EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man. —Pope.

THE PANAMA USUFRUCT

IN THE presence in Portland of two distinguished Holland investors, there is a glimpse of what the Panama canal will mean to the Pacific coast. Though five years or more are to intervene, Holland capital is anticipating the event, and is already on the ground to take advantage of whatever will be fortuitous in the coming change of the world's commercial map. J. G. Scholvick, a banker, and G. J. M. Simons, editor of the chief newspaper of Amsterdam, representing millions of capital, arrived as scouts for the great commercial relation the canal will open between Portland and Holland. They say that steamers are already building in Holland to go into service, as soon as the canal opens, with the Pacific coast as their western destination and San Francisco, Portland and Puget sound as their ports of entry.

The incident foreshadows the new epoch of commerce and industry that should break over the Pacific coast as a result of the completion of the Panama project. Direct communication with Holland will be established, as it will be established with other European nations, and direct communication will mean the landing here of thousands of sturdy immigrants that now come to the Atlantic coast, and fail in any considerable numbers to reach the Pacific slope because of the long and costly railroad journey. It will mean the peopling of thinly populated districts and by races whose training and traits will bring into production lands that are now unproductive. Their presence and toil will furnisu traffic for railroads and traffic will cause the railroads to be built.

In the case of Holland, for instance, the thrift of the people and their power to extract from the soil is so great, that on an area of but one eighth that of Oregon they support a population of 5,263,232. It is 412 inhabitants on every square mile of territory, while in Oregon there are but seven. The average wheat yield is more than 40 bushels per acre, while the United States produces but 12. Their farmers are set down as the highest skilled in the world, their dairying, horses, cattle and other farm industries standing at the head of the list. They and those of neighboring countries are people most desirable as citizens, and undoubtedly to be attracted by the new artery of commerce to the Pacific slope, seeking it as though a new land were opened to them.

This is but one phase of the usufruct to come to the coast as a result of the canal. Portland should be ready to play her part in the great commercial drama, on which the Panama project will lift the curtain. Will she do it, or will she let her opportunity pass, as she did in the case of the Alaska trade?

WAS BACON SHAKESPEARE?

A CAMBRIDGE, Mass., man, William Stone Booth, claims, and it is claimed for him by William Leavitt Stoddard in Collier's Weekly, and by others, that he has definitely proved, by the discovery of numerous acrostics in the supposed writings of Shakespeare, that they were really written by Francis Bacon. There is nothing new in this discovery, unless it be in the form or location of the acrostics. They are found, as described and illustrated by Mr. Stoddard, thus:

The name, Francis Bacon, will begin at some prominent place, such as a corner initial. To read the signature, you start with this F and pass along the lines, to the right on the first, back to the left on the second, and so on, taking the first r after that F, the first a after that r, the first n after that a; and so on, choosing always the first desired letter in the spelling of the name. Thus, the first n, after the first o after the first c . . . (in the word Bacon) will close the acrostic. This n must fall at a perfectly definite place, such as a corner opposite to where the signature began.

This explanation is much elaborated; and there seems to be some force in it; yet when all is said and done, anything of any considerable length that has ever been written might contain the letters of any person's name similarly distributed through the lines. The discoverer started out on the theory that Bacon wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare, and of course he could find the letters comprising Francis Bacon's name numerously distributed among the lines, and often with an "F" beginning a paragraph or other portion of a play or a poem, and an "n" ending it. There is much argument to prove that the position of these letters as described could not have been accidental; yet it seems improbable that a great poet and philosopher would have interrupted the flow of his thought and its expression by studying how thus to bury his name. And there seems to have been no adequate reason why, if Bacon wrote these immortal works, he should not have acknowledged it and so multiplied his fame.

Many students of Shakespeare and Bacon believe that Bacon must have been the author, for he is known to have been a man of wide, versatile and brilliant attainments, while next to nothing at all is known of Shakespeare. It is agreed that Shakespeare was born in 1564, married when 18, was an actor, though perhaps engaged in other business, was a taxpayer at Stratford and died in 1616. According to an accredited signature his writing was almost illegible, worse than Horace Greeley's. There is but little that is authentic about him. If he wrote "Shakespeare," he must indeed have been such a prodigy as the world has not seen, before nor since. Some scholars incline to the opinion that Fletcher worked much with Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson and Bacon a little, but that he really did most of the work attributed to him, working over much old material, appropriating whatever could be found to suit his purpose, the same as Homer, Rudyard Kipling and Jack London. The mystery will probably never be solved. Neither Shakespeare, Bacon, nor any of their contemporaries, will ever tell.

THE DRAMA IN POLITICS

APPARENTLY, the drama is about to become a factor in metropolitan politics. It is reported that the opposition will employ it against Tammany in the coming municipal election in New York. A large fund is to be available and a powerful drama will be written by an experienced playwright. It will depict the evils of corrupt government and contrast the affluence of the politicians with the poverty of the poor. The dashes of melodrama and satire with which it will doubtless abound will be a striking indictment of misgovernment, strikingly presented.

The imagination can easily discern how the plan can become a powerful instrumentality for creation of public sentiment. England is literally shivering with affright as a result of the production of a play that depicts England invaded by the armies of Germany. It created a furore throughout the nation and brought statesmen and people to the border line of hysteria. It broke down the active opposition to a greater navy, and is a chief influence in England's stupendous program of naval expenditure. It swept the country like a storm and demolished every force that stood in the way of a huge plan of home defense. It produced among the unemotional British a literal panic with reference to the real or imaginary perils of a German invasion, and sent newspapers, officials and cabinets to serious discussion of means of defense and the terrors of the future.

In Germany a drama, directed in a different channel, has produced a strong effect on the public mind. In the United States, the "Lion and the Mouse, the "Gentleman From Mississippi," and kindred political dramas have left lasting impressions upon the minds of all who have seen them, and been effective in creating a quiet sentiment hostle to crooked politics. A drama, a cast and a setting to fit so fertile a field as New York would at least afford an interesting situation whose denouement would be watched with absorbing interest.

THE TIPPING INDUSTRY

BECAUSE a new law forbids the giving of tips in the state of Washington, Spokane waiters are about to go elsewhere for employment. They insist that the compensation received from their employers is insufficient for their maintenance, and that their removal to other fields is imperative.

A Chicago waiter recently retired from active endeavor with a snug competence of $32,000 with which to keep the wolf from the door. Another in New York recently called on a real estate firm, seeking a desirable investment. A property valued at $120,000 impressed him, and he opened the eyes of his brokers by immediately writing his check for $35,000 as an initial payment. A third instance is even more significant of the millions of dollars annually paid out by tourists and others in gratuities to those who serve them. Charles Miller, who has been working for 35 years behind a lunch counter in a New York hotel on a wage of $30 per month, has resigned his position, and is about to take a trip to Europe. Besides living in comfort all these years, he has, on his slender wage, accumulated a fortune of $200,000. The great sum came to him, of course, in the form of tips from those he served. Though Miller is perhaps an unusual case, it is known that New York abounds with waiter financiers whose incomes derived in tips from the fashionable and others who dine in restaurants and hotels of the first rank, attain phenomenal figures. It is said that in the riot of New Year's eve when champagne flows and tongues are mandlin, the lucky waiters reap almost a small fortune over night.

The custom is the subject of frequent excoriation, and in the state of Washington is under the ban of legislation. Following the lead of Washington, it is probable that statutes against it will appear in other states.

It is reported that there is some doubt of the success of the proposed Molalla railroad, due to insufficient stock subscriptions, although the greater part of the required $100,000 has been subscribed; and also due, perhaps, to some doubt as yet about the route to be traversed. The Journal hopes whatever doubts there are may be settled and whatever difficulties overcome, and that, assuming that the project is in reliable hands, the subscriptions will be made entirely sufficient at an early day. This is a very important enterprise for all the people of the region to be traversed, and if carried to a successful completion will be of great financial and other benefit to them. They should never turn back.

Rabbi Wise gave Mr. Carnegie and his kind—or rather those who make such billionaires possible—a deserved rebuke when he said: "To call a man who has crushed his enemies (competitors in business) singly and in groups, a public benefactor, is a lie. We need justice more than we need libraries." And he might have added that the poor people of the great cities need plenty of good, pure food and water, and air, and light, rather than lots of books.

In September, 1908, President, then Candidate, Taft, said: "The Dingley tariff has served the country well, but its rates have become generally excessive. They have become excessive because conditions have changed since its passage in 1896. Some of the rates are probably too low, due also to the change of conditions. But, on the whole, the tariff ought to be lowered." What will he do with such a monstrosity as the Aldrich bill?

The fourth session of the Pan-American congress will be held at Buenos Ayres a year hence. One of the subjects which it wil discuss is the Pan-American railway, by which it is hoped some day to run through trains between Buenos Ayres and New York. By the time this railroad is in successful operation, Mr. Harriman may have built a railroad into central Oregon.

The spread of typhoid fever in the New Jersey state prison and other institutions at Trenton is attributed to flies—ordinary, every day house flies. It is now generally believed by investigators that the housefly is a dangerous, germ distributing pest, and while the microphobians may exaggerate his evil doing, it is well to keep him entirely out of houses and away from foods—or as nearly so as possible.

The late Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote a good many simple but profound things, that were and always wil be inspiring. The Lend-a-Hand societies resulted from his story, "Ten Times One Is Ten," and were founded on his mottoes:

Look up, not down;
Look forward, not back;
Look out, not in;
Lend a hand.

The Oregonian continually insists that the Republican party should be adhered to and supported, and should succeed everywhere and always, even in all municipal elections; and yet it as continually shows that the Republican party persistently and constantly does the wrong thing, pursues an evil course, one against and not for the people's interests, on the principal subject of debate and legislation. But perhaps this is, after all, quite consistent.

Money is plentiful and cheap now in New York and other financial marts, and stocks are rising—in many cases swelling finely through the injection of water, no doubt. The same things always happen over and over again, with variations.

With only 10 poor men in the United States senate and most of the others millionaires, a bill taxing incomes of under $5000 ought to go through that body with a whoop.

By doubling the number of straps in its cars, a Chicago streetcar company shows that it is determined, regardless of expenses, to give its patrons a satisfying service.

A Cheerful Editor.

From the Crawfordsville (Ga.) Advocate.

While the writer has been confined pretty close to his house the past 12 months with rheumatism and old wounds, he has enjoyed better health generally than most people. The biggest fights he ever had were during 1861-65. We have never regretted that we came into this world nor are we anxious to get out of it.

Gold Beach Globe: As there are many small power boats on the river, and each owner thinks his can outrun the other, the celebrating committee has decided to offer a prize to the swiftest craft in a race here the Fourth.

What Is Behind Cannon

We have seen this man—says a writer in Success Magazine—this single representative among 391 who are supposed to be equal and independent legislators—stretch forth his hand and move as pawns in his game great government officials, senators, lobbyists, and private individuals without number. We have seen the Republican organization in the house juggle the tariff schedules, affecting the pockets of the whole people, for the support of his power. We shall undoubtedly see his vengeance executed on those of his imperial will. We have seen, and shall see him reward with place and power his friends and the political opponents who have become his allies—and all without the possibility of check or hindrance from anyone.

What is the secret of this amazing power?

Surely it is not the man himself. An individual is powerful only as he represents great forces for good or evil.

The secret of Theodore Roosevelt's power has lain in the fact that his vigor, his moral standards, his ideals have coincided with the vigor, the moral standards, the ideals of the sturdy, healthy minded people of America.

The secret of Abraham Lincoln's power lay in the fact that behind him, pressing him on, weaving itself into the very fibre of his being, was the American people's sense of right.

What is the secret of Cannon's power?

There is only one way to answer that question.

Look behind him, and consider what you see—oil, beer, steel, lumber, sugar!—and the vast interests which are waxing fat on the people.

Recreant Democrats.

To the Editor of the World—Watchmen, what of the hour? Whither are we drifting in this blessed country of ours? With both branches of congress in the hands of the tariff Philistines are we not doing or allowing everything to be done to foster and to encourage socialism and anarchy? As it appears to the writer, an old-fashioned Jefferson Democrat, we are sitting supinely by, unmindful of the history of Rome, watching the demon of destruction sucking the lifeblood out of the liberties of the American people.

History but repeats itself. To think of southern and western congressmen falsely claiming to be Democrats forsaking the God of their fathers and bowing obsequiously to the tariff god of the New England blood sweaters! It is a wonder that the shade of a departed Jeffersonian Democracy does not rise up and curse them.

What is the use of continuing this tariff revision farce? Why not at once and for all put an end to all this monumental lying, swindling and stealing by the tariff beneficiaries, who have as little fear of God, man or hades as so many turkey buzards? Wipe from the federal statutes this tariff bone of contention, this relic of feudal barbarism, and let every tub stand on its own bottom. The business interests of this country will then, and not until then, like water, settle permanently to their unobstructed and normal level.

Stonington, Conn., May 29. G. D. S.

The Senate Talks, the Country Walts.

From the Detroit News.

The country's business still waits and the senate of the United States still talks, talks, talks. If the garrulous old gentlemen confined their talk to the subject really before them—how to frame up a tariff bill so as to increase the revenue and sustain the protective policy—people could at least wait in patience until they were done. But the other day some old fellow made an allusion to razors and the tariff on them, and this, of course, suggested something about the use of that instrument on social and other occasions by a certain class of Republicans, and the thing was regarded as so funny that they gibbered away about it all day long, and through column after column of the Record duly printed at public expense.

Of course no one reads the stuff uttered from day to day in the senate, and yet that stuff is uttered under the delusion that constituents are sitting up nights in the corner groceries and country postoffices of Podunk and Buncombe drinking it in and admiring the eloquence of "our Elijah Pograms." The Democrats have little expectation and no great desire to seriously amend the tariff bill as it stands, and especially no wish to take out of it any of the protection which the interests of their own states are getting, but they jaw away hour after hour with the vain hope of putting the Republicans "into a hole," while the Republicans waste time in replying to the senseless stuff. The only thing which is being "put into a hole" is the business of the country which is waiting from day to day for the talk to come to an end, so that people may know what to expect.

This Date in History.

1520—Martin Luther excommunicated.

1654—Queen Christina of Sweden abdicated.

1793—British made an unsuccessful attack on Martinique.

1843—Lord Cathcart, who commanded the British expedition against Copenhagen in 1807, died. Born September 17, 1755.

1845—The Texas congress accepted the terms of annexation to the United States.

1858—Gustaf V, king of Sweden, born.

1863—Confederate cavalry under General Jenkins entered Chambersburg, Pa.

1864—Battle of Lost Mountain, Ga.

1876—Rutherford B. Hayes nominated for president by the Republican national convention in Cincinnati.

1898—American squadron under Admiral Sampson shelled the forts at Santiago.

1908—The Pan-American church congress convened in London.

Allen F. Cooper's Birthday.

Allen Foster Cooper, representative in congress from the Twenty-third district of Pennsylvania, was born in Fayette county, Pa., June 16, 1862. After completing a course at the Pennsylvania State Normal school he taught school for six years. Deciding upon the profession of law, he entered the law department of the University of Michigan, and was graduated from that institution in 1888. He was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar the same year and began the practice of his profession at Uniontown. He was elected to congress as a Republican in 1902 and has been three times honored with reelection.

A Western Warning.

From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press (Rep.).

The most wholesome thing for congress to do at this juncture would be to adjourn for a few weeks and distribute itself among its constituents. It would learn something to its ultimate advantage, and to the advantage of the country. It would get in touch with the practically universal exasperation and disgust of the voters with the Payne bill, the Aldrich monstrosity, and the cheap skullduggery and chicane which have characterized the framing of the house and senate measures. But there is not the slightest hope that congress will consult its constituents. The tariff framers do not want to hear from the country. The leaders want to put their heads in the sand and imagine that there is no trouble in store for their blessed protected industries. They can't and they won't see that unless they grant the just and reasonable demands of consumers for a more moderate tariff on necessities, and for free raw materials, particularly for free lumber, free wood pulp, free hides, free iron ore and free coal, there will be a storm that is not unlikely to put an end for good and all to the Republican party as at present constituted, or at least to the domination of the standpatter and reactionary, and to extreme protection for any industry whether it needs it or not.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Mr. Patten also made intensive farming pay.

• •

Let other towns have the Fourth of July celebration.

• •

Pittsburg is to have a cleaning up day. But not morally.

• •

The Spreckles, father and son, seem to be a very sensible pair of males.

• •

Seven Republican candidates for governor already and the nomination nearly a year off yet.

• •

Most married men will unhesitatingly approve those reported new gowns that button on the side.

• •

A magazine says hell is a chemical fact—or could be. Now will the Universilists subside?

• •

As far as the roses are concerned Portland could keep up a Rose Festival for a month.

• •

The conviction grows that Mark Twain should have quit before he entered into his second childhood period.

• •

All who can should help make Oregon day and Portland day a great and notable occasion at the A.-Y.-P. exposition.

• •

Great prosperity for farmers, hence for many others; but how about wage earners? Everything goes up but wages.

• •

It is foolish for a few Filipinos to "mutiny," though all of them have great provocation, in the outrageous tariff law.

• •

The poet Keats speaks of trees as "Those green robed senators of mighty woods;" But they never demanded a high tariff on lumber.

• •

Baltimore Sun: How to have a happy life: Cut down the weeds, muzzle the curs, kill the mosquitoes and help to make life worth the living.

• •

Mark Twain advised a bunch of sweet girl graduates not to marry to excess. But doubtless many of them will have divorce court experiences, nevertheless.

• •

Some inquisitive person wants to know if open work stockings are made in an open shop and union suits in a union shop. We decline to look into these matters.

• •

A southern man is writing what he knows about women. There are others who, with professed but only imagined knowledge, talk a good deal about unknowable things.

• •

Detroit News: A Michigan bank president has been set free because his peculations did not result profitably. If they had he would never have been arrested. Both ways—he wins.

• •

Curt Jett insists it is time to put an end to the shedding of blood in Breathitt county, says a Kentucky paper. From which it is supposed that what's left of we-uns have all of you-uns killed off.

• •

But (as Canto two, as having we view) I ought to add that it isn't so bad in these later days, when farming pays, and life's more free than it used to be. The farmer no more tumbles out at four, nor milks his kine by the moon's soft shine. Machines do the work and the boys can shirk; or at work they ride, in lordly pride. Betimes they quit, and at leisure flit o'er a smooth, fine road, and of care no load, but with joy that's real, in an automobile. O, there's some work yet and some hayfield sweat; but the old time is gone, and we live in the dawn of a time when the farm not terror but charm, not tortures but joys, shall show girls and boys. But in whatever time, or in whatever clime, as the evening dews fall, and the homing birds call, and as brightens the moon of lustrous queen June, the scent of the hay, the new mown, fresh hay, will never grow strange, nor will ever change.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

New box factory plant at Grants Pass.

• •

Not many canned strawberries this year.

• •

Canby Tribune wants the main street oiled.

• •

Hood River strawberry carnival June 18.

• •

Some alfalfa near Irrigon over six feet tall.

• •

Fine alfalfa near Springfield, worth $16 a ton.

• •

New string beans and peas at The Dalles last week.

• •

Klamath expects thousands of visitors this summer.

• •

A Central Point strawberry was 10 inches in circumference.

• •

A 55-acre tract near Sherwood will be divided into 10 and 5-acre tracts.

• •

Salem may become Oregon's greatest fruit center, thinks the Statesman.

• •

A Siletz man says that section is "the best dairy proposition on earth."

• •

Fifteen houses have been built in Sheridan this year, but more are needed.

• •

Near Sheridan a gooseberry twig 14 inches long contained a pint of berries.

• •

Owners of London Springs, Lane county, expect it to become a great resort.

• •

Four deer were seen feeding in a field along a traveled road in Josephine county.

• •

With the construction of the Pacific & Eastern railroad going on at full blast the city of Eagle point has taken on a new lease of life.

• •

Echo will ship more stock in a week than in a month now whenever the packing plants of Portland get started, asserts the Register.

• •

The remarkable building record of Forest Grove so far this year is hardly equaled by any city of its size in the northwest, says the Times—amounts to $230,000.

• •

The Echo Woolgrowers' scouring mill plant is being constantly taxed to its utmost capacity in order to handle the large amount of wool shipped to that point for scouring.

• •

Fully 100 residences have either been completed or are now under construction in Corvallis, since January 1, says the Times, and they are much more artistic in appearance than those built formerly and cost more money.

• •

A Central Point man has a lemon tree which has borne and ripened 13 large sized lemons during the past winter and is again in full bloom for another crop, and his wife says the fruit is superior to any she has purchased in the markets.

• •

The old Bybee ranch, consisting of between 1200 and 1300 acres, on both sides of the Rogue river at Bybee's bridge, now owned by the Palmers of Chicago, will hereafter be known as the Modoc Orchard. Extensive plans for improving the place are under way. It is the intention to sell a portion of the property in small tracts with perpetual water rights.

• •

Zina Wood, near Hillsboro, has commenced to irrigate by means of pumping from the Tualatin river, using a traction engine as motive power. He will irrigate oats, corn, alsike and kale, and expects good results. He experimented last year and found that it was a paying proposition. When this has proven a success there will be hundreds of acres irrigated along the lowlands of the Tualatin, and that it will increase production 50 per cent seems to be the consensus of opinion, says the Argus.

A Few Plain Words to President Taft

From the New York American

President Taft should beware lest the public get the impression that he is more deeply concerned about propriety than he is about principle.

In fulfillment of his pledge to the people to bring about revision, Mr. Taft called a special session of congress for the consideration of the tariff. And with that duty performed, Mr. Taft's leadership apparently ended. From the moment congress assembled, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, assumed the party leadership and has undertaken, thus far with complete success, to lead the party directly away from the position of Mr. Taft and of the Chicago convention which conferred the leadership on Mr. Taft.

Senator Aldrich has impudently repudiated the tariff ideas of Mr. Taft. His party associates in the senate, who have stood firm for the tariff principle enunciated in the party platform and held forth as a promise to the people in the campaign, have been denounced by him as heretics and threatened with anathema. Instead of revising the tariff downward, as the people had been led to expect would be done if the Republicans triumphed, Senator Aldrich is revising it upward. Instead of giving the promised relief from tariff burdens unnecessary to cover the "difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries," Senator Aldrich has been so arranging the schedules as to afford additional skin surface for the leeches of extortion and privilege.

And thus far Mr. Taft has remained a silent spectator of this unparalleled party perfidy. His only protest has been by proxy—and that so weak that it would not affright a party pickpocket, much less a pirate of privilege with the buccanneering prowess of the senior senator from Rhode Island. Why should Mr. Taft send a substitute to the front? It is he who was chosen by the whole people to lead this fight.

That scores of the schedules have been raised and comparatively few reduced, Senators La Follette, Dolliver and Cummins have demonstrated conclusively. But there is even better evidence of Senator Aldrich's traitorous repudiation of the party's declared tariff principle than is afforded by either the arguments of Senator Dolliver and Cummins or the convincing exhibits of Senator La Follette when he transformed the senate chamber into a drygoods emporium to prove his contention that many of the Aldrich schedules were framed for extortion rather than protection.

The contention against Mr. Aldrich's schedules is not that they are protective; it is that they are predatory. That charge has been made specific and has been backed by evidence which Senator Aldrich has been unable to satisfactorily refute.

Senator Aldrich has referred contemptuously to the Taft doctrine of protection as the "Iowa idea." That is too much honor for Iowa. It is the idea of common fairness and honesty held alike by citizens of every commonwealth who have given intelligent, unselfish and patriotic consideration to the tariff question.

And it is an idea which ultimately will prevail, we warn Mr. Aldrich, even though all the hosts of greed and privilege fight against it—yes, even though its foremost champion should grow faint-hearted and cast down the standard which, but a short time since, he so valiantly held aloft.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma.

From the New York World.

Seldom, if ever before, has a legislative body witnessed so remarkable a feat as that performed by the blind senator from Oklahoma during the tariff debate Wednesday. In a rash moment Senator Lodge had cast doubt on some of Senator Gore's statements in regard to the large earnings of certain cotton and woolen mills of New England.

Knowing from personal experience how unscrupuously figures and facts are often cited in a running partisan discussion, the Massachusetts scholar may have felt entirely safe in challenging the statistics given offhand by a man deprived of the use of his own eyes. He misjudged his opponent. Depending solely upon his memory, Senator Gore covered his protectionist critic with confusion by repeating in detail from the report of the bureau of corporations of Senator Lodge's own state the official figures covering the capitalization, surplus, net earnings and dividend rates of a large number of Massachusetts mills. He did the same with 50 cotton and woolen corporations. Probably no public man since Henry Fawcett, who became postmaster general in Gladstone's cabinet in 1880 after having been sightless for 28 years, has possessed so infallible a memory.

As the Twig Bends.

From Success Magazine.

Kendall had a son who was the pride of his heart. One day he found one of his favorite cherry trees cut down.

"Jack," he said, "did you do that?"

With quivering lip Jack replied: "Father, I can't deceive you; I did not cut the tree down; Billy Brown did it, but I bossed the job."

Tears of joy sprang into the father's eyes. "Bless you, my boy," he said, "Billy will be president of the United States, but you will be chairman of the national committee."

Another lumber mill, the third, in Echo

The REALM FEMININE

The Narrow Horizon.

MIDDLE-CLASS life suffers now most from the monotony and pettiness of its horizon, from its preoccupation with the small proprieties of social ritual and the keeping up of appearances, and from its lack of generous width and direct contact with first-hand realities.—New York Nation.

Quite true, is it not? And put succinctly. But true as it is of the middle class of America as a whole, need it be true of any person unless that individual wishes it?

The first-hand realities are certainly at hand in this part of the country; the generous width of horizon is here, both in the outdoor world and in the minds and hearts of the people—if you find the right ones. As to the question of devoting one's whole time and energy to keeping up social appearances that is purely an individual one.

Does any one question how one would go about it to obtain the larger, fuller life that lies outside the petty ritual of keeping up appearances? First, by cultivating the larger mental attitude, by ignoring the small details of neighborhood gossip which so often make up the sole conversation of a limited circle, and by familiarizing oneself with the bigger, wider, more generous thoughts of great minds of all time. By putting aside the silly, fevered novels dealing with impossible experiences of caricatured, stilted beings and letting the big, true thoughts of true men and women speak to your consciousness. You would not willingly seat yourself and listen for an hour to the foolish prattings of little commonplace people, dealing with a tiresome repetition of slander and household difficulties, if Mr. Browning, Mr. Emerson and Phillips Brooks were waiting in the next room for an oportunity of talking with you. Surely not. Why, then, should you let these big opportunities slip by, day after day and year after year, to spend your time so unprofitably?

A vast storehouse of the best thoughts of the best people of all time is at your disposal, without cost. You have merely to go to it and draw from it such brain and soul-building material as you may need. That storehouse is the public library, containing more good books than one person could read in a lifetime, and all free for the taking. What a solace for the weary, drudging one in its volumes of verse; what an inspiration for the harassed one who feels his ideals slipping in the inspiring message of the great victorious ones who are going on before; what refreshment for all who walk the same old, toilsome, dusty way, in the inspirational tidings of those who have climbed the heights. And all free for the taking.

It is from such sources that any person who is so minded may draw the inspiration which makes the inner vision, and that is the determining factor in anybody's life.

Was it not Solomon who said: "Where there is no vision the people perish?" And do we not see the truth of it every day in the year? It is the life that is bounded by material things, whether they be many or few, that is the unhappy life. Lasting satisfaction does not come out of mere things, good as some of them are to have when one can have the best things also.

As for keeping up the social ritual at infinite trouble and pains, what does it amount to in the end?

Everybody needs companionship, it is true; needs the heart-warming that comes from being with those who care for one; needs the friendly helping hand at times and the chance of doing kindly things for other people. All this belongs to human life, and no one lives a full and satisfying life who tries to dwell alone on the heights and ignores the human element.

But performing the stated rounds of the social ritual is drudgery, and spending one's time with those whose only interest is in dress and money, parade and show, is ineffably wearying after a while. It not only does not supply the human need, but it dulls one's humanities.

Least satisfying of all is it to keep up appearances; to send one's children to the school that is expensive merely because other people do so; to strive, to contrive, to plan and to worry, for the sake of putting on a good outside; to train after the rapidly rushing hordes of society folk who have millions to spend where the humble individual has pennies. This is the very acme of foolishness, and the surest road to the sanatorium.

The big outdoors, the thoughts of good companions, the love and friendship of a few kindred souls, and then peace of mind; to look the world squarely in the face and to have room to breathe deeply and time to think peacefully; these are the essential elements in the happy, the satisfying life.

And happy they who find it.

A Rehash.

TO gather up the pantry remnants and make them into a palatable, nourishing dish is an achievement to be proud of, whether the mixture masquerades under the name of croquettes for a company dish or plain hash for the family. The maker can partake of it with a feeling of content that out of many nothing-to-speak-of's she has made something both good and wholesome, says Wallace's Farmer.

If there are not enough fragments to make hash for the family serve poached eggs on toast with it. Butter the toast, cover with a thin layer of hash, and serve the egg on the hash. Onion should not be used with this hash.

The best hash is made with as much or more vegetables than meat, moistened with a little gravy. Bread dried in the oven and rolled or run through the meat grinder may be used instead of potato if there is gravy to moisten. If hot water must be used to moisten it, the bread should not be used without a liberal seasoning of butter.

Scraps of ham make a very good hash with eggs. Either run through the meat grinder and make into cakes with raw eggs, or brown the ham and break the eggs over it, stirring as for scrambled eggs. Hash of all kinds is as good baked as fried. Pressed tightly into a buttered dish, and baked on the bottom of the oven till the bottom is well browned, it turns out as good loking a loaf as more pretentious dishes.

The Landlady

(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 run a hash bazaar, just up the street; there all my boarders are yelling for meat; boarders carniverous, boarders herbiverous; Allah deliver us! just watch them eat! Boarders are ravenous, all the world o'er; "feed till you spavin' us," thus they implore; boarders are gluttonous, roast beef and mutonons; "come and unbutton us, so we'll eat more!" Little they pay me for chicken and rice; yet they waylay me for dainties of price; "bring us canary birds" —these are their very words, bawling like hairy Kurds—"bring them on ice!" I give them tea and toast, jelly and jam, some kind of stew or roast, codfish or ham; their words are Chaucerous. "Dame Cup-and-Saucerous, bring us rhinoceros, boiled with a yam!" I run a boarding booth, as I have said; there Age and Smiling Youth, raise the Old Ned; maybe the clamoring, knocking and hammering bunch will be stammering, when I am dead!

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