EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present: "I am rising to a man's work."—Marcus Aurelius.

MAYOR SIMON'S OPPORTUNITY

"MAYOR SIMON has the opportunity of a lifetime." The statement is by the Washington County News of Forest Grove. It is made in the course of an intelligent discussion of "Portland's Great Opportunity," and the article appears elsewhere on this page. Explaining what the mayor's opportunity consists in the paper says a city cannot be built on lines of too great economy. "A broad gauge policy toward all industries, liberality toward all needed improvements and encouragement and aid toward their construction", are set forth as the means by which the mayor can most aid Portland in her great opportunity.

The News' suggestion is one of broad leadership by the mayor. If the dominant note from the mayor's office be dismal the progress of the city will be dismal. If it be one of hope and great things for the city, there will be hope and great things for Portland. If the mayor's office is a headquarters for calamity howling the city might as well hang its harp on a weeping willow tree. If it be the headquarters of city building and optimism, nothing can arrest a city's progress.

Men need leaders. Nations need leaders. The official head of a city, state or nation is in the position to give out the slogan of progress or non-progress. President Taft is leading in the elevation of the courts, and already there is a movement that is countrywide. He is its inspiration and the guarantee that it will be successful. His position makes him powerful to lead. Lincoln's leadership was for an undivided nation, and the nation is still one. A weaker man, a halting man, a man playing politics in the executive chair would have seen the union split in twain, with two peoples, two governments and two flags where there is now but one. To a large degree the citizen body takes its cue from a wise leadership. It becomes discouraged when its official head is unfriendly to progress. It lapses into inaction when he shows lack of interest in the development and glory of the establishment over which he presides.

There are rewards for the mayor who leads Portland forward. The spirit of progress is in this city. The people want progress. The desire for it hovers over every home except those of penurious slant heads who love nothing, see nothing, dream of nothing but gain—gain for themselves at the expense of others. Every city has such, and to its detriment. They wail and rail at the car of progress and fondle their money bags with a chuckle. They are out of tune with the real spirit of this town, out of tune with the thousands upon thousands of Portland home owners who love this city and desire it to be a city beautiful and a city potential. With these lies the mayor's opportunity, and that which is his is the city's opportunity.

MEN OF THE AIR

WITH a flying start from the crown of a 200 foot precipice that skirts the sea, Herbert Latham attempted a flight over the English channel Sunday. At a height of 500 feet his flight was perfect until half way across the channel, when his motor slowed down and he descended into the sea. He and his machine were quickly rescued and he will repeat the attempt.

With two Wright aeroplanes at his command, Count de Lambert is at Wissans, France, for a series of flights, and he is expected to make the flight over the English channel. At Arras, France, Monday, M. Paulham made a cross-country flight of 20 kilometers in 22 minutes with a Wright aeroplane. At Fort Myer the same day Orville Wright in 25 minutes and 18 seconds made a flight in which he circled the parade grounds 25½ times. In a second flight of 50 minutes he covered the circuit of the parade grounds 29½ times. His 55 minutes of flying carried him a distance of 37 miles.

In a laboratory near Washington a machine has been constructed which is declared to lift itself from the ground without the impetus of a preliminary start. The feat is accomplished by the power of its machinery applied to its propellers. If all is true that is claimed for it, this machine makes it possible to begin a flight from the deck of a ship or any other unfavorable place, and the machine cannot only fly, but at the will of the operator can poise in the air or slowly descend if those evolutions be desired. It weighs 600 pounds and with its two operators is averred to have lifted itself without difficulty.

An "airman's school" is to open next October at Friederichshafen, Germany. The school is under direction of the Aerial Navy league and will be devoted to practical instruction in aeronautics. The course of study will cover three years. The difference between the primitive man and the monkey was that one used a stick or stone for cracking nuts and the other did not. One understood and resorted to a tool for aiding his purposes and the other failed to comprehend the tool. The progress of man has been a history of higher and higher development of tools. The leap from the man on the sea shore who broke the mussel shell with a stone to the leviathan ocean greyhound is the product of tool making. With the principles of aviation partly discovered, with the possibilities of air flights partly proven with their consummate skill in perfecting devices long demonstrated, is it likely that the men of the air will fail of their purpose to fly?

SIMPLE AS A, B, C.

THERE IS no peril of deficit in the universal metering of Portland. The power to establish an adequate minimum rate is one guarantee against it. The power to match the meter rate to adequate revenues is another. These twin powers are ever present and ever available to those who preside over the water distribution. If revenues decline below the cost of operation the minimum and meter rates can be immediately advanced. The whole business is so simple as to be almost automatic.

Meantime no water consumer would be called on to pay for another person's waste. The history of cities is that more than twice as much water is wasted in unmetered cities as is consumed. That waste is costly to water consumers. It is costly to taxpayers. In a city that is unmetered, mains to carry more water are required. According to the average experience they have to be three times as large. By the same logic of experience larger and more pipe lines are required. Mains and pipe lines have their life. They serve out their usefulness and have to be dug up and thrown into the scrap pile. Taxpayers and water consumers have to pay for them. They are costly. One pipe line to Bull Run costs $2,000,000. Two million dollars is a great sum. Dollars do not grow on bushes. They have to be digged for and toiled for. Two pipe lines to Bull Run cost $4,000,000. Then there is the interest and the pipes that decay. Why perpetuate a waste by which Portland must have two or three times as many pipe lines and much larger mains with two or three times the cost, when by the simple process of metering the city the waste can be cut off and the cost to water consumers and taxpayers be halved if not more than halved? Denver is unmetered and its per capita water consumption is 300 gallons per day. Charleston is metered and hers is 32 gallons.

COPYING OREGON

IT IS announced from Chicago that a fight will be made in the Illinois legislature this autumn for adoption of the Oregon plan of electing United States senator. The cause of the movement is announced in the dispatches to be the late legislative session in which more than five months of time was frittered away in a senatorial deadlock. The senatorial struggle was a duplicate of the political nightmares that used biennially to haunt Oregon. It was five months spent in senatorial conspiracies and political insanity. Throughout the whole period the dominant idea was not what could be done in constructive legislation, but what could be done to beat one senatorial candidate and elect another. Hopkins had the indorsement of the electorate in a primary vote, but that did not count, with a legislature whose members, unlike those in Oregon, were not pledged to accept the candidate selected by the electorate. In the process of the hold-up, Hopkins was beaten, and a man with one of the worst political records in the state of Illinois was elected.

In legislation, the achievements of the session of five long months, were practically zero. Every measure was subordinated to the senatorial struggle. Men were mad, and passion rampant. Promises for good legislation were a pastime and pledges a joke. Measures were traded off or killed for senatorial votes. The business was not to legislate, but to riot. It was a reproduction for a five months' engagement of the horse play and hoodlumism that used to transpire in Oregon legislatures, and to which, amazing as it may seem, there are those who desire to return.

Its effect in Illinois is a legislature called in adjourned session to meet this autumn, to do legislating that it failed to do in its late horse play engagement. Among other things it is to legislate on inland water way problems for which solution is desired in Illinois. Another errand it will have is the enactment of a new primary law.

It is the wretched exploits of the legislature that has created sentiment in Illinois for the Oregon method of electing senator. The people of the state want it, and men of great prominence are in the movement. But such an enterprise will have hard traveling in Illinois. It is one of the most hopelessly boss-ridden states in the union. The people have no initiative and referendum as in Oregon, and without it, reforms in such a legislature as that in which the fight is to be made, are difficult. When other resistance by the politicians is hopeless, cunning and subterfuge will be resorted to and of that craft, the Illinois politicians are past masters. They can juggle their purposes into law when they have not the votes to do it. For years there has been a clamorous demand by the electorate for a primary law. Three such laws have been passed, but each has been strangled by the introduction here and there of little legislative jokers, by which means the will of the people has been defeated. If the people of the state manage to secure the Oregon plan from this legislature it will be time to expect the moon to weep and the sun to stand still.

OIL

FIFTY YEARS ago this summer a man named Drake bored for oil near Titusville, Pa., and struck it. That was the first oil well in the world. Millions of people have used oil increasingly ever since, but not one out of a million of them ever gave a thought to that man who had the faith, the courage, the "sense," to drill down into the earth for oil. How did he guess that it was there? By what spark of knowledge was he animated? He blazed the trail. What would the world have done during the last 50 years without "petroleum," "kerosene"?

It is a curious substance—this oil that has made a hundred multimillionaires, with Rockefeller at their head, and illuminated the world. Petroleum, we get from the books, is purer than any animal fats; no microbes can enter into or exist in it. And now Rockefeller and company say they can make a sort of butter out of it, that will do very well for the multitudes of us who are not millionaires and who haven't the ability to organize great industries. It may be so. It is not safe to deny anything. We may be eating petroleum butter soon; we'll have to eat what the trusts allow us.

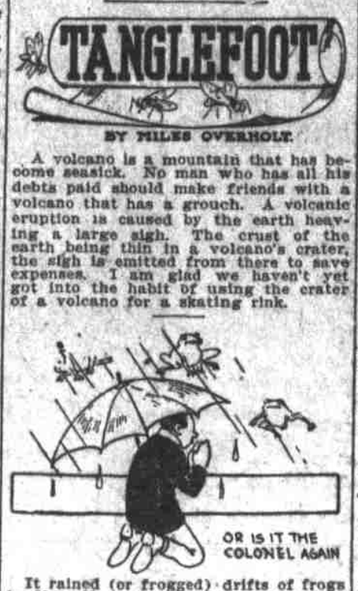
Only 50 years ago since "Colonel" Drake, inspired by a great, true idea, bored for oil! The people laughed at him, called him crazy, but think of the millions, hundreds of millions, billions of dollars that oil since then has represented. Of the lives that it has changed; of the employment it has given; of the education it has helped; of the industries it has founded! It is a tremendous story.

Mr. Bryan's letter asking President Taft to lead a movement for a constitutional amendment for direct election of senator will be without efficacy. The senate would have to be a party to the proceeding, and the senate is in the clutch of the imperial Aldrich. He is master and monarch. He is incarnated authority from whose edicts there is no appeal. He would no more permit a measure for a direct election amendment to pass the senate than he would bare his breast for a Shylock to cut off a few pounds of flesh. The only hope of direct election by constitutional amendment is through a national constitutional convention, and this must come from the states. Twenty-nine states have senatorial primaries in which they seek, with varying success, to aply the principle, four new ones having been added within the year. These would make a basis for a constitutional convention if once they would act in concert, but the hope of that seems an iridescent dream.

"Business is business, and it is good business to have a city beautiful. Every elegant and artistic building," remarks the Chicago Record-Herald, "is a factor in drawing people to the city, and in causing them to repeat their visits." The same effect is produced by parks, playgrounds, boulevards and beautified homes. Men buy property, build a home and engage in business in such cities. Property is high priced in city districts where there are such things. It is low priced where the homes are squalid, the quarters crowded and tenements dingy. Business is business and if beautification is reduced to the commercial analysis, it will be found to be profitable.

Speaking of the cities of the Pacific northwest the Chicago Record-Herald says: "They are having a rapid, almost a magical growth, their people are energetic, forceful and supremely confident concerning the future. * * * Business has increased by leaps and bounds, beautiful homes have been built by scores and hundreds, there is every comfort and luxury that can be found in the east, there are schools and colleges, libraries and museums which testify to something more than a material growth. There is also the perfect hospitality of people who have seen much of the world and who never appear to better advantage than when they are attending to the social demands that are made upon them."

The virtue of this appreciative comment lies in its simple truth and candor.



BY MILES OVERHOLT.

A volcano is a mountain that has become seasick. No man who has all his debts paid should make friends with a volcano that has a grouch. A volcanic eruption is caused by the earth heaving a large sigh. The crust of the earth being thin in a volcano's crater, the sigh is emitted from there to save expenses. I am glad we haven't yet got into the habit of using the crater of a volcano for a skating rink.

OR IS IT THE COLONEL AGAIN

It rained (or frogged) drifts of frogs in New York last Sunday until trains could hardly travel. Now, who on earth could be praying for frogs?

THE ACROBAT.

Sometimes I think that I would like to be strong and nimble and do stunts on the stage like hanging onto a sheet of tissue paper, 20 feet in the air, by my eyebrows, and then again I do not hanker after it so much. I met a fellow the other day who told me that he was an acrobat and that his stunt was to come out on the stage when the audience was least expecting it, make a bow, throw three kisses to the boxes, and then climb up on his own shoulders and jump off. He said one time he had been eating cloves all day and in the evening when the time came for his act his head kept dodging and he attempted to climb up onto it and kick it in the eye and he fell off and broke his contract with the troupe.

I like to hear a man tell of his own exploits. When things come first hand that way we always know that the stories are not garbled and extended all out of proportion.

We should all strive to live so that when we find the groove in life that fits us we will be prepared to follow it to our ultimate success. We can't all be acrobats, but we can win applause from the gallery in many other ways by leading an upright life and doing our very best.

You will probably read that last paragraph over again and wonder who wrote it for me, but you will never know.

THE PARABLE OF THE MELON.

Now it is written that the way of the swiper of the melon called water be not a straight and narrow way, but is filled with many a pitfall that riseth up in the road and loitereth by the wayside.

And behold he that planteth the melon in the springtime that is called joyous wots not that the patch is hid from his children and his children's children and the sons and daughters roundabout.

And he sneaketh out in the evening and hoeth the young vines and irrigateth the young plants until the eleventh hour. And he getteth much aweary insomuch that he sleepeth like a log that hath not insomnia.

And by and by he is rewarded with a host of melons that needeth not the plug, for verily he thumpeth them and knoweth that they are ripe even unto the center.

And behold, he shaketh hands with himself and chuckleth a great chuck.

And he laboreth in the patch of the melon that is called water until a late hour and goeth home to prepare a place for the fruit. And he hath much joy insomuch that he whistleth, "I am feeling Melon-cholly."

And lo and behold, the morning findeth him in a rage that is called a tantrum, for his melons hath been more or less plucked and scattered to the four winds of heaven and plugged promiscuously.

And he wondereth why this is thus.

And he riseth up and falleth down and goeth forth to get his weapon that is called gun, and behold, he layeth for the thieves nightly.

And they do not come and he goeth away and they do come and taketh the whole patch, and he teareth his hair and gnasheth his teeth and saith with much vehemence, "Dod gast it!"

And behold, it is even so.

Portland's Great Opportunity.

From the Washington County News.

It is an old and true saying "that seeing is believing." It is also true that the same statement made by different individuals is good evidence that there must be a foundation for the remarks made. The writer of this has heard more good things said of the natural advantages of Portland during the past year than that of any other city in the United States. In Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Wichita, Topeka, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Oklahoma City, St. Louis and many other cities we heard during the past year so many flattering remarks of the possibilities of Oregon that we came and investigated, and found that the reports were not overdrawn, went back to good old Kansas, sold out and here we are a newcomer and a citizen of Oregon.

But about Portland. It is the best advertised city on the coast and what helps Portland helps all Oregon. No excuse can be given why she cannot have a population of 500,000 in less than five years. There is room for more extensive wholesale establishments, manufacturing plants, etc.

Mayor Simon has the opportunity of a lifetime. A city cannot be built on too strong economic lines. A broad gauge policy towards all industries that are needed in large cities, liberality towards all needed improvements, encouragement and aid towards their construction, ordinances created that will place valuations for taxation on desirable building locations high enough so the owners cannot be land hogs to the detriment of Greater Portland.

There is also the erroneous idea existing in smaller cities that they will in time be as great if not greater than the leading metropolis of their state. The sooner this is punctured the better. One large metropolis in a state is better than a dozen rivals. Let us all put our shoulder to the wheel and push with renewed effort to give both Oregon and Portland the honors they are justly entitled to.

This Date in History.

1683—Lord William Russell beheaded in London. Born September 29, 1639.

1796—Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet, died. Born January 25, 1759.

1818—Charles Robinson, first governor of the state of Kansas, born. Died August 17, 1891.

1836—First railway line in Canada, from Laprairie to St. Johns, Quebec, opened.

1853—Miss Anna A. Gordon, W. C. T. U. leader, born.

1861—Federals defeated in the first battle at Manassas Junction.

1896—China and Japan concluded a commercial treaty.

1903—King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived at Kingstown on a visit to Ireland.

1908—Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York died. Born in Schenectady, May 25, 1835.

Maria Christina of Spain's Birthday.

Maria Christina, dowager queen of Spain and mother of King Alfonso XIII, was born July 21, 1858, and is the second daughter of the late Archduke Charles of Austria. She married, on November 29, 1879, Alfonso XII, king of Spain, as his second wife, and upon his death, November 25, 1885, she was appointed regent. Her son, the present king, was born May 17, 1886, and Maria Christina ruled the country as queen regent until he attained his majority. Her affection for her son, as well as her patriotic devotion to the welfare of her adopted country, have made her extremely popular among all classes in Spain. She is a kind and charitable woman, and so lovable that when she appears in public the people often press forward to kiss the hem of her gown.

Scheme of a Traveler.

From the New York Tribune.

"Could you lend me a sharp knife?" asked a customer in the cafe of a big hotel near the Grand Central station as he sipped "something long and cool." The knife being forthcoming, the customer took a new $2 bill from his pocket folded it carefully in the middle and cut it neatly in two, placing the halves in his wallet. "You want to know why I did that, don't you?" he remarked to the mystified bartender. "Well, that's part of a little scheme of mine. I'm going over pretty soon to put my wife on a train for Chicago. One half of that bill I'll give to my wife and the other half to the porter. If the colored man is attentive and courteous throughout the trip, my wife will give him her half of the bill in Chicago. If he's slow and grumpy he gets only the piece I gave him. Of course, I lose my $2 either way, but there's some satisfaction in knowing that the servant has a real incentive to good service."

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Look out for summer next fall.

* *

Hurrah for Portland at Seattle! She showed up.

* *

Apparently Ella Gingles was another "angel child."

* *

Since the south went dry, colonels are dying off fast.

* *

Washington state will never get another Frank Cushman.

* *

O, let Teddy bring in all his hides free of duty, of course.

* *

An ice trust isn't much of a terror in this part of the country.

* *

As usual, the railroad company did not furnish half enough cars.

* *

Thousands went to Seattle, yet quite a lot of people remained in Portland, after all.

* *

There are several advantages of a merely near-summer; one of them is few flies.

* *

Louisville Post (Rep.): It seems to be a case of a tariff for political purposes only.

* *

The Persian ruler was formerly called the sofah. Well, he's being sot on all right now.

* *

Distribution of water should be brought down to a strictly business basis; that's all.

* *

After all, it is mostly the people's money that Rockefeller and Carnegie are giving away.

* *

Detroit News: Just now there are a lot of people who say: "I love my Taft, but, oh, you Roosevelt!"

* *

The good roads movement will scarcely extend to building a good road to the North Pole—for quite a while yet.

* *

Portland showed Seattle all right—or would have, if all the Portland people who wanted to go could have got there.

* *

A recent book is entitled: "Some Hidden Sources of Fiction." This doesn't apply to Jack London; his are not hidden.

* *

A Chicago judge has decided that hundreds of marriages there are illegal. Probably a good many of the married people are glad of it.

* *

If an aeronaut falls into the narrow channel between England and France trying to cross, how does any of them expect to cross an ocean?

* *

The Philadelphia North American says the Republican organization of that city "faces a crisis." It should face the crisis through steel bars.

* *

If your wife hasn't put up her currant jelly, poke her up.—Boston Globe. Pretty advice, this. And get in jail and maybe go to the whipping post.

* *

Few presidents have had so great an opportunity to serve their country as Mr. Taft. He seems to have a notion of improving his opportunity, to some extent.

* *

Since Senator Ben Tillman joined the high protectionists and became a follower of Aldrich he has become stale and uninteresting. The pitchfork is broken and discarded.

* *

More than a thousand outside people, the majority of them from other states, arrive in Portland daily. How many will arrive in 1912, when this city has 500,000 population, more or less?

* *

The days are ablaze with splendor, the nights are aflood with balm. The breezes are vibrant with music; God's grace is in the calm. 'Tis a beautiful world we live in—only a little while; all, everything is mystery—a teardrop and a smile.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The hop crop will be larger than expected.

* *

Dufur is in need of a resident lawyer, says the Dispatch.

* *

No county will have better crops than Washington, apparently.

* *

Ontario is to have a garage, built of brick, with cement floor.

* *

A 12-inch branch of a Yamhill tree bore a pound of fine cherries.

* *

Three families from Idaho arrived in Scio recently to locate near there.

* *

Travel by stage and automobile from Roseburg to Coos Bay is increasing.

* *

A tract of 160 acres of land midway between Medford and Jacksonville sold for $21,000.

* *

The big Hume estate in Curry county is not yet settled up and some lawyers are not sorry.

* *

Presbyterians of Bay City made $70 at an ice cream social, and it wasn't a very warm day either.

* *

The rain did not injure the May Duke cherries in the least, and the country is full of them, says the Silverton Appeal.

* *

Albany Democrat: Harrisburg is the dog center of the valley anyway, having the only training quarters in this part of the country.

* *

A man near Hillsboro has displayed a bunch of cherries seven inches in length and 6½ inches in diameter, and it was solid cherries both length and thickness.

* *

The Booth-Kelly Lumber company, who have just received the big order for car material from the Harriman system, are the largest rail shippers on the Pacific coast, says the Eugene Register.

* *

Salem Statesman: A good many large farms being divided up into small tracts, and sold. But not nearly enough of them. The thing will not be overdone as long as there are any large farms to sell.

* *

Old residents of Salem say it looks good to see the first modern steel business building in the capital city going up on the site of the first brick structure, built many years ago, says the Statesman.

* *

Clatskanie Chief: On Wednesday's trip of the steamer Beaver the lower deck was occupied by 1,000,000 shingles, manufactured here recently. Upon reaching Portland they will be loaded on cars and distributed through Willamette valley points. Shingle mills in this vicinity are all running full blast and aside from the car shipments, the boat carries out a large amount nearly every trip.

* *

A business man of Myrtle Point, says the Enterprise, says that Douglas county is waiting to see which of the two roads leading to Douglas county is the best built at this end before appropriations are made on that end of the line. While natural conditions unquestionably favor the Middle Fork route there is no doubt but that supporters of the Coos Bay road are doing everything possible to overcome natural obstacles. An expenditure of $20,000 is being made this year and as much more will be appropriated next year, and the road will be planked for the entire distance.

* *

Port Orford Tribune: Reports indicate that work will begin soon on the electric railway from Roseburg to Myrtle Point. The Middle Fork of the Coquille is unquestionably the best route from the valley to the coast, but there are other good routes, and electric roads will no doubt connect with the coast by several others before another decade. With easy grades, and unlimited waterpower, and running through illimitable resources, such as timber, coal, mines, and soil products that never fail—these lines in a few years will be the most valuable of their class in all America.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

Barbarism of Our British Ancestors—By William Pitt

(From a speech as premier, in reply to Charles J. Fox in the English house of commons, February 20, 1784.)

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. The very practice of the slave trade once prevailed among us. Slaves were formally an established article of our exports. Great numbers were exported, like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market. The circumstances that furnished the alleged proofs that Africa labors under a natural incapacity for civilization might also have been asserted of ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning upon the principles of some honorable members of this house, and pointing to British barbarians, have predicted, with equal boldness, "There is a people that will never rise to civilization! There is a people destined never to be free!"

We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism; we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians; we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting, even to this hour, as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves—we continue it even yet, in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But, in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and, for a time, almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favored above measure in the gifts of providence, unrivalled in commerce, preeminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society. From all these blessings we must forever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British liberty, might, at this hour, have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

The REALM FEMININE

A Cup of Cold Water.

SUMMER time is thirsty time for all creation. What provision have you made for your little bird friends' comfort in drinking? You hadn't thought of it? Haven't you realized that they, too, grow dreadfully thirsty during the summer days, and had you never wondered where they get their drinks?

Drinking with them doesn't mean merely turning on a faucet every time they are thirsty; it means hunting all over a city not only for themselves but to carry back to their babies at home in the nest.

Birds are little but they drink such a lot of water. Did you ever watch a canary in his cage and notice how frequently he will dip into his water cup? Then think of the little fellows who have to rustle for their water and think how they must suffer for want of it at times.

In southern California a lady who was a great bird lover always kept a bowl of water on the back porch for the birds and they would revel in it baths in it. They got their drinks all summer long. They took their from it and when their babies were out of the nest they brought them there and taught them to drink.

It was sometimes necessary to replenish the water several times a day and the birds always told their lady friend when the bowl was empty. They would sit on the clothes line, the fence and porch railing and scold until she happened to hear them. She soon learned to know what was the matter and as soon as she gave them more water all was peace and harmony again.

She also gave them cake and bread crumbs, pieces of cold potato and bits of dough until the birds grew to consider that back yard their particular banquet hall and how they would fuss and scold if a cat or dog ventured upon the back premises.

Until you watch them awhile you have no idea how interesting birds are with their fights, love affairs and various family doings.

Think of them this summer and provide some way for them to have water at your house. They will not be slow in finding it and you will soon see for yourself how grateful they are.

People are frequently careless about keeping water out for their pets and in summer it is often the cause of actual suffering. Wherever there are animals of any sort on a place water should always be provided in abundance for them.

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Enemies of the Birds.

IN the northern states many of the protected birds are induced to build their nests in or near buildings, and they are fed and sometimes partially tamed, says Forest and Stream. This is commendable, of course, but robins, for example, are included in the list of game birds in some of the southern states, and efforts made to tame them here may result in their destruction on their southward flight in the autumn. Accustomed to frequent the homes of their northern friends, if they evince similar habits in the south they are often killed for the pot.

In the course of time the southern states will protect these birds, but until this is done it would be well to remember the result of feeding birds near our homes. Of course the mere fact that they are not molested while in the north causes many birds to nest round about houses, but if they must be fed, this should not be done near dwellings.

There are few women who view with calmness the killing of harmless birds by cats. On the other hand, there are few owners of cats who take any steps to prevent these depredations. The taming of birds in places where cats are permitted to roam at will means certain death to a large majority of such birds, and so far as we know there is only one preventive, and that is to remove the cat from its field of activity.

The theory that cats keep the country home free from rats and mice is pretty—or was before Puss, pampered and overfed, became more fond of the heat of the kitchen range or the sun than of her traditional hunting fields. Now that the birds are encouraged to nest near by, almost within her reach, with a minimum of effort she varies her diet now and then with a nestling and is content.

To prevent hounds from hunting foxes we confine them until ready to accompany them, but we encourage song birds to nest near dwellings and at the same time permit one of their worst enemies to harry them daily.

* * *

Corn Pone and Oatmeal Cookies.

CORN PONE—Half cupful of sour cream, one fourth cupful of sour milk, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of melted butter. Stir well, adding enough flour and cornmeal, using half cornmeal and half pastry flour to make a batter, not very stiff. Beat well and bake in large shallow pan about 20 minutes.

Oatmeal Cookies—One-fourth cupful each of butter and lard, three-fourths cupful of sugar, one egg well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, half teaspoonful heaping of soda, one cupful of Quaker oats (uncooked), one and a half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one cupful of seeded raisins and quarter cupful of nut meats cut fine. Mix all well together; add more flour if needed. Drop by spoonfuls on greased tins and bake in a moderate oven. These are very good.

* * *

Useful Hint.

THE following is a very good method of cleaning a white straw hat: Put a teaspoonful of salts of lemon into a saucer of hot water, and when it has thoroughly dissolved, clean the hat by scrubbing it with a brush dipped in the mixture; rinse, and let it dry in the open air, preferably in the sun.

* * *

"When you smile another smiles
And soon there're miles of smiles;
And life's worth while
If you smile."

The Cheap Things

(Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose-poems are a regular feature of this column in The Daily Journal.)

Oh, I love the sparkling water in the little babbling brook, for I've always found it wholesome, and I've always found it free; I can drink it down and no one makes an entry in a book, and there comes no bill collector with a long account to me. And the good old-fashioned sunshine is a very pleasant boon; let us therefore all enjoy it while it doesn't cost a cent; they'll be pumping it through pipe lines and through meters pretty soon, and the moon and other planets will be advertised for rent. Ah, the balmy air of summer, as it comes in gentle gust! Let us breathe it by the bushel while it's plentiful cheap; the supply will soon be cornered by some enterprising trust, and the price to the consumer will disturb him in his sleep. Let us listen to the robins as they warble through the land, for their songs are not expensive, and their beauty never fails; we shall live to see their music sold in tablet form, or canned, and distributed by agents who get rakeoffs on their sales.

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