this year as last; next year will see its growth far ahead of the present record, claims the Guard.

Tuberculosis Notes

There are constantly 3,000,000 persons seriously ill in the United States, of whom more than 600,000 are consumptives. More than half of this illness is preventable.

The number of deaths during the four years of the Civil war was 205,070. During the past four years 800,000 deaths have resulted from tuberculosis alone in the United States.

That consumption can be permanently cured is demonstrated by some figures published by Dr. A. Van Breeden of Belgium, who says that 75.8 per cent of the patients treated in the Bourgoumont sanatorium in 1903-04 has continued, four years after treatment, to improve, and are in a condition to return to their regular occupations.

Dr. Shannon of Edinburgh recently stated that out of the 1000 city children under 3 years of age examined by him, 647 had tuberculosis in some form.

Dr. William Osler says, "Whether tuberculosis will be finally eradicated is even an open question. It is a foe that is very deeply intrenched in the human race. Very hard it will be to eradicate completely, but when we think of what has been done in one generation, how the mortality in many places has been reduced more than 50 per cent—indeed, in some places 100 per cent—it is a battle of hope, and so long as we are fighting with hope, the victory is in sight."

Consumption among Japanese laborers is increasing to such a degree that the figures are becoming a source of anxiety to Japanese merchants and officials. A large percentage of laborers who are sent back to Japan by the Japanese charity associations are consumptives. It is claimed by the Japanese newspapers commenting on this matter, that through the lack of hospital accommodations in the Japanese labor camps tuberculosis increases at an alarming rate. They suggest that a new system be employed in dealing with the sick in these camps, as the Japanese are quite ignorant of even the most simple health safeguards.

There are in the United States 298 sanatoria, 222 dispensaries and 290 associations for the treatment or prevention of tuberculosis, while there are 600,000 cases of this disease in the country. It is estimated by the United States Conservation commission that this country loses annually $1,000,000,000 from preventable tuberculosis.

For the past three years a persistent crusade has been waged against consumption amongst postoffice employes in France. Under these efforts, the number of cases has diminished 50 per cent, having been in 1906, 1048 cases; in 1907, 808 cases, and last year the number fell to 505 cases.

Do You See the Point?

From the Detroit News.

Out in Oregon a heroic effort is being made to defeat primary elections and restore the convention because it is found that the political boss who used to dictate to the Republican legislators, and the Portland Oregonian, which once dictated to the boss, have both lost power. Under the new nominating system the legislators appear to be out of their old control. Pressure is brought to bear upon them in the same old way, and for a time the rattled lawmakers seem to dodge and blink like so many toads under a moving harrow, but eventually they remember that they are responsible to the people, so they pass bills and kill bills according to the wishes of their constituents. When the boss upbraids them for their refusal to come to heel, and threatens them with dire happenings next time they offer themselves for a political office or appointment, they say to the boss: "When you recover the power to dictate the nominations we will listen to you. For the present we know about where the nominations come from and what will happen to us if we gig back on our pledges."

The same endeavor may be expected in Michigan, for the present legislature has passed more bills of public demand, with less friction and in shorter time, than any predecessor in the history of the state. And it may be said that this session encountered about as cunning aggregations of lobbyists, some of them high in the departments of the state, as ever attempted to bedevil legislation in the interest of private gain. This is by no means satisfactory to the bosses and their organs of publicity. One of the latter sadly deplores the institution of a new regime and its results after this fashion:

"The Lansing atmosphere is not favorable to serious public spirited work at present. The great lack is a lack of capable, high minded leadership."

"High minded leadership" signifies a masterful agent of the machine who can crack the whip about the ears of the legislators, put the uncontrollable ones on the political blacklist and reward the faithful with such considerations as will best satisfy their longings.

Imperishable Cedar.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

An extraordinary illustration of the almost imperishable nature of Washington's red cedar is furnished in some shingles recently cut in a Washington mill and sent east for exhibition purposes. Those shingles were cut from a moss covered cedar log lying on the ground, and which had growing over it another cedar tree, the roots of which encircled the fallen log. The growing tree had 750 rings, which indicate, according to the accepted theory, that it was 750 years old. Yet its growth started after the tree from which the shingles were cut had fallen to the ground. Here was a cedar log, fallen and lifeless, which had lain exposed to the weather for not less than 750 years, and yet was free from rot to the extent that merchantable shingles could be sawed from it.

Every man who has worked in the woods or in clearing land in this state has seen similar instances of the ability of red cedar to resist the ravages of time. In alluvial soil along the river banks, in digging ditches, cedar logs have been found covered by four or five feet of alluvium, which were yet sound save for a few inches on the extreme outside, although, under similar conditions, almost any other wood would have decayed in a few years. Conjecture halts at any attempt to estimate the length of time which might have elapsed since those logs were growing trees.

It may be added that the shingles from this tree which fell 750 years ago were as sound and in all respects as good as any cut from standing timber. Indeed, they could hardly be distinguished from the ordinary run of shingles from a mill, save possibly by their deeper color. Such a showing as this is a splendid advertisement of the value of Washington shingles; and Washington is the leading shingle making state of the country by a very large lead over all others.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Voted yet?

* *

Betting was light.

* *

There is time yet to vote.

* *

Politics is a very practical thing.

* *

Every eligible person should vote, somehow.

* *

Possibly we are going to have a new, different charter.

* *

Give visitors the right of way, as much as possible.

* *

We're going to have a whole week of Fourth of July.

* *

Yes, what is a Republican? is just as great a conundrum.

* *

It does almost everybody good to have a holiday occasionally.

* *

The roses are ready and will do their share. So will the people.

* *

Let's see; we believe this is the 23d week of the Calhoun trial.

* *

It is doubtful if Seattle can much beat Portland's crowds this week.

* *

It is better to have voted and got beaten than not to have voted at all.

* *

This is the week when Portland proves herself the veritable Rose City.

* *

If you people at a distance don't believe Portland is the rose city, come and see.

* *

We knew they would begin to ask it—"Is it h——"—you all know what it is.

* *

A new Washington state law provides that judges shall wear gowns. It is a silly law.

* *

Mr. Kellaher was wise; nobody will know now how few votes he would have received.

* *

Have amusement, but don't be rude.

The weather man is treating us all right lately.

* *

Poor sister—or daughter—Washington; she is to have an extra session of the legislature.

* *

We believe we can guess the name of the next mayor—but tomorrow everybody will know.

* *

"I haven't a cent on earth," says Charles W. Morse. And no treasure, it is feared, laid up in heaven.

* *

A hair-cutting machine has been invented. It may not be completely successful, but it doesn't talk.

* *

A new mayor and some new councilmen are being chosen today. Portland will grow and prosper, whatever happens.

* *

Up at Colfax a preacher sued for his back salary and his wife seconded his efforts with a gun, and there is little doubt that he will get what is coming to him.

* *

The senate is holding night sessions. That is appropriate, but it would be still more so to have all the lights turned off. That Aldrich tariff bill should be passed in total darkness.

* *

James J. Hill: "There are four great words that should be written upon the four cornerstones of every public building in this land, with the sacredness of a religious rite. These watchwords of the republic are equality, simplicity, economy and justice. They are interwoven with every fiber of the national fabric. To forget or deny them will lead to every misfortune and every possibility of destruction that rises now threateningly in the path of our country's greatness.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Rainier is improving its streets.

* *

Good roads and irrigation; these are proper slogans.

* *

The harvest will be a little later than usual—and, probably, better.

* *

Klamath county's new road making machinery, rock crusher and road roller has arrived and is being thoroughly tested.

* *

One of the most successful events in the chronicles of Union county was the horse show at Elgin. The entries numbered over 100.

* *

The Corvallis Gazette and Times, instead of wrangling and abusing each other, lose no opportunity to give each other compliments, which is an agreeable change from the common custom.

* *

Pendleton's prosperity during the past year has been sufficient to secure a $100 advance in salary for the postmaster through the fact that the annual receipts at the office have increased about 12 per cent.

* *

The Salem public schools have, through their enterprising board of education, taken up the problem of introducing manual training and industrial arts as a part of the educational system of the public schools.

* *

It is to be hoped that the time is coming in Oregon when such items as this from the La Grande Star will not appear: "A shipment of seven cars of Nebraska hogs arrived in La Grande yesterday and were kept over here for the day. They were a fine lot of corn fed porkers and were just one week on the road to La Grande."

* *

Woodburn Independent: When the hopgrower of Oregon knows that he will have a poor crop this year, he at the same time learns that the contract price has gone to 12 cents, most of the Oregon crop contracted for at a lower figure than that, and the prospects good for the price going higher. Almost every year the hopgrower is caught, either with hops on his hands and a low price offered, or a good figure offered and his hops contracted.

* *

Three miles east of Medford, covering the southwest slopes of Rox Ann, the most westerly sentinel of the snow capped Cascades, stretches the largest orchard in Oregon, if not in the United States, says the Tribune. The total acreage embraced is 1760 acres of which approximately 1040 acres are planted to choice varieties of apples and pears and preparations are being made to plant about 200 more this fall.

* *

Up near Helix a wheat ranch has been sold for $75 per acre, says the East Oregonian. Old residents of this county well remember the day when land in that section and in other good sections of this county was regarded as worthless for farming. The early timers thought that only the creek bottom and foothill land was good for farming. The first wheat raisers were looked upon as dreamers. Yet millions and millions of dollars have been made off this same land and it is steadily advancing in value.

* *

Astoria Budget: Honorable Isaac Bergman has been a pretty busy man during the past few days and working for others as usual. When he realized that his friend, Rev. William Seymour Short, rector of Grace Episcopal church, was to soon leave for Honolulu to take up new work there his first thoughts were for his material comfort on the trip. He consulted several mutual friends in a quiet way, all non-church members, and collected a purse of $200 for their departing friend. They were under no obligation to Mr. Short other than years of friendship during which they appreciated the goodness shown by him in the city regardless of when or where he found a friendly duty to perform.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

Our Reunited Country—By Clark Howell

(From a speech delivered at the peace jubilee, Chicago, November 19, 1898.)

Bear with me while I lead you to a rust stained slab, which for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription:

"Here lies a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

The September day which brought the body of this mountain here to that home among the hills which had smiled upon his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, strengthened by his manhood, was an ever memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot riddled body to the grave. And of that number no man gainsaid the honor of his death, lacked full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

Thirty-five years have passed; another war has called its roll of martyrs; again the old bell tolls from the crude, latticed tower of the settlement church; another great outpouring of sympathetic humanity, and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the stars and stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the stars and bars. There were those there who stood by the grave of the Confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but loved, as patriots alone can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country as it enshrouds the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And on this tomb will be written:

"Here lies the son of a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

And so it is that, between the making of these two graves, human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the south have said to their brothers of the north that the people of the south had long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed. The sentiment of the great majority of the people of the south was rightly spoken in the message of the immortal Hill, and in the burning eloquence of Henry Grady, the record of whose blessed work for the restoration of peace between the sections becomes a national heritage, and whose names are stamped in enduring impress upon the affections of the people of the republic. And yet there were still among us who believed your course was polite but insincere, and those among you assumed that our professed attitude was sentimental and unreal.

Bitterness had departed and sectional hate was no more, but there were those who feared, even if they did not believe, that between the great sections of our greater government there was not the perfect faith and trust and love that both professed; that there was want of the faith that made the American revolution a possibility; that there was want of the trust that crystallized our states into the original union; that there was lack of the love that bound in unassailable strength the united sisterhood of states that withstood the shock of civil war. It is true this doubt existed to a greater degree abroad than at home. But today the mist of uncertainty has been swept away by the sunlight of events, and there, where doubt obscured before, stands in bold relief, commanding the admiration of the whole world, the most glorious type of united strength and sentiment and loyalty known to the history of nations.

This Date in History.

1692—Jamaica devastated by an earthquake and tidal wave.

1741—Captain John Derby, the American skipper who took the news of the fight at Concord to London, born in Salem, Mass. Died there, December 5, 1812.

1776—Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolution into the congress, declaring that "the United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states."

1832—First reform bill became law in England.

1848—Whig convention at Philadelphia nominated Zachary Taylor for the presidency.

1864—Engagement between Federal and Confederate forces near Staunton, Va.

1880—John Brougham, noted actor and playwright, died in New York. Born in Ireland, May 9, 1810.

1893—Business portion of Fargo, N. D., destroyed by fire.

Representation.

From Collier's Weekly.

What a comedy is this tariff business at Washington, what a spectacle! A collection of adults, pretending to represent the people of the United States, when each in reality is fighting blindly for one locality or one group. How many men, in the senate or the house of representatives, in any sufficient way consider the welfare of the 80,000,000? Are there six? Limitations are to be expected in human beings. He who chaffs at shortcomings has but little understanding. It would seem, however, as if this degree of narrowness were extreme. It is our guess at present that the time will sometime come when a neighborhood can send to congress any man from any state, instead of being forced to an absurdly local choice. If Illinois has no man whom it desires for the senate, why should it not look to California or Massachusetts? Men elected under a broader system would probably study questions more on their merits than does the average gentleman now engaged in pulling for some petty industry of his own environment or some petty interest which helped elect him.

The First to Make Answer.

From the Washington Post.

The members of the house may remember that they will meet the consumers before the senators will.

Three papers started in Silverton within a year have failed, succumbed.

The REALM FEMININE

The Lesson of Adherence.

SUCH a tragedy as that of last week which sent to their death two boys just bordering on manhood, when it comes as the direct result of a taunt or dare, comes so close to the heart of every mother of sons that it cannot be ignored.

According to his own admission, Eli View was persuaded, by the cries of his companions, and their taunting cry of "siss," to get into the overburdened canoe, and the result was its upsetting. Had he only held out, had he only persisted in living up to his own convictions, his two companions would not now be cold in death and two sorrowing households would not be grieving with him.

Truly a terrible penalty, that of life long regret, that he must pay for a moment's weakness.

Not many of us have to face so pitiful a result for our indecision and yet in each life there is some poignant memory which in the quiet watches stays by with its perpetual burden—"If I had not yielded; I knew better—why did I let myself be persuaded!"

Are our hardest decisions to be made between absolute right and absolute wrong? Not often. These we can combat. Our moral fiber stiffens, as the relaxed muscle at the cry to arms, when these immediate and fully recognized crises present. We know how to deal with these. But it is the insidious danger, the half covered peril, the almost innocent looking pitfall that we learn to dread.

And to boys, to hard muscled, red blooded boys, this insidious cry of "sissy" is the most peculiarly stirring. Dare? The right kind of a boy dares anything. What does he care for personal danger or discomfort when any big thing is to be done? Just to show you how little he values neck or limb, he will take the most perilous risks, and chance his very life if need be, for a trivial cause, which, after the excitement which carries him safely through his self imposed task is over he recognizes as entirely futile and unimportant. But he has shown at any rate that he is not afraid.

The lesson that is so difficult for mothers to inculcate is that there is a higher bravery than the mere physical bravery that carries a boy through such difficult feats; that it takes more courage to stand by one's own best judgment in the face of taunts than to peril life in defense of one's reputation for daring.

How shall we show our boys that the most heroic of sacrifices is the sacrifice of self? How shall we make them understand that we value more than their moral muscle than their physical, though we value that, too, in its place? How shall we persuade them that to stand unflinchingly for what one thinks is right is more heroic than winning the plaudits of the crowd?

Partly by precept, partly by example, partly by illustration from the lives of the world's moral heroes.

It is the world's way to throw bouquets at the feet of the conqueror, no matter what it is that he has conquered. In the days of the golden glory of Rome, the greatest hero was he who destroyed most armies, enslaved most people, razed most palaces, dragged at his chariot wheels most captives.

And for long the childish judgment of the world accepted that view of life and gave plaudits to the spectacular conqueror of other men and women and children.

Yet it was many centuries ago that Solomon wrote that he is wiser who "ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city," and both history and daily life are full of examples of that serene and perfect courage that dares to stand by its own best judgment of right in the face of opposition, mockery, unbelief and taunts. We must point out these examples to our boys and girls, and show them that the highest courage calls for unflinching adherence to principle, no matter what foolish flings of the "sissy" sort are flung, and no matter how much one is misunderstood.

That hesitation may mean anything but weakness and that not doing the easy spectacular thing for the crowd's applause may take superior courage is one of the lessons for young people to learn from last week's tragedy.

At what great expense some people pay for other people's lessons.

Ham Darioles.

CHOP fine enough cold boiled ham to fill a cup; add one fourth cup of sifted bread crumbs, two hard-cooked yolks of eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one fourth teaspoonful each of salt and paprika, two beaten eggs and one cup and a half of rich milk; mix thoroughly and turn into fluted tins to make a mixture about three fourths of an inch thick. Cook surrounded with boiling water until firm in the center. Unmold on rounds of toast and set a poached egg above. Pour over the whole a cup and a half of cream sauce or serve the sauce in a bowl. Wet the edges of the toast in boiling salted water and spread lightly with butter before setting the dariole in place. The recipe will serve eight or ten. Patty pans may be used.

If wished these may be served without the poached egg; for variety sprinkle a tablespoonful of cheese over before serving the cream sauce.

To make the salad a more hearty dish you may add to it some bits of ham or veal or both, as circumstances afford.

Two Rhubarb Recipes.

FOR rhubarb sherbet, cook rhubarb without peeling, sweeten it well, add orange juice to taste and a little gelatin in the proportion of one teaspoon to three cups of sherbet. Strain, add one beaten egg white to two cups of the mixture and freeze. Serve in glasses.

Rhubarb wine is a new beverage to many. The directions for making are these: Press the juice from the stalks, and to each gallon add one gallon of soft water, in which seven pounds of "A" sugar have been dissolved. Using this proportion, fill your keg, leaving the bung out, and fill up with sweetened water as it works over, until it is clear. Then bottle, as this wine keeps better in glass.

George Meredith

(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.)

He wrote good books, and wrote in vain, and writing, wore out heart and brain. The few would buy his latest tome, and, filled with gladness, take it home, and read it through, from end to end, and lend it to some high-browed friend. The few would say it was a shame that George was scarcely in the game; that grocers, butlers, clerks and cooks would never read his helpful books, but blew themselves for "Deadwood Dick," and "Howling Hank from Bitter Creek," "The Bandit That Nick Carter Caught," and Laura Jibbey's tommyrot. Alas! It is a bitter thing! We'd rather have a Zenda king, or hold, with Sinclair, coarse carous, in some Chicago packing house, or wade, with Weyman, to our knees, in yarns of swords and snickersnees, or trek with Haggard to the veldt, where Zulus seek each other's pelt, than buy a volume, learned and deep, and o'er it yawn ourself to sleep!

(Copyright, 1909, by George Matthew Adams.) Walt Mason