EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

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All of us have sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.—La Rochefoucauld.

THE HUNGER FOR LAND

THERE ARE 20 applicants for each parcel of Indian lands that are under allotment by the government in the northwest. The spectacle makes apparent the hunger of men for a homestead. The desire for his own vine and fig tree is inherent in every social unit. Even a nomad loves to have a spot of green earth that he can call his own. The artist who first grasps an adequate conception of a true home scene and names it "contentment" will write his name large on the scroll of fame.

Destiny created no man to be a waif. It was never intended that the first land he should occupy should be the six feet of earth that comes at the end of a career. To be adrift in life with no freehold for a haven of refuge is a journey over an uncharted sea without rudder or compass. The world was made wide so there would be room and a home for every man. It is the tragedy of the race and a dark blot on civilization that there are crowded tenements and congested cellars in the cities. It is an indictment of the epoch that wee children must burn out their eyes and toil out their lives fashioning garments for a pittance in gloomy garrets. Carnegie has an income of $2,500,000 a month. In spite of his philanthropies he is growing richer. He has more money than he can give away. He is literally money poor in the midst of a world of poverty. He made $5,000,000 in a few weeks out of the stress of the 1907 panic. Yet with all the country's wealth and all the great outdoors of lands and trees there is a multitude that is landless and jobless. The 20 applicants for each parcel of Indian land afford an example. The thousands scurrying into Canada are another. The rush of the many whenever irrigated districts are available is still another. It is the cry of the landless for homes and nature's good soil.

Safe is the nation that is rich in home owners. Wise is the counsel that advises multiplication and extension of irrigated areas. The home owner is a soldier for good order. The more of them the safer is the social structure. Every tenant transformed into a land owner by subdivision of a large freehold is one more bolt to strengthen the foundations of commonwealth or nation.

THE GREAT ABSURDITY

THE WRANGLE at Washington is still a wrangle. The president's dinner party did not bring peace among the tariff conferees. The schedule that is announced as fixed today is lowered or raised tomorrow. The patch sewn on the quilt yesterday is torn off today to be replaced by another. The red color of today's patch will be replaced by a brilliant hued yellow tomorrow. The principal feature in the whole proceeding is uncertainty. The only issue in the battle is human selfishness. It is the predominant motive in almost every vote that is cast. The man from Maine wants a duty on one article and the man from Georgia wants it on another. It is a game of grab with every legislator getting all he can for his state or district. It makes little difference whether Republican or Democrat, the result is the same. The men clamoring most for lower duties are from districts that have fewest commodities to protect.

The whole business is a spectacle of government holding its hand at the back of an industry and legislating to make that industry pay. It appeals to the greed of men, for each wants all he can get. It sets up as the chief end of government the impossible task of creating artificial profits for every business in the country. It ignores the maxim that whatever artificial profit shall be created for one must be taken from another, and that in the aggregate, if the artificial aid to each be exactly fair, neither will be benefited a single dollar. It faces the inexorable fact that in so enormous a system of artificial profits, administered by such a process of tariff making, one will get more and others less than a fair share of the artificially created profits. This is the secret of the rent party alignments, the long drawn out struggle and the contorted and twisted play of forces at Washington.

The tariff evolved by this congress will be a speckled and spotted crazy quilt. No game of mere grab ever gave to each his just share. One industry will get a lion's share of bounty and another will get nothing. No tariff ever framed by a congress was fair and none so framed ever will be fair. Justice never came out of a contest in which the desire of each contestant was to get all he could for himself and give as little as possible to the other fellow. Yet that is the tariff process as administered by the United States congress. There is probably no activity of approximated importance in the world that is one thousandth part so absurd. It is a travesty on business methods and a monumental indictment of the intelligence and prudence of the American people.

Tariff making is the most consequential business in this nation. It is an enormous power for benefiting one at the expense of another. To be just it involves the most delicate and most intricate adjustments of schedules. The most profound expert knowledge of manufacture, the most abstruse information on the relations of industries, the deepest, widest and most labyrinthian familiarity with all the economic processes and interdependencies of the sectional and ramifying interests are a fundamental essential for a beginning step in making a tariff. Without this knowledge and without a disinterested, unbiased and unprejudiced purpose on the part of the tariff maker, safe use of this far-reaching power of enriching one class while ruining another is as impossible as by word of command to eliminate the ocean tides.

If there was doubt before this congress has proven the incompetency of that body or any similar body to make fair tariffs. It is a business that never ought to figure in politics. It is a business for non-partisan experts. It ought to be done by a high commission of exalted men, far removed from political or private influences with vast technical knowledge at hand and a constant observation and investigation of the subject. Business would never shudder at fear of its possible action. Industries would never be prostrated while congressmen debated. The people would cease to worry in the certainty that, as in the case of the Interstate Commerce commission, there was a tribunal to guarantee them justice.

VALUE IN RUBBISH

THE COMMISSIONER of street cleaning of New York city has made a contract by which the city will receive $1717 a week for the privilege of trimming the cleaning department's rubbish scows, "trimming" in this connection meaning the sorting over of the rubbish and the reclaiming of everything that can be disposed of in the markets for waste materials. For this rubbish and refuse the city will be paid about $90,000 a year, besides getting a lot of disagreeable work done for nothing. Might not some such bargain be made in all large cities? It is stated that of the salable materials taken from the New York garbage scows, 75 per cent is paper, 15½ per cent rags, 1-10 of 1 per cent rubber, 1 8-10 per cent leather, 1 4-10 per cent wood, 3 3-10 per cent metal and 2 9-10 per cent glass. About the same sort of stuff makes up the garbage and rubbish of every city, and what of it is valuable in New York is valuable, if sorted out and sold, in any large place. Some time, we presume, Portland will be getting something out of its waste rubbish, to help pay the expense of handling it.

A REAL CENSUS WANTED

THE FEDERAL census is to be taken next year. It is an enterprise of very considerable importance. Activities and movements of large moment often hang on the results of the decennial enumeration. A chief factor in fixing the importance of a city, state or nation is the number of its people. Nevada is commonly accounted an inconsequential state because its people are few, and New York the premier because its inhabitants are many. There are, of course, other factors in testing importance, but numbers count heavily. The numbers are a sign of resource and assets upon which life is sustained, and Podunk's population is small because its assets are meager.

One of the worst conducted activities in the United States is the federal census. Its results are usually so ineffective that they are everywhere hailed with derision. Because the final figures are nearly always inaccurate nobody ever has any confidence in them. Good guesswork as to population is quite as safe, and probably as accurate. The public has about as much confidence in the one as in the other.

Good results cannot come from a system wherein an appointment is made for the chief object of giving a job to a political friend. Nor can it come from enumerators who make it their chief business to draw salary. In the past both these classes have mostly been entrusted with enumerating. This is explanation of why the results have in nearly all cases been derided and condemned. In the very nature of things a system of enumerating always has and always will bring haphazard and undependable results.

The public wants the truth as to population. It correctly reasons that if the work is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Great sums are spent in the activity, and if the product is burlesque the money is wasted. Reform can be secured and an enumeration worth while by putting none but competent men in the service. Efficiency must be substituted for salary drawing and alertness for incompetency. Commercial bodies can aid in this respect by beginning early and voicing a demand for an enumeration that will enumerate. The press can assist by everywhere reflecting the same demand for an accurate census. The public can become a most formidable factor by universally insisting that next year we have a real census instead of the vaudeville enumerations of the past. Since preparations for the count will begin within a very few months it is time now to begin the agitation.

FAIR WARNINGS

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, a sedate Republican paper, says:

> The purpose of calling a special session of congress to deal with the tariff was to keep the tariff out of party politics, was to give the Republicans time to recover from the effects of revision before the congressional election.

In one way it was a wise device. The trouble was that it was not in the hands of wise men. The Payne bill was a bad measure compared with the Dingley bill, the Wilson bill, or the McKinley bill. The Aldrich bill is an infamous measure compared with the Dingley bill. It is a riot of greed and reckless indifference to public opinion.

Privilege rules in congress. Liberty of contract, purchase and production is not recognized in the committee rooms.

And another staunch Republican paper, a great admirer and supporter of President Taft, the Louisville Post, says:

> But there is a protest of a large and influential element in the senate supported, no doubt, to some extent by the insurgents in the house. These men represent a definite policy. They speak for the future of the Republican party and of the country. They aim to reduce the tariff exactions to a reasonable limit, recognizing that the aim of the system is to develop industry and not to pile up great fortunes for a few men.

The Republican party is confronted with a division in its ranks at the time when it was aiming to secure harmony and the elimination of new issues.

These among many expressions that might be quoted should give Republicans of the Aldrich and Cannon stripe fair and ample warning that they will not be supported by the people in their extreme protectionism. Even those Republicans who still believe in the principle of protection will not stand for the extreme extent to which it is being carried by the at present dominant element of the party.

PARTIAL REFORMERS

SENATOR CUMMINS said the other day: "While it is of the utmost importance that iron ore, oil, hides and coal be dealt with as proposed by the president, it is of still greater importance that the duties on manufactured products shall be brought down somewhere near the protective point."

True enough. But then the question will recur, what is the "protective point"? Mr. Taft's own definition, and the Republican platform even fairly construed, would take the duty off of many things altogether, and cut it in half or more nearly all along the line.

Besides an increasing number of people believe there should be no "protective point." Why should some people be taxed to protect, to aid, others in their business? In such a great, splendid, resourceful country as this, with its abounding and enormous opportunities, why should this and that business man be "protected" especially—be authorized to collect nickels, dimes and dollars from all consumers of his products, beyond their natural, proper price?

Mr. Cummins, like Mr. Dolliver and some other senators, is somewhat of a reformer, no doubt; the country owes them thanks for their efforts and their exhibition of courage; but some time, we imagine, there will arise statesmen who, considering the tariff question, will "reform it altogether," by eliminating, as far as possible, protection entirely.

Everybody should try to be happy, says John D. Rockefeller. Is he really happy? With all his hundreds of millions, isn't he striving and struggling for more? Then can happiness be gained by "trying" for it? The happy person is one who doesn't try—for that. A child doesn't consciously try to be happy—nor the bird, nor the cow. Happiness comes if at all without conscious trying for it.

Six straight victories over the Angels and the jump by the Beavers into second place is a perfectly satisfying record for one week. And while the mood is on why not repeat the performance with the Oakland constellation?

Five killed and 36 injured in one railroad wreck and 42 injured in another yesterday mars the excellent record the railroads have been making in the past twelve months in the progress toward minimization of death on the rail. Happily neither accident was the result of a blunder in train orders or other lapse of duty that formerly levied so heavy a toll on life.

The flight by a Frenchman across the English channel Saturday is the beginning. Aviation is actually here!

It is understood that yesterday's rains came unbidden so far as Colonel Hofer's prayers were concerned.

TANGLEFOOT

BY MILES OVERHOLT.

ABOUT A CALF.

When I was a good deal younger and nimbler I went out with some boys one day and volunteered to ride a young calf. I did not have any other business to attend to, so I told the boys I would break the calf to ride and then go on with any other business that might come up.

The calf was lying down chewing its reflections and I found that by crawling up to it on its off side I could mount it without much unnecessary

publicity. I did not notice one of the boys following me nor did I see him twist the calf's tail just as I mounted it.

Something seemed to surprise and astound the calf, or else it suddenly thought of some unfinished business that had to be attended to at once. Anyhow it rose with more expression than I had ever seen in a common calf, and went bellowing around the lot.

Just then I saw something hanging head downward on the barb wire fence near to where the calf had been lying. I discovered that it was me. I had hung myself up to dry that way when I dismounted. The boys were gone, so I decided to stay there for the time being. There was no particular reason for hanging around there, but there was no place to go, so I stayed.

The boys came and pried the fence loose from my person after a while and lowered me to the ground. They found my face running over and several toenails lose and eight feet of cuticle lost off me at different locations until I looked like a checker board, but I was all right otherwise.

I do not try to ride anything now, unless it is the water wagon. If I find a nice, gentle water wagon that is not overworked and with no boys around to twist its tail I will take a chance, but I will not let a calf skin me any more.

Why, of course not, Angeline. The yell of a pugilist has never yet been construed to be a puget sound.

The family residence of Senator Aldrich is located on Benevolent street, Providence, R. I. Note the street, then laugh a cold, sarcastic mouthful of mirthless laugh.

A Missouri woman has obtained a divorce because her husband struck her with a rolling pin. Looks as if the man was making pie and she came home and cussed around because dinner wasn't ready and he swatted her.

Johnny found a butcher knife,
With it stabbed his sister, Pearl,
Sister fainted seven times,
She is such a careless girl.

If there is an individual in Portland who has never lost an umbrella let him come forward. For verily, I say unto you, the person who has never lost an umbrella has never owned one. An umbrella that has been in a family for 10 months in succession should be placed in a safety deposit vault and kept as a relic. Somehow, losing an umbrella gets to be almost a habit. I remember starting out one morning not long ago with one umbrella and before nights I had lost 13.

A Decade of American Railways.

From the Success Magazine.

The American railroad system changes while you wait. You can see it grow. A decade ago the railways received only $1,250,000,000 from the patient people, hardly more than our annual national expenditure. Now they receive—with fewer thanks—$2,500,000,000. Then the passenger traffic amounted to only 13.3 billions of miles for one passenger; now it amounts to 29.5 billions of miles. In other words, if one passenger were carried each week day from Des Moines, Iowa, to the sun, his journeying would fairly represent the distance daily traveled by passengers on American railroads.

Our freight traffic, too, is bigger. In one year we carried 1,000,000,000 tons of freight, an average of 240 miles each. If each man, woman and child in this country hauled each day 500 pounds of freight a distance of 32 miles, they would not accomplish in the year the vast amount of carrying that the railroads perform.

The next 10 years will show still greater progress. Many railroads will be rebuilt; others will be electrified. New roadbeds, new tracks, new stations, stronger locomotives, bigger and better cars—all of these are in the estimates of the next decade. And if the people stay awake and demand their rights, the whole vast engine of progress will be equitably and efficiently administered in the interest, not of stock jobbers, but of investors, employees, passengers and shippers.

Stopped at the Tenth.

From National Food Magazine.

While a prominent Philadelphia salesman was in Pittsburg on business he received the following telegram from his wife: "Come home as soon as you can. I am dying." Of course the salesman rushed home, but to be greeted at the front door by his wife with a face radiant with joy: "Why, I thought you were dying?" he said.

She shook her head in reply.

"Well, why did you send me such a telegram, then?"

"It was that crazy old operator," she said. "I wanted to say: 'Come home as soon as you can. I am dying to see you,' but he would only let me send 10 words for a quarter."

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Do it now—get a piece of land.

* *

Now the harvest is "in full blast."

* *

And yet another week of congress.

* *

Still a curious year, as to weather.

* *

Some summer apparel got wet Sunday.

* *

Who would get the most votes—La Follette or Aldrich?

* *

No wonder the Republican party hated to tackle the tariff.

* *

More hogs is a need of this country. It pays to raise them, too.

* *

An aeroplane traveling over bodies of water should be supplied with boats.

* *

The man with a piece of ground of his own is independent; has no need to fear.

* *

There is no excuse for a healthy, able bodied man being without an honest job these days.

* *

There will always be an enormous waste of water until it is metered throughout the city.

* *

Old Pluvius seems to have remembered at last that we were a few inches shy of rain in Oregon.

* *

Rubber was higher last week than ever before—but that did not affect the rubberneckers at all.

* *

Hermann has waited four years for trial, and is still waiting. But there are rumors again that the trial may be pulled off before another year passes.

* *

The general manager of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' association, after a tour of the factories, states that the production of automobiles in this country in 1910 will reach 200,000. This will amount to a 125 per cent increase over the production in 1909, which is not meeting the demand in some lines.

* *

A writer who claims to have studied the subject says: Two hundred and fifty million dollars a year are wasted on bad roads in the United States. Added to loss on haul, storage and extra food rates make the total expense $1,000,000,000 a year. This means a tax of $12.50 on every man, woman and child in the country. Corners in the grain markets are frequently the direct result of bad roads. It pays to get good roads.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Plenty of lumber coming into Lakeview.

* *

Rainier is thinking of purchasing a steam roller.

* *

Some talk of a recal in Brownsville—about a councilman.

* *

Some of the finest peaches in the world are growing on trees around Harrisburg that are a disgrace to the owners, says the Bulletin.

* *

A business man of Salem tells The Journal of that city: "We will turn loose and make Salem a city that it should be; there will be hundreds of teams and thousands of men employed here."

* *

The surprising activity in fruit lands both in the Baker and Eagle and Pine valleys shows that the public is being convinced of the exceptional opportunity for the fruit raiser in this county, says the Baker City Democrat.

* *

Condon Globe: Harvest will soon be on in full blast. Carpenters are busy constructing header boxes, cookhouses, feed racks, etc., while the blacksmith shops are full of machinery undergoing repairs. Every train brings in a threshing outfit of some kind or other, and men expecting employment in the fields are arriving every day.

* *

The crying necessity of a cannery in Hillsboro is again demonstrated this season because of the thousands upon thousands of pounds of cherries which have failed to find a market, says the Argus. Cherries, small berries and tomatoes, to say nothing of the prolific production of cucumbers, make Hillsboro a center which should support a cannery and make it a profitable institution.

* *

A farmer by the name of Ross, who lives four and a half miles north of Eugene, brought a load of hay to the city Tuesday afternoon, narrates the Register. After unloading he returned home and in crossing a bridge about eight or ten feet high in the private road leading to his place from the river road, the structure collapsed, taking farmer, team and wagon down with it. Strange to say, neither the farmer nor the horses were hurt and the wagon not broken.

* *

Hillsboro Argus: Speaking of the old John Harrison mill, built a mile above the present Cove Oaks mill, owned now by George R. Bagley, William B. Jolly says: "Harrison built the mill and ran it in the winter of '49-'50, and I have heard my father say that when he went over to get a grist that the yard would be blockaded with borros from California. Harrison sold to the Spaniards and they packed the flour clear to California during the gold excitement."

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

Results of the American War—By Charles James Fox

(From his remarks on his amendment to the king's speech in the English house of commons, November 27, 1781.

We are charged with expressing joy at the triumphs of America. True it is that, in a former session, I proclaimed it as my sincere opinion, that if the ministry had succeeded in their first scheme on the liberties of America, the liberties of this country would have been at an end. Thinking this, as I did, in the sincerity of an honest heart, I rejoiced at the resistance which the ministry had met to their attempt. That great and glorious statesman, the late Earl of Chatham, feeling for the liberties of his native country, thanked God that America had resisted. But, it seems, "all the calamities of the country are to be ascribed to the wishes, and the joy, and the speeches, of opposition." O, miserable and unfortunate ministry! O, blind and incapable men! whose measures are framed with so little foresight, and executed with so little firmness, that they not only crumble to pieces, but bring on the ruin of their country, merely because one rash, weak, or wicked man, in the house of commons, makes a speech against them!

But who is he who arraigns gentlemen on this side of the house with causing, by their inflammatory speeches, the misfortunes of their country? The accusation comes from one whose inflammatory harangues have led the nation, step by step, from violence to violence, in that inhuman, unfeeling system of blood and massacre, which every honest man must detest, which every man must abhor, and every wise man condemn! And this man imputes the guilt of such measures to those who had all along foretold the consequences; who had prayed, entreated and supplicated, not only for America, but for the credit of the nation and its eventual welfare, to arrest the hand of power, meditating slaughter, and directed by injustice!

What was the consequence of the sanguinary measures recommended in those bloody, inflammatory speeches? Though Boston was to be starved, though Hancock and Adams were proscribed yet at the feet of these very men the parliament of Great Britain was obliged to kneel, flatter and cringe; and, as it had the cruelty at one time to denounce vengeance against these men, so it had the meanness afterwards to implore their forgiveness. Shall he who called the Americans "Hancock and his crew," shall he presume to reprehend any set of men for inflammatory speeches? It is this accursed American war that led us, step by step, into all our present misfortunes and national disgraces. What was the cause of our wasting $40,000,000 and 60,000 lives? The American war! What was it that produced the French rescript and a French war? The American war! What was it that produced the Spanish manifesto and Spanish war? The American war! What was it that armed 42,000 men in Ireland with the arguments carried on the points of 40,000 bayonets? The American war! For what are we about to incur an additional debt of $12,000,000 or $14,000,000? This accursed, cruel, diabolical American war!

The Law Is Politics.

From the Detroit News.

"Vat I care mit der law? Der law makes nodings oudt. Der law says a lot of dings vat der beoble don't van't," says that quaint Mt. Clemens philosopher, Joachim Matthews, liveryman, and sheriff of Macomb county. Here is a Dogberry who is no "hybercrit." He calls a spade a spade, a pool room a pool room and a rubber law a rubber law. What other sheriffs think, he says. Enforce the law, "sich a joak, no?" Sheriffs of Macomb wouldn't last long in politics if they enforced the law, nor in Detroit, eh? What about our saloon law in Detroit? Thus confidentially, and reassuringly, does Sheriff Matthews review the entire vexed question of law enforcement.

Joachim doesn't fancy those statutes himself, and he "ain't no hybercrit." When he took the oath of office he "wasn't no hybercrit." He knew he he didn't intend to enforce the law, excepting a little bit in spots where it felt best, and he knew that Macomb county didn't want him to enforce it, excepting in favorable spots.

Will the merry sheriff of Macomb suppress the Halfway house pool room? Did anyone go all the way out to Mt. Clemens to ask him that? "Idt makes such a ridiculousness, ha! ha!" The law isn't any more between friends in Macomb than it is in Wayne. You can get a drink after prohibited hours in Detroit, and you can play the ponies in violation of the law in Macomb. "Der law makes noddings oudt." The law is politics.

Asks Chapter and Verse.

From the Springfield Republican.

The New York Times says of the Taft corporation tax scheme:

> To begin with, the project was not begotten of those who have it in custody. It is a brat kidnaped out of the Denver platform of Bryan, and is now made to serve the political necessities of its foster parents. It has no Republican lineage.

Perhaps the Times will be good enough to describe or specify the plank in the Denver platform of last year which President Taft has appropriated and out of which he has constructed this tax amendment to the tariff bill. Some newspapers, of which the Times is one, have long since fallen into the childish habit of attributing to Bryan every suggested measure of public policy which meets with their condemnation or contempt. This may possibly explain in part the strength and wonderful vitality of Bryan's hold upon a great fraction of the American electorate, for the average man is resentful of political play which is unfair and unjust.

This Date in History.

1779—Congress voted thanks to General Wayne for his gallantry in storming Stony Point.

1799—Isaac Babbitt, inventor of the "Babbitt metal," born in Taunton, Mass. Died in Somerville, Mass, May 26, 1862.

1825—General Lafayette visited the Brandywine battlefield.

1848—John D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard Oil company, born in Ohio.

1861—General Fremont entered on command of western Missouri.

1864—William H. T. Walker, the first United States army officer to espouse the cause of the Confederacy, killed near Decatur, Ga. Born in Georgia, October 18, 1816.

1874—Hundreds of houses destroyed and many lives lost in destructive rain storm in Pittsburg.

1902—Charles Kendall Adams, president of the University of Wisconsin 1892-1901, died in Redlands, Cal. Born in Dorby, Vt., January 24, 1835.

John D. Archbold's Birthday.

John Dustin Archbold, millionaire oil magnate, was born in Leesbury, Highland county, Ohio, July 26, 1848. He was educated in the common schools near his native place and in 1864 he went to the Pennsylvania oil regions, remaining there until 1875, and becoming president of the Acme Oil company. In 1875 he became a resident of Syracuse, N. Y. He was associated with John D. Rockefeller in the organization of the Standard Oil company and has been a director of the great corporation since 1875. Since the retirement of Mr. Rockefeller from his active duties as head of the company Mr. Archbold, as vice president, has taken a leading part in the direction of the company's affairs.

The Misuse of Vacations.

From the New York Mail.

Many persons look to a vacation to make up the year's arrearages in exercise, enjoyment and health, on the theory that a bird in the bush is worth several in the hand. Thus considered, the vacation idea is a menace, for one cannot fail in his duty to his own body for 50 weeks in the year, and make up for it in the other two. He must carry a good working balance in the bank of good health and never overdraw it. The strength and spirits stored up in his vacation should be so much ahead, like an endowment life policy come due. So far as the vacation habit is a symptom of American hustle, trying to square itself with nature in a hurry and all at once, it is far from a good thing.

The REALM FEMININE

Athletics for Women.

THE ATHLETIC woman is one of the established types of modern woman, and time was, not very long since, when she would not have been countenanced in polite society.

How the good dames would have held up their hands in horror at the vision of a woman in automobile togs driving a modern "red devil"! Yet today we admire the woman who has the brain and pluck to run a machine.

Imagine the freezing dignity that would have greeted any suggestion along the lines of organizing a boat crew composed of the "young ladies" of the old time seminaries. Yet at Wellesley and other of the girls' colleges where boating is possible, to win a place on the crew is a much coveted honor, and the boat races are a feature of college life.

The old finishing schools taught their pupils delsarte and languid grace, while today our schools and colleges teach the girls to be vigorous and strong.

A hundred years ago Boston would have been stunned at the thought of baseball for women, but today we have the "Boston Bloomer Girls," who not only played baseball within the confines of that center of all things intellectual, but traveled all over the country playing the local nines.

Where in the realm of sport do we not see woman? She plays polo, tennis, golf, basket ball, she shoots, swims, scales mountains and wins medals for doing them.

The benefits to be derived from athletics for women are manifold. Athletics are bound to develop good physical conditions. They bring out strength, endurance and activity—qualities in which women are so generally lacking.

But above the physical is the mental benefit to be gained, the broadening of experience, the larger freedom of thought, self reliance, good fellowship, cooperation and the development of generosity.

The pleasure in sports of any kind is keen and can hardly be appreciated by those who have not taken part in athletics. The knowledge of power and the ability to do is joy in itself.

Nor does a woman need to become mannish or lose her native womanliness and dignity because she is athletic.

If more of our women would turn even a little to outdoor sports for their recreation instead of card clubs, matinees and constant social indulgence, there would be a much needed improvement in healthful thinking and doing.

* * *

Home Laundry Work.

DID YOU ever try to launder your own embroidered collars? It is a very simple thing to do and takes but a few minutes, says the Woman's Home Companion. Make a little cold starch by adding one and one-half tablespoonfuls of starch to a pint of cold water, and add a drop of bluing. After washing and rinsing your collars, rub them in the starch, fold them in a cloth for about 10 minutes, place them on a well-padded ironing board, then cover with a cloth, and iron on the wrong side until nearly dry, then without the cloth until perfectly dry, finishing the buttonhole part on the right side, to curve it. Turn over the embroidered part last.

Just now every one is looking over her boxes of old embroideries and laces for the beautifully embroidered round collars of her grandmother's day. Of course, they are yellowed from age and disuse, and the best way to whiten them is to put them in cold soapy water with just the least bit of bluing in it. Let them come to a boil, rinse out the soap, then dip in more bluing water, and spread on a towel to dry in the sunshine. Sometimes it is necessary to repeat the process without the soap. Do not wring very dry, as they bleach while the sun is drying them. If the things are very delicate, it is well to baste them firmly on a piece of cotton cloth before washing, as the old embroideries tear very easily and must be handled with great care. If any stiffness is desired, they should be dipped in thin boiled starch after the last rinsing, dried, then dampened before ironing. Lay right side down on the ironing pad, and smooth into shape with your hand. Then cover with a cloth and iron until dry.

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Dining Room Hints.

TO MAKE a glass doily for the teapot, get one of the round, thick glasses that come on baskets of candied bright and shining and paste back of it fruits and clean the glass until it is a red poinsettia blossom which will about cover the glass. Attach it with clear glue to a mat of asbestos and cut the edges clean with a sharp knife. Should the rim of glue show through the glass, stipple the beaded edge with putty and when dry apply gilt paint.

When it comes to a question of china and glass, if the young housekeeper has considerable to start with it is wise to complete her set, otherwise she can do better by buying complete sets. A complete set in German china with dainty Dresden patterns will range from $3 to $75, according to the quality of the china and the kind of pattern. Haviland and undecorated porcelain come less expensive, and make good every day sets.

It is well to give the suggestion of matching the wallpaper and the rug in the dining-room, and to have the over-drapery of the curtain the same color as the wallpaper. If the paper is plain, the curtain should be plain white; a figured curtain goes with a figured wallpaper.

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Boston Gingerbread.

INTO the mixing bowl put 1 cup granulated sugar and add 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses, ¼ of melted butter, 1 even teaspoonful of salt, 1 dessertspoonful of cinnamon and a teaspoonful of mixed spices. Stir and rub well together, then add one beaten egg and 1 cup of sour milk, real sour. Then sift 1 even teaspoonful of soda with 2 cups of flour, and sift it into the other mixture and beat about 2 minutes. Then turn it into a nine inch square tin, 1½ inches deep. Sprinkle sugar over the top and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. It comes out crisp and spongy and two inches thick.

The Magic Mirror

(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.)

I went one night with my high-priced thirst to loaf in the booze bazaar, and as I sampled the old red dope I leaned on the handsome bar. My purse was full of the good long green, and my raiment was smooth and new, and I looked as slick as a cabbage rose that's kissed by the nice, wet dew. Behind the bottles a mirror stood, as large as your parlor floor, and I looked and looked in the shining glass, and wondered, and looked some more. My own reflection did not appear, but there where it should have been, I saw the form of a cringing bum all crumpled and soaked with gin. His nose was red and his eyes were dim, unshern was his swollen face, and I thought it queer such a seedy bo would come to so smooth a place. I turned around for a better look at this effigy of despair, and nearly fell in a little heap, for the effigy wasn't there! The barkeep laughed. "It's the Magic Glass," he said, with a careless yawn; "it shows a man how he's apt to look years hence when his roll is gone!"

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