EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.—Colton.

A BEST STATE FAIR

EFFORT is to be made to make the coming state fair the greatest in the history of Oregon. Everything is in tune for such a fair. In all lines farmers are receiving prices for their products such as they scarcely ever received before. They are prices so high that every farmer is surrounded with abounding prosperity. Not only are the prices extremely favorable, but the output in every department of the farm is one of the best Oregon has ever yielded. The effect is that every granary is bursting with plenty, and every rural home the headquarters of thrift. It is an environment out of which to bring forth a state fair incomparable.

A progressive fair is a sure index to a progressive state. It is a function that reflects the enthusiasm or the lethargy of a state's agriculture. It is a test of the question of whether the agricultural world is alert, or whether it is backward in its husbandry. Standing in contemplation of the exhibits, the visitor from a distant state sees at a glance the answer to the query of how fares it with the Oregon farmer. In one brief hour, they are able to determine the issue of whether or not Oregon soil and climate give up adequate reward for effort, and whether or not the state is a good place to live in. Fat, sleek livestock of rotund body and graceful curvatures, such as Oregon can produce so well, and grains, grasses, vegetables and fruits that Oregon hands can grow so matchlessly—these on display at the grounds eloquently tell in but a moment the story of Oregon husbandry, that the pamphlets, newspapers and advertising matter cannot portray in a year. The fair affords opportunity for display of a living picture of these things, that once seen is never forgotten by the stranger, and it is an opportunity of which the fair management and the farmers of Oregon should make avail to the uttermost, especially in this year when a great caravan of people from other states is touring the coast. Oregon has been good to her people, and it is time now for her people to be good to Oregon. They can do it by making the fair the greatest in the history of the state. The day is propitious, and the reward worth the effort.

ORVILLE WRIGHT'S TRIUMPH

ORVILLE WRIGHT'S successful, triumphant flight at Fort Myer Friday was a scene worthy of the excited plaudits of the assembled multitude. In a sense the whole nation watched and applauded. He made a new and up to date an exceedingly brilliant record, covering a ten mile course at the rate of 42½ miles an hour, and part of the way flying at a speed of 80 miles an hour. He turned his great airship at will, raised or lowered it at his pleasure, curved sharply around the balloon "stake," and alighted without mishap. He won the test required by the government, a big business triumph, he added greatly to the fame of these wonderful but modest brothers, and, what is worth more to them than all else, he enjoyed the personal satisfaction of doing what he had set out to do.

The Wrights have succeeded notably on several previous occasions, and will doubtless accomplish far greater feats in future, but this one, so far, capped the climax.

HEYBURN'S EXPLANATION

WHEN SENATOR JONES of Washington presented his amendment placing grain bags on the free list, Senator Heyburn of Idaho spoke in opposition to it, saying that although some millions of bags were used in Idaho, there was to be a protective duty on lead, lumber and other things, and the farmers of his state "will have to learn that the man who receives must be ready to contribute." The miners had to eat, remarked the senator, from which it is inferred that what wheat the lumbermen and lead miners ate increased the price to the farmers, so that they could afford to pay the duty on bags. The Spokane Spokesman-Review thinks the senator's explanation will not be satisfactory to the farmers of the Pacific northwest, who are taxed $500,000 a year on grain bags imported from India in order to protect a little California establishment or two whose output amounts to only $120,000 a year. Probably the farmers will not be satisfied, but the senator spoke as a true protectionist, and it is protection that the farmers have been voting for these many years. When they find out that they are not in it when it comes to parcelling out the swag, they may vote differently. As to Senator Heyburn, he is in for six years more now, and doesn't have to serve the people rather than the trusts.

WHO HAS BEEN HARMED?

WHY SO MUCH complaint on the part of two or three Republican newspapers about the election of Chamberlain instead of a Republican to the United States senate? Wasn't he elected by Republicans as well as Democrats? And are any Republicans who voted for him expressing regrets? It does not appear that any sacred "principles" have suffered, or that Oregon has been injured in any way. He appears in his votes, while not adhering strictly on every occasion to professed Democratic doctrine, to have represented the people of the country generally and of Oregon in particular, quite as well as any Republican would have done—far better, indeed, than any Republican follower of Aldrich would have done. And in other respects he has been attending to business, vigilant, faithful. This is no more than any senator should be, but why these reiterated wails about Oregon having an independent sort of Democrat instead of a Republican in the senate?

Here is the Hillsboro Republican moaning about it, and warning the Republicans of Washington county that in the state and county elections next year they must all stand together, must under no circumstances ever again vote for an "independent" or Democratic candidate—for see what a terrible thing has happened: Chamberlain is in the senate! This, that organ says, "is a highly displeasing state of affairs," brought about through the efforts of "independent" newspapers and voters; hence beware of being "independent;" be Republican, down to dog-catcher, though the de'il be in it. While Chamberlain did not carry Washington county, several hundred Republicans who later voted for Taft voted for him, and the Independent (it should change its name) lectures them roundly, and warns them that there will be "a sifting of the sheep from the goats"—all the voters who choose occasionally to be independent being, we suppose, the "goats."

But beware, brother, if voters are threatened and coerced too much, and if it is attempted by the old machine element to undo the reformatory progressive measures that have been enacted, the "goats" are likely to so increase in numbers that they will butt the "sheep" out of the pasture.

NO CHANGE IS WANTED

SO FAR as The Journal is able to inform itself, it believes that the reported scheme to oust Director F. H. Newell from his extremely important position as head of the reclamation bureau, and to put in his place a politician, should meet with general protest throughout the country and especially in the west. Mr. Newell has been in this service for 20 years, and knows more about it, probably, than any other man in the country. More than any other he is an expert in it. He is absorbed in the work, and it is progressing finely—even if some mistakes have been made. He is not a politician, is oblivious to party "pull," will have no politics in his business—which is probably the real reason why great pressure is being brought to bear on the president to turn him out and put some "lame duck" politician—one Scott, of Kansas, perhaps—in his place. It should not be done. Politics should be kept out of this service, this great work.

THE BILLBOARD QUESTION

THE CITY council of Seattle, yielding to widespread public sentiment, is preparing an ordinance regulating billboards by limiting their height, by providing for a lineal foot tax and by prohibiting them altogether on grounds facing schools, parks or boulevards. The ordinance may be passed notwithstanding an adverse or not encouraging opinion by the corporation counsel. He thinks the first limitation would be an invasion of the rights of private property, the second double taxation and the third non-enforceable. Yet he intimates that the courts might be inclined to sustain such legislation on the broad ground that the multiplicity of great billboards is a public evil, which a municipality has the right under its police powers to suppress or regulate. This suggestion seems more in consonance with reason and common sense than his objections.

True, billboards are not per se a nuisance in the same sense that great garbage heaps or odorous slaughter houses are, yet they are literally an offense to a large proportion of the people of every city, often to residents in their immediate vicinity, and it probably will be held in the near future, if it has not been already, that a city can abate the nuisance or regulate and tax it. It is unlikely that billboard advertising will be suppressed altogether, but it ought to be reasonably taxed in all cities.

MEXICAN POLITICS

A NATIONAL election is pending in Mexico, and several incidents, among them a few riots, indicate that stormy times are ahead, when the venerable veteran Diaz shall have laid down the scepter, if not even before.

There is no serious opposition to the election of Diaz as president for the seventh time, but there is a bitter fight over the vice presidency, the successful candidate for which will be Diaz's logical successor, and will in fact be his legal sucessor if he shall not live out his term. The present vice president is Ramon Corral, who is Diaz's candidate for reelection, but a numerous and strong faction resent the president's dictation, as they claim it to be, of his successor, and have united, to a considerable extent, on General Bernardo Reyes. Diaz was always a good deal of a dictator, but Mexico needed one, and his habit of domination has strengthened with increasing years, so that if he insists on using his overwhelming influence in favor of Corral, the Reyesites may start a revolution as soon as the old warrior and statesman is in his grave.

But possibly not; Mexico has learned and improved much in the generation that has grown up since Diaz fought his way to the presidency, and during which he has made a respectable nation out of it.

A CASE IN POINT

THERE IS doubt whether the legislatures of the necessary three-fourths of the states will pass the income tax resolution, but there is no doubt that if the people had an opportunity to vote on the question directly it would carry in nearly, if not quite, all the states. Influences that can and doubtless will be brought to bear upon the legislatures of many states, with considerable chance of success in some of them, could not so easily or successfully be brought to bear upon the masses of the people.

This one proposition, if correct—and we think no one will dispute it—furnishes a powerful argument in favor of a primary law similar to Oregon's in all the states. Often the people don't get what they reasonably and justly want because they are not really represented by members of the legislatures. And when such a case occurs, with respect to any law or public proposition, they should have the power to take the case directly into their own hands and settle it for themselves.

A dispatch says that angered by a report that President Reyes, when he fled Colombia for Europe, took with him $20,000,000 in gold and a bag containing millions of dollars' worth of jewels as his plunder from the government, the people of the republic are on the verge of a serious revolution. But he only followed many precedents, the quite usual custom in several of the republics of South and Central America. And what good will a revolution do after the gold and diamonds are gone? It looks like a case of smashing the stable all to pieces after the horse has been stolen.

The churches and their adjunct institutions are the principal objects of the revolutionists' wrath in Spain, as they were in France in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The reasons are much the same, and the results, in time, may be so also. When millions of ignorant, oppressed people begin to care more about their bodies and less about their souls, more about this life and less about the next, there is bound to be trouble.

The Osaka fire will rank among the great fires of the world's history, the area burned over being about four miles square, occupied by 13,000 buildings, though probably many of these were small. The Japanese responded quickly and liberally on the occasion of the San Francisco calamity, and if there is need of outside help in Osaka, Americans should do no less.

Among the items in the last appropriation bill was one of $6000 for hire of autos and carriages for the speaker. This may be reasonable, as a general proposition, but it does seem like rubbing it in a little to tax the people $6000 a year for auto rides for Uncle Joe Cannon, who is constantly using all his great power to injure and oppress them.

While there has been a stubborn strike at Pittsburg lately, involving some unpleasant features, it is noticeable that the country has been remarkably free from strikes for many months past, more so, we believe, than for any equal period in many years. This is a good thing and a good sign, and an occasion for general congratulation.

A French professor has proposed to the government a plan of bonusing large families, which is being seriously considered. He proposes that $100 be allowed for the second child born in any family, $200 for the third, and so on. This plan promises to increase the population annually by 1,000,000 children, at a cost to the state of $6,000,000 annually. This scheme of subsidizing motherhood is something new but in a nation whose population is at a standstill it may have merit. In this country we pay billions to "protect" certain interests, concerns and people, but as yet have not thought of subsidizing maternity.

Mr. H. W. Scott some years ago desired to go to the senate. He would, we may presume, like it if he were a member of that body now. If he were so, and he had been in Senator Chamberlain's place, in what respects would he have voted differently from what Chamberlain did? Would he have been a meek and lowly follower of Aldrich? If so, isn't Chamberlain a better senator for Oregon and the country than Scott would have been? Or would he have voted his personal ideas and principles, and so become a follower of Bryan on the tariff question? If so, is he a Republican? An answer would be interesting.

Experiments have shown that a howitzer can destroy a balloon 4000 feet high. Now the need is for a balloon that from a safe distance can drop something down that will destroy a howitzer. The thirst of the art of destruction is unappeasable.

Can't everybody understand that the only time that Thaw was really insane was at the moment he shot Stanford White? That in fact was the express purpose of his insanity. Any well paid alienist will tell you that.

BY MILES OVERHOLT.

NOVELETTE—IN THREE CHAPTERS

Lovely Luella Lovelace sat in her boudoir moaning with a pain in her complexion. She was also reading the 77th chapter of the book wherein the hero was a dark-haired giant with blue eyes and a fighter from way up the creek.

Lovely Luella's ma humped herself over the wash tub in the kitchen and sang, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," six inches below the scale.

Overhead the bluebirds were caroling forth their overtures to the dawning day. (As a matter of fact it was 10 minutes to 11, but we have got to work some poetic language in here somewhere.)

Chapter 2.

Luella absently stretched her gum from her mouth as far as her arm would reach and then let it snap back again with a dull thud against the mansard roof of her mouth. The blue-eyed hero had just killed eight Indians and had saved the life of the lovely heroine, and the pain in Luella's complexion had disappeared.

Then an unheard-of thing took place.

Chapter 3.

Luella's mother fainted for the first time in 65 years, 8 months and 10 days. The dogs barked. The birds refrained from singing their glad refrains. Prices went up. For——

LOVELY LUELLA LOVELACE WALKED INTO THE KITCHEN AND VOLUNTEERED TO WASH THE DISHES!

The End.

"You've heard of lightning tearing off a man's shoe without injuring the man, I suppose," said a Salem man yesterday, "but one time I saw a bolt of lightning strike a half-witted fellow right on top of the head, and in less than a week the fellow was teaching geometry in a college a few cities from where I used to live. That's what the lightning done for him. Nother time I remember of seeing lightning strike a man who was going down town with a $1000 bill in his pocketbook. Well, the lightning struck his pocketbook and passed on into the ground. The man wasn't hurt a bit, but that $1000 bill had been jarred into a few dollars in gold and the rest in silver. Even change, too."

"Speaking of economy in living expenses," said a gentleman in the Plaza yesterday, "I know a man who has got it down to a science. One day he stopped in to the butcher shop and ordered five cents' worth of sausage sent up to his house. The butcher didn't fill the order right away, and in about 15 minutes a boy handed him a note which read: "Don't send sausage; the cat just caught a bird."

This Date in History.

1684—Treaty of peace concluded at Albany between the colonists and the Five Nations.

1776—The Declaration of Independence was engraved and signed by the members of congress.

1816—First Presbyterian congregation in Missouri was organized at Bellvue settlement, in Washington county.

1820—Sir John Rose, Canadian statesman, born. Died August 26, 1888.

1835—Elisha Gray, famous electrical inventor, born in Barnesville, Ohio. Died in Newtonville, Mass., January 20, 1901.

1862—Cavalry fight at Culpepper, Va., between Generals Stuart and Buford.

1873—Large section of Portland, Or., destroyed by fire.

1908—Forest fires devastated several towns of British Columbia.

George P. Wetmore's Birthday.

George Peabody Wetmore, United States senator from Rhode Island, was born in London, Eng., August 2, 1846. He was graduated from Yale college in 1867 and after a two years' course at Columbia college law school was admitted to the bar of Rhode Island. He was first presidential elector of Rhode Island in 1880 and in 1884. In 1885 he was elected governor of Rhode Island on the Republican ticket and a year later was honored with reelection. In 1887 he was defeated for a third term, receiving, however, a greater number of votes than at either of the two preceding elections, when successful. Mr. Wetmore was elected to the United States senate in 1894 to succeed Nathan F. Dixon, and was reelected in 1900 and 1907.

Senator Gore (Blind) on Light.

From the Congressional Record.

In my judgment a tax on print paper is a tax on intelligence. It is a fine on knowledge. It sets a premium upon ignorance and a penalty upon learning. A tax on print paper is a shade on the lamp of enlightenment and a cloud over the sun of civilization.

It is as true as it is ancient that a free press is the palladium of liberty. Tyrants, sir, have never been able to thrive in that white light which a free press sheds upon the throne. It is the sacred duty of the press to speak truth to the king in the hearing of the people and to the people in the hearing of the king.

Mr. President, the first recorded utterance of the most high God was "Let there be light." This has ever been the battle hmyn of human progress. This has ever been and must ever be the watchword of advancing civilization. The nation that forgets this mandate must relapse into social chaos and intellectual night. There are kindreds among the sons of men who are still thralled in the power of darkness. There are senators who seem to prefer darkness rather than light.

Notwithstanding the first fiat of omnipotence was, "Let there be light," yet this senate, in defiance of the decree, sets up its puny enactment, "Let there be night."

Mr. President, whether physical, intellectual, or moral, light is a blessing to be sought and not an evil to be shunned. I would not place a meter upon the eyelids of the people and charge them for the joyous sunbeams. I would not annul or defy the ordinance of the almighty. I would say now and forever, "Let there be light."

The first word of the deity should be the first and last work of humanity. The first luminous edict of man's divine maker should be the first and last precept of those who were made in the divine image.

In the Garden Alone.

From the New York World.

Other Democrats in the senate vault the plutocratic tariff wall frequently to revel briefly in the garden of privilege, but Mr. McEnery, of Louisiana, remains there entranced and enthralled. There is never a vote now that does not find him under the Aldrich banner. He is no mere local issue protectionist. He is continental, world wide, universal in his attachment to the schedules.

When Mr. McEnery's brethren espy a melon or a peach that appeals to them they gather it in, reckoning little of pains and penalities. Nightfall, however, finds them safe and snug in the Democratic fold. Sugar lured Mr. McEnery into the bower of Hesperus and he now remains there, sometimes accompanied by other Democrats but much of the time the only one on the premises.

"Solitary and alone I did it," said Thomas H. Benton, on a memorable occasion. Solitary and alone, so far as Democratic company is concerned, Mr. McEnery reclines in the arbors where the golden apples grow. Grand, gloomy and peculiar, there can be no doubt that he is thoroughly sweetened.

The Unemployed.

From the Spokane Inland Observer.

Next winter Spokane will be again asked as it was last winter to contribute to the help of the unemployed in Spokane who have no money for bed or board. There will be hard luck stories, no work, no money, and the liberal spirit of the citizens will be levied upon to alleviate the distress.

Today the bulletin boards in front of the employment offices are crowded with bids for laborers in the harvest fields, lumber camps, and for railroad construction; and lounging in front of them stand hundreds of idle men who prefer to keep within range of the cheap saloon rather than get out in the fields and provide against the winter. There are right now over a thousand idle men in Spokane—not because there is no work to do but because they are too lazy to do it. A strict enforcement of the vagrancy law would remedy the evil and drive the men to the fields where they are sorely needed.

Human Weakness.

From the Chicago News.

It was in the Bertillon room.

"You have the system down pretty fine," commented the visitor.

"Yes," responded the police examiner, "even to the identification by finger prints."

"But how do you get the finger impression when the prisoner is unwilling to let you have it?"

"Oh, through strategy. We just hang a 'Wet Paint' sign on the wall and the prisoner is certain to touch it when we are not looking."

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Harvesters have taken their coats off.

Hurrah! Congress is about to adjourn.

The downward revision is only in spots.

Colonels are dying off fast in the arid south.

The sugar and steel trusts are quite satisfied.

Speaking of local trusts, how about the plumbers?

Railroad building is costly—in the Deschutes route style.

It's seldom so bad as predicted, never so bad as it might be.

My! but won't Big Bill Taft be glad when congress adjourns?

Glorious nights to sleep, as is nearly always the case in Oregon.

Harriman has a habit of getting what he wants when he wants it.

Even in reporting news of disasters in war, Spain's motto is "manana."

The principal ruler of Spain for centuries has been General Anarchy.

An exceedingly superstitious people can not be fit for self-government.

Wnether sane or not, Thaw and his case have become a great bore.

The air will have much fun with a lot of people before being fully conquered.

The people will applaud a smashing of the paving trust, or the plumbers' trust.

"Woman divorced from wrong man," said a headline. Usually the case, in the woman's opinion.

Mr. Rockefeller's kerosene butter may come handy out camping in making a light to eat by.

If Oregon ought to be ashamed of anything, it is importations of things she should produce.

The farmer is willing to submit to various kinds of unlift; but he won't take to the balloon sort.

Next, the governments will be going into aerial Dreadnaughts. They must prepare in every possible way for peace.

It is in these clear, warm evenings and under a full moon that Love gets his young dream work in, to perfection.

Irrigation convention in Eugene Saturday. What would people of the Willamette valley have thought of that a few years ago?

It is reported that a Spanish warship was sent to Melilla. Didn't know Spain had any warship since Dewey and Schley operated on the Spanish navy.

Woodburn Independent: That water grade haul is distinctly advantageous to Portland. The heavy mountain climb to Seattle and Tacoma no longer looks good to railroad owners.

A Eugene man who gave $40,000 in money and property in aid of the divinity school there was fined $5 for swearing at an automobilist who almost ran over him. Perhaps it may be said of him as of Uncle Toby, "The recording angel dropped a tear on the oath, and blotted it out forever."

Songs have been sung and orations made, to the man behind the gun; millions in bloody death he has laid, and gory triumphs won. But a little verse I humbly make, to the man who, causing no pain, but to feed the hungry, waiting world, rides out to reap the grain.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Elkton is building waterworks.

Irrigation ditches out of a job lately.

Clatskanie farmers want a good roads lecture.

Five steamers left Tillamook in one day northward.

Not a vacant house in Toledo, and houses in demand.

New electric building for the Brownsville Woolen mills.

Harrisburg man imported very fine buck from Ontario.

New buildings going up in Canby, one for a general store.

Roseburg Masons will build a four story $20,500 building.

Tacoma packinghouse buys many cattle in Klamath county.

Everything looks mighty nice around Irrigon, says the Irrigator.

An 18-acre barley field near Weston yielded 85 bushels an acre.

Sumpter valley railroad company wants lots of men and teams.

Many fine apples are also raised in Tillamook county—or could be.

Many wheat fields around Weston are yielding over 40 bushels an acre.

Cheese very strong says the Tillamook Herald. In price, it means.

An Oakland concern is shipping wagon material all over Oregon and as far south as Tulare, Cal.

An Ontario man has a fine little row of 16 English walnut trees which he grew from a quarter's worth of nuts planted last fall.

Crops and markets are both good, and substantial improvements are going on in both the city and country, says the Brownsville Times.

Farmers' unions of northern Crook county have started a movement to secure government aid in irrigating a large area of land.

Farmer near Scio working in hayfield hung his vest on a fence; bull came along and punched it to pieces, also a watch and pair of spectacles.

Within the past week more than 500 inquiries have been answered by the Wallowa Booster club, and more are coming all the time, says the Sun.

A Grand Ronde valley farmer tells of barley that will go 80 bushels to the acre and bluestem wheat that will go from 45 to 50 bushels to the acre.

A deputy game warden recently appointed in the Alsea region was convicted of killing deer out of season and served 90 days in jail, says the Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Weston Leader: We may have lost the normal school, but the farmers and not the school are the commercial bulwark of the community, and Weston will continue to get along very comfortably, thank you. It is surrounded by a region of small farms which is growing in population, and will "hold its own."

Roseburg Review: Roseburg is learning a valuable lesson, and that is that cities are built up by people who live in them and do not wait for outsiders to come and build it up for them. Our street paving work, now well under way, is laying the foundation here for a real city. This fact is becoming known abroad and many other people will soon be coming here to reside.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

Address to the Sun—By Ossian

(The concluding lines of the poem of Carthon. Ossain is a character in Irish literature, said to have flourished in the third century, but whose own existence, as well as the origin of his accredited poems, are yet subjects of dispute.)

O, thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my father! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou, thyself, movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season and thy years will have an end. But thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

The REALM FEMININE

Abuse of the Mother Tongue.

OWING to the lack of uniformity in the pronunciation of our language, the phonetic spellers must have the courage of their convictions when they urge rearrangement on basis of sound. We feel more inclined to agree with the writer who said: "Of far more importance, in my humble estimation, is the advisability of improving the sound of our speech than of defacing the structure of the finest language of the world with the fad of simplified spelling."

We may, or we may not, need simplified spelling, but we certainly do need purer pronunciation and vocalization of our mother tongue. Lack of these seems more noticeable in woman than in man, and our English cousins are somewhat justified in their criticisms of us along those lines.

"Thy speech betrayeth thee," said the servants to Peter. Unpolished speech is a thing for which wealth cannot atone and which position only the more betrays.

Long habit establishes us in self-complacent crudity. How shall we find rescue from the verbal pitfalls which so plentifully abound? What is your dictionary for? Whereto serve the numerous manuals which tell us how to pronounce and how not to pronounce?

The standard of cultivated pronunciation is well defined for us if we will take the trouble to look it up. Let us have moral courage and not continue to fall in with the prevailing mode of pronunciation and help propagate an intolerable Americanism in our speech. Let us on the other hand avoid the worse alternative of artifice and affectation. Plain homespun is preferable to cotton-back velvet.

Incorrect pronunciation is partly due to the fact that we make the acquaintance of so many words on the printed page. As we rarely hear them spoken, and do not take the precaution to look them up, we do the next best thing and pronounce them as nearly as possible as they are spelled.

There is a general tendency to place the accent as far as possible from the end of the word, and a great disregard for the various vowel sounds. We insist upon "ant" instead of aunt, indulge in "larfter" instead of laughter, "ketch" a train rather than catch it, and prefer "noo" things to new ones.

The first serious attempt to fix a standard of pronunciation was in Palestine more than a thousand years before Christ, and an account of it is given in the twelfth chapter of Judges. Then those who fell short of the standard met death. Today, ignorant speech is a confession of social and intellectual inferiority almost akin to social suicide.

"The sweetest music," says Emerson, "is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth or courage." The speaking voice exerts a constant influence in all departments of life, and yet in the rush for the varied accomplishments of the day, it hardly receives a thought. The voice has wonderful possibilities which are rarely realised. A woman with a sweet and gracious voice may, without realizing it, exert a greater influence for good than the one who goes out to reform the world.

It has been said that there are more good voices going to waste in this country than any place else in the world, and all because we pay no attention to them.

The music of speech is chiefly in the vowels, and a little practice of their various sounds will bring wonderful results. As a rule, the lower the pitch of the speaking voice the more beautiful it is. This is not hard to attain, for there are two registers in every voice, the high and low; and a little practice in the use of the lower instead of the higher would improve the unpleasant voices we hear daily. Improper breathing is another prolific producer of disagreeable tones.

A voice may be calming or irritating, buoyant or depressing, repellant or attractive—a wonderful power for good or evil in the world.

If we would cultivate pures pronunciation and better voices every day in the home we would find ourselves in possession of an accomplishment that would give constant pleasure to our friends, acquaintances and all those with whom we come in speaking contact.

* * *

Money, if kept by us, yields no rent and is liable to loss.—Emerson.

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Suggestions.

A WALL pocket of pretty cretonne to hang by two rings and with wide pockets to hold shoes and toilet articles, is a comfort in the boudoir.

To clean suede shoes there is a preparation sold in most stores for the purpose, but a very stiff bristle brush will do more for cleaning them than some of the better known methods.

To keep pie dough, make into compact ball and cover with melted lard. Place in cool cellar or refrigerator and it will keep a week, being ready for use at any time.

If the icing fails to harden on your cake, put it in the oven for a few minutes. It forms a thin crust which in no way destroys the delicate icing.

Last year's dimity dress, if clean and flimsy, should be brushed on the wrong side with a cloth wrung out of sweet milk, then ironed with a medium hot iron to give it the original freshness.

Butter the upper inside edge of a stewpan to prevent the contents of the pan boiling over, whether milk, chocolate, syrup or cereals.

* * *

"WHEN washing or ironing, put a thick rug under your feet, and you will find you don't feel nearly so tired when through and at all times when you can sit down. I wash my dishes at a table in preference to the sink, and find it much easier to sit while doing them. Heat a brick to rest irons on while ironing. It keeps them hot much longer. In making your starch add a pinch of borax. Stir it all into boiling water, stir until nearly cool, add a few drops of bluing, and you will find your starch will not stick. Besides, your clothes will be much whiter."

Farmer Abdul's Soliloquy

(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.)

Methought I'd reach the limit of all harm, when I was torn by traitors from the throne, and buried here upon a barren farm, where e'en the cows are merely skin and bone. But as I walk, unpoisoned, through the grass, unhurt by mantraps in the bosky dell; I wish no more for Yildiz towers of brass; I cry aloud "Bismillah! All is well!" Here may I pluck the pumpkin from the tree, and find no bombs within its yellow shell; here may I pick the fragrant early pea, and find no poison in its taste or smell. I walk the fields, and peace is on my brow, no armed assassins lurk behind the stack; and I can sit and milk my brindle cow, and no one comes to stab me in the back. A gentle horse is here when I would ride, and many a time on him of late I rode, and found no daggers sticking through his hide, and I feel sure that he will not explode. A happy life, for one who's tired of crowns! I bless the day when throne and sceptre fell; your Uncle Ab has had his ups and downs, and now I cry: "Bismillah! All is well!"

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