EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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> No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greville.

WHEN PEOPLE DIDN'T KNOW

WITH a characteristic attitude and tone of opposition to all reforms, the Oregonian sneers at the demand of the people for pure milk, and at their efforts to secure it. Before there were any efforts for pure food, before people cared or knew the danger of filthy and tubercular milk, a considerable proportion of people managed to live, and "the health of the state gave alarm to nobody."

No, because ignorant, in those good old days, the people did nothing to remove, or prevent the existence of the causes of disease. They did not worry about microbes. All they did, if boneset or hoarhound tea, and hot black molasses and vinegar failed, was to send for a doctor all but as ignorant as themselves, and he gave them calomel and bled them—and so they died.

During those good old times when nobody worried, millions of children, and adults too, died horribly of diphtheria. It was incurable. The doctors said so, because they knew no way to prevent or cure it. Almost every child attacked by it died. Now a death from this disease, which has been nearly suppressed, is rare. "Croup" carried off a large percentage of children. Who hears of it now? Smallpox decimated communities every few winters. Now nobody dies of that disease. Measles and scarlet fever, now innocuous, were fatal in a large proportion of cases. The same in a less degree is true of typhoid and other diseases. O yes, people lived—some of them; but the mortality was far greater than it is now, especially among children, and doubtless impure milk was then one of the principal causes of these innumerable needless deaths.

No, there were no busy bacteriologists in those days, nobody who knew or cared for microbes in food or disease in cows; there was no official activity to compel the sale of pure foods; nobody was worried by inspection or coerced by authority; and the consequence was that tiny graves, and larger ones, multiplied in every graveyard, and millions of mothers mourned the loss of young lives that a little applied knowledge such as these ridiculed efforts have acquired would have saved. In those blissful days it was almost literally true in every community that—

There is no flock, however well attended,
But one dead lamb is there.
There is no home, however well defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The fight against impure and diseased milk is a fight against death, especially against the assaults of death, through this medium, on the blessed little children of the land. And it is against this movement, one to save life, and especially the lives of the babies, that the morning paper aims its shafts of satire.

TAFT, BOURNE AND THE COMMITTEE

THE COMMITTEE is righteously indignant. As the program for the president in Portland stands now, Senator Bourne is to have the president all to himself at least three-fourths of the time and the members of the committee hardly have a "look in." According to the arrangement, the schedule stands this way: President arrives in Portland at 7 a. m. He is met by the "committee" and local escort, and taken to Hotel Portland for breakfast with the committee. He spends the forenoon with staff and members of local committee, motoring about the city. He lunches at the Hotel Portland at noon, and after luncheon becomes the guest of Senator Bourne. The afternoon will be spent by the president in the hotel with Senator Bourne, and no one in Portland knows what they will be doing. In the evening, the president dines with Senator Bourne, and later delivers a public address at the Armory. Sleeps all night at the hotel as the guest of Senator Bourne, the committee being in entire ignorance of what may be going on. Sunday morning at breakfast is the guest of Senator Bourne, stays with Bourne all forenoon and is the guest of Bourne at luncheon. In the afternoon, lays cornerstone of Universalist church at Twenty-fourth and Broadway, and leaves at 6 o'clock for the south.

It will be seen that by this program, the commitee's light goes out at 12 m. Saturday, and thereafter its members are in total eclipse, while Jonathan shines effulgent. He will occupy a suite next to that of the president, and the committee be left out in the cold, mere unimportant units among the rest of the ordinary units in this town. For a whole afternoon, a whole night, and another day, Jonathan will be the only pebble on the beach, a condition violative of the spirit of our American institutions and the acknowledged rights of the committee.

Naturally, the members of the committee are indignant. They held an indignation meeting yesterday, and they ought to hold others. They ought to carry the war right into Africa. If justice prevails, that suite of rooms next to the president will be declared common property, Jonathan will be given his proper share of the presidential stay in occupying it, and each member of the committee will have his turn beneath the shadow of the distinguished guest. The committee should be satisfied with nothing less, and should keep the wires to Beverly hot as blazes until the members get justice.

PROTECTION DOES NOT REACH LABOR

THE PRESSED STEEL CAR COMPANY is one of the especial pets of legalized privilege. It is one of those industries which are so completely protected against outside competition that it is enabled to exact high tribute from its customers. The tariff is the bulwark of its monopoly. Its profits are very great. It is therefore able to pay its employes high wages.

According to protectionist doctrine, all the employes of such an industry should and do receive high wages, and they should be contented and happy. Moreover, they should be American workingmen. The claim is that protection protects American labor against cheap foreign labor. Why, then, have the employes of this establishment gone on strike, resorted to violence, raised an insurrection, and made it necessary, in the opinion of this protected corporation, to call out troops to fight the strikers in their efforts to prevent the employment of the cheap foreign labor against which the tariff is claimed to be a protection? The incident shows clearly the fallacy of this claim, the insincerity of this pretense.

The strikers assert that they received no benefit from protection, that they were driven to revolt by intolerable conditions, that they were treated like dogs, or rather like mules, or slaves; that their pay was not only too low to furnish them the necessaries of life, but that indignities were heaped upon them. There is exaggeration in this, probably, but no doubt there is enough truth in it to justify complaints and to show the fallacy of the protectionist theory, so far as employes of protected industries are concerned. In fact, it has several times been conclusively shown that such employes are on the average paid less than those in nonprotected industries.

The military forces are called by local newspapers "Cossacks." In McKees Rocks, under their martial rule, citizens of all kinds were subjected to their authority, must move or stand still at their order, and outsiders could not enter the town. It was an absolute reign of force. It may be said that this was necessary, owing to the lawless violence of the strikers. But this brings us back to the question: Why did they strike? Why should they strike under a tariff law that "protects American labor and ensures every workingman good wages"—as we hear every four years? The Johnstown Democrat, alluding to these troubles, puts the case forcefully in an article printed in part in another column of this page.

CONCERNING LEGISLATURES

DISCUSSING what it calls the "pernicious" initiative and referendum, the Oregonian says: "Not a single useful measure has been enacted in Oregon by popular initiative that could not have been secured as well and more easily by representative or legislative authority."

But the trouble is that the legislature would not act. A law giving local option to incorporated towns in Oregon was presented to the legislature, and was promptly rejected by that body. A primary law was offered to the legislature, and all over the state there was strong demand for it. The Oregonian was a hearty advocate of it. But, as usual, the legislature rejected it. Politicians and lobbyists were always at the capital, and they found ways and means to defeat the people's wishes.

A corporation franchise tax law was proposed to the Oregon legislature. L. T. Harris, now judge, then speaker of the house, introduced the bill and made a strong fight on the floor for its adoption. But, just and fair as the measure was, it was rejected.

A bill to prevent corrupt practices at elections was proposed in the legislature. It was a measure to put ward heelers and election strikers to the rear and to give the elector the privilege of casting his vote without molestation. But, like the others, it was rejected.

As the Oregonian says, the legislature "could" have passed these measures, but, it wouldn't. But, in each instance, as soon as the people got a show, they passed these four good government measures by means of the initiative. The people want good laws, and good government, and will vote for them every time. But, human experience shows that legislatures cannot be depended upon, because "interests" and politicians find ways and means to move members from the true path.

One of the best effects of the initiative and referendum is their influence in holding legislative assemblies to a course of sanity. It is a discredit to a legislative body after it rejects a measure to have it passed by the initiative. There is not the slightest doubt but the water code would have been beaten by the lobby at the last session but for the certain knowledge of members that the people would pass it. There is no doubt but many good laws have been passed and bad ones defeated in the legislature of Oregon through fear of this review and rebuke by the people through the initiative. Nothing has done so much to cause the legislature to conduct itself with prudence, discretion and real concern for the state. It has kept down appropriation bills and saved increases of taxes. It has exercised a splendid influence on the legislative body, and will go on making the acts of that body wiser and better.

THE PORTLAND LIVESTOCK SHOW

NEXT MONTH, a million dollars worth of fancy show stock will be on exhibition at the Portland fair and livestock show on the Country Club grounds. It is believed that the show will comprise the best list of show animals ever grouped together on the coast. The best herds of the middle west are expected on the grounds. Many of them that will be booked for the A.-Y.-P. fair later, will be both at the Oregon state fair and the Portland show. The event should be one of very great interest among people in all parts of the northwest, and should attract visitors from everywhere.

It is to be remembered that last year's show at the same grounds assembled a long list of fancy animals that were the marvel of all visitors. Strangers from all parts of the country eulogized in the strongest terms the showing made. From present indications this year's event will completely distance last year's effort, and result in an occasion of extraordinary importance. It may be hoped that all the forces of Portland will combine in furthering this annual function. It is an enterprise that can do much to further Portland's ascendancy as a livestock center. It ought not for lack of attendance and interest to approach so dangerously near financial failure as was the case last year. It is an activity that deserves a far better fate.

FEDERATION OF SOUTH AFRICA

AS AN indication of the trend of popular government, the proposed consolidation of the provinces of South Africa is interesting. If the present scheme of federation is carried out, the central government will have far greater power over the several provinces or states than our federal government has in our state affairs. The promoters of the union have looked deeply into the question and far ahead, but perhaps with some monarchial bias, and propose that the several Transvaal states surrender to the federal government important powers that in our system were reserved by the states. Apparently simplicity and economy were important considerations in the formation of the plan. For example, there are to be no state legislatures. How, then, will the federal congress get its senators? Is it possible that they are to be selected by popular vote? Yes. And isn't that a fatal mistake at the outset? The decision to abolish state legislatures entirely resulted, we can reasonably infer, from a careful and comprehensive study of the United States, and its many legislatures. After such study, it is no wonder that framers of a new federation decide to cut them out.

Neither will the Afrikanders have a separate complete system of courts for both federal and state governments. There will be no successive series of courts, through which litigation may be prolonged, and by which cases once determined can be reversed, and still appealed and perhaps reversed again, with the probability that in the last decision, if it reverses the first, there is less justice, as is a common case in this country. And under this proposed radical system what chance will there be for an army of lawyers, who through these series of disagreeing courts can join in the chorus of our national prosperity at the expense of pugnacious and well-to-do clients? With no legislatures to make hundreds of new laws at every session, and no complicated and conflicting series of courts to construe new laws, how can the new federation claim to be recognized in this country as a civilized nation?

In South Africa a single central parliament is proposed, which will legislate for all the states, controlling internal affairs, promoting the general welfare, and guarding against uprisings of the native population. One set of courts with full federal and state jurisdiction will be provided. The state executives, limited in number and power, will be appointed by the federal government, as in the case of our territories. In fact, the African states, as such, will retain less power than our territories. But the people at large, or in the case of the members of parliament by districts, will choose the federal officers, and they do not seem to fear "centralization of power," especially as they are to retain the power to approve or disapprove the acts of their representatives.

Whether such a system would have been better for this country or not if it had been adopted, will ever be an unsolved question. Certainly it will not be adopted now, though there is a drift in the direction of greater federal power in the matter of the control of railroads and other corporations. But it is doubtless the better system for South Africa, as it would be for Central America.

TANGLEFOOT

BY MILES OVERHOLT.

THE AUTO MANIAC.

Young Percy Snicklefritz once bought a
big red touring car,
He learned to run it anywhere with
scarcely any jar,
A mile he'd make in 30 seconds less
than any time;
He had a siren and a horn, also a noisy
chime.
Up every street he'd fly like mad with
his unearthly sound,
He'd frighten horses, cats and dogs and
wake the echoes 'round.
He grew morose and taciturn and longed
for something new,
He'd killed three thousand animals and
children quite a few,
He wanted more excitement, to conquer
other spheres,
To furnish some amusement for the
girls, the little dears,
And so he tuned his auto up to travel
faster yet,
He bought a noisy honking horn, the
biggest he could get,
He was looking for attention, to get the
public eye,
'For I'm the going kid," said he, "Eh,
what? I wonder why."
One cold dark night he started out to
kill a dozen men,
To entertain the girls, you know, to
make 'em laugh, and then
He'd try to catch a Sunday school and
slaughter eight or ten,
And make a trip of eighty miles and
motor back again.
Alas for Percy Snicklefritz, he hadn't
thought of Mars,
As coming down so close to earth from
up among the stars,
And when he speeded up the car, some-
how he lost control
Of brakes and horns and steering gear;
the car began to roll,
And pitch, and then it rose on high and
soared and soared and soared;
The girls dropped from the car at once;
but Percy stayed aboard,
And soon on Mars he found himself;
the heat was most intense,
The auto glided swiftly over chasms,
cliffs and rents,
With ghoulish glee great demons pur-
sued the fleeing car,
While frenzied Percy gazed upon the
earth seen from afar
And prayed for home and mother and
a chance to motor back—
Just then there came a rumble and the
ground began to crack,
And underneath the motor car a chasm
opened wide,
The car remained on solid ground, but
Percy fell inside.
The planet shook, the chasm closed, and
Mars kept on her track,
But 'twas the last of Percy, the auto
maniac.

Little Willie, sobbing, cried,
That the old house cat had died,
Papa said: "Well, goodness me,
That is a cat-astrophe."

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.

Spare the Trees.

Vancouver, Wash., Aug. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have seen comment in the press regarding the continued destruction of the grand oak trees in the state fair grounds, and as a frequent camper on the state fair grounds I wish to add my condemnation of the cutting of the trees in order to satisfy the fool whim of members of the society. They ought to be ashamed of their work and there certainly is no law that will permit the destruction of trees. I saw where a fine oak had been cut away in order to display the new entrance. The man who ordered it done must be insane. I found that nearly 50 camping places, the very best on the camp grounds, had been ordered vacated this year and the campers put out into the sun. I had intended camping this year but find all the good places reserved, consequently I will go to Seattle instead. I find that there is only half enough shed room for those who take their teams and if a person is late, or rather the late ones must send their teams to a livery stable, there being no room. Everything seems to be for show and not for comfort.

PERRY C. BENNETT.

Duty of Food Commissioner Bailey.

Portland, Or., Aug. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—We have been reading your interviews with Mr. Bailey, the food commissioner, and it appears to us that you have considerably the best of the argument. Mr. Bailey is a state official, and it certainly appears to us that as he issues licenses to dairies, that it must come within his province to see that they furnish to their customers wholesome milk, free from disease or infections of any kind. This is a matter of extreme importance to the residents of Portland, and there should be found some method, by which the dairies can be regulated.

We also wish to congratulate you for the splendid editorial in your paper a few days ago, on the question of the rights of Hill on the Deschutes road. The article was commendatory of J. J. Hill, and was well deserved. We believe that it had its effect upon the courts in their decision in the case under controversy and which was certainly a very wise administration of justice.

H. C. THOMPSON.

Protection; Strikes; "Cossacks."

From the Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

And all this time the tariff is completely operative. Protection is in full flower. Are these its fruits? Thousands of men striking against low wages and harsh conditions. Women and children in deadly fear of homelessness at the approach of winter. Husbands and fathers living like hunted animals as they struggle to dissuade other workingmen from coming in to take bread out of the mouths of helpless dependents. Protection? We see it here as we saw it at Homestead, as we have seen it so many times before. Protection? Here are seen its workings outside the dream books and the fairy tales of the organs and the orators. Protection? It protects the monopolist. It insures to him a cornered market. It puts him in position to extort all the traffic will bear from the consumer. But does it compel him to divide his swag with the men who do the hard work and take the terrible risks of mill and foundry and furnace? No. He pays them what he must. If they do not like his terms they can quit. They can strike. And then what? The Cossacks. They are always at command. The Cossacks stand guard while the monopolist sends out over the country for other unfortunate toilers to fill the vacant places. Desperate men do not stop to consider the fine points of law. They feel in some way that they are being cheated. They remember the magnificent talk of the tariff orators. They recall the testimony before congress of the manufacturer, how he needs protection in order to pay high wages and to give steady employment. There are anxious wives and hungry children in the little sordid homes. Winter is not far away. Prices are soaring. To think of these things is madness. And naturally mad acts follow. Some heads are broken. Some riotous scenes are enacted. And then the Cossacks—then martial law—then the peace that reigned in Warsaw.

Meanwhile the tariff and the Cossack work together for the monopolist. The one shuts out the competitor; the other puts down the rebellious workman who demands a fulfillment of the bargain. It is a fine scheme and it works to perfection in the interest of monopoly. But it is pretty hard on the man who voted to set it going.

Unsatisfied.

From Life.

Doctor—Have you any last wish?

Patient—Yes, I wish I had some other doctor.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

But the largest, steadiest flyer of all is old Father Time.

* * *

Harriman tried to hold the Deschutes pass too long—for him.

* * *

Boy of 17 hunting with gun; now has charge of shot in his bowels.

* * *

Bathing wings seem to be conducive to drowning rather than to swimming.

* * *

"Some advice to fools," is the caption of an article. But it fails to add: "By one of them."

* * *

The mayor is no doubt right in thinking that public improvements have been costing too much.

* * *

McHarg repudiates portions of his recent interview that don't read well. They nearly all do.

* * *

"Fly with me," said the modern lover to the up-to-date maid. "All right; Where's your aeroplane?"

* * *

A Salem young woman surnamed Ax was assaulted and seriously injured. She couldn't hit the thug with her name.

* * *

Men who buy land in or around a town and do not improve it but hold it for speculation, are a curse to the community.

* * *

Experts along all lines diametrically disagree about everything they consider. There's that Brooklyn sewer, for example.

* * *

Those water fountains around town are mighty fine things these warm days for men and beasts. Their procurement was a happy thought.

* * *

The wreck of the Ohio was fortunate in comparison with many, in that most of the people aboard were saved, all but seven out of over 200.

* * *

The city can't acquire every desirable piece of ground for a park, but certainly Council Crest would be a splendid possession, and a constant and winning advertisement.

* * *

And yet another man shot for a deer—up in Lane county. The press of the country ought to unanimously demand severe punishment of men who make these mistakes. A penitentiary or an asylum should hold them for a while.

* * *

Twenty-five kegs of beer washed off a steamer in New York harbor floated straight for a fort on shore. Needless to say, the visitors were not fired on as hostile invaders. They seemed to know where they would meet a friendly reception.

* * *

The contests at Rheims are proof enough that man has really begun to fly successfully. With such a beginning as has been made in navigation of the air, the imagination can roam to great lengths in picturing what will be done in the future.

* * *

Prince Menelik of Abyssinia is coming over to tell Americans of his country's wars. He wants the United States to interfere in her behalf as against England, Germany and France. It is a hopeless errand, Prince; Uncle Sam will send your people bibles and revolvers, tracts and whisky, but he won't fight Europe on their account. But here's a valuable hint, Prince: very likely you can capture an American millionheiress, and thereafter be the biggest swell ever seen in Abyssinia.

* * *

The nations are watching with interest keen the latest and greatest air-traveling scene. Their national birds and beasts are loud, and speak through the voice of the surging crowd, and loudest of all the Eagle screams at what he views looking down on Rheims. No longer there's doubt that with money and skill a man can travel through air at will, and airships soon will be common things, and the rich will vie with the birds with wings. The fulfillment of many centuries' dreams may now be seen o'er the city of Rheims.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Corvallis is going ahead with paving.

* * *

Oats near Clatskanie will yield from 80 to 100 bushels an acre.

* * *

A Swan lake, Klamath county, man estimates his oats at 75 bushels an acre.

* * *

Bumper crops around Lorane, Lane county.

* * *

A 23 acre field of oats near Cottage Grove yielded 75 bushels an acre.

* * *

The Lake Odell region, Klamath county, is reported to be a sportsman's paradise.

* * *

About 30 people, all hailing from Red Oak, Iowa, held a reunion in Freewater.

* * *

A party of Salem fishermen brought back from Lake Pamelia 2700 fish, mostly trout.

* * *

Eugene Wheeler, a 12-year-old boy of Indian creek, killed a monster bear with buckshot.

* * *

Every form of business industry is feeling an influx of new life, says The Dalles Chronicle.

* * *

Mrs. Aura Raley, the first white woman to reside in Pendleton, celebrated her 80th birthday.

* * *

Canby is a large shipper of not only fruit, vegetables, meats, potatoes, hay, grain, berries, etc., but of wood.

* * *

Echo is going some, says the Register. Irrigation enterprises all around and in between, east, west, north and south.

* * *

A Farmers' and Business Men's Telephone company has been organized in Curry county, with a capital of $50,000.

* * *

A recent shipment of 21 tons of ore from the Buzzard mine on Elk creek has netted the owners of the mine $2643.

* * *

A salmon caught at Bayocean Park and brought to the Sheridan cannery was 4½ feet long and weighed 26 pounds.

* * *

Two young men who attended the O. A. C. last year have bought 40 acres at Garfield, Clackamas county, for a fruit farm.

* * *

That Scio and vicinity is on the eve of the greatest development of her history is a fact which will soon be patent to everybody, says the News.

* * *

From a cherry tree near Hillsboro 1500 pounds of cherries were sold for $18, purchasers picking, and the family used all they wished. The tree has been in bearing 25 years.

* * *

New buildings being erected on farms in every direction are evidences of the prosperity now prevailing in this portion of the Willamette valley, says the Harrisburg Bulletin.

* * *

Correspondence Enterprise News-Record: Seven new binders have been sold to the farmers on the Grouse flats this summer and each one has all the work that it can do and even more.

* * *

Of the Gervais vicinity the Star says: Rich lands; prosperous farmers; a healthful section and no violent storms or extreme weather conditions. An ideal place to make a home.

* * *

The Clatskanie Telephone company has completed a line connecting up the territory between that place and Marshland which will prove a great convenience to the people living in both places.

* * *

Yaquina Bay News: Deep sea fishing was one of the most popular pastimes last week and large catches of great big codfish were made. The average weight of these fish was from 30 to 35 pounds, some were taken that were over 40 pounds. Many very large red groupers were also caught.

The American People Honor Deceit

From the Philadelphia North American, Rep.

* * * The question that most interests us at present is whether the American people still hate liars as was their wont, or whether they have come to the point of admiring the boldness of the falsifier who carries his point by chicanery and deceit.

We see that they endure the double dealer posing as the statesman. We think it a serious public question which it will require action at the polls during the next few years to answer whether the policy of swap and swindle by the masters of national legislation is not only to be endured but embraced, approved and indorsed. * * *

And now soothed with the sop of free hides and certain counterfeit semblances of partial reductions in half a dozen other schedules—reductions planned in advance to be granted with seeming reluctance—the honest, easy-going president, deceived to the last, has been flattered into believing that he has gained a glorious victory for the people and wrung real concessions from the leaders who have moulded him to their purposes. * * *

It would require more columns of space than we can spare to tell in detail of all the shameless trading, the cheating "jokers," the utter disregard of party honor and seemingly of personal fair dealing and self-respect.

The scandal of Cannon's relations with the worsted men and with Littauer, the New York glove maker and lobbyist, has been exposed.

The swindle of the "Dutch standard" for the sugar trust's benefit; the cheat of "punched and unpunched" structural steel for the steel trust; the final breach of faith in the shoe "joker," all are recalled.

But such trades and like treachery have been known in the past. What never has been seen before was the acknowledged leader of a great party accused day after day of wilful falsification and being unable or unwilling to repel the accusations.

There was the denial by Aldrich that the German government's report on wages was on hand. And then the exposure followed that it had been sent to his committee, but returned to the state department, whence it reappeared only on the day of the final passage of the bill.

There was the open and undenied declaration of John Norris of New York, representing newspaper publishers in their effort to get lower duties on pulp and paper, that in one statement to the senate Aldrich had been guilty of "sixteen grave errors of fact" of which he was bound to have cognizance.

There was the stinging denunciation of deliberate deception and misrepresentation by Aldrich of the cotton schedule. And not one word of valid defense was he able to make to Dolliver and La Follette.

And there was the final breach of faith and promise-breaking to his southern Democratic friends when he tossed aside the promise for free cotton bagging. * * *

This, in brief, is the record that confronts the country. How will the country answer it?

The REALM FEMININE

Lady Donegal, a famous Canadian beauty, whose efforts to enter the English smart set have met with failure.

Silence Is Golden.

THERE is no use denying that many women—and men—talk too much. Some do it because they like to, some through a mistaken sense of necessity and some because they can not endure silence.

One of the most consistent bores you ever meet is the person who feels a call to talk all of the time. Such conversations are very seldom enlightening or entertaining. More often they are an endless series of personal trivialities to which you are forced to answer polite monosyllables while your own thought is busy with anything but the stream of talk that you are supposedly listening to with rapt attention. Elinor Macartney Lane has very wisely said that "Women of detail—women who indulge themselves in details and repetitions of the little affairs of life, have driven more men to perdition than all the Delilas ever created."

One great objection to so many women's clubs is the amount of talking that is done, talking that is of no importance and generally in the form of criticisms of those not present. There can be no objection in the world to talking about people if it is the right sort of talk but the peculiar part of it is that it is so often of a derogatory nature. If you do not believe this, take any company of people who gather for a social afternoon or evening, listen to the conversation and see what a large share of the talk is devoted to criticisms.

Probably none of us realize the number of unnecessary comments which we make on the lives and affairs of our friends and acquaintances, comments which are not in the least helpful to them or us. How much better it would have been to have left them unsaid even if dead silence had reigned for the space of a whole afternoon. There would be a great deal less unnecessary talking done in the world if every woman made a similar vow to the one made by a woman in her early youth. It was "With the help of God, I promise to say nothing against any human being so long as I live."

It is not always necessary to talk on grand, learned or important topics for light and even frivolous conversations are of genuine benefit at times, but it is necessary to learn moderation in talk.

Continual talking invariably leads to the pitfall of gossip and criticism and is a thing to be avoided. It is not necessary to talk all of the time, for silence is truly golden and the person who knows when to keep silent is quite as accomplished as the one who knows how to talk.

Girl Farmer.

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Edna L. Bitting is the youngest farmer in the United States and is considered one of the most expert students of agriculture in New Jersey. Today she is in complete charge of Hillside farm, at Harbourton, N. J., a property owned by her uncle, Carman Phillips. She directs all the work on the farm and attends to all business matters. New Yorkers and Philadelphians who summer in the vicinity have become greatly interested in the girl and marvel at her ability. The farmers of the state call her the girl wonder and admit that Hillside is one of the most prosperous farms in New Jersey.

A Near Anthem

(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.)

My country, beauteous land! I'll sing, if you will stand, a song to thee! My harp is rather coarse, my voice is somewhat hoarse, yet will I try to force some melody. Fair land that saw my birth, gem of the whole blamed earth, hark to my screeds! Tell me, O tell me why prices have soared so high that man can scarcely buy things that he needs. Things that a man must eat—lemons and prunes and meat—cost like Sam Hill; carpets and rugs and mats, neckties and shoes and hats, shirting to hide his slats, empty his till. All through the week I work, like an unlaundered Turk, for a few bucks; no odds how hard I try, of wealth I'm always shy, and when I travel I ride on the trucks. They say that half a plunk bought more and better junk, in the old days, than will two bones or more, in the big modern store, since prices learned to soar, five hundred ways. My country hear my word! You are a hummingbird, also a peach! Splendid in peace and war, thou most effulgent star—tell me why prices are clear out of reach!

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