EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES—MAIN 7173. HOME, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE. Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 1007-08 Boyce Building, Chicago.

The Journal is on file in London, England, at the offices of The Journal's English representatives, E. & J. Hardy & Co., 30 Fleet street, where subscriptions and advertisements will be received.

Subscription Terms by mail or to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico:

DAILY.

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

> The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.—Lavater.

THE DAIRY COMMISSIONERS' DUTIES

IT IS BETTER to spend money for dairy inspection than for burial lots. It is cheaper to provide pure milk than pay doctor's bills. It is sounder policy to insist upon enforcement of laws for healthy cows and clean milk than to multiply funerals and burial caskets.

The contention that diseased cows are not dangerous and that dirty milk is healthful is so absurd as to be amazing. That such views should be entertained by an official who is in effect the chief health officer of the state, is almost beyond belief. He is the man to whom the pure food laws are committed for enforcement. He is the official charged with supervision of the dairies and with the enforcement of the laws regulating them. He is an official on whose office the state is annually expending considerable sums of money, and for the sole and only purpose of protecting the public health against impure foods, unclean milk and diseased cattle.

Commissioner Bailey should change his views so that he can conscientiously and impartially execute the state laws governing his duties, or resign. He must acknowledge that impure milk and infected milk is destructive of health and a menace to life. He must confess that milk from diseased cows is likely to be infected with dangerous germs and must not be sold to consumers. If he does not admit these demonstrated truths and administer his office on a basis of such admission, he ought not to occupy his position.

Every reputable physician in the city of Portland, if each could be induced to speak on the subject, would declare Commissioner Bailey's views not only to be absurd, but absolutely dangerous. There is not one of them but would declare that a dairy and food commissioner's office administered on such a theory is not only useless, but actually harmful. There is not one but knows that if the office is to continue to be conducted on such a basis that it ought to be abolished, so that each city and town would take upon itself the regulation of its milk supply and some measure of protection be afforded the public.

It is not so much the dairymen as the dairy officials that are responsible for impure milk. Many a dairyman is not informed of the dangers that lurk in filth and disease. Cleanliness as an essential to health is almost a new science. It, and the reasons and details of it have not penetrated to all the social units. There are mighty few if any dairymen who would knowingly distribute dangerous milk to customers. They do not know that dirty receptacles, filthy udders at milking time may mean sickness and death for half a dozen children. Many of them have this to learn, and the state of Oregon pays salaries to the dairy commissioner and his assistants to teach it to them, or at least to see that they know it. The state has done its part, and if vile milk that kills children is sold, the responsibility is with the officials. If there is sickness and death in homes as a result of impure milk, the culpability lies at the door of these officials, with Commissioner Bailey at their head.

IT CAN BE DONE

AT SALEM, the other day, the first train arrived over a local railroad extending through Polk county. Another local railroad is in operation between Corvallis and the forests to the southwest, a distance of 25 miles. Both lines were financed and constructed without the intervention of railroad magnates. They show that it is not necessary for communities to await the pleasure of some renowned railroad builder to give them transportation.

Roseburg is but 63 miles by wagon road, and closer by feasible railroad route to Marshfield. A line connecting them would give Coos Bay railroad connection with the interior, and give Roseburg a competing line to tidewater. Its efficacy for both, and its beneficial influence on the fortunes of both would be invaluable. It is a route for another local railroad, to be built without the interposition of a railroad magnate.

It is a line of comparatively easy construction. There is a mountain range, but there is, as a survey shows, a most excellent pass. Roseburg is but 489 feet above sea level. Marshfield and North Bend have four miles of water front, of which it is said a mile or a mile and a half would be given to any railroad that would connect the bay with Roseburg. The moment the line was finished, this water front would be worth half a million. The right-of-way for the line could be secured for a song, and the timber cut in clearing it, would furnish ties and bridges. The growth is largely cedar, and enough of it and other timber stands along the route to give traffic to the road for a century.

With the right-of-way, water front and survey in hand, the two communities would be in position to finance the road by issue of bonds. Roseburg once subscribed $115,000 for this road, and can do it again. Marshfield can easily do as much, and with proceeds of bonds sold as the line is built, the stretch can be spanned by rail with the same ease that a road almost half as long has been built at Corvallis, and another at Salem. The water competition and lower rates it would give Roseburg, and the access it would give Coos Bay to the interior, would be benefits that would pay all the cost of the road in a few years. It will be better if locally built, because then it would be operated for the benefit of the two sections, and not for the benefit of the system of some railroad magnate. What has been done at Corvallis and Salem can be done at Roseburg and Marshfield.

ALASKA

THAT THE immense resources of Alaska have largely passed into the hands of a combine consisting of J. P. Morgan, the Guggenheims and Standard Oil, and that an attempt, that under the present administration may be successful, to grasp the vast coal deposits of that territory has been made, cannot be doubted.

It is well for that territory and the country for large capitalists to invest in Alaska and develop its resources. This is to be encouraged, and they should not be begrudged large profits, in consideration of their enterprise, and the value of their operations to many people. But a combination like this aims at nothing less than practical ownership and control of the territory: its minerals, its forests, its fisheries, its transportation facilities, its water powers, and more than all this, its officials.

Nearly all the officers of Alaska are and for a considerable time past have been subservient to this imperium in imperio, this combination of greedy, grasping capitalists whose demand is law to the government at Washington, in both the legislative and administrative departments. These people are not content with reasonably large liberties and profits; they want billions; they want and have acquired, or stand a good chance to acquire, in a word—Alaska. They want it in the sense that Leopold of Belgium wanted Congo, and to exploit it as unrestrictedly for their vast enrichment.

Then, Alaska should be renamed Guggenheim, or Morgan—or Hammond would do. Meanwhile the latter is the especially favored and intimate guest of President Taft.

Seward made a great buy when he secured Alaska for $7,200,000; this combination, if it succeeds, will get it now, when it is worth billions, for nothing—at least nothing made public.

PUBLIC OWNED DOCKS

BALTIMORE HARBOR is 150 miles from the sea and is landlocked; it is well sheltered, and and has a mean tidal flow of a foot and a half. Within the city limits it has about 10 miles of waterfront. These facts make a situation at Baltimore somewhat similar to that at Portland. While Baltimore has been from its founding an important port, it had prior to 1876 no adequate harbor to meet its commercial demands. Its adjacent waterways were shallow and tortuous, and its commerce was heavily handicapped. In that year a harbor board was organized and began doing things. Baltimore now has channels to the sea 35 feet deep and 600 feet wide. In winter two powerful iceboats keep the harbor waters clear of ice—something seldom troublesome in Portland. The harbor depths vary from 20 to 30 feet, and it has 137,000 front feet of wharfage. Since 1876 the harbor board has removed nearly 12,000,000 cubic yards of harbor bottom, at a cost of $1,600,000. This has been paid by appropriations from the national government, the far larger city of Baltimore spending far less itself for this work than Portland has done.

An article in the Technical World magazine, mentioning these facts, is entitled, "Great Ports Build Their Own Docks," and Baltimore is cited as a successful example. After the great fire, which razed the waterfront, the city, by means of a bond issue of $6,000,000, acquired possession of all the burnt over waterfrontage, and has since laid out an extensive system of docks and wharves, has widened one street leading to these docks to 120 feet and improved others, and has demonstrated the utility and sanity of municipally owned waterfronts with their wharves and ocks.

Portland at the beginning had a splendid chance to enter upon this policy, but private interests were legally considered superior to the public interest, and so the opportunity passed, and can be regained now, or in the future, only at great expense. But steps have been taken under Oregon's legislative reform laws to purchase and maintain municipal docks, and if well managed the investment involved therein will probably be a good one. Other great ports, notably Liverpool, build and control their docks, in the interests of the public and of commerce.

The new land tax in England proposed by Chancellor Lloyd-George, which the commons have approved but which the lords are likely to reject, is not as radical as many have supposed. It does not apply to any agricultural lands, and the tax is to apply only to future increases in values. The taxes, Mr. Asquith explains, are "on the added future value, realized or realizable, that is given to land by social causes"—growth of urban population and industry, road and street making, etc. There is also to be a small tax on undeveloped land outside of cities held for speculative purposes. There is to be an "unearned increment" tax equal to 20 per cent of the total increment on land sold or transferred. Also a tax on land royalties. All this seems quite moderate, but of course the great landed proprietors are intensely opposed to it.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer remarks: "Slandering the supreme court of a state, or any member of the supreme court of a state, is a matter of the gravest possible public concern." This is true enough, and people and newspapers should be careful not to "slander" courts or judges, or to speak disrespectfully of them without good, sufficient cause; but that some court made law is inimical to the public welfare and opposed to equity and justice, and that in occasional cases decisions have been responsive to improper influences, is also "a matter of grave public concern." Judges are but mortals, and while in almost all cases they err honestly, if at all, the people have the right and it is their duty to condemn decisions that are manifestly contrary to the public weal and subversive of the rights of the masses. These are of greater importance than the dignity and sanctity of the courts.

Indianapolis will soon elect a new set of councilmen in a new way. There will be 12 nominees, six Republicans and six Democrats, and each elector can vote for nine, under which plan it is supposed that the minority party will have a chance to get representation in the council. Indeed it would be possible for the vote to be so cast that though there is a large majority of Republican voters the Democrats might have a majority of the members elected. But why is it necessary for nominees for such an office to be labeled "Republican" or "Democrat"? In this respect the primary law of Oregon, like that of Indiana, might perhaps be improved by adopting the Des Moines commission plan of purely non-partisan nominations.

The newest model in woman's headgear is said to be an affectation of the Russian toque. It is described as 12 to 14 inches from base to apex, and strongly military. It is further alleged that when a lady wearing one bears down in his direction the onlooker involuntarily sidesteps, being impressed with a belief that here comes one of the old guard that dies but never surrenders.

The aeroplanes and aviators are multiplying rapidly these days, as the large collection of them at Rheims shows. Soon there will be hundreds of them, new names will come to the front frequently, new records will be made, and a regular portion of the day's news will be—is even now, indeed—about the navigators of the air.

Now there are races under the water as well as in the air, or at least there has been one, pulled off in Naragansett bay between three submarine craft, the Cuttlefish winning over the Viper and Tarantula. Why shouldn't it? A cuttlefish belongs under the water, the other beasts on the desert.

Mr. Jacob Schiff says Mr. Harriman is a quite well man, only a little tired from his long vacation, and that his (Schiff's) visit to Harriman was of a purely social character. But it is always permissible for great financiers, as well as diplomats, to dissimulate.

Mr. Haskin's articles are, if possible, more interesting and instructive than ever these days. He dealt yesterday with the Philippines, today with China. Whatever country or subject he treats of he enlightens.

There being no Portland capitalists ready and willing to do so, some from eastern Oregon are going, according to report, to erect a big theatre building on the Seventh and Yamhill streets site. Many capitalists from outside the city, a large proportion of them from outside the state, are quicker to see Portland's advantages as a place of investment than some of her own are, and they and their money are welcome.

They call McHarg's retirement a "resignation." We are so polished a people that we never dismiss objectionables—they always "resign." If McHarg's retirement is not an effort of the Taft administration to purge itself, it ought to be. The man who came publicly to Oregon to induce pledged legislators to break solemn covenants never ought to have been connected with any administration.

So far, the airship contests at Rheims, and we believe elsewhere, have involved no loss of life, while one or more people are killed in almost every automobile contest. So far, aviators are evidently more careful than automobilists, or else the risk of flight in the air is really not so great as that on the ground.

Great credit is also due to Captain Johnson of the Ohio, who, though he sensibly left the ship when he could do no more, did his full duty and did it well. When a captain has done this, there is no added merit in "going down with his ship."

TANGLEFOOT

BY MILES OVERHOLT.

ON THE WILLAMETTE.

"I think I'd better hug the shore," said the bashful fellow to his lady friend, "for I see a schooner coming."

"Well, that'll help some," replied the girl, "but that old shore didn't put on no new shirt waist for this occasion like some people I could name."

AN APOLOGY.

Sometimes I write about a mule, sometimes I write about current happenings, but when I don't know what to write about I write about a quarter of a column. I find that I can write a great deal more when I write about nothing. That isn't exactly what I mean, but it is what I meant to say.

Speaking of nothing reminds me of something. It may not have occurred to the reader of this department, but it is terribly true that I am very beautiful. This is not written in a spirit of braggadocio, but is casually mentioned so that people may know that the artist has basely slandered me at various times in this column by making my head resemble a door knob, with a little question mark of hair on the extreme pinnacle. Now my head doesn't look that way at all. Why, it doesn't look like half a door knob.

I regret that it is necessary to apologize for Mr. Seed, right in public this way. He is a deserving young man in many ways and has a great future before him, unless, of course, he continues to hold me up to ridicule.

I hate to pose for a picture and maintain a seraphic smile until my wrinkles ache and then have my head stand out above everything like a plugged watermelon. I don't see why it should feel above my face. I have frequently begged Mr. Seed to kind of tone down the head a little and sneak in a few hairs once in a while just for old time's sake, but he doesn't seem to do it. He won't lose anything by it if he will do that and I would do as much for him.

Willie, always full of fun,
One day found his papa's gun,
Shot away an ear and eye.
Papa said: "Cry, baby, cry."

Letters From the People

Letters to The Journal should be written on one side of the paper only and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The name will not be used if the writer asks that it be withheld. The Journal is not to be understood as indorsing the views or statements of correspondents. Letters should be made as brief as possible. Those who wish their letters returned when not used should inclose postage.

Correspondents are notified that letters exceeding 300 words in length, may, at the discretion of the editor, be cut down to that limit.

Taxation the Remedy.

Portland, Aug. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—Much of this talk concerning conservation of natural resources is all right as far as it goes, but it goes but a little way. What about the restoration of natural resources and opportunities already stolen from the people? To lock the stable door after all the best horses have been run off by thieves is a good idea, but what about recovering the stolen stock? In state after state pretty nearly everything in sight has been stolen in the line of waterfront, timber, coal, minerals, waterpower, etc. The stolen goods are legally held and they can be legally brought back whenever the people choose to make the laws required. In England the land stolen centuries ago is about to be seized upon to a small extent by the power inherent in every government, namely, taxation. In Oregon and all the other states the resources stolen from a month to 50 years ago can be restored by the same power. Roosevelt pointed out that waterpower sites could not be held by a monopoly if the used as well as the unused sites were taxed to their reasonable value. Neither could any other natural resource be monopolized by the application of the same rule. Roosevelt and many others do not see the latter part of it. The way to conserve our resources is to tax them just the same when held idle as when utilized, and to exempt from taxation the improvements and machinery used to develop them. A tax of 50 cents a month per horsepower for all waterpower would be no burden to used waterpower but it would break up any "white coal" trust in Oregon to hold out of use its vast water resources. If 50 cents was too little it could be increased. What is the initiative for if not to "bust the trust"—any and every old trust in Oregon? FRED C. DENTON.

Springfield property is moving some these days on account of railroad activity up the Willamette.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Good evening, how is your milk?

* *

Out goes August; next month 'twill rain.

* *

The French are great appreciators of exciting sports.

* *

Who should care whether Ben Zo ate soda or not, anyway?

* *

It was tough weather on the poor little hop lice last week.

* *

But how can a man like Harriman "rest" and remain alive?

* *

The benzoate of soda war has broken out again worse than ever.

* *

The slaughter of the innocents by impure milk should be stopped.

* *

The people are entitled to pure milk, and should insistently demand it.

* *

No good hops, unless contracted very low, will be left unpicked this year.

* *

Straw hats, and others also, showed which way the wind blew Saturday.

* *

Frank Davey's paper suggests J. D. Lee as an excellent candidate for governor.

* *

More work than almost any other man ever did seems not to have hurt J. J. Hill.

* *

It is usually true yet that after a while, if not at first, the way of the transgressor is hard.

* *

The New Jersey's Fowler's shot awoke a brief but spiteful answering roar from the Cannon.

* *

Another Oregon young man to the front, H. O. Roesch, son of a Pendleton German-American business man.

* *

It is said that the duke and duchess of Marlborough are about to make up again. The duke must be broke again.

* *

If Taft should go across into Mexico, the people would suppose that nothing but a bull fight would be good enough for him.

* *

Senator Abraham is also mentioned as a possible candidate for governor. His name would be away up on the primary ballot.

* *

A shower of frogs fell near San Bernardino. They may have made an agreeable temporary addition to a steady diet of fruits.

* *

The man of many millions and much power succumbs to incurable disease, even as the humble poor man, and is more likely to do so, as it seems.

* *

Rain to the amount of 5.48 inches fell in 24 hours in New York the other day. And yet eastern people suspect that it rains too much in Oregon.

* *

Neither the grange members of the first district nor the people of Coos Bay seem very enthusiastic over the reelection of Representative Hawley next year.

* *

It is a trite but true remark that there is altogether too much unnecessary noise in this as well as in other cities, especially the shrieking of locomotives at night and early in the morning.

* *

It seems improbable, now that Mr. Harriman will be able to come to Pelican Lodge this fall, if ever. That locality will greatly miss his visit, and all Oregon will regret his inability to make it.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Vale is to have a sanatorium.

* *

Toledo will have electric lights.

* *

Milton has a new ice and cold storage company.

* *

Lincoln county will build several crushed rock roads.

* *

There are 40 camps on the Yacachts, and more people coming.

* *

A Prineville man claims to have tomatoes raised on a potato vine.

* *

"Hoppickers wanted," is now a frequent ad in many valley papers.

* *

Seaside had a dahlia fair. It claims "the finest dahlias in the world."

* *

Lakeview feels sure that the Oregon Trunk railroad will come her way.

* *

Before another summer Seaside will try to provide itself with a water system.

* *

Crops in irrigated lands around Laidlaw are generally good; better than ever before.

* *

Lakeview, The Examiner says, now has four competing railroads headed here and more coming.

* *

New principal of Sheridan school could not find a house or rooms to live in, and may build a house.

* *

It is asserted quite positively that oil has been discovered in Douglas county within eight miles of Roseburg. That is expected to help much in development.

* *

Tillamook county has ordered another rock crusher, roller and engine and with the arrival of the machine will have more than $10,000 invested in equipment for road work.

* *

The fruit crop of the Milton-Freewater country will not turn out so bad, despite prediction to this effect earlier in the season, says The Eagle. Estimates place the value of the apple and prune crops alone at approximately $250,000.

* *

"The Talent district, that is the region between Phoenix and Talent, is destined to be the greatest peach producing section in the northwest, and Talent the banner peach shipping center," declares a resident of that locality.

* *

Apparently the recent story that Esther Mitchell was found in a Chinese den in a Puget sound town was a fabrication, for the Corvallis Gazette-Times has reliable information that she is living with the family of O. V. Hurt at Waldport.

* *

The people of Woodburn must not let the opportunity pass of securing the electric line into Woodburn, says the Independent. This city is in a condition where the coming of this road is necessary for additional trade and life of this city. We must have this road.

* *

In the Bybee tract in Jackson county, now owned by the Palmers of Chicago, there are nearly 1200 acres, mostly of bottom land lying along both sides of the Rogue river for two miles. All the property can be irrigated from the Rogue river or from Little Butte creek. Over two miles of the finest wire fence in Oregon has been stretched along the county road, and it is hog and rabbit proof. The posts are painted white and high gates adorn the entrances. Probably 200 acres more will be planted to fruit this fall.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

Death Song of the Thirty-four—New York Tribune

(From an editorial, December 29, 1893.)

There comes at this time from the dark continent, a plain tale of plain men in this latest year of the era of commonplace, as thrilling as any saga of Odin and his heroes.

It was in Matabeleland, in Captain Wilson's fatal pursuit of the wily monster, Lobengula. The principal facts of that gallant but disastrous ride have already been made known. But an officer of one of the Matabele regiments who himself led in the attack upon the entrapped Englishmen, supplies, in his own graphic phrases, some details that can never be forgotten:

"I, Machasha, induna in the Insuka regiment," he says, "tell you these things. We were 6000 men against your 34. They rode into the track, and linked their horses in a ring, and commenced a heavy fire upon us, and our men fell fast and thick. We opened a fire upon them and killed all their horses. Then they took to cover behind their horses' bodies and killed us just like grass. We tried to rush them. Twice we tried, but failed. After a time they did not fire so much, and we thought their ammunition was getting short. Then, just as we were preparing to rush again, they all stood up. They took off their hats and sang. We were so amazed to see men singing in the face of death that we knew not what to do. At last we rushed. You white men don't fight like men, but like devils. They shot us until the last cartridge, and most of them shot themselves with that. But those who had none left just covered up their eyes and died without a sound. Child of a white man, your people know how to fight, and how to die. We killed all the thirty-four. But they killed us like grass."

Not the Spartans at Thermopylae, nor the Old Guard at Waterloo, presented a spectacle of sublimer heroism than that handful of Englishmen, surrounded by savage foes more than a hundred to one, when the last cartridges were in their revolvers, standing up in full view of their slayers, reverently baring their heads, and singing "God Save the Queen." Your latter-day materialists may sneer at it as fustian, or as mere brute desperation. It was neither. It was the sense of duty conquering the sense of fear. It was courage of soul triumphant over impending dissolution of the body. It was a "crowned hour of glorious life" that indeed was "worth an age without a name," worth it, not only to the actors in it, but to the whole human race. Those men had no reason to think, and did not think, that their death song would ever be heard by other ears than those of their destroyers. Their deed was not bravado, but modest, loyal duty. And their voices will henceforth live in countless throbbing hearts, and their valor will make life and the world seem nobler to all their fellow-men.

Treatment of Factory Girls.

In writing about "Woman and the Occupations" in the September American Magazine, W. I. Thomas has occasion to comment upon our treatment of the factory girl. He says:

"It is, I believe, considered good business policy in some cases to work a horse to death, to wear him out fast, and take another. Certainly it would be a good policy to do so if horses had a very trifling value and could be had in unlimited quantities. At any rate it is good business to wear girls out in this way, for the initial outlay in their case is nothing at all, and they can be had in unlimited numbers. Professor James' theory of 'getting your second wind,' and 'tapping unused reservoirs of energy' is doubtless sound psychology, up to the point where he leaves it, but there is a limit to it, and evidently working under great strain is advantageous only if the strain is relieved by considerable intervals of rest and recuperation. This is the condition under which the artist works preferably, and is the most favorable one for creative work. But the girl paced by the machine has no considerable interval, and is doomed to break down, or to be pushed to a lower economic level. Her only other chance is marriage. The machine is the most effective device for 'speeding up,' because it puts more strain on the worker than he can put on himself without it, but in all 'piece work' the operator is under heavy strain. There are factories in Chicago where the rate of pay per hundred pieces is one cent. Of course, the work passes through many hands, and each operation is simple, but a hundred operations of any kind for one cent is a great deal. A humane employer in Chicago recently looked into the case of a girl who had quit work in his factory, and found that she had been earning 98 cents a week. And machine or no machine, our treatment of the working girl, particularly the factory girl, is scandalously out of harmony not only with our romanticism but with our plain human sentiments."

Charles S. Hamlin's Birthday.

Charles Sumner Hamlin, lawyer and diplomat, was born in Boston, August 30, 1861, and was graduated from Harvard university in 1883. Later he studied law and after his admission to the bar began the practice of law in Boston. Mr. Hamlin was assistant secretary of the United States treasury from 1893 to 1897. In the latter year he was sent to Japan by the United States government to negotiate a trade treaty, and in the same year he was the United States delegate to the convention between Russia, Japan and the United States to consider the fisheries of the North Pacific ocean. For several years Mr. Hamlin has been a lecturer on government at Harvard university.

This Date in History.

1801—French evacuated Egypt in favor of the British.

1812—George Mathews, third governor of Georgia, died in Augusta. Born in Virginia in 1739.

1813—Fort Mimms, on the Alabama river, surprised and captured by a large body of Indians under Tecumseh.

1814—Alexandria, Va., capitulated to the British.

1862—The Federals were defeated in battle at Manassas, Va.

1880—Robert McClelland, governor of Michigan and secretary of the interior, died in Detroit. Born in Greencastle, Pa., Aug. 2, 1807.

1894—Samuel J. Kirkwood, war governor of Iowa, died in Iowa City.

Notwithstanding the fact that Eugene has built several hundred new houses, including several large flats, there is now a demand for houses to rent. When the schools convene next month there is no doubt but houses will be at a premium, tells the Guard.

The REALM FEMININE

Country Versus City.

THE FOLLOWING letter is from a "country woman," in reply to a query about some of the advantages which country women have over women who live in the city:

Sometimes when I get lonely, away off in the country, I sigh to myself and think: "Oh, if I just lived in town it would not be so quiet and lonely."

When I have relieved my mind with a few like sentences I usually regain my senses and then I say: "Now, would I live in the city if I could? Would I give up my worlds of pure, fresh air for the smoke and grime of town?

"Would I give up my perfect sense of freedom and all my 'elbow room' for the privilege of living in town, where there would be a next door neighbor to observe every move I made unless I kept doors and windows closed and shades drawn?

"Would I give up the fresh fruit, vegetables, eggs, the sweet, fresh milk and butter, for the sometimes more than stale products of a grocery store or the questionable contents of many a milk bottle?

"Would I give up the privilege of raising my children in the country, where they can have plenty of room to play, trees to climb and wild flowers to gather, for a cooped-up house and lot in town, where a fence binds them into a space too small to play 'I spy,' or else the pavement forms part of their uninteresting playground?

"Would I wish to leave the unconventionality of country neighborhoods for the 'calling' and 'teas' and other useless and silly practices of city 'social advantages?'

"Would I risk losing my perfect health by leaving the outdoor life I lead for one of indoor living necessitated by a place in town, where there is no incentive to getting out doors save a little padding up and down streets to look in shop windows at man's creations?"

No, a thousand times no! I want to live and breathe and have my being in the country, where my eyes rest on the pleasant lines of hills, streams and country roads; where I am wakened in the morning by the lowing of the cattle or "the cock's shrill call," and not by the clangor of electric cars or the rattle of drays over the pavement.

I want to live where I can go to the garden and gather my luscious fresh vegetables and fruits for dinner and flowers for my table; not where I order something from the grocery store or the florists. I want to live where I can roll the thick yellow cream off my pans of delicious milk and use it on my berries; not where I must have it brought to me in a bottle, sometimes sweet and sometimes sour, sometimes clean and sometimes otherwise—distinctly otherwise.

No, there are some advantages about living in town or city, but I certainly am convinced that for pure, unsophisticated living, as God intended us to live, the country is the place.

* *

"To the man of broad vision, every moment presents an opportunity."

* * *

Tempting Dishes.

CHINESE Rollers.—Roll out rich pie crust, cut it in small squares, chop a few pecan nuts and thin strips of lemon peel, add sugar to taste and a little sherry or fruit juice. Chop fine and place a teaspoon of this mixture on each square. Roll the square up like a jelly roll and bake until the pastry is done. English walnuts, orange peel and sugar make another good combination.

Holland Cheese Loaf.—Pare and shave potatoes in thin, overlapping slices to line a buttered tin; then arrange alternate layers of the potatoes, grated American cheese, salted and peppered and thinly sliced onion. Fill the mold up with sweet milk, covering the top with a layer of grated cheese and fine bread crumbs, and bake in moderate oven for one and one-half to two hours. Run a knife about the sides of the mold and slip on warm dish when ready to serve.

Veal Jelly—Boil three pounds of veal with one teaspoon chopped onion, one tablespoon celery seed, one teaspoon minced parsley, one teaspoon salt, one fourth teaspoon cloves, dash cayenne and one-half teaspoon kitchen bouquet. Remove when cooked tender, chop fine, return bone to kettle and boil until liquor is reduced to one pint. Line mold with hard boiled eggs cut in slices, pour in an inch of stock, mix remainder with chopped meat, fill mold, and when cool place on ice. Serve in loaf on bed of cress, and slice at table. Very pretty.

Pineapple Sponge—Grate sufficient pineapple to make half a pint, add half pound of sugar, put them into a saucepan, and when boiling quickly add one heaping teaspoonful of powdered gelatin softened in three tablespoonfuls of water. When the gelatin is dissolved remove from the fire, add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of essence of vanilla; then cool by standing in ice water; whip occasionally with an eggbeater. When the mixture begins to set fold in gently half a pint of whipped cream, and add more sugar if required; pour into a mold, pack in ice and salt for three or four hours; turn out for serving and surround with candied cherries.

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A Good Idea.

"A CLASS in salesmanship for shoppers has been established in New York City by Miss Diana Hirschler, who for a number of years was in charge of the welfare department of a big house in Boston. She teaches the psychology of selling goods. How to approach a customer, how to read human nature, the best manner of gaining the customer's attention, are some of the ideas which the Boston woman is endeavoring to inculcate. The first important thing she suggests for a successful girl is to look pleasant and never contradict a customer. In fine, tact is the great winning card."

Obituary Poetry

(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.)

The mourning widow, clothed in black, takes up her pen and tries a whack, at heaping wreaths of rhyme upon her darling husband, lately gone. "Friends and physicians could not save my loved John Henry from the grave; he curled up when the dawn was gray, and gave a whoop, and passed away; as he is now, so you must be; therefore prepare to marry me." She loved John Henry, and her tear of sorrow for him is sincere; but maybe, from his present place, he looks across the silent space, and murmurs to some other wraith: "My wife is writing rhyme, in faith! But I assure all spectres near, it was my wife who sent me here. With loving hands she fed me bread nutritious as a pig of lead; it was her kind of lemon pies that sent me scooting to the skies; she always fried a sirloin steak, and made my heart and stomach ache; at making jam for weeks she toiled, and made me eat it when it spoiled; she fed me doughnuts tough and thick—you couldn't break 'em with a pick; and O, the pancakes that she made! The saddler used 'em in his trade. She loved me while she killed me off, and so I didn't gibe or scoff, but took my fodder like a man, and joined this ghostly caravan."

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