EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Those men who are praised by everybody must be extraordinary men, or, which is more probable, very inconsiderable men.—Greville.

LAND LOTTERIES

THE GAMBLING feature in the opening, by the government, of the northwest Indian reservations is a very questionable method. Many persons and newspapers regard it as open to criticism. Two hundred thousand acres of land are involved in the Couer d' Alene reservation, and about 100,000 in the Flathead and Spokane reservations jointly. The choice lands in these tracts are separated from the rest, and are allotted by a game of chance. There is a drawing just as there used to be in the great Louisiana lottery. The best piece goes to the man who holds the luckiest number. The prize at stake is a thousand or thousands of times as great as that in the nickel in the slot machine. The principle is exactly the same. If the stakes are the measure of criminality, then the government's lottery has the nickel in the slot business beaten many miles. By the same test the government completely distances the average roulette, faro, poker or other gambling scheme. The single difference is that, in its own game, the government is the dealer and takes no percentage, while in the average game of chance there is a profit for the house.

The land lotteries are an appeal to the gambling spirit. They set just as vicious an example before the country as did the Louisiana lottery. As a result there has been presented the spectacle of thousands of persons journeying thousands of miles to register for the drawing. Great sums of money have been spent in railroad fares and other expenses, all of which will be lost except in the cases of the few who hold lucky numbers.

The government has excluded all lottery literature from the mails, and made it an offense against the peace and dignity of the nation for newspapers to publish or circulate advertisements of any business or activity that in the slightest respect approximates a lottery. Private citizens have been held amendable to this law, and penalties have been applied, in consequence of which the query becomes, is that which is culpable in the case of a citizen of the United States not equally or more culpable if practiced by the land department of the United States?

The Chicago Record-Herald objects to the plan and insists that the choice pieces of land should be put up at auction or be appraised and sold as would be done by a private citizen in the due course of business, and that the government of the United States should not be guilty of setting an open and notorious example of public gambling.

In behalf of the land lotteries, it is urged that they are a means of avoiding the rush and violence incident to former openings of land to settlement, but what of the statesmanship that holds that the only way to escape these is to invoke the wheel of fortune or the principle of the nickel in the slot?

CITY HALL OMENS

AS NOW constituted the Portland park board is Ion Lewis, Isadore Lang, Dr. J. R. Wetherbee and Dr. E. G. Clark. The first two were members of the former board, Mr. Lang having retired some time previous to the close of the Lane administration. The others are newly appointed members, and all are believers in a progressive system of parks. Dr. Wetherbee is president of the Commercial club, and is known in that organization as well as throughout the city as keenly alert in forwarding Portland. It is now explained that the mayor was misquoted in his reported antagonism to parks, and that, with due regard for careful expenditure of funds, he will cooperate in developing park sites already purchased and in time add others. The personnel of his park board seems to indicate that the administration's policy will be one of reasonable progress. It is hardly conceivable that the four men appointed on the board would have been selected to carry out a policy of non-progress.

It would be a public misfortune for Portland at this point in her career to lapse back into the barnacle epoch. If the deep sleep of mossbackism should settle on the city now, much of the prestige of her strategic position would be lost. Surrounded by a thick fog of non-progress, men could not become enthusiastic for making Portland a militant city. The struggle would become one of survival rather than supremacy. Real estate values would decline, capital would lose heart, and growth cease. the electrification would go out of live wire men, and we should face the danger of local stagnation. If the administration does not set some reasonable example of leadership for city building, there will be no city building. Fortunately, the latest announcements from the city hall, together with some of the appointments that have been made give encouragement to the tens of thousands in this city who believe that Portland as much as any other city, deserves to be improved, beautified and enlarged.

PORTLAND AND COOS BAY

THE NEXT meeting of the Oregon-Idaho Development league occurs on August 20 and 21 at Coos Bay. Portland business men and commercial organizations should see to it that a large delegation of representative business men of this city attend that meeting. People of Portland are not taking enough interest in these development league meetings and the projects therein discussed. Through these assemblies of wideawake, enterprising, progressive and in many instances individually disinterested and self-sacrificing men great things will be achieved for Oregon and Idaho within the next few years. There will be far more irrigation, more scientific and profitable culture, more people located satisfactorily on small tracts of land, more products gaining a big reputation for Oregon, more electric lines of railway and probably a railroad from Coos Bay to Boise City, to form a part of another transcontinental line.

All these things the business men and capitalists of Portland ought to take a lively interest in and help. Everything done in this direction anywhere in the two states, or in a large part of Washington as well, is "water on Portland's wheel." A big meeting was held here awhile ago to inaugurate a campaign for "500,000 in Portland in 1912." But to accomplish this result, or anything like it, all parts of the great country tributary in whole or in part to this metropolis must develop rapidly, must fill up with people, must increase their products, must double their business. Portland will only grow as the Oregon country grows. Portland people have been too self-centered; they should look abroad more, over all parts of this vast, splendid region, and take more interest in them.

At the recent meetings of development leagues at Boise, Vale, Burns and other places, few Portland people were present. They were conspicuous by their absence. In proportion to its population, wealth and interests at stake, it was the most poorly represented town in the state. This should be bettered, and there is no better place to begin a better record than at Coos Bay.

The Coos Bay country is well worth Portland's attention. It is a region of magnificent resources. Marshfield and North Bend together will in a few years make a city half as big as Portland. And don't imagine that Portland will lose anything by encouraging development there. That splendid region and this city will grow and develop together. Both are parts of Oregon. They should sympathetically cooperate. What helps one will help the other. There will be in the near future not only one railroad but two or more into that region. Its wealth of timber, coal, dairy farming and fruit lands is immense. It ought to be friendly to Portland, and is, if Portland will show due and timely friendship for it. And the Coquille region is of scarcely less importance and interest.

There ought to be a big, hearty, enthusiastic, sincere delegation of Portland people to Coos Bay on this occasion. Broaden out. Look far around, in all directions, over this great "empire," of which Portland is and can be more and more the metropolis and mart. Go over to Coos Bay. It will do that region good. It will do the visitors and Portland more good. It will broaden their vision. It will enlarge their opportunities. It will make new and strengthen old friendships and business relations. Make the people of that region know that Portland is alive and is interested in them.

THE CAPE COD CANAL

A CANAL soon to be finished is that across the Cape Cod peninsula, shortening the route and cheapening the transportation between Boston and all Atlantic ports farther south. This canal will afford a passage for about 30,000 vessels annually, about 6000 of them steamers. The dangerous sea off and around far-projecting Cape Cod that has been a graveyard for ships and sailors since the discovery of America, will be avoided, and so this canal will be a blessing to industry, commerce and life.

This canal is a private enterprise, and has been financed by August Belmont, and its cost will be about $12,000,000. Its total length is only about 13 miles, and there will be no locks. Most of it will be 125 feet wide at the bottom and 250 at the top, though there will be numerous "pockets" or widened spaces, to enable vessels to pass one another. It will accommodate vessels drawing 25 feet of water.

This ought to have been, ought to be, a public enterprise, built by the government and Massachusetts. Why that peninsula was not thus cut across long ago, by such a great commonwealth as Massachusetts, is strange. Mr. Belmont will be fairly entitled to good interest on his investment, of course, but the people should dig and own such avenues of transportation as this.

Cape Cod has been described as "a great arm, with elbow bent at Chatham, and ending in an upraised fist at Provincetown." Outside the "fist" are shoals, bars, spits, reefs, gales, tides—danger and often inevitable destruction for vessels steaming or sailing out of Boston harbor southward. This canal cuts across the elbow, and saves much distance, and incalculable danger, labor, fear and disaster.

The canal probably will not be completed before 1912; after that, for coastwise vessels, Cape Cod will shake its giant fist at mariners in vain.

THE DESCHUTES CANYON FIGHT

THE STRUGGLE for railroad right-of-way up the canyon of the Deschutes is similar in most of its features to several others that have occurred in like places. While it is possible for a railroad to get into the great central Oregon region by other routes, this one through the Deschutes canyon, though an expensive one in which to build a road, is the cheapest and most feasible in the end, for it gives a railroad an easy "water-level" grade all the way from the great interior region to tidewater and a seaport at Portland.

Mr. Harriman having at last, after years of waiting, decided to build a railroad along this route, finds his plan opposed and work contested by other parties, who have, like him, for years maintained watch and ward over this strategic gorge. These opponents apparently have plenty of funds, and the conjecture that they represent the Hill interests and are acting for that great railroad builder is plausible. The Hills and their associates have no doubt had their eyes on the great central Oregon region for a long time, and do not intend to admit that it is absolute Harriman territory. Mr. Harriman cannot reasonably complain of opposition and contest, for he has remained inert and passive for years. Besides, he fought Hill's North Bank road as stubbornly as he could, and is only getting a return of his own tactics—a dose of his own medicine.

However, the contest in the Deschutes canyon comes out, it is pretty safe to predict that central Oregon, railroadless so long, will soon have two railroads, and even more. This is the usual course of such events. One great railroad builder when he sets to work in any direction inspires activity in another, and rivalry causes the building of two or more railroads where for a long time it was impossible to get one.

It is a pretty fight, and the people of Oregon are enjoying it very much.

Spanish workingmen are making some trouble by protesting against and refusing to engage in a war which Spain is carrying on or is about to undertake in Morocco. This action of the workingmen may be treason, may be regarded by the authorities as unpatriotic, but it will seem to many disinterested observers that there is a good deal of reason and sense in their action. A war is usually designed for the benefit and aggrandizement of rulers, titled and privileged persons, and politicians, and is detrimental to the working classes, to the common people. If these would all refuse to fight, there would be no more wars.

There were recently in the Thames 165 ships of war, all ready for action. Thirty similar were recently off Provincetown, Mass. And England has others in various parts of the world. The war vessels in the Thames, it has been stated, cost $310,000,000, those on this side the Atlantic $200,000,000, and others further great sums, besides the enormous cost of maintenance, and all to preserve peace, to prevent attack by some other civilized, Christian nation. No wonder the question is being asked: Does such assurance of peace, if it be so, pay, at such a cost?

It has been discovered by a French investigator that much of the coffee sold as such in France, Germany and Austria is not coffee at all, but a bogus preparation made from cereals soaked in beer, brandy or rum, horse chestnuts, chestnuts, beans, carrots, dates and finally, the hard roe of cod. The announcement is that 257,000 tons of the preparation is annually put on the market. All over the world apparently the theory of Barnum is applied in practice—the people insist on being humbugged.

Three forms of tariff are mentioned in the Chicago platform, observes the Detroits News—"for revenue, for protection and for profit. The bitter climax is being fought today in conference, and it is a fight for profit. Iron ore, oil, coal, hides and lumber, the tariff on these raw materials is blood tariff, pure and simple—a tariff for profit. The fight has simmered down to this." Mr. Taft as a candidate also mentioned "profit," but he, like the platform, qualified this term by the word "reasonable." But the leading "friends of the tariff" have large ideas of what reasonable profits are.

Corn is still the king of American crops. It is related that Samuel J. Tilden, some 30 years ago, predicted that the time would come when this country would raise 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn, and that time has come. More than this amount is predicted for this fall, and its value will be well up toward $2,000,000,000. King Corn will contribute no little to the return of prosperity, and he asks for no protection, either.

The protective system is the greatest of trusts, remarks the New York World, for it includes all the trusts, "bound together by all the considerations of greed and plunder." They must stand or fall together, and act unitedly "in defense of privilege and plutocracy." Some day people will wonder that such a system was ever tolerated.

TANGLEFOOT

BY MILES OVERHOLT.

TOO many people have panics of the tongue; they overwork their throat latches and they are too extemporaneous with the face to suit me. When a fellow allows his tongue to roam at will and lets it out on its own recognizance, then I get tired; I get restless and have a pain.

An intelligent man doesn't talk enough and a fool doesn't stop talking long enough to give a sensible person an opportunity to tell him that he is talking too much. And there you are. Some day I look for war to be declared against the talkers, and when it comes to pass I shall mount a pale colored burro with a dark blue voice and I shall battle bravely for the right, or words to that effect, until there are not enough talkers left to start an argument.

Anyway, that is the way I feel about it now, but I was up pretty late last night.

ON SHEEP.

In Colorado recently a band of 1500 sheep was driven over a 200 foot bluff, and the shock frightened most of the sheep to death.

I think I violate no confidence when I say that a sheep has less sense than anybody. An alarm clock that has been well oiled will display more intelligence than an entire herd. Woolen clothing is not always made from sheep. Bargain hunters will verify this. A sheep is a success as long as it stays in the wool business, but when it gets ambitious and advertises to act in the capacity of mutton it begins to lose my friendship. Spring lamb is another name for mutton with six bits tacked on to lend grandeur and gloom to the bill of fare.

SONG OF THE CUCUMBER.

I'm the agent of death and destruction,
The dealer of pain and of woe;
I lead every row and each ruction
Way down in the regions below.

I am full of condensed pain and anguish,
I respect neither childhood nor age;
I am pleased when in torture you languish,
And I laugh when you curse me in rage.

I have green apples packed in the corner,
And muskmellon laid on the shelf;
I kill, but I am not a mourner,
I am painful, but not to myself.

I double you up with the colic,
Then I twist you and turn you with glee,
To cause you to suffer's a frolic,
And I'm proud when you blame it to me.

I'm the agent of internal panic,
The foe of mankind here below,
My specialty strictly organic,
In disturbances I'm the whole show.

I am not particularly musical anyway, but on first thought I don't hesitate to say that the fire chief's automobile is out of tune.

A Mormon once had some seventeen wives,
And the reason he had not a score,
Was because he married an old ladies' home,
And the home wouldn't hold any more.

This Date in History.

1789—First issue of the Pittsburg Gazette, the first newspaper west of the Allegheny mountains.

1806—Beunos Ayres taken by the British.

1833—Commodore William Bainbridge, who commanded the Constitution, died in Philadelphia. Born in Princeton, N. J., May 7, 1774.

1835 — Giosue Carducci, celebrated Italian poet, born. Died February 23, 1907.

1859—Mary Anderson de Navarro, celebrated actress, born in Sacramento, Cal.

1864—Battle of Four Mile creek, north of the James river, Virginia.

1868—Proclamation by the secretary of state that the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States had been ratified by three fourths of the states.

1898—Military expedition under General Brooke sailed from Newport News for Porto Rico.

1908—William H. Taft formally notified of his nomination for president.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Buy made-in-Oregon goods.

* * *

Patronize home business men.

* * *

No tariff can kill prosperity.

* * *

Fine summer climate for walking.

* * *

At least Roosevelt is keeping out of the tariff fight.

* * *

Yet Uncle Pearsons kept his last million a good while.

* * *

Lively times now up along the Deschutes, all right.

* * *

They also prayed for rain back in Boston, and got it.

* * *

It is also a good time to harvest the weeds, and burn them.

* * *

But has President Taft decided the whiskey question yet?

* * *

It isn't the first time Moors and Spaniards have "mixed."

* * *

If a lot of congressmen are not very tired, they ought to be.

* * *

"Insurgents" are sometimes the political salt of the earth.

* * *

But the Clemenceau government lasted a good while—for one in France.

* * *

Powderless warfare is predicted. Powderless peace would be a pleasanter prediction.

* * *

Free hides and a low duty on shoes and leather will cause some useful trouble.

* * *

M. Bourgeois is rather a significant name for a premier. Probably he is no "count."

* * *

A so-called lazy bug is a new discovery. It ought to be a favorite of many people.

* * *

Are the voters of Oregon going to give up the election of senators? It is not very likely.

* * *

The annual blowing up of harvest machines in the wheat belt has begun. It would seem that such accidents could be prevented.

* * *

An Indiana assistant bank cashier was a hog; he took all the money there was in the bank, leaving nothing at all for his superiors.

* * *

The late sultan of Turkey and shah of Persia are down and out, and Pretender Carlos is dead, but we still have Aldrich and Cannon.

* * *

A woman was divorced from the wrong man, a stranger. It must be a careless woman who doesn't know her husband, for divorce purposes.

* * *

It is to be hoped that two such good, useful officials as Ballinger and Pinchot will not differ long and seriously but will manage to work together for the benefit of the country.

* * *

Talk of war by Spain in Morocco brings out again the name of General Weyler, who may be the commander-in-chief. The world had happily forgotten that the old tyrant was yet alive.

* * *

Portland is practically at the head of ocean navigation on the Columbia, remarks the Tacoma Tribune. Yes, and at the end of a downhill grade from nearly all parts of the Pacific northwest.

* * *

Colorado women will try to elect one of their number to congress next year—if they can agree on a candidate. But whether she would be eligible is a debatable question, on account of the pronoun "he" in the following provision of the constitution:

"No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained the age of 25 years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state in which he shall be chosen."

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Grants Pass is to have another cement building.

* * *

Albany is quite proud of its new electric streetcar.

* * *

A Sunday excursion train to Newport carried 400 people.

* * *

Klamath Falls expects to become a great distributing point.

* * *

Crops much better than anticipated, says the Yamhill Record.

* * *

The Echo Register is a constant, lively and intelligent booster.

* * *

A lumber company will build a $15,000 dam at Rondowa, Wallowa county.

* * *

New Grass Valley is getting into the headlines of first-page dispatches.

* * *

The P. L. & P. Co. has nearly 100 men working on its plant at Canadero.

* * *

The Curry county court offers an additional bounty of $20 on coyote scalps.

* * *

Good runs of Columbia river salmon lately; all sorts of prosperity in Oregon.

* * *

A dozen mines in the Almeda, Josephine county, district are shipping in freight.

* * *

The school population of Marion county has grown from 10,638 last year to 12,055.

* * *

A Yamhill cherry twig 12 inches long contained two pounds of Royal Anne cherries.

* * *

Real estate sales indicate that times are going to look up in Coquille, says the Herald.

* * *

F. I. McKenna of Portland assures the Klamath Falls Herald that Hill is going to build across Oregon to that city.

* * *

An Enterprise man and a California man bought 1280 acres of land in Wallowa county and 4780 ewes and lambs for about $30,000.

* * *

A great many campers and berry pickers are to be seen passing and repassing, going to Tillamook and Trask and other points in that region.

* * *

Echo now has 7640 feet of graded streets, 9860 feet of wood sidewalk, 550 feet of cement sidewalk, and a $10,000 water system, all paid for, says the Register.

* * *

A short time before his death Al Coolidge deeded a five acre tract of land to Silverton for a park; also donated $100 semi-annually for its improvement.

* * *

Echo Register: More cows and more butter, more money and more homes, more satisfaction and more good citizens come from alfalfa than from any other crop in the northwest.

* * *

An Elgin dealer received a carload shipment of watermelons from Turlock, Cal. They cost on the ground at the rate of about $10 per ton, but the shipping charges are about three times that price.

* * *

During the present month there was shipped into Grants Pass as high as 100 boxes of cherries a day from the Willamette valley districts which, the Outlook thinks, should prompt Josephine county orchardists to raise more cherries.

* * *

The state president of the Farmers' union, F. A. Sikes of Milton, has advised wheatgrowers to resist deduction of the weight of sacks when selling their wheat, as it has been found, he says, that the amount of the sack is deducted by the companies when the grain is purchased and then added again when it is sold in the foreign market.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

Character and Service—By Phillips Brooks

(From a baccalaureate sermon at Harvard university, from I Corinthians, ix, 25: "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible," at Cambridge, June 15, 1890.)

The two words "character" and "service" describe the higher regions of man's life in which alone his powers can fulfill themselves and know their real strength and fit themselves for the full doing of even their low tasks. In them the workman doomed today to lower toils, when he is once allowed to enter, lifts himself up and knows his dignity and begins to put forth the might which he possesses.

Character—what is that? The absolute quality of a being, distinguished from its circumstances; behind even the closest of circumstances which we call the body, the intrinsic substance of the soul, what the man is, original, distinct, different from what any other man has ever been before; fed through the channels of his circumstances, of what happens to him, but fed directly from first principles, from fundamental and eternal truths; an utterance of the life of God; a true unity and harmony of personal existence, which can change every condition and be itself unchanged, whose goodness and badness rest in every fiber and substance of itself; a true soul. That is character.

Service—What do we mean by that? The other truth about each human nature, that the personality is a portion of humanity and that what belongs to it belongs also to the larger whole; that it realizes and possesses itself only as it gives itself to the greater which infolds it; that it is its own only as it serves the life of man to which it belongs; as the eye keeps its quality of vision only as it dwells in the complete structure and dedicates its power of vision to the use of the whole body, hand and foot and tongue and heart as they may need it.

These are the two great wonderful regions of life which we call character and service. These are the regions in which the human powers fulfil themselves and put on their full strength and glory. In seeking character, in rendering unselfish, self sacrificing service, ingenuity becomes a hundred fold acute, assiduity is clothed with an unguessed of industry, imagination grows into bewildering fervor, love and ambition are transfigured into passions, and with the increase of strength comes an increase of fineness which shows that the old powers which once hammered at the low forges of life were not merely doing higher things, but shining themselves with the revealed radiance of their true natures. Vulcan has shown himself a god.

These are the regions where the saints have meditated and the heroes fought. These are the regions into which the saintly and the heroic parts of our own lives have pressed sometimes and known in spite of themselves that they were saintly and heroic.

Now the one great thing we need is to believe that in character and service lies the true life of a human creature. We do not thoroughly believe that. We think of the struggle to be perfect and the effort to serve humanity as suburbs of the human life, great districts into which excursions are to be made, heavens into which ecstatic flights are to be soared, not as the very citadel of humanity, to live outside of which is not to be a man. Until we do believe that with our hearts and souls, the higher regions are still closed to our powers and they live, stunted and perverted, at their lower tasks.

It is only to man daring to think of himself nobly and divinely—ay! as the son of God—that there comes the possibility of putting his human powers to their perfect use. Character and service both fling their doors wide open to him who knows himself the son of God. The divine soul of Christ and the great work before him, to be himself and to save the world, these made his life. Therefore let the foxes have holes and birds of the air their nests, let Pilate sit upon his throne and the Pharisees weigh their mint, anise and cummin. He took these splendid human capacities of ours, and carried them beyond the stars into the heavenly worlds of character and service, and when men listened—as they had to listen—hark! in these visionary worlds, the same old human faculties had put out a new strength and worked with a pulse of power and a throb of music which made heaven and earth stand still to listen. Yet it was our human patience with which he was patient and our human bravery with which he was brave, and our human intelligence with which he knew, and our human purity with which he was pure, only they proved temselves when they attained their full humanity.

Ballington Booth's Birthday.

Ballington Booth, the founder and head of the Volunteers of America, was born in Brighouse, England, July 28, 1859. He is the son of Rev. William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, and for many years he was a prominent leader in that organization. After working under the direction of his father in England for a number of years he was sent in 1885 to take command of the Salvation Army in Australia. He remained there until 1887 when he was given charge of the organization in the United States. Under his leadership the opposition to the Salvation Army in the United States was dissipated and the organization assumed a strength that soon rivalled that of the parent body in England. Dissensions between father and son arose in 1896, and Ballington Booth was recalled and Commander Booth-Tucker, his brother-in-law, was placed in command of the Salvation Army in America. Ballington Booth then founded the Volunteers of America, which, working along the same lines as the Salvation Army, has had a remarkable growth and now numbers branch organizations in all parts of the country.

The REALM FEMININE

Have You Superstitions?

SUPERSTITIONS are always foolish in other people, but how about your own?

You have none? Are you quite sure that you never pick up pins that point toward you, and that you do not avoid setting out on a journey or starting an enterprise of any sort on Friday?

What is Friday that it should have such a malevolent influence upon the lives of people? Is Friday anything more than a mere symbol for our convenience in keeping track of time? What power in itself has the word Friday any more than Thursday or Sunday to create havoc in the lives and affairs of human beings?

Friday has no power to harm, but the belief of millions of people that it is unlucky does produce baneful effects.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and so long as people continue to believe that Friday is productive of unlucky happenings just so long will they lay themselves liable to the results of their own "unlucky" belief.

Perhaps there is no superstition that has greater hold on the world today than the number 13. This superstition goes back to the time of the Last Supper when 13 sat down to table and one of them, Judas, was a traitor.

Hotel proprietors seldom have a room with a number 13 on the door because there are so many people who would not occupy such a room. The room will be marked "A" or something of the sort and people are then perfectly satisfied.

Why does the paint in the form of "A" on the door not have the same power to strike terror to people that it would have, had it been in the form of 13? It is the same room, the same door and the same paint, so where does 13 derive its power if not from the people themselves? They have been taught for centuries to fear 13 and Job says "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me."

Very few people are really free from superstition. Many say they are but they probably prefer seeing the new moon over the right shoulder, they carry lucky pocket pieces, nail up horseshoes and decline to walk under ladders.

Theatrical people are notoriously superstitious and the number of their beliefs would fill a book. It is bad luck for them to whistle in the dressing room, to put shoes on the dressing shelf, to put a black umbrella on the bed, must not break a mirror or seven years' "bad luck" will follow, must rap on wood three times after announcing good fortune of any sort and dozens of other equally silly ideas.

The horseshoe superstition dates back to the time when a horseshoe-shaped splash of blood was put on the door of the Israelites as a sign of protection for their first born from the slaughter that was visited upon the Egyptians.

Since Billiken, the god of luck, has come upon the scene, the 13 superstition should be on the wane, for the idea of Billiken was conceived on the 13th—and Friday at that.

It is remarkable at this present day when reason is supposed to rule the world, that millions of people should still be in bondage to the superstitions of centuries ago.

Education is killing much of superstition but the total destruction must be a matter of individual growth.

The next time you are tempted to give credence to a superstitious belief, stop and realize how utterly foolish it is.

One of Webster's definitions of superstition is "false gods." Did you ever look at it in that light and realize that the people who worshipped graven images were little more idolatrous than we who bow down and give power to 13, Friday, opals, black cats and horseshoes?

We should begin to realize that there is an Omnipotent Creative Power which rules the destiny and lives of men and that no mindless and inert superstitions can set aside the laws of that Creator. When we do realize this great truth superstition will vanish for there will no longer be belief to keep it alive.

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Sunshine Cake.

A DELICIOUS cake, which although it involves the use of no raising material aside from lemon, and is far superior to the rich, heavy, and indigestible cakes one frequently encounters, is made up as follows, says Physical Culture.

Take six fresh eggs, one and one fourth cups of granulated cane sugar, one cup of pastry flour, two even teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one even teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of extract. Separate the whites from the yolks. Whip the whites until stiff, then add lemon juice and continue whipping until they will stand. Sift sugar once; add to whites and fold in until thoroughly dissolved. Add salt to yolks and beat stiff with an egg beater. Add yolks to whites and fold in thoroughly. Sift flour five times, measure; add to batter and fold in lightly; fold just enough to make batter smooth. Add extract just before adding flour. Put in ungreased mold, place in moderately warm oven (not hot), to raise; it will raise in 30 or 35 minutes, then increase the heat slightly and bake for 25 minutes. Bake in a medium sized loaf cake pan; use a pan from which the bottom can be removed.

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The Age of Beauty.

THE physical beauty of women should last until they are past 50, says the Boston Globe. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of 35 or 40.

Helen of Troy comes upon the stage at the age of 40.

Cleopatra was past 40 when she met Antony.

Anne of Austria was 38 when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe.

The old saying about sweet 16 is exploded by the truer knowledge that the highest beauty does not dwell in immaturity, for beauty does not mean alone the fashion of form and coloring as found in a waxen doll. A woman's best and richest years are from 26 to 40. No woman is passe at an earlier day.

Rudyard Kipling

(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.)

Alas for R. Kipling! When he was a stripling, and filled with the fire of his age, he looked like a dinger—the all-firedest singer that ever wrote rhymes by the page. His harpstrings he pounded with vim till they sounded like strains of a Homeric brand, and people, in wonder, inquired who in thunder was filling with music the land. "At last—now we know it—the world has a poet, who'll set all the rivers afire." In this way we hailed him, when critics assailed him, and knocked on his bargain sale lyre. The years have been flying, and old bards are dying, and some of the young have been called; and Rudyard the rhymer is now an old timer, string-halted and painfully bald. And harder and harder, with counterfeit ardor, he whangs at his lusty old lyre; it's kept caterwauling and wailing and squalling, when it ought to be flung in' the fire. O, hush up its clangor! In sorrow, not anger, we proffer this little request: let's think of the stripling—the long vanished Kipling, and let the old man take a rest.

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