EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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That is indeed a two fold knowledge which profits alike by the folly of the foolish and the wisdom of the wise. It is both a shield and sword; it borrows its security from the darkness, and its confidence from the light.—Colton.

THE NEW THEATRE

IT IS to the credit of Portland that her men of means are responding generously to the call for a playhouse in keeping with the other appointments of this city. The expectation is that the subscriptions to the bonds will reach the required $125,000 today. Portlanders could ill afford to allow the city to drift along theatreless so far as a house of the first rank is concerned. Portland is too rich a city to be provincial in her public appointments. She is a city that has been too good to her property owners for them to allow her to be a by-word on the lips of visitors within her gates. Local pride forbids a mood in which Portlanders could with complacency see other cities boast of their fine playhouses while mocking the claims of this city to metropolitan life and appointments.

The drama has endured from the beginning. It is a part of the life of all the world. It is as old as civilization, and will last until men disappear with the falling mountains. It has its place, and so accepting it, Portlanders, as the subscription lists show, are determined that its housings in this city shall be in keeping with Portland's claims. The hearty response of those who have subscribed for the bonds is encouraging to those who believe in and admire Portland.

OREGON APPLES

AFTER a thorough study of the eastern markets, Mr. Newell, president of the state board of horticulture, is convinced that there is no danger of overproduction of Oregon apples. He is also convinced of the importance of lessening to the minimum the present large expense that goes to those between the grower and the consumer.

It is the unanimous testimony of observers that production in the east is decreasing. Orchardists there are unable to compete with the better product sent from Oregon. Many of the orchards are of ancient plantings, and have never been reset. They are smaller in area, and the owners have not felt justified in keeping up the warfare against pests. The latter have increased in numbers and varieties until the fight against them in many states has become an unequal contest. It is because of these influences that the country's crop has gradually decreased until the usual in late years has been an aggregate yield of about 23,000,000 barrels against a former output that ran as high as 68,000,000. It probably means, as Mr. Newell maintains, that there is little possibility of an overproducton of Oregon fruits.

As suggested, the orchardists owe it to themselves, by pruning the charges of middlemen to lessen as far as possible the cost to the consumer. It has become an industry too vast for its usufruct to be dissipated by those who prey upon the transit and sales of the output. A careful study of the system of distribution may reveal a way to eliminate a considerable portion of the waste, and this is an activity the growers cannot afford to overlook.

A SILLY SUGGESTION

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, a celebrated English critic, discussing the American negro question in McClure's magazine, argues that the best solution of it is for the negroes to be gathered into and restricted to one state, or at first a territory, from which whites should be excluded. He thinks the negroes of the south would welcome such an escape from "the galling conditions of their life in the south," especially as they would still live under the American government as citizens. "It might be necessary at first," Mr. Archer says, "to establish some provisional government like that of an American territory or English crown colony, but as soon as the country was sufficiently settled, and the mechanism of life in full swing, there could be no difficulty or danger in admitting the new community into the union, with full state rights. Negro education has enormously progressed since the bad old days of reconstruction; and there is no reason to doubt that the population could furnish a competent legislature, executive and judiciary." And the United States supreme court and army would always be sufficient checks.

It might be well if such a condition of affairs were already established, but it is strange that so eminent a commentator on human affairs did not see the insuperable difficulties in the way. Nowhere in our government lies the power to compel the negroes, who are full fledged citizens, to congregate into any one state or region, and if this were possible an equally unsurmountable difficulty would be encountered in forcing the white inhabitants of that state or region, who are the principal property owners, to vacate it. The suggestion is therefore a mere idle dream, utterly impracticable and worthy of notice only as illustrating how silly a man of high reputation can sometimes be.

NEED OF A POPULAR AWAKENING

THE DETROIT NEWS discusses at considerable length the complacency with which the populace rests, careless and almost unnoticing, under the wrongs and vices of political service. It seems that nothing will arouse the masses, except momentarily, however grievous the abuses of officialdom. As yet the great majority of people seem to regard it as a necessary condition that the official standard of life should not be equal or at all comparable to a man's standard of conduct in his private affairs.

If in private business life a man is proven to be a liar, others will have nothing to do with him. In politics it is considered no more of a crime to be a liar than to be bald headed. If in private life a lawyer sells out to the other side, or an employe betrays his employer's interest, he is disgraced and shunned. But in politics a man may betray the people's, his employers', interests for years, and they seem to consider it a matter of course, and regard him as an exceptionally smart fellow. Illustrating this, the News, a Republican paper, says:

"For weeks we have seen Michigan's senators and many of our congressmen working hand in hand with the most oppressive of the trusts, with those trusts which meet us at the breakfast table, which meet us at the coal bin, which meet us in every board that is nailed into our homes—working hand in hand with those great combines whose sole raison d'etre is the exploiting of the people to the highest notch of imposition, yet how do we feel about it when we read of it? Either indifferent, or helpless?"

People seem to have concluded that legislation is a crooked game, of which they are the necessary victims, and there is no use in saying or trying to do anything about it. "If they could strike, and strike quickly, as they would do if they saw these same scurvy tricks being played on the streets, they would let their whole emotional strength flow out through their fists and make their protest effectual; but when these tricks are played under the protection of long official terms, and under the dignity of high legislative procedure, and under the cloak of parliamentary language, what can they do? So they conclude that it is perhaps wiser not to make themselves unhappy by beating their heads against what they believe to be a stone wall."

"Thank God," exclaims the Detroit paper, "there are signs of this feeling of helplessness passing from the people. Bosses have been buried beneath the primary reform law. But this law is a means, not an end. We want untied men, unyoked men, state's men, free men. We want men—men who can look over the heads of the lobbyists and see the mass of the people to whom they are responsible. We want men who have lived so that they can look every interest, every influence, every party squarely in the eye, and tell them to go to hades if they attempt to tamper with them."

This is the right kind of talk, and the people not only of Michigan but of every state ought to listen to it, to appreciate the importance of it, and to subordinate all party predilections and prejudices in an effort to get this sort of men into office, especially into congress, and to work persistently in this regard until the standard of public obligation becomes equal to or even higher than that of private obligation, and until it will be no more possible to pass an Aldrich or a Payne tariff law than it will be to pass a law authorizing and rewarding highway robbery.

It would seem that the proposition to vacate the office of insurance commissioner of the state of Washington, turning Schively out in that way, if constitutional, would be better than the long, expensive and exasperating process of impeachment, though the latter proceeding would be doing more precise and thorough justice to the veteran grafter. If impeachment could be tried out and a proper result obtained speedily, it would commend itself as the better remedy, for Schiveley doubtless merits a full measure of disgrace, but an impeachment trial might last all summer, with little better practical results than would be obtained by abolishing the office and turning him out to grass in that way. In either case it will be strange if a great number of Republicans of the state of Washington do not hereafter vote independently, instead of "straight."

In his advocacy in his special message of a tax on corporations, President Taft urged, as one of its most valuable features, the publicity of gross and net earnings on actual investments that it would compel, but as drafted by the corporation attorneys in his cabinet this feature is omitted from the bill. That is, there will be no investigation of the accuracy of the returns made by corporations unless the secretary of the treasury has reason to believe they are false or incorrect—and there hasn't been a secretary of the treasury for many years, unless McVeagh is one, who would offend any great corporation by any intimation that it would ever tell anything but the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It looks as if the president had made quite a complete surrender to Aldrich and the interests that he serves.

There appears to have been a good deal of a farce in the prosecution of Broughton Brandenburg. What he published as the late Grover Cleveland's article was undoubtedly prompted in the main by Mr. Cleveland, and substantially expressed his sentiments—so what was the need of making a great fuss about it?

There is much talk in Spokane of recalling two councilmen, the recall amendment to the charter having been adopted at the last election in that city, and the Spokesman-Review says it was "meant for use," adding: "When citizens are convinced that their representatives are delaying public works and putting stumbling blocks in the way of an honest and capable official, the thing to do is to administer a strong dose of the medicine that is at hand." Portland councilmen will do well to keep this in mind.

MAYOR LANE

TOMORROW Portland will have a new mayor, and Mayor Lane, after four years as the chief executive of Portland, will return to private walks. There are enemies who will withhold credit from Mayor Lane's administration. Often men are to be applauded for the enemies they make. Many of his friends will claim this to be true of Mayor Lane.

Portland is a clean city. Few cities of its size in the country can point to an atmosphere more wholesome. Dens of vice with which the city formerly reeked are conspicuous by their absence. The human nastiness that roamed the streets or rendezvoused in convenient places is vastly minimized. One by one the cankers that festered here and there in the city's life have been eliminated, and step by step there has been progress toward a wholesome city. The ultimate in purification has, of course, not been realized. It will never be realized so long as men live in an imperfected existence. But it can be bettered, and it has been immensely bettered during the four years of Mayor Lane's stewardship. Throughout the period the influence of the administration has been on the side of cleanliness. The forces of the administration have borne heavily and always against abuses and vice. The attitude has been such as properly befitted the local government in a city of homes and such as deserves the applause of all good people. It will be well for Portland if through succeeding administrations no backward step be taken.

There will be other mayors of Portland. None past and none to come will ever reflect a chief executive as a public servant of greater integrity. In all the stormy issues and exigencies of his official life there has been none to question the uncompromising honesty of Mayor Lane. The public, friend and foe alike, knows that no concession or franchise that belonged to the people has been bartered away or unworthily bestowed by the retiring mayor. His chief critics are those who attack him because of his tactics of obstruction. How many times he was right and his critics wrong is something that the general public will never know. In coming years exigencies could arise in which the electorate may heartily wish for another like Mayor Lane in the executive chair. San Francisco would be a happier city if there had been a Mayor Lane to thwart her Ruef and her supervisors. The public loves integrity and rewards it. By that token as years pass even those who criticise will find much to applaud in the administration and the man that steps tonight out of the city hall of Portland. It has been an administration absolutely divorced from political manipulation. It has been a man who made not the slightest effort to build up a political machine, a man who in no sense used the mayoralty for personal purposes or as a private asset. The hope is that all future mayors of Portland may write a record equally clean.

A California professor is out with the announcement that 95 per cent of the house flies could be destroyed with little difficulty. He proposes to starve them and says that a careful collection of garbage, a little precaution by each household in not exposing kitchen refuse to the open air, a strict insistance on cleanliness in stables, careful protection of fruit, vegetables, meat and grocery supplies and a few minutes' vigorous work each day in every store, shop and residence will do the work. But when all these sources of food supply are cut off and flies are crazed with hunger, how will it fare with the bald headed man?

The senate has increased the house bill duty on steel, as the steel trust demanded "more," though it needs no protection at all, and its net profits are some $80,000,000 a year. On account of the proposed increase of duty on clothing, prices have already been raised by a heavy percentage by the manufacturers. And so it goes, all along the line of necessaries. The tariff is being revised by its friends, all right.

There will be no tax on tea, because that would bring in so much revenue that the trusts would suffer a little.

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.

The Merry Widow.

Portland, June 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—Whoever wrote the editorial in Sunday's Oregonian concerning "The Merry Widow," should brighten up a bit and try to not take things in such a serious light. "The Merry Widow" is a comic opera, and as such, was written, not to elevate the mind nor to educate the young girls in their teens," but to furnish amusement to theatre going people. It sounds ridiculous for an educated man to write up a comic opera in the way it appeared in the Oregonian last Sunday, for comic opera was never written to educate, but to amuse. People who go to such shows do not go with the idea of seeing anything like "Ben Hur," or that class of shows; they go for an evening of fun, to relieve the monotony of everyday life. If a person is always on the lookout for something on the low, vulgar order, he will find it in one show as well as another. For example: "Ben Hur" has a scene wherein is shown a prostitute leading Ben Hur away from the simple life. Shakespearean plays are also vulgar, but does the high minded writer of the editorial in the Oregonian hand that class of plays any little roast on that account? It seems to an entire outsider that the writer of that article is a crusty fellow, who can't see good in anything. It would be advisable for him to take a little soothing syrup to relieve his grouch. It gets tiresome to read such ravings, especially after the show has finished its engagement and could do no good whatever. To a person who has a common sense and practical education (not college bred) "The Merry Widow" was a good, amusing comic opera and nothing like what was painted up in the Oregonian. It's all in the way one's mind is affected when he is at the theatre. If they are hankering after something vulgar, they won't be satisfied till they find it.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Can Some Coin Collector Answer?

Portland, June 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have an old coin from the Northwestern Fur company, dated 1820. There is the form of a badger with the word "Northwest" over the badger and the word "Company" underneath. On the opposite side is a head with the word "Token" above it. I trust that you will give me any information possible concerning the coin.

W. D. HEDGE.

Socialism Not the Remedy.

Portland, June 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—In these days when Socialism is being proclaimed on every street-corner and large audiences listen in open mouthed astonishment while the Socialist orator brands the unbeliever as a fool or a sucker, would it not be interesting to examine with some criticism one or two of the main doctrines of this peculiar creed? It is a notorious fact that an argument may be supported by seemingly good logic and yet, if this logic is based on false premises, the result will be misleading and wrong. Evidently it is the disregarding of this fact which accounts for the success of the Socialist propaganda among a certain class of superficial thinkers. Now, one of the most important articles in the faith of Socialism declares, that "All wealth is created by labor," meaning apparently the physical labor of man, as no recognition is given to nature, and any promoter of arts or industries, however illustrious, who is not a physical laborer, is put down as an exploiter or a parasite.

To this we might say, first, that a very large part of the wealth of this world has been created and is being created, not by the labor of man, but by the forces of nature; the alchemy and chemistry of old mother earth as it were. This is so patent a fact as to scarcely need any explanation. But in utilizing this wealth man uses two things—brains and muscle. It was not the application of more muscle, however, which gave impetus to the enormous wealth producing power of the world today. It was when man, by using his brains, learned to apply such natural forces as steam or electricity to complicated machinery, that the sudden rise in the wealth of the nations began. And hence to ascribe the making of wealth chiefly to physical labor, is rather a doubtful undertaking.

Now it has been said by someone, that the question of how to produce wealth has been solved, but that it remains to find how to distributte it in equitable fashion. That this question of distribution with equity is indeed a momentous question no one can deny. That it will be solved, nay, that it must be solved, by this and coming generations, there can be little doubt, but that a practical solution will ever be found in any Utopian ideal, or in any lofty dream unsupported by facts or figures, such as Socialism would offer, this the writer not only seriously doubts, but even emphatically dares to disbelieve.

JOHN BULOW.

This Date in History.

1691—Boston visited by its sixth great fire.

1777—British evacuated New Jersey.

1820—Frederick Ferdinand Low, ninth governor of California, born in Frankfort, Mo.

1829—Silistria surrendered to the Russians.

1859—M. Blondin first crossed Niagara falls on a tight rope.

1863—General Schenck proclaimed martial law in Baltimore.

1894—Opening of the Tower bridge, across the River Thames at London.

1908—William H. Taft resigned as secretary of war.

Sir Joseph Hooker's Birthday.

Sir Joseph Hooker, the famous botanist, was born June 30, 1817, in Suffolk, England, and was educated at the University of Glasgow. At the age of 21 he accompanied the famous expedition of Sir James Clark Ross, fitted out by the British government for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism in the Antarctic seas. In 1846 he was appointed botanist to the geological survey of Great Britain. The following year Dr. Hooker undertook a journey to India to investigate the flora of a hitherto unexplored region of the Himalayas. Similar trips of exploration were made by him to Bengal, Syria, Palestine, Morocco and the Greater Atlas, and to California and the Rocky mountain region of America. The results of these researches were a number of superb volumes on the botany of the various regions visited.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Good-bye, June; don't come back for 11 months.

• •

Tomorrow Portland will have a new mayor; may he be truly successful.

• •

Congress is also imposing an enormous tax on the public's patience.

• •

The Columbia river is also "local"; it touches only six counties of Oregon.

• •

A rich mossback and an injunction are a heavily handicapping combination.

• •

But Colonel Hofer never pretended that it would be of any use for him to pray.

• •

The anti-weed ordinance ought to be better enforced this summer than it ever has been.

• •

The annual ice joke hasn't much point in Portland; nobody suffers long or much without ice.

• •

A whole lot of more unconstitutional things than the Crater Lake appropriation have been done.

• •

The new sultan of Turkey has only two wives. But he is an old man, and was in jail 33 years.

• •

Nor is it very strange that people of other religions consider the so-called Christian nations "heathens."

• •

President Taft is studying the What is Whiskey? question. Being a teetotaler, how can he be a judge?

• •

There is another nice thing about holding a public job; one always gets two weeks or more vacation on salary.

• •

Patten has bought a lot of cotton. Now if cotton should go up in price, Patten would be the cause, we suppose.

• •

Old Chaunce Depew doesn't try to joke much more, but he is himself a perpetual but not a funny joke on the people.

• •

Senator Bailey wants the trust lawbreakers sent to prison—he says. But he might wish to except his friend Pierce.

• •

They were going to get through with that tariff bill by the first of June, then by the first of July; now it looks like about September 1.

• •

Though few newly married people can take a honeymoon trip in a balloon or aeroplane, most of them can still live above the clouds a little while.

• •

A performing ape is entertaining the smart set of New York. But the overrich nincompoops can never hope to equal him in intelligence, much less in virtue.

• •

The irrepressible pessimist wants to know if we are never going to have a little cool weather in this town.—Chicago Record-Herald. Substitute "warm" for "cool" and this might fit Portland.

• •

King Edward, it is reported, has betaken himself to a simple, plain diet including at meals only one kind of wine. It is rather late in life to do this; Solomon was an old man when he reiterated: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

• •

Stand up, stand up, for Oregon; for Portland and the rest. For every county, every town, in some ways is the best. A man who'll run down such a state, or any place within it, should be advised to skip, and wait not a single needless minute. For old or young, for rich or poor, for every honest mind, there are room and chance, and success as sure, as one anywhere can find.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Ordinances passed for paving seven more blocks in Albany.

• •

Two Harney valley young men are walking home from Corvallis, where they have been attending the O. A. C.

• •

A rich strike has just been made at the Rawley copper mine on the Umpqua divide, near the head of Elk creek.

• •

A picture vendor at Enterprise was fined $15 and had his face severely punched besides, by the father of a woman he insulted.

• •

At Vernonia, on the third, there will be, according to a correspondent, 'a big celebration, a big parade, a big dance, a big crowd and a big time.

• •

There is a fine chance in Burns for capitalists to make good money by erecting a number of cottages for rent, says the News. Numerous young couples are getting married and going to housekeeping, but it is impossible to find vacant houses.

• •

A Prineville man recently discovered the outcrop of a lime deposit in the Bear Creek butte district, near where the gypsum deposit was discovered some time ago. Samples of the lime were taken to Prineville and tested, with the result that the quality is pronounced to be of the very best.

• •

The Newport Signal, inspired by the prospect of a railroad, drops into poetry, thus:

The good time, long delayed, is now coming,
Throw up your hats and sing the jubilee!
The electric cars will soon be humming
From Airlie to the City-by-the-Sea.

• •

Residents of Woodville who are showing a great spirit of progressiveness of late have succeeded in raising the $2000 which was required by the county court before a bridge would be constructed across the Rogue at that point. The amount was raised by subscription and will be used in building approaches to the bridge.

• •

We have as an asset a rich and fertile farming country tributary to Canby that is second to none in the state, says the Tribune. Our yield of cereals, fruits, vegetables and berries is far above the average of the northwest, and it is with but a few improvements of our methods the average production per acre can be materially increased.

• •

Work on the road into the Santiam mines is progressing. The stream of gold out of those hills is going to get started next year, or the year after. And it will grow larger and larger with every succeeding year, till after we are all dead and gone, says the Salem Statesman.

• •

The Grand Ronde farmer ought to feel good, says the Union Republican. There has not been a finer crop prospect in many years. Bounteous rains, followed by bright sunshine have placed Grand Ronde crops beyond the shadow of doubt. This fact coupled with indications of an unusual demand and stiff prices certainly ought to place the capsheaf upon Grand Ronde prosperity for another year.

• •

What has been for years known as the desert in northern Lake county, is now the home of hundreds of families. And they are not of the nomadic order, either. They are real home builders. Nice cottages dot the land, farms are fenced and crops have been put in, all presenting a picture of progress and improvement that cannot but impress the old timer and the former riders of the plains. Christmas Lake valley and the Fort Rock country are settled up completely. There will be a large further influx of settlers next fall.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

The Influence of Athens—By Thomas B. Macaulay

(From a review of "Mitford's History of Greece," which was published in 1810.)

If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable. But what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness?

Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude. Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens. The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of he mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man.

Her freedom and her power have, for more than 20 centuries, been annihilated; her people have degeneratd into timid slaves; her language, into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And, when those who have rivaled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the scepter shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his net in the river of the 10,000 masts—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

The Call of the Hills.

I list its sound in the night,
The surge song of the sea;
I mark it, a welter of white
Or gray with the driven rain;
I watch it broad and bright,
A sapphire harmony—
But the hills call and the rills call,
so it's ho for the hills again.

The ships go wavering by,
And fade on the faint sea rim,
Graceful the white gulls fly,
Their cry like a far refrain;
The low wind comes like a sigh
From the outer islands dim—
But the hills call and the rills call,
so it's ho for the hills again.

I turn my back on the foam,
On the long curved line of shore,
On the dunes and the reedy loam,
And the murmur of the main
Oh, the hill man seeks his home
As the sailor the ocean's roar;
Hark! the hills call and the rills
call, so it's ho for the hills again.

—Clinton Scollard in New York Sun.

Because the blowing out of fuses has caused panics among passengers, new cars being built at St. Louis are carrying the fuses on the outside, the smoke and discharged material passing through slatted openings to the outer air.

The REALM FEMININE

The Use of Windows.

WHAT do you do with your windows? Are they an annoyance, a care or a pleasure? For the edification of the neighbors or for your own comfort and happiness? Do they show you the follies and frailties of humankind, or do they bring into your life the beauties of the outside world—happy glimpses of the bright things of life?

Windows are interesting—they are such clear expositions of the life of the people who look through them.

Of course, you want your windows bright and shining—so clear that you can't see that they are there. Grimy, flyspecked windows are most unpleasant; but do you know it would be better to live in some homes with the windows covered with some impenetrable substance, even dust, than to see through them only what some unfortunate people see.

What people? Why, those who see nothing except the faults of their neighbors, for instance, or who gather from what passes within their view only enough to make a bit of scandal, or who never look out into the outside world without finding something wrong with the weather. For these people the windows might well be painted or hung with gray cloth in somber folds. Their windows bring them nothing worth having, any way.

There are some people whose windows exist only for the benefit of the neighbors. They are kept clean, and stiff, white curtains are hung against them, curtains which when "done up" are to be held inviolate, never to be insulted by the presence of a cigar, never to be touched by little restless hands. The curtains are "done up" and the windows are washed, so that the neighbors may think that the occupants of that house are clean, nice people. To push a curtain aside so that one might look out would be sacrilegious. Don't you see that the curtains are done up?

It is from the home of the done up kind that the children flee to find recreation and amusement. When the boys grow big enough to want their friends and pleasant evenings they go to the other fellows' homes. They know well enough that their friends will not be welcome in their own, for it is a house which is perpetually done up in one way or another, and where the machinery by which it is run is the most important thing in the world.

There are other windows which exist for the sake of being covered with heavy, dark green shades which are always drawn down to the narrowest edge of light. To enter the room of perpetual twilight after being out in the free sunlight is a shock to one's sensibilities. The air is damp and still. The ornaments upon the mantel shelf are immaculately clean and maddeningly precise. No cheery child's voice rings through the halls. The servants move noiselessly on soft carpets and a sad sense of having nothing left to yearn for comes creeping over the visitor. Life seems suddenly to be so wonderfully dull, so much trouble, so monotonous.

It is a marvel that anyone ever has the courage to whistle a cheerful tune like the teamster driving past. Life is such a solemn, sad, dreary task. If one has to live in a tomb, why not have it frankly a tomb with no windows at all? Solid masonry is certainly preferable to windows of glass perpetually covered with heavy shades.

But sometimes one has the pleasure of entering a home where the windows are real windows, made to let in the sunlight and the free, fresh air. In such a home every window frames a picture which has the advantage of the painted ones on the walls that it changes with the seasons and brings always something new and fresh within range. In such a home one window looks out upon a tree, tender with new green in the first days of spring, heavy with leafage in the summer when it shelters nestling birds, yellow or gay with autumnal coloring in the fall, white with snow or etched in clear brown lines, in the winter, a renewed pleasure to the outlooker.

Or perhaps one window in such a home looks out upon a village street, and the little children who trot by to school stop to wave a hand at a cheery face which looks out upon them, and eager girls and boys look to see if mother is sitting there with her sewing as soon as they turn the corner. It is not hung with touch-me-not curtains, but little chubby faces and dimpled hands are pressed upon it watching, when twilight begins to fall, for "papa" to come.

It is full of humanities, that window. Sometimes it blooms out with a cheerful growing plant or in it hangs a Christmas wreath, or it displays some other token of a broad, cheerful, human companionship.

It has a mission, has that window, which is not to exclude sunlight or to reveal petty faults or to discover the sins of mankind, but to bring all that is best in the outdoors into the life within, to tone up and invigorate those who live with it, and to express an unaffected companionable interest in humanity.

Windows are very interesting. What do you do with yours?

Little Helps.

WHEN cutting new bread, a housewife says, always put the knife in hot water first and you will find that it facilitates the cutting.

To renovate leather furniture wash it with soap and water and when dry apply a little petroleum ointment, rubbed in with the hand. Let it remain till next morning, then polish with a soft duster. This treatment will prevent the leather from cracking.

To remove paint and putty from window glass put sufficient saleratus into hot water to make a strong solution, and with this saturate the paint or putty, which adheres to the glass. Let it remain till nearly dry, then rub off with a woolen cloth.

To take white spots from varnished furniture hold a hot plate over them and they will disappear.

A few drops of oil of lavender in a silver bowl or ornamented dish of some kind, half filled with very hot water, and set in the dining room just before dinner is served, gives a delightful and intangible freshness to the atmosphere of the apartment.

The Cheer Up Poet

(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.)

"Cheer up, my friends," the poet wrote; "though dark the night, the dawn is near," and other optimistic stuff too lengthy to be quoted here. His words were fraught with faith and hope, and I, whom Fate had swatted hard, to learn his cheerful formula, went forth and found the noted bard. I found him in his cot, where he had slain the man who read his proof, and he was saying sultry things that ripped the shingles from the roof. I asked him why he didn't read those rhymes of his, which brace the heart, which scatter sunshine through the world, and bid the shades of woe depart; which help the weary and relieve the stricken in this world of care, and bring a gleam of courage to the soul that bends beneath despair. "This cheer up graft," he coarsely said, "will do, on which to string a rayme, but these weird freaks who read my proofs just keep me hopping all the time."

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