EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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He will never enjoy the sweets of spring, nor will he obtain the honeycombs of Mount Hybla if he dreads his face being stung, or is annoyed by briars. The rose is guarded by its thorn, the honey is defended by the bee.
—From the Latin.

ECONOMY OR WASTE

THE WATER business of Portland is an enormous activity. It ought not to be conducted on a basis of waste. Wastefulness is destructive of success. In any business wastefulness is the precursor and means of bankruptcy.

When it is paid for on a flat rate there is not a family in the world but will waste water. The faucets are left open in cold weather to prevent freezing. The lawn is over sprinkled in hot weather. If there is a leak nobody cares whether it is stopped or not. The wasted water doesn't cost the head of the house anything, but to repair the leak will. The added cost of the wasted water falls on the city, so the leak is allowed to run.

If the truth were known, it is probable that it would be found that metered homes are now using 25 to 50 per cent less water than before the meters were installed. It is as natural for them to conserve water as it is to be economical in the purchase of food and clothing. In the matter of water they are on a business basis and are husbanding water for the city just as they would for themselves. Every head of a house is a water inspector and everybody in the house is also. Every such home is protecting the city's water business because each is saved money by doing so.

The principle applied throughout the city would result in a saving that would be colossal in its proportions. It would postpone for years the day when another costly pipe line to the mountains would have to be built. It would postpone the day of another bond sale and save the city piled up interest charges. It would put water distribution on a sound business basis, with the city receiving 100 cents for every dollar's worth of water delivered. Contrasted with a meterless system in which everybody in the house is tempted to use all the water possible because it costs no more, it is incomparably saner and infinitely safer. With different districts in the city paying rents on different dates through the month, the number of inspectors could be reduced to the minimum and the reading of meters become a matter of trifling expense in contrast with the thousands upon thousands of dollars saved. The man who used $5 worth of water a month would pay $5 for it and the man who used 50 cents worth would pay but 50 cents.

The principle is so just, so fair, so equitable and so economical that it would seem to be absolutely beyond the realm of cavil or difference of opinion. If a man using 50 cents' worth of water is to be taxed the same as the man using and wasting $5 worth, why not tax the $1000 cottage the same as the $50,000 mansion? In principle what is the difference?

MILLIONS FOR EDUCATION

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has given $10,000,000 more to the cause of higher education, which gives the general educational board created by him a total fund of $52,000,000. This is undoubtedly a good cause, and such gifts, viewed apart from the methods by which the money was gained, are greatly to be commended. Yet there are even better ways of spending large sums of money if the object be to practically benefit humanity, to decrease poverty and disease and suffering, and to connect landless people with unused or little used land and teach them to live better. To dispel or decrease ignorance is most excellent work, but ignorance is of many kinds, and a higher education does not reach and cannot be made applicable to more than a small fraction of it. The trouble with higher education, though it be excellent as far as it can go, is that it, like most preaching and lecturing, does not reach the people most needing to be benefited. It is fine seed, but it is unfitted for and cannot reach most of the soil needing cultivation. We would not have less education, but would have it broadened rather than raised in height, would have it carried and disseminated to those who most need education along material, practical lines and in a way to meet the needs of the masses. What a vast amount of good could be done, not in what is popularly known as charity, but in practical help to people to better their own conditions, with a fund of $52,000,000.

THE MAYOR AND PARKS

TO THIS extent Mayor Simon is correct as to parks—he should not permit the city to be robbed in making purchases of tracts. The speculative values that some owners have sought to exact are indefensible and should not be paid. They are figures far above the real value and a part of the real value has been created by increase of population. They are values in some cases many times that given in by the owner for purposes of taxation, and for public purposes the latter figure should be taken in consideration in arriving at a purchase price. The parks are wanted, not for individual, but for the collective purpose, and in resisting the policy of holdup the mayor is fully justified.

But on the general subject of parks Mayor Simon's point of view is wrong. His contention that Portland has enough parks is not defensible. If Mr. Simon were mayor of Timbuctoo he would doubtless insist that Sahara had enough oases. The desert wanderer on the burning sands would have a different point of view. The fathers and mothers of Portland, with children to nurture and rear, disagree with Mr. Simon. To their children fresh air is as heart's blood, and the great outdoors a godsend. Their health and their hope is an occasional romp, not on the stony street or hardened pavement, but in the bosom of nature as reflected in the park. The bane of every city is its lack of playgrounds and parks. All the cities of the country are learning it, and at enormous expense are hastening to repair their mistakes. Kansas City had no parks seven years ago, but now has more than 2000 acres.

The Portland of today is not the Portland of the future. As fast as brick and mortar, hammer and nails, saws, lumber and labor can contrive it, Portland is expanding. We are catalogued for more extensions and more and more congestion. The note against parks ignores the future as suggested by human experience. Realty values are more reachable now than later on. The city has its remedy for reasonable purchase by condemnation proceedings. The people have expressed their desire at the sovereign ballot box. The mayor's position as to prices is sound, but his view that Portland has enough parks is a note from those well remembered days when Portland slept the deep sleep of mossbackism and the apples fell from the trees and rotted in Oregon.

PORTLAND SHOULD EXPAND

THE SUGGESTION of Senator Bourne — and others — that Portland should do some geographical expansion before the next census is taken, is one that ought to receive prompt and active attention. To take in districts essentially but not legally parts of the city, so that their people will be enumerated as residents of Portland in the federal census next year, a special election must be held and the desired result obtained, it is stated, by April 15 next. There is time enough to bring about this result—providing the voters of the several outlying districts are so inclined—but the process will require considerable time, even in preliminary and missionary or educational work—and this should not be put off much longer.

It is of much importance that Portland should make as good a showing as possible in the census next year. That census will stand officially for the city's population for ten years. And the larger showing that can honestly be made the more emphatic and noticeable the figures will be as showing Portland's great gain since 1900. The figures next year ought to be a very valuable standing advertisement for this city for years to come.

For this reason it is important to induce these outlying districts to come in, and to show them that it will be profitable to do so. This will take some work, and it is scarcely too early to start this movement actively and determinedly.

AWAKENING CHINA

THAT THERE is a genuine and widespread "awakening" in China is reported from many sources. This change, yet in its initial stage, is broadly threefold, political, social and industrial, though it would be erroneous to confine it even to these broad fields. There are the corelated or included commercial, educational, religious and other aspects to be considered. Just what China's political system really is only students who have given special attention to the subject know. Like many phases of their life, it is to the western mind somewhat mysterious. Nor can any very definite prediction be made as to the changes that are likely to take place.

The changes in the commercial and industrial fields are somewhat easier of estimation. China is undoubtedly going to revolutionize her methods and ideas of many centuries along these lines, and to a great extent will follow the example of Japan. Captain Robert Dollar, in an interview published in The Journal on his return from that country, said that even within three years China will have adopted a system of compulsory education, railroads will be penetrating the vast domain from border to border in the near future and the monetary standard will have been changed from silver to gold. It will also be educating its children more at home, and many of its young men abroad, as Japan has done, and gradually succeeding education must come some changes in the religious beliefs and customs of the country.

These changes will go on, perhaps not without some internal strife, for many years, but if they proceed rapidly, as seems probable, it will not take very long for China to become a powerful nation in all ways, and in half a century, or possibly half that time, what is to hinder China from becoming a power of the very first class, outranking all but possibly the United States and Great Britain?

China has an immense and a vastly resourceful territory; its products, like ours, are greatly varied; it has vast forests, many rivers, rich mines, fertile soil and access to the sea. It has a population of some 600,000,000, perhaps many more, and while the masses are now beclouded with ignorance and superstition, they are by no means a people incapable of great development. They are industrious, thrifty, good business people, self-reliant and patient. Once they become truly and generally progressive, in the broad western sense of that term, it is difficult to imagine any limits to their march of progress.

Thomas A. Edison again announced recently that his new storage battery is an accomplished fact, and he declares that it "solves one of the growing problems of streetcar traffic in large cities, and will do away with horses there entirely in a short time." A mass of details is given that is not clearly understandable to the general reader, but among other things he says that the cells of his perfected storage battery vary in weight from 13½ to 18 pounds. He says a 60 cell battery of 18 pounds each is the kind that will carry a one ton truck from New York to Philadelphia in less than a third of the time it would take a team of horses to haul the same load. He places the durability of this battery at four years. Whether this battery can be used in aerial navigation is as yet uncertain. As to the entire elimination of horses from large cities, Mr. Edison is mistaken, but he may not mean to be taken quite literally.

Less than a year ago Mr. Bryan said in a speech that "the Republican party is impotent to accomplish the reforms that are imperatively needed," and with unanswerable logic gave as the sufficient reason that to effect these reforms it would have to condemn itself and drive most of its leaders out of public life. For weeks past Senator Aldrich and his followers have been proving conclusively the truth of Mr. Bryan's statements, as Mr. Payne and Speaker Cannon had been doing for weeks before, and as congress will do this month. Not a reform will have been accomplished, except possibly some little reduction of a duty here and there. Not a "Roosevelt policy" will have been even momentarily considered. But then, would reforms be sure under the Democrats, judging by the votes of many of them?

In the noted Warner-Young will case in Umatilla county, which has in all consumed months of the court's time and cost the county and litigants thousands of dollars, handwriting experts have been the star witnesses. They gave evidence that all the wills except the original one —which had never till now been assailed—were forgeries, and now other handwriting experts testify that this will is itself a forgery. All this testimony may be true—we make no insinuation that it is not honest—but with money to employ experts any writing can thus be proved either genuine or a forgery, or both. Old man Young before he died said he had "left his estate for his relatives to quarrel over, and they will have a h—ll of a time," and he made a true prediction.

At latest accounts the crops have been injured by the heavy rains only in a few spots in eastern Washington and northern Idaho and on the whole, taking the Pacific northwest over have been greatly benefited. The gains will apparently exceed the losses many times over, when pasturage, potatoes and other crops are taken into consideration.

Work has begun on the Madison street bridge. It is expected that the structure will be open to public use by March. The prospect is gratifying. The gratification would be heightened by announcement of operations of proportionate celerity on the Broadway bridge.

Two trees scaling 7000 feet and measuring 90 and 110 feet, respectively, were logged and sawed at a Union county mill.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overhalt.

A California lady saved her life by stabbing an infuriated mountain lion with a hat pin. Now, we suppose the

law regulating the length of hat pins will have to be changed again. Bert Farrell didn't give the subject enough consideration.

A man and woman were marooned on an island in the Snake river near Pasco and were rescued after a thrilling experience. "Keep your eye on Pasco!"

Whenever a man becomes too poor to support himself he acquires a dog. He may try to avoid the calamity, may, even shun a dog as he shuns physical exercise. He may be a first rate shunner, too, but he will eventually get the dog. Nothing but death or wealth can stop it.

According to a Portland minister, the end of the world is about due. But I am not going to take any stock in the prediction. Almost every eight or ten months now for the past 20 years I have packed up my suitcase and paid

my board bill, put on a clean collar and otherwise prepared to leave in a hurry, only to be compelled to unpack and begin all over again to acquire another board bill. They don't fool me that way any more.

Because a baker makes a specialty of good bread should he be called a "Wise Man of the Yeast?"

Water is composed of oxygen, hydrogen and bathing resorts. Bathing resorts are composed of mermaids, old maids and mere maids. The mermaids stay in the water all the time, the old maids stay in until after dark, and the mere maids never go in at all.

A peculiar story of the wonderful curative powers of the waters of a health factory down in California was told me the other day which sounded first rate. It was about a man who went to this resort with a wooden leg and a wife. He bathed in the waters for a few days and he noticed leaves beginning to grow on his wooden limb. After two months of bathing he picked four gallons of Alberta peaches off the limb.

Vacation Time

(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.)

To country lanes the toiler beats his way from dismal city streets. To country lanes, where bud and sprout the kind of flowers you read about, and fat red birds sit round and sing, and bumblebees and hornets sting. The modest cottage on the farm for city guys exerts a charm; through all our grinding days of toil, we're yearning for the virgin soil, the bucket hanging in the well, the johnnie-jump-ups in the dell, the humble meal of bread and milk, the grapes, and honey fine as silk. And when we reach the farmer's cot—the Mecca of our yearning thought, the honest farmer feeds us beans, and moldy prunes and canned sardines, and rank bologna shipped from town, denatured milk to wash it down. The moss grown bucket in the well, the johnnie-jump-ups in the dell, are visions of a fevered brain; the fat red birds are all insane; the milk, the honey and the grapes, are nothing more than phantom shapes; the only time we feel a thrill is when the host hands in his bill. And so the guys come back to town, sad, but resolved to live it down.

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

This Date in History.

1654—A full court of commissioners met at Warwick, R. I., and signed articles of agreement.

1779—Americans made an unsuccessful assault on the British works at Stony Point.

1804—Alexander Hamilton, American statesman, died. Born January 11, 1757.

1817—Henry D. Thoreau, American author, born. Died May 6, 1862.

1855—A convention of the friends of slavery met at Lexington, Mo.

1862 — Confederates captured Murfreesboro, Tenn., after a severe fight.

1870—New harbor and docks at Cape Town inaugurated by the Duke of Edinburgh.

1895—Much damage done by forest fires in northern Michigan.

1908—Senor Jose Domingo Obaldia elected president of Panama.

"I Told You So."

From the Success Magazine.

An old couple lived in the mountains of eastern Tennessee; he was 95 and she 90. Their son, a man of 70, died. As the old folks crossed the pasture to their cabin after the burial, the woman noticed a tear roll down her husband's cheek. She patted him tenderly on the arm, and said:

"Never mind, John, never mind; you know I always said we never would raise that boy."

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Now Cannon will take a hand.

• •

What will President Taft do about it?

• •

Weather reform is also needed.

• •

Be thankful; the senate is through with it.

• •

There's plenty of work for the new officials.

• •

But think of the fine sunshine we'll have next fall.

• •

The harvest will soon be "in full blast"—unless it rains.

• •

Yet everybody who sometimes rests is not necessarily a loafer.

• •

The fly crop is also very short, so far, nobody complains of that.

• •

Hay will be a short crop. But Washington has a good Governor Hay.

• •

Considering the sort of a spring it was, there will be great crops.

• •

Never count your crops until the ante-harvest weather is all over.

• •

Dr. Eliot's five foot shelf of books would not suit many vacationers.

• •

A piece of new railroad or a big factory is better than a Dreadnought.

• •

A defeated lawyer can always "go down to the tavern and swear at the judge."

• •

Not many Chinese are criminals, but when one is a bad one he is hard to catch.

• •

We still beat Japan in civilization. Over there they put sugar thieves in jail.

• •

Every brand of New York politics, on examination, is worse than any of the others.

• •

The horrible monstrosity will soon be up to President Taft. Can he still smile in the face of it?

• •

Several cows up in eastern Washington have gone crazy. Possibly they got cuds of the Aldrich tariff bill.

• •

That college professor who said that girls should flirt more and study less is doubtless considered by them a lovely old dear.

• •

The wheat crop of the Pacific northwest will apparently be bushels short of the prospect three or four months ago, yet may beat all records but one.

• •

"Great God Almighty, 847 amendments!" exclaimed Champ Clark. But there is no use in this appeal. "They are joined to their idols; let them alone."

• •

Minister of Finance Callaux and Deputy Bors had a duel and fired two shots at each other at short range, but neither was hit, so they are as mad at each other as ever.

• •

Suppose a mountain lion had attacked an Oregon girl, and that hatpin bill had become a law; wouldn't its author have had to be guarded by a cordon of police?

• •

Yet names could be suggested to the mayor of men who are not paying any more taxes than they ought to in support of municipal development and progress. They're the hardest kickers, too.

• •

At any time, in any clime, unnumbered beauties show that Nature's hand has spread on land, from mount to sea below. The emerald hills, the rippling rills, the mottled valleys wide, the feeding herds, the darting birds, the glow at eventide; the changeful clouds, the changing crowds, the growing of the dawn, sun glint or shade in mountain glade, the flowers on the lawn; the ripening grain, the cooling rain, the frescoes of the frost; e'en buildings high that in cities vie in height and breadth and cost. Look where you will, you'll find it still, in sky or on the ground, on land and sea, in beast or tree, God's beauty doth abound.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Medford continues to pave.

• •

Rains greatly helped crops in Lake county.

• •

Austin is booming—until the railroad moves on.

• •

A Telocasset man's lamb crop was 118 per cent.

• •

Rains insure big crops in Klamath county valleys.

• •

Good road being made from Lebanon to Sweet Home.

• •

Rains did great good throughout the Willamette valley.

• •

Increased activity in real estate around Jacksonville.

• •

For the first time in its history Union has a sprinkling wagon.

• •

Grant county is going to develop greatly in the near future.

• •

Litigation over a Klamath county $10 calf has cost nearly $10,000.

• •

An unusually fine crop of hazlenuts in Washington county is reported.

• •

Nearly 1000 acres will be irrigated by a new project near Prineville.

• •

One acre of strawberries in Wallowa valley yielded $5000, it is claimed.

• •

A Tillamook man's cows made for him $15.47 each in butter during May.

• •

Medford will try next year to get the county seat away from Jacksonville.

• •

The Salem cherry fair was, of course, a big success, notwithstanding the clouds.

• •

Wellborers at Athena, when down 30 feet, "lost the hole," says the Press, and are now down 90 feet on another one.

• •

After waiting, working and fighting for seven long years a Siletz man has just received his patent to his homestead.

• •

Salem Statesman: The rains did an immense amount of good. The good is ahead of the bad accomplished, about a thousand times.

• •

After traveling and examining places in the west for months, a Massachusetts man bought 15 acres in Hood River valley, for a home.

• •

The Freewater and Milton Fruitgrowers' association has arranged to dispose of the entire prune crop this year at $30 a ton, the highest for several years.

• •

The largest assembly of strawberry pickers ever to get together in Linn county were at the Swink place, near Lebanon, last Thursday, when between 300 and 400 people were in his patch in one day. He has 16 acres in bearing.

• •

Eastern Oregon is going forward and Umatilla county heads the column, says the East Oregonian. It is the march of progress and the press furnishes the music. The proper tune is one of courage and cheer.

• •

Thirty orchardists of the Rogue River valley utilize the space between the rows of trees in young orchards to grow crops of hay, grain, corn, melons and other staples, thereby securing revenue sufficient to maintain the groves until they come into bearing.

• •

A man near Medford is said (perhaps by somebody with a fertile imagination) to have produced a deep-rooted vine which brings three crops of berries in a season, which result has been obtained by grafting alfalfa roots on the roots of the strawberry vine.

• •

A Haystack, Crook county, man says the average price on eight head of horses recently sold was $165 per head. Since the first of July one year ago he has sold $4000 worth of horses which he raised as well as $1000 worth of hogs. Nothing for horse raising like living at Haystack.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

Equality at Elections—By Frederic T. Greenhalge

(From his speech on the federal elections bill in the United States house of representatives, June 29, 1890.)

They tell us upon the other side that the proposed measure is revolutionary. I should say, Mr. Speaker, that when you consider the causes, the events which brought into existence this republic, the noblest of all commonwealth, ancient or modern, the application of the term "revolutionary" is, to say the least, unfortunate. It must have been devised by some consummate master of infelicitous expression upon that side (and I know there are many), because it is a matter of common knowledge that the people of this country are accustomed to associate with the term "revolution" the idea of independence, of political equality, of civil liberty. If this measure is revolutionary it is in the high sense in which the declaration of independence is revolutionary, in the same sense in which the Virginia bill of rights is revolutionary, in the same sense in which the constitution itself is revolutionary. Why, to call this bill revolutionary is a contradiction in terms if what is meant is that in its relation to the constitution and the laws it is revolutionary. Its whole purpose, aim and scope, leaving out of account any question of imperfection of detail of this or that feature upon which honest men may differ as to its being expedient or objectionable, its whole aim and purpose is to conserve, to defend, to save the constitution and to give equal political rights to every one of the people of the United States.

Mr. Speaker, when we consider this bill in these aspects, from this standpoint, I think we have a right to repel the accusations and insinuations that have been made that this is a bill in the interest of partisan aggrandizement. I say here, upon my honor as a representative, if I believed that, I would not vote for this bill, nor for any section, clause or line contained in it. Mr. Speaker, I look at this question in a widely different manner from that of a partisan. I think there is a deeper and broader and more pregnant meaning than that, and I reason in this way: The theory of this government vests all sovereignty in the people. The only way in which the people can exercise that sovereignty is by means of the ballot. The ballot is the very breath of life of the body politic. Stifle the ballot and you strangle the body politic, you strangle the people, and if a political wrong is done in one state of this union, that wrong causes a thrill, a vibration, a shock through every state in the whole union. So perfect, Mr. Speaker, is this union today, thank God—the union of this vast republic, across which "Deep calleth unto deep," the Atlantic to the Pacific, the gulf to Superior—so close, so sensitive, yet so strong, is this fabric, extending over this vast area, that a wrong done to the meanest citizen in the remotest corner of this union is felt as a personal wrong to every citizen in the most distant part of our land, and it is necessary that this feeling should exist, that it should be cultivated. Why, sir, a crime against the ballot is a crime not only against the man, the individual, it is a crime against the majesty of the state; it is a crime against the majesty of the United States throned here—here in this noble capitol. And if you permit a wrong to be done to the humblest citizen, white or black—a political wrong, "the danger light upon your character"—that wrong will come home to you in whatever section of the country you may live.

They tell us, Mr. Speaker, that involved in the question before the house is a mighty and stupendous problem; that there is, in effect here, a race issue; that we are attempting by this bill to establish an empire of ignorance over knowledge, of barbarism over civilization, of an inferior race over a superior. God forbid! I would be no party to any movement or measure of that sort. But I am surprised that this cry of distress comes from that strong race which has trod the earth for a thousand years a conqueror. Now, I do not believe that under any law, in any system of society, the brute force of Caliban can ever overcome the magic power of Prospero's intellect. Only in one case, Mr. Speaker, can that result ever follow. That case is when the master intellect stoops to use the base and brutish methods of the slavish monster at his feet. It is only then that any community is in danger from what are called the lowest and worst classes. The kingly power of one man's intellect will sway by the arts of justice and truth scores and hundreds and thousands of inferior beings, and the same rule is truer where one race has been accustomed to hold a subordinate position and the other race has always held the position of the superior.

William Osler's Birthday.

Dr. William Osler, famous as a physician and educator, was born in Tecumseh, Ont., July 12, 1849, and received his education at McGill university, Montreal. For ten years he was a member of the faculty of McGill university. In 1884 he left that institution to become professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. From 1889 to 1905 Dr. Osler was professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins university and since 1905 he has been regius professor of medicine at Oxford university. Several years ago Dr. Osler had fame thrust upon him by his reported declaration that 60 years was the limit of man's usefulness. Subsequently, however, he disclaimed having ever made such a statement.

The REALM FEMININE

THE following retort courteous is from a housewife who has views of her own on the other side of the question of being kind to women agents and solicitors.

"The otherwise gentle and amiable housewife is not altogether to blame if she looks with suspicion, and bristles with defensives when the woman agent or solicitor comes to her door.

"If her housework could be arranged on some automatic plan whereby she had only to push a button and set things in motion, she might be more open to censure. But at present she has one pair of hands and one pair of feet, with a few short hours into which she must crowd her work—work that she never seems able to finish.

"She begins her day with the very best of intentions and good will to men. She gets the father off for business in good season and good spirits; puts the finishing touches on the youngsters and waves them off on their way to school—that is, all but the youngest, who is still home and at that joyful age when he needs constant watching and running after.

"Of course, her work is all nicely planned. First, the ever-present dishes are to be done; then the beds; and with a little brushing up there will be time before lunch to do the little dab of ironing left over from yesterday. Really, a servant would be a much needed help to her, but as the money is all going into real estate, building or improvements of some sort, it is out of the question.

"As the dish washing operation is about to begin, Mrs. Smith, from next door, calls her out to see a particularly beautiful rosebud on her newest bush. She takes the baby and goes gladly, for she loves the out of doors and wishes she had more time for it, but just now the call of the dishes hurries her in again.

"As they are well under way, Mrs. Brown, from across the street, comes in to use the telephone and she is delighted to have her—and to chat with her for a few minutes, as all good neighbors do. Being thus delayed a little the meat and grocery men come separately before she has finished those dishes and she must stop and think what is to be ordered for the day. At last the dishes are done and she goes at the upstairs work with the baby, of course, in attendance.

"A ring at the door bell soon brings her down for the sole purpose of assuring a coffee solicitor that she is perfectly satisfied with the brand she now uses and does not care to make a change. Up again she goes and is almost through when she has to answer the bell once more to tell the inquirer that she does not know where Mrs. Green lives. Just to be comforting, she takes the time to ask if this is surely the street that Mrs. Green lives on, possibly it's the wrong number given, and a few such.

"While she is down this trip the irons are put on to heat so they will be hot when she has finished. She is permitted to reach the top of the stairs, where she is obliged to turn and some down again to tell the party who rang the phone that he had the wrong number. Of course, five or six such unnecessary trips up and down stairs in a morning do not mean anything to a busy woman, either in time consumed or in patience overworked.

"At last she reaches the ironing stage and with that the door bell and telephone seem to have become possessed of evil spirits. Trouble on the line keeps the telephone bell going at frequent intervals; and never once for her, yet she always has to answer it for fear it might be. And the door bell! First to receive a religious tract that will never be read; next to refuse to subscribe for a yellow newspaper; then the mail that the postman is now required to deliver in person; and in fact an endless procession of agents, solicitors, distributors and otherwise, who feel at perfect liberty to ring her bell and bother her with things she does not want at all.

"By actual count, the bell has rung 11 times while she was trying to iron two shirtwaists and her patience is a thing of the past and her nerves of the present moment. She feels that she will scream if that bell rings again. It does. This time she answers it all ready for the fray. There isn't a thing in the world that she wants but a little peace and she is prepared to say so.

"A lady with a large handbag of the latest fashion greets her with a smiling, 'Good morning Mrs. Jones. May I speak to you a minute please?' It sounds harmless but for some reason that bag arouses her suspicion, and intuition seems to warn that a solicitor is at hand.

"In the moment of her hesitation she is lost for the lady agent has gracefully made her entrance, is seated, and launched forth on the glories of the article presented. That is her business and no matter if it is something that Mrs. Jones would not buy if she had a million dollars, she is a good solicitor and is going to try and create the desire for it. She creates the desire, and it is an intense one, but not to buy the $50 or $60 set of books that she is hurling at Mrs. Jones' defenseless head. Buy books indeed! When she can't even have a new rug to cover that torn place in the hall carpet that she is forever catching her heel in.

"For a full half hour she writhes in the clutches of the perfectly charming lady solicitor until she can't stand it another minute. Rising in the midst of a most eloquent description she shows the lady to the door with such grace as she can command under the circumstances—which isn't saying much. Then she rescues the baby who has made his escape and been having a lovely time with the hose, and is dripping wet. A complete change of clothes for him and lunch time is close upon her.

"Once more the door bell rings and she can't afford to take chances this time. Approaching the door with stealth, as it were, she opens it enough to see another woman—that is sufficient. To be sure the woman looks harmless and only wishes to see her a minute; but wisdom is born of experience and this time she does not hesitate. She takes the situation into her own hands, tells the woman that she is 'too busy,' and firmly closes the door in the midst of further remarks from the lady outside.

"Mrs. Jones really does not enjoy being rude to people and probably feels guilty over her treatment of the ladies in question, but what else could the poor woman do?

"Women of the soliciting world, school teachers, etc., who are going into the work for vacation, recreation and such, put yourselves in Mrs. Jones' place. Remember that you are only one of many who come to her door each day, so use discretion and remember the golden rule.

"If she greets you with a haunted, or worried-to-death look, be generous and go your way in peace so that she doesn't feel guilty for turning a woman away from her door. Go joyously and without resentment, for the sight of your smile may ease her load a bit and she will rise up and call you blessed—even if you are only a woman agent or solicitor who came to her door."

Just His Luck.

From the Youth's Companion.

"Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep, lifting up his voice in loud wales.

"The b-baby fell d-down stairs!" blubbered Tommy.

"Oh, that's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!"

"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"