EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?—Greville.

THE SAN FRANCISCANS

SAN FRANCISCO is the metropolis of western America, is the ninth city in rank in the United States and the seventh seaport in commercial importance. As late as 1848 it was a hamlet, and in that year, as a result of the discovery of gold, it became almost depopulated by the exodus of its inhabitants for the new Eldorado. The stampede was so great that houses were left empty, business was practically annihilated, and the two weekly newspapers, the Californian and the California Star were forced to suspend. In a municipal election held in 1849, 1516 votes were cast. The town was incorporated April 15, 1850, and on the first of May following, the first municipal election was held under a new charter. The salary of the original mayor, marshal, city attorney and recorder was $10,000 a year each, and the other officers, including the members of the city council, were paid $4000 to $6000 a year. In 1860 the population had jumped to 56,802, a growth scarcely paralleled in city annals, due to the gold excitement. In 1870 it had mounted to 149,473; in 1880 it was 233,959; in 1890, 298,997, and in 1900, 342,782. In 1903 it was about 360,000, and in the years following it mounted to figures closely approaching the half million.

Its growth is illustrative of its achievements in commerce, industry and in other lines of life. In iron and steel manufacture, though remote from the natural deposits, it contests with the east, and built the warship Oregon which startled the world with the greatest achievement ever made by naval craft. The city manufactures mining machinery that goes to every part of the world, from Alaska to South Africa. In 1900 there were 4002 manufacturing establishments with $80,103,367 capital, paying official salaries of $4,619,033 per annum and employing 41,978 wage earners at $22,037,527. In commerce its achievements have been even greater, due to excellent location, its almost matchless harbor and the militant spirit of its people. In all times and on every occasion the genius of the San Francisco spirit has been the admiration of the country, and never more markedly than for the fine courage with which the city has been rebuilt on the ruins of the disaster of three years ago.

Today a delegation of the men who are foremost in the commercial, industrial and social life of the city are Portland's guests, and they are guests worthy of the warmest welcome the Rose City can extend.

THE NEW WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

AT Willamette university yesterday a class of 18 was graduated. It is the largest class sent out of that institution since 1877. It seems an incident in the new virility of Willamette after a considerable period of very slow growth. Once the institution was the premier educational establishment in Oregon. It was earliest in the field, beginning its radiation of mental and moral influences almost simultaneously with the beginnings of Oregon. It attracted, in large numbers, young men and women who, after a period of splendid training, went out into various parts and became factors in the social, educational and political life of the state. It was an educational headquarters that assumed a wide sphere of influence that has undoubtedly been a heavy contributing factor to the present high standard of Oregon citizenship.

The chief difference between the civilization of the west and the barbarism of the east is the difference in culture. The colleges and schools that have lifted America are now lifting Japan, and will in time lift China, India and the other races into purposeful and potential living. The waste of effort that comes from unculture will ultimately pass out of the world. The means will be educational establishments. The incident of Oregon's citizenship of known high civic and moral standards is not an accident. The fact that Oregon has more college men and women in proportion to population than any other state in the union as announced by Mr. Butterick of the Carnegie foundation is not chance. The early advent of Willamette university, Pacific university and the other pioneer institutions of education was the militant influence that worked out this gratifying result. The young men and women, with awakened mentality, trained under the most wholesome surroundings, and sent out through the state were all apostles of schools, leaders of thought and factors in advancement. It has been an influence for the uplift of Oregon of the utmost value to the state as is reflected in the intelligence and conscience of its citizen body.

The new virility of Willamette university is manifest in the emergence from the debt ridden condition that long beset the institution. An endowment of $154,000 is now available and $25,000 has been pledged on another $100,000 that is sought. A splendid new building, sightly in appearance and in outline, is on the campus and will be ready for use at the opening of college in September. A president of vigorous purpose and broad mental vision is at the helm and the new and greater Willamette university is rounding into an activity consonant with its traditions, its achievements and its former glory.

THE SELLWOOD RESOLUTIONS

BOURBONISM IN Oregon is showing its hand. It has become bold. "We denounce the initiative and referendum law as a menace to our business prosperity." That is the slogan issued by the Sellwood Republican club. "We will unite with all good citizens to work for a return to our ancient and approved form of government," continues this Sellwood pronunciamento. "They who drew up this document were wise, mainly, on what they were talking about" thunders the Tall Tower.

The demand by the Sellwood statesmen is for a straight out repeal of the initiative and referendum. That is the game for which Bourbonism in the state is working, and has been secretly working for months, as this newspaper has frequently pointed out. The issue is now to be forced, and it will be a fight to a finish. The Bourbon announcement is made thus early, in order to prepare the way for the constitutional convention, which is to be the slaughter house of the initiative and referendum. It is launched from the Sellwood Republican club in the endeavor to commit the Republican party to it. It is the logical sequel to the ante-primary convention recently held in Portland, as was clearly foreshadowed at various times through the columns of this newspaper. It is unfortunate in this, that it proposes destruction of the initiative and referendum at the very moment when, by its use, the electorate was coming into greater familiarity with its many virtues and its very few faults.

It is now in order for every man in Oregon to make up his mind whether he wants to abandon the right of the people to propose laws and veto measures, by giving those powers over again to the complete control of the legislature, or whether he wants to retain those rights for himself. It is time for him to decide whether he prefers to retain these powers and be a factor in public matters, by enforcing his will at the ballot box, or whether he will take these powers away from himself and bestow them upon a legislature which shall have sole authority to appropriate, to create and to legislate. It is time for him to determine whether he will keep the powers he has and be a self-respecting citizen, or whether he will turn them over to the legislature and admit that he is a mere citizen pawn who is so illiterate that he is only fit to exercise his citizen powers through proxy.

The Sellwood Republican club says he must give up his rights. The Oregonian says he must give them up. The Bourbonism of the state says he must give them up. They are going to attempt to compel him to give them up. "We denounce the initiative and referendum as a menace to our business prosperity," they say, "and we will unite with all good citizens to work for a return to our ancient form of government" in which there was no initiative and referendum. There can be no misunderstanding of the issue. The citizen will have to defend his rights under the initiative and referendum or the Sellwood Republican club will unite with other "good" citizens and take them away from him.

From the beginning of government, Bourbonism has demanded that the citizen should have few or no rights. It is a war as old as man, and will last until men disappear. It has drenched lands in blood and turned rivers red. The few arrogate to themselves the right of rulership and claim that the masses are incompetent. In ancient times kings declared it, in these times the Sellwood Republican club asserts it. We shall see in Oregon whether power, intelligence and the knowledge of how to rule exists in the people or in the Sellwood Republican club.

One of the most effective features of the Rose Festival was the exhibit of roses made by the Rose society in the California building. It was probably the most beautiful exhibit of roses ever seen in the world. Travelers who have seen similar displays in France, England and the other countries that make claims of their ability to produce roses, declared the exhibit of the society to have eclipsed anything they had ever beheld. The roses were not only superior, but their arrangement and profusion was extraordinary. It was a spectacle marvelous that none who saw it will ever forget, and never see again, except in Portland. Great credit is due Mrs. John Minto, president of the society, whose splendid executive ability and unceasing devotion did much toward making it a success.

LACK OF FARM PRODUCTION

THE department of agriculture says bread and meat and other foodstuffs are becoming dearer because "we are not producing so much, in proportion to population, as we were ten or a dozen years ago." Farm production has not kept pace with our increase in population and consumption. And it is said that "this fact alone is sufficient to account for the enormous advance in the price of foodstuffs."

The former statement quoted is undoubtedly true; the latter is almost as certainly incorrect, and the government is assuming entirely too much in making it. Population and consumption have gained on production, but this alone does not account for the "enormous advance in the price of foodstuffs." There needs to be more farmers, more men who will work on farms, and if present prices of farm products keep up it will be very strange if many more people do not take to farming and even to farm labor for hire—for farmers can now afford to pay good wages; then the prices of farm products will naturally tend downward.

But there are other causes than scarcity of farmers for the high price of farm foodstuffs, especially meats. There never was a time when farming appealed so strongly, when it was so attractive, to people, as now, but one trouble is that the production of food, as well as its consumption, has been rendered expensive and more difficult through the rise, growth and expansion of food trusts and their allied monopolies. As one writer has said: "A few magnates have seized the strategic positions of economic power and are imposing upon the people a grinding system of arbitrary taxation."

Farming generally pays well now, yet it is heavily handicapped by the high tariff system, and at some points is pinched in selling as well as in buying. Everything the farmer buys is taxed from 30 to 100 per cent; he has to pay more for his machinery, utensils, and almost everything he uses, than the same articles are sold for abroad—a constant, heavy tax, for which, except in the case of wool raised in quite large quantities, he gets no compensatory benefit at all; and then the trusts fix the price of much that he has to sell.

The department of agriculture may be blind to these facts, but most people are not. The protected trusts plunder all consumers indiscriminately, the farmers among the rest, but the farmers are yet better off than the others, for they raise much of what they consume, which the trusts cannot touch, and some of their products cannot easily be controlled by a combination of "magnates," whose business is to starve American stomachs and rob American pockets at the same time. It is only the protected rich who should be privileged to overload their stomachs.

It is stated that it costs "$7 a ton to carry coal in an American bottom from Philadelphia to San Francisco, but foreign vessel owners are ready to provide ships to carry it for $3.25 a ton. That is how it works to have coastwise trade carried on in American bottoms only. Only recently a number of foreign steamers were chartered to carry coal from the Atlantic coast to Manila at $2.80 to $3 a ton." Commenting on which the Detroit News remarks: "The United States navigation laws are responsible, in connection with tariff restrictions, for the almost total annihilation of foreign commerce carried in American bottoms. It has been 'protected' out of existence." No doubt; but instead of removing this paralyzing handicap the program of the Republican leaders is to tax the American people for subsidies to build up another trust to be protected.

Anonymous communications will not receive attention from The Journal. All contributions intended for publication must be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. The published signature may be an initial or a nom de plume, if he so desires, but his identity must be made known to the editor. This rule has been stated many times in these columns but is constantly ignored. The waste basket yawns for the anonymous letter.

A new law of Wisconsin gives an annuity of $300 a year to all school teachers who have served for 25 years in the schools of that state, and who shall have paid hereafter a certain salary percentage into the annuity fund, which, however, is started with an $80,000 appropriation. A person who has taught for 25 years, under average circumstances, ought to have saved considerable, yet no old, faithful teacher should be obliged to suffer from poverty.

Letters From the People

Letters to The Journal should be written on one side of the paper only and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The name will not be used if the writer asks that it be withheld. The Journal is not to be understood as indorsing the views or statements of correspondents. Letters should be made as brief as possible. Those who wish their letters returned when not used should inclose postage.

Correspondents are notified that letters exceeding 300 words in length may, at the discretion of the editor, be cut down to that limit.

Who Can Answer This Inquiry?

Vancouver, Wash., June 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—Is there any gold coin in circulation without the motto "In God We Trust," coined previous to 1907 or 1908. By publishing the same in your paper you will oblige, yours respectfully,

SUBSCRIBER.

Suggestion for World Peace.

H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics.

The Peace congress has come and gone. From every platform and pulpit in Chicago, the peace advocates fired volleys into the ranks of the less thoughtful; the convention reports were published in all the papers in the land. Meanwhile the naval shipyards of the world have had a busy month. The forges glow, and the noise of the pneumatic riveters is heard in the land as never before since the world began. While national in character, the gathering was given an international flavor by the presence of several members of the foreign embassies at Washington.

Have the pebbles cast into the ocean of human thought produced circles of impulse of large radius? To what extent have you, who read this, been stimulated to do or say anything which will cause wars to cease? Have your beliefs been changed? For while the people of almost every nation agree with one accord as to the fearful desolation of war, how many of these same humans would talk peace if their own country should tomorrow receive a positive insult from some other nation with whom theirs is now perfectly friendly? Of nothing is humanity so profligate as lives. History wearies in telling of the thousands slain in battle who never did know what the fight was for.

In other words, have we yet civilized to the point where we really want peace? Or are we world nations like the poor inebriate who, while deploring his condition, said to me "the trouble is I don't want to be cured"?

It is evident that if every inhabitant of our world had to settle all his disputes and enforce his rights with his own fists that this planet would be the most barbarous in all the universe. Laws, police, social standing, self-respect and self-control have made a resort to physical arms in the case of the individual of comparatively rare necessity. Why, then, should not the nations submit to, and themselves voluntarily create, an international court to administer justice with an international army and navy to enforce the court's decision? In theory the plan is logical, operative and inexpensive. If each of the large powers would contribute a fraction of its navy, the resulting fleet would be so overwhelming as to make resistance suicidal. Under this plan the annual expense for armies and navies to each country would be only a small percentage of the present outlay, to say nothing of the saving by preventing wars which might otherwise occur.

"Facing Defeat and Destruction."

From the New York American.

Cummins, senator from the stalwart Republican state of Iowa, warns his party that they are rushing over the new tariff schedules to defeat and to destruction.

Good in prophecy, and better in fulfillment. Warnings like this are being multiplied to both the old parties from within the ranks and without. And the foundation of every warning is laid in the conception of hypocrisy in either ancient rank.

The Republican party has waxed fat on looting and spoils. Privilege and plunder have done their perfect work. The cohesive power of privilege has lost its grip, and the old organization is falling to pieces because the elements have come to discord over the partition of the protected loot.

The Democracy, hungry and indeterminate, ready to be all things to all parties, and floundering in unbelief, is split to the shoulder in endeavoring to straddle issues and candidates, and can discover no phantom of hope save in a party more divided than itself.

It is merely a question of time when insincere and divided parties, like dishonest partners, shall come to dissolution.

We have come out of a time when war memories and sectional prejudices, traditions and time serving, mock loyalties and subserviency made up the politics of men. In such a time the old Republican party of abolition and victory, and the old Democratic party of defense and defeat, could rally round their shibboleths of section and hold their prejudices for principles through successive campaigns.

But we have come now to a time when issues vital and practical touching new conditions and forecasting a new era are here to enlist the thought, intelligence and courage of the genuine citizen. Loyalty to moribund organizations of the past becomes in many cases treason to conviction and the state. How can Democrats who believe in a "tariff for revenue only" follow the 17 senators, a Democratic majority, behind the Republican tariff leader? How can the stalwart old Republicans of privilege and special protection keep step with Cummins and La Follette and Clapp?

To be honest amid the political issues of today the citizen and publicist must mentally align himself with the men who think as he does, and organize into parties that will carry these honest convictions to success.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis' Birthday.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the well known magazine publisher of Philadelphia, was born in Portland, Maine, June 18, 1850. He was educated in the public schools in New England, and after leaving school went to Boston and engaged in the newspaper publishing business. The year of the Centennial exposition he went to Philadelphia and established the "Tribune and Farmer," and later founded a monthly magazine for women which attained remarkable success. Other publications were established and in the course of time the business of the Curtis Publishing company, of which Mr. Curtis is president, became the largest of its kind in the world. In 1897 Mr. Curtis purchased an antiquated publication that had been edited in its early career by Benjamin Franklin. This he converted into a weekly newspaper and magazine, which is said now to have the largest circulation of any publication of its kind in the world.

The deputy district attorney of Wallowa county is trying to find out if near-beer is intoxicating.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The richer a man or concern is, the more protection he or it demands.

* *

There was one blunder in the African hunt. A man, as well as the lion, died.

* *

Klamath Falls is hurrahing for Mr. Harriman. Other places want to do the same.

* *

Send an abundance of roses to Seattle on Portland day; a full carload won't be missed.

* *

It's past the middle instead of the first of June, and the tariff bill hasn't got near through yet.

* *

Tacoma has a clam club, but it need not be therefore inferred that the people of Tacoma are clams.

* *

The discussion over what whisky is goes on interminably, but what whisky does everybody knows.

* *

It may fairly be inferred from the testimony in the Gould case that Kate had somewhat of a temper, especially when drunk.

* *

A small new town up in southeastern Oregon is quite appropriately named Harriman; there isn't a railroad within 150 miles of it, more or less.

* *

We read of a young woman who has been unconscious for a week, and during that time has been "fighting for her life." Truly mysterious.

* *

The Seattle council has passed an ordinance appropriating $1000 to pay bounties on rats. But the rats worn on women's heads are not included.

* *

But a girl of 24 who has "got to the top" in "art" surely has a right to talk about herself considerably, especially an Oregon girl who is ever proud of Oregon.

* *

Mrs. Sage is probably doing more good every month with the money she gives away quietly than Carnegie has done with all he has given away, with great publicity, in 10 years.

* *

"Wives are wanted in the far northwest," says an eastern paper. Not unless accompanied by their husbands. But young women who want to become wives are in moderate demand in some localities.

* *

A great immigration into a certain part of Africa is to be expected—a beer tree, of which there are great numbers, has been discovered there. Just take along an augur, a knife and a tin can.

* *

Detroit News: Chicago has just thrown aside party lines in the election of its judges, and both Democrats and Republicans will sit on the bench. It would be well if party designations were always forbidden on ballots for judicial positions.

* *

"Oklahoma is the only state in the American Union which can today boast of a thousand good cities and towns, every one of which is developing rapidly and adding to its population," says the Oklahoman. Remarkable, if true. By the way, how big are some of the smaller of those cities?

* *

It must be rather a measly little soul that is tenanted in the body of the editor of the McMinnville News-Reporter, which says that the Rose Festival in Portland was "a revelation, especially this year in the way of artificial and painted flowers." He should be sent a bouquet of thistles and burdocks, as suited to his disposition.

* *

The schools are out, without a doubt; don't you hear the noise? Now free all day to run and play, are many thousand boys. There are no lids that'll keep these kids quiet very long; with shouts they race from place to place, and with laughter shrill and strong. Away with books; their eager looks dart now to other things, their minds to ease, their tastes to please—whate'er to them joy brings.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Building activity continues in Milton. Many new cottages building.

* *

Jacksonville has just amended its charter, granted by the legislature on October 19, 1860.

* *

Farmers' picnic in Shady Lane in Polk county. Now that sounds nice—and will be nicer.

* *

Three Milton boys caught over 500 trout Sunday. Such wholesale slaughter should be prohibited.

* *

Up in Eastern Oregon is a ("Wild Bill") revivalist. He would doubtless do more good as a cowboy.

* *

That coal abounds around Spencer butte and along Spencer creek is morally certain, says the Eugene Register.

* *

Prolonged, expensive lawsuit, and much excitement of attorneys and many witnesses, in La Grande, over a $15 cow.

* *

Some beautifully promising wheat fields are seen between Weston and Athena, says the Leader. Despite a comparatively dry season, which has affected the lighter lands throughout the country, the East End this year will again sustain its reputation.

* *

The Lakeview Examiner is informed that last year a man in the Golden Goose Lake valley actually received in cash the sum of $4500 for his garden and orchard products! This was exclusive of a further income of dairy, poultry and other farm products.

* *

Prominent engineers are investigating the McKenzie river irrigation project, and if a favorable report is made work will soon be begun. There is no question, says the Eugene Register, that the country lying between the McKenzie and Willamette rivers can be irrigated by this project and if it is done the returns in crops of all kinds will be increased four fold.

* *

Tillamook county is now passing from its isolated bottled up condition to one of industrial expansion and development and rapid growth, says the Headlight. No other county in the state has a brighter, better prospect. To sum the situation up in few words as possible: As Tillamook county is now the dairyman's paradise, it will also be the lumbering paradise in a few years.

* *

The chief engineer of the Coos Bay & Idaho railroad project says that the first 20 miles of the proposed railroad between Marshfield and Roseburg has been surveyed over two different summits of the coast range; that he can get over the range with a grade of less than 1 per cent, and that the difficulty in getting over the mountains to Douglas county will not be as great as first feared.

* *

Harry B. Miller, consul general to Yokahoma, Japan, who was to have sailed for that place the first of June, is back in Eugene, says the Register. Mr. Miller was taken very ill at Seattle and could not sail on the steamer as he intended to do. He has secured a further leave of absence for several months and is back in Eugene and unless his health improves greatly he will probably never return to the orient. He is a victim of overwork and broke his health completely during his service for the government in the Russo-Japanese war, while consul in Korea.

* *

Salem Statesman: A well known dairyman and resident of this county, whose business requires him to travel over the greater portions of western Oregon and Washington, declares that there is going to be an unprecedented shortage of hay this season and he cautions every livestock owner to carefully save all the matured grass that he possibly can, even if the fence corners and other odd places about the fields have to be resorted to, which as a general thing yield quite a quantity of feed which will help to fill in during the worst part of the winter season. Don't let any stray grass go to waste this harvest time.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

The Two Napoleons—By Victor Hugo

(From a speech in the legislative assembly, Paris, on the revision of the constitution, July 17, 1851.)

The monarchy of glory! There are a class of monarchists in France who now speak to us of a monarchy of glory. Legitimacy is impossible. Monarchy by right divine, the monarchy of principle is dead; but there is another monarchy, the monarchy of glory—the empire, we are told, which is not only possible, but necessary. This glory, where is it? What are its elements? Of what is it composed? I am curious to witness the glory which this present government can show. What do we see? All our liberties, one after another, entrapped and bound; universal suffrage mutilated and betrayed; socialist manifestos terminating in a jesuitical policy; and, for a government, one immense intrigue—history, perchance, will call it a conspiracy—by which the republic is to be made the basis of the empire through the Bonapartist freemasonry of 500,000 office holders; every reform postponed or smothered; burdensome taxes maintained or reestablished; the press shackled; juries packed; too little justice and too much police; misery at the foot, anarchy at the head of the social state. Abroad the wreck of the Roman republic; Austria—that is to say, the gallows—with her foot upon Hungary, upon Lombardy, upon Milan; upon Venice; a latent coalition of kings, waiting for an opportunity; our diplomacy dumb, I will not say an accomplice! This is our situation. France bows her head; Napoleon quivers with shame in his tomb, and 5000 or 6000 hirelings shout, "Vive l'empereur!"

But nobody dreams of the empire, you tell us. What mean, then those cries of "Vive l'empereur?" and who pays for them? What means this mendicant petition for a prolongation of the president's powers What is the prolongation? The consulate for life! And where leads the consulate for life? To the empire. Gentlemen, here is an intrigue. We will let in daylight upon it, if you please. France must not wake up one of these fine mornings and find herself emperor-ridden without knowing why. An emperor! Let us consider the subject a little. Because there was once a man who gained the battle of Marengo, and who reigned, must the man who gained only the battle of Satory reign also? Because, 10 centuries ago, Charlemagne, after 40 years of glory, let fall on the face of the globe a scepter and a sword of such proportions that none dared to touch them; and because 1000 years later—for it requires a gestation of 1000 years to produce such men—another genius appeared who took up that sword and scepter and stood up erect under the weight; a man who chained revolution in France and unchained it in the rest of Europe; who added to his name the brilliant synonyms of Rivoli, Jena, Essling, Friedland, Montmirail; because this man, after 10 years of a glory almost fabulous in its grandeur, let fall, in his turn, that scepter and sword which had accomplished such colossal exploits—you would come—you, you would presume, after him, to catch them up as he did—he, Napoleon, after Charlemagne—and grasp in your feeble hands this scepter of the giants, this sword of the Titans! What to do? What! after Augustus must we have Augustulus? Because we have had a Napoleon the Great must we now have Napoleon the Little?

This Date in History.

1697—Earl of Bellemont appointed to succeed Colonel Fletcher as governor of New York.

1764—First lighthouse established on Sandy Hook.

1778—British army evacuated Philadelphia and retreated toward New York.

1783—Washington announced to the governors of the several states his intention to resign the command of the army.

1812—United States declared war against Great Britain.

1815—Napoleon defeated at the battle of Waterloo.

1860—National Democratic convention met at Baltimore and nominated Stephen A. Douglas for president.

1862—Union troops occupied Cumberland Gap.

1866—Beginning of the six weeks' war between Prussia and Austria.

1893—Fire on the Mesaba range, in Minnesota, caused damage to the extent of $1,000,000.

1900—Foreign legations ordered to quit Pekin.

In every campaign in New York City, state or national—the Yiddish newspapers published in the densely populated districts of the east side of the metropolis have to be taken into account. These papers are daily read by hundred of thousands of the foreign voting population and some of them weild a vast influence.

Oregon Wonders.

From The Dalles Optimist.

The editor of the Optimist is over in central Oregon. He is writing this item at the ranch of J. F. Mahon, at Mule postoffice, some 60 miles southwest of Burns. He is on his way south around Stein's mountains, and if all goes well will swing south of Stein's down to Denis, on the Nevada line, and thence around into Lake county.

In this way he hopes to learn something about the great central Oregon country, and his impressions will be chronicled from day to day in the Portland Journal. And lest the reader should say "Why the Journal," we beg to say the the Journal is fighting for the relief of the people of the great Harney country, and the editor of the Optimist is also doing all he can along the same lines.

This item was begun for the purpose of saying to the reader that the Journal has published or is about to publish an article descriptive of the Malheur cave, explored by the writer and Mr. Mahon yesterday.

This cave is one of the great scenic wonders of Oregon, and I hope the readers of the Optimist will all read it.

J. N. Harman, a state senator, is said to be slated for the Republican nomination for governor of Virginia. Senator Harman is a former minister and a leading advocate of prohibition in the Old Dominion.

The REALM FEMININE

The Woman Camper.

AT THIS time of year when everyone is talking of how the summer is to be spent, a few instructions in the art of camping out may be of interest and benefit to many women.

Of course, if there are men along they are supposed—to know all these things by instinct; but even so, the men folks may have to come back to town occasionally to see to business matters and the women may find themselves cast upon their own resources.

A woman who is practical and level headed, even tempered and sunny, unselfish and willing to take her full share of the work is the only sort with which to go camping. If any other creeps into the party through inadvertence, the best thing to do is to tell her in plain words that she must get down to realities and lend a hand. A shirk is the most uncomfortable and unwelcome member of any outing party and is sure to make trouble. An excellent list of the necessary articles to take along on a camping trip, a list which, of course, can be modified to suit the nature of the surroundings in which camp will be pitched, is found in an article in the current number of the Woman's Home Companion.

Needless to say that a camping woman must not give much thought to the accessories of the toilet—cold creams, and the like, says this writer. She would better bend her energies to the selection of a small but complete outfit of kitchen and cooking utensils and a good stock of dry groceries. Special tins and frying pans are made for these purposes—tins that fit one into the other, and pans that fold over; coffee pots with special spouts, and so on. These details will be simple enough for the feminine mind. A woman will be less likely to remember the hunting knife, to be slipped into one of the pockets, a waterproof match safe and a compass. This last is particularly useful should one be lost in the woods. Always carry these three articles with you wherever you go. You can then make a fire in an emergency, and eventually retrace your steps to camp. A bit of soft solder for mending the cooking utensils is useful and occupies little space. A ball of twine, a small saw, and if you are a true nature lover, a magnifying glass, should also be included. Such useful articles as needles, thread and buttons women generally remember. It is useless to take postage-stamps, pen and ink. Limit your correspondence to postal cards, and use only a pencil. Rain cannot hurt that. Your watch also may safely be left at home. The hour of the day doesn't matter much in the heart of the woods. The sun is a more satisfactory timepiece when one gets down to first principals. A compact medicine chest designed for tent life may be added to the outfit.

As for the tent itself, it is best made of khaki duck, for that color does not soil so easily, is more restful to the eyes, and does not attract the insects as do the white ones. Ten by 10 is a comfortable size. The best sort has an opening at the back, permitting the air to circulate more freely. This opening is furnished with a flap, to be fastened down on stormy days. The wall of the tent needs pockets, also. They will hold many of the smaller articles and will help to keep the floor space clear. The best tents have a double fly, which protects the roof canvas from rain and gives something in the nature of an extra apartment in the front of the tent.

Mosquito netting occupies little place in the wangan bag and gives much extra comfort, as does a bit of floor covering to keep out the damp. Add also a few squares of oil cloth to cover the dishes, and so on, that lie outside on logs. Lanterns to hold the candles must not be forgotten; and if you can have a tent stove for days when the wood outside refuses to burn, you are indeed well fixed.

Do not camp close to a stream. It is enticing, one must admit, the glorious prospect of sitting upon the bank of the river and spreading one's lunch upon the soft turf. But drawbacks will soon present themselves in such a location. Not only the ground, but also the wood for fires, is sure to be damp; during a rainstorm all the surrounding hills will send down to you gentle but unwelcome rivulets, and you will find it impossible to regulate even your primitive household.

Therefore pitch your tent high and dry, at the top, rather than the bottom, of a slope. There the dead timber lying about is dry, or will soon become so after a rainstorm. Get as near running water as you can, although this is not so important a consideration as the first named. It is easier to carry 10 pails of water than wood sufficient for even one fire.

An excellent way to heat camp on rainy days or chilly nights is to put a number of stones in your camp fire, and when they are very hot, place them in a large kettle. Turn the kettle upside down in the corner of the tent, and you will soon be rewarded by a gentle warmth. Renew as often as you like with stones fresh from the fire.

There is one caution which every one who camps should heed, and that is to keep everything neat and in order both in and around the camp. A disorderly, dirty camp is too uncomfortable for words. Hang your cooking things where they belong after using, bury or burn all garbage, and never throw things away into the near-by bushes or the lake.

* * *

Good Mixed Mustard.

NOT so difficult to prepare, yet something that is not always found upon the table. Often it is lumpy with dry mustard inside the lumps; often it is too thick and frequently it is too thin. The following is an old housekeeper's method:

Mix one half cup of mustard, one fourth cup of confectioner's sugar, one level teaspoonful of salt. Heat a pint of vinegar. When hot pour about one half of liquid on dry ingredients slowly stirring constantly to keep from lumping. If the mustard is too thick, add more hot vinegar until of the right consistency. Pour in jelly tumbler or mustard pot. This will keep for some time.

Wanderlust

(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.)

The place he lived in never suited; he hankered to be gone; and so he packed his grip and scooted, a little farther on. A while he paused in our calm valley, where all the virtues bloom, but left it for a frowsy alley, and seventh story room. And when of city life he wearied, he northward turned his toes, and hired an Eskimo, and Pearyed among the Arctic snows. And when of toes about a dozen were icy, stiff and stark, he left those regions, white and frozen, for jungles hot and dark. His youthful friends grew fat and wealthy, with children at their knees, and made their homes in climates healthy, but he'd have none of these. Some other place was always better than that where he abode, and so, on snowshoes or in sweater, again he hit the road. And when this wanderer was dying, one cold and dreary dawn, "I'll have some fun," they heard him sighing, "a little farther on!"

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