EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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> The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.
> La Rochefoucauld.

THE GRANGE AND THE DIRECT PRIMARY

THE INITIATIVE and referendum are not partisanship. The primary law is not partisanship. The direct selection of senators by the Oregon method is not partisanship. They are not politics in that corrupted sense in which the term "politics" is frequently used. All three measures are business. They are the serious business of the people of Oregon. They are akin to taxes, to river improvements, to road building, to education and to the other activities that immediately concern the welfare of each citizen. It is not partisanship to discuss good roads, nor to argue for a liberal system of education. Nor is it partisanship, nor does it further or harm any political party to argue for the retention of the initiative and referendum. Though a Republican legislature submitted the initiative and referendum amendment twice to the electorate, the initiative and referendum is not a Republican and an anti-Democratic measure. There is no more partisanship in the primary law than there is in the Ten Commandments. There is no more political partisanship in demanding its preservation than there is in advocating the local option law, the corrupt practices law or liberal appropriations for the common schools.

Yet here is an Oregonian correspondent signing himself "A Granger," bewailing the attitude of the granges in protesting against the assembly. He says it is all due to the Democrats and declares that the grange has gotten into partisan politics.

What party is the grange serving when it fights for the initiative and referendum—the Republican party whose legislature submitted the amendment, or the Democratic party, which couldn't have passed the amendment if it had tried and couldn't have prevented its passage if it had sought to do so? As a matter of fact, it is history that the platforms of all political parties declared for the initiative and referendum long before it was passed and that before any of them did so, the Oregon granges, local and state, declared and fought for the measure. The primary law is in exactly the same situation. It is not a Democratic measure any more than it is a Prohibition, a Socialist, a Methodist, or a Baptist measure. There is no more partisanship in it than there is in a pink tea or a debutante party. To defend it against menacing encroachments is as nonpartisan and righteous a privilege as to argue for good roads or to legislate through the initiative as the grange did, for a tax on the franchises of corporations. When the grange privately or publicly protests against scuttling direct legislation and against assassination of the primary law, it is fighting for the very measures of which it was the original author, of which it has always been the chief exponent, and of which it is now a powerful and resolute defender.

The only partisanship in the whole matter is the effort of a comparatively few men to make the proposed assembly-convention partisan. They are trying to make it a Republican measure by committing the Republican party to it. Regardless of the ruin and widespread factionalism their policy is certain to bring upon their party, they want to use Republicanism in furthering an assembly plan that the primary law makes unlawful and that the legislature refused to make lawful. These politicians are trying to make partisan their notorious assembly-convention in the hope that the partisanship will carry it through. They are, in fact, planning to sacrifice their party, if need be, in an effort to carry out their personal and unlawful program. This is the only partisan phase in present issues, and it is a partisanship that genuine grangers who know the history of direct legislation and the direct primary, who know how, where and when both originated and came into use in Oregon, will resist to the bitter end.

TYPHOID EPIDEMICS

AT SEVERAL places in Oregon there is much concern over the prevalence of typhoid fever cases. In each place, the causes and conditions that spread the disease are a general subject of query. As a general rule cities with a pure water supply and proper sanitation remain free from epidemics of the sort. Its transmissability through other agencies than water is however, widely understood. In a recent interview, Professor Pernot, bacteriologist at the Oregon Agricultural college cites milk as a frequent means of infection. He says: "I have always contended that typhoid is transmitted largely through milk, although coming originally from water. Milk is one of the most favorable mediums for growth of the typhoid bacilli. If kept at the human body heat it is equally as good as the pabulum of the body for germ growth, and even at a temperature at which milk is normally kept, organisms grow luxuriantly. It is well understood that typhoid is a filth disease, and a feeding disease. Each case arises from the ingestion of the bacilli from some pre-existing case. As the germs leave the body of a patient, their virulence is increased by having produced the disease in the body from which they came. The infection of water supplies from this source is easy, and the contamination of milk by use of water in washing vessels is equally frequent. One organism left in a pail or can will multiply into millions in fresh milk, and it is the ingestion of a large number that is effective in causing disease."

Professor Pernot relates a case in which the principle of contamination by use of water in milk pails is illustrated. A sample of stringy or ropy milk was received at the college for a report as to the cause. Analysis indicated that germs in the water used for rinsing milk vessels produced the stringy condition in the milk. This information was transmitted to the dairy, and the following reply was received: "We were not long in determining that your suggestion that the ropy milk came from the infected water was correct. We left a can of milk in the barn for a period of 24 hours, and it remained in good condition. We then put a few drops of water from the milk house spring into the can, and found at the end of 24 hours that it was ropy." The principle of contamination of the milk through infected water was thus clearly established. It could be easily possible for the milk supply of Oregon cities in which typhoid now prevails to be thus infected, even though the city water supply be perfectly pure. The water in use at dairies is not often under expert supervision. Inspection of it is therefore a highly important consideration, for as Professor Pernot suggests, the milk supply might be the means of creating a typhoid epidemic in any city. The Oregon towns and cities where typhoid is raging might do well to investigate their milk supply. Incidentally, the episode emphasizes the wisdom of the campaign for pure milk in Portland.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGROES

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S recent speaking tour in the south seems to have been remarkably successful, not so much for the material aid to his work given or promised as for the more tolerant, even approving and appreciative sentiment toward him and what he is doing, among prominent southern people. Of the 50,000 or more people who attended his meetings, nearly one half were white, and in every case they received him not only with respect but with enthusiasm. A leading white educator of Tennessee declared that he believed that there was going to be a revolution in the south in favor of the negro. A judge in one city introduced Washington as "a fine type of the true southern gentleman." Another judge, a typical southerner of high position, classed Washington with the presidents from Virginia and other eminent sons of that state. And still another judge in introducing the speaker said:

> We believe that as the patriarchs of old were inspired by God to lead their people out of darkness into light, to guide them on the right road to right living and success, so he who is to speak to us tonight is inspired to lead his race to higher, better things. But his message is not for you alone. It is not alone for this city or this state. By helping you he helps us, by helping you he helps every man, woman and child in all this broad land of ours.

All this is very different language from that which would have been uttered by prominent and honored southerners a few years ago. It shows that southern sentiment with respect to the industrial education and other liberal and progressive treatment of the negro is changing and that Booker Washington is winning his way and "making good" in the same section of the country where he was born a slave.

After all, the southerners owe much to the negroes; for the black people's long servitude, for their faithfulness during the war, for their submission to political ostracism, for their efforts at self reliance and improvement. The whites and blacks must live together permanently in the south, and in a less degree as to the black element throughout the country, and it will be better for both races that the negroes be educated, that they be treated well and encouraged to become self-supporting, self respecting and responsible citizens.

Here is another instance: A Washington county boy of 12 shot and killed his brother of 14 with a rifle. The older brother also had a rifle, but as he did not get it working simultaneously with the other one, only one boy was killed. All that is necessary to have a funeral in a family is to turn a boy loose with a gun.

PRAISE FOR CANNON

THE NEW representative from the state of Washington, ex-Judge McCredie, is credited with an extreme laudation of Speaker Cannon, whom he fulsomely praises as a great statesman and patriot, whose services to his country are exceedingly valuable; as, in brief, a statesman who always knows exactly what is best to do for the country and fearlessly does it. Mr. McCredie also echoes the speaker's repeated sophistry that the majority of the house can and does rule, and do whatever it pleases, the speaker being only its humble servant. This pretense has been fully exposed repeatedly in these columns, and the ways and means by which the speaker and his committee on rules and other packed committees can and do control legislation, in any case, to defeat a bill and in many cases to pass one, even against the real, conscientious will of a majority. And Cannon always is and always has been on the side of the protected, privileged and predatory interests as against the masses. This has been shown too often and in too many ways to be disputed or doubted.

Apparently believing that Cannon is securely and permanently in the saddle, Mr. McCredie probably hopes by this extravagant eulogy to curry favor with the speaker and so be treated with more consideration than if he truly represented his contituents; but his recompense will probably be of but slight value, and it should and will put him on the defensive at home, and may very likely terminate his career in congress at the end of his first fractional term.

The people, and especially those of the west, are not well served by Cannon and Aldrich, nor by those who follow these monopoly-serving leaders, and they are becoming pretty well aware of that fact. A good many abject followers of Cannon will find hard sledding in getting back into congress next year.

EXTENDING THE C. & E.

A DISPATCH relates that the Corvallis & Eastern railroad is to be extended from Yaquina to Newport, and that the extension will be ready for use in the early summer next year. There have been many reports of similar character that remained unconfirmed in the past, but in this instance engineers are reported as locating the line, and Superintendent Walsh is given as authority for the statement that the extension is to be built.

In point of natural advantages, Newport is one of the finest seaside resorts on the coast, and, both in winter and summer is the mecca of many visitors. The transfer by boat from Yaquina to Newport, and the inconveniences and delays incident thereto have long been a handicap that has militated against the place as a resort and against the business of the company. An extension of the railroad that would land passengers at their destination without transfer from cars to boats would immensely stimulate the business by adding heavily to the numbers who visit the place. Travel has so many conveniences now that the public has become exacting. We expect to go and come in comfort, and we resent all transfers and changes that savor of hardship. We insist on dropping into a luxuriously upholstered seat and lolling listlessly in it until our destination is reached. This penchant for ease has long militated against the Corvallis & Eastern because of the tiresome transfer at Yaquina, and if it is to be removed by an extension of the line to Newport, a vastly heightened popularity for that famous seaside resort will result.

AN INSTANCE

IN THE matter of the Broadway bridge, the people of Portland, assuming that most of them want it built, have an illustration of the power they have gained through the initiative, a means despised and derided by most politicians and party organs. Except for that instrument the bridge would probably not be built. Opposing interests, very likely would have controlled the council or other authorities having the decision of the matter, and the people would have been powerless to act. Without the vote of the people in favor of this project, the mayor might have taken a different view of it, but he realizes that times and conditions have changed in 20 years, and that it is not safe now for an official to defy or ignore the wish and will of the people, but he must obey them.

This matter is only mentioned by way of illustration. So it is and will be in other matters. The people of Portland, of Oregon, are ruling, as they never did, or could until recently. They now have the power to get what they want, and reject what they do not want. Are they likely to support or approve a movement having for one of its ulterior objects the taking away from them of that power, and the re-establishment of old conditions? We trow not.

Many of the microbes that thought they had settled down for a comfortable winter in some of the flats and apartment houses know now that they blundered. Their former enthusiasm over the consuming liberality of landlords has been perceptibly jarred during the cold snap.

It is near the wind-up of the Red Cross stamp sales and there should be far more liberal buying than there has been so far. Portland should make a large showing in this good cause.

The men who want the granges to make no defense of the direct primary are the men who think also that the people haven't sense enough to select fit candidates.

In departing this vale of tears, the turkeys can point posterity to 35 cents a pound as a token of the esteem in which they were held by an appreciative public.

It will soon be the day for swearing off. It is a safe bet that many a man is ready to swear off buying Christmas presents without waiting for January 1.

TANGLEFOOT

BY MILES OVERHOLT.

ST. NICK'S RELATIVES.

Tell me truly, St. Nick,
What relation are you
To the other Old Nick,
Everyone's bugaboo?
To me it seems plain,
Though I don't wish to knock,
That you are a chip
Off the other old block,
For you teach us to swear
With your Christmas gold brick;
Yes, you must be a son
Of the reg'lar Old Nick.

THE LOSING GAME.

"I lost $2000 last night," observed the noted explorer-lecturer, who charged 50 cents a word for his oratory.

"How was that—poker?" inquired the man who didn't care much for lectures, anyway.

"Nope. Talked in my sleep," replied the lecturer, as he wiped away a tear.

When winter's chilly winds do blow,
And lack of wages trouble you,
Think of Spokane; be glad you're not
an I. W. W.

THE AIRSHIP HABIT.

"I very much regret to say we cannot use your song."
Thus spoke the music publisher. "I'll tell you what is wrong:
You see, we're flying high these days; we want to treat you fair,
The words, we find, won't do at all; they're heavier than the air."

Bring me a present, Santa Claus; one that I really need;
Bring me a thought for some poetry that hasn't gone to seed;
Bring me a joke that's young and fair, and a bit of humorous verse.
If you don't, old man, just pass me by; I'll be ready for the hearse.

"I want to select a costume for a masquerade ball—something different from the ordinary run of suits. Can you suggest something?" inquired a man at the costuming house.

"Who is giving the ball?" inquired the costumer.

"Why, I think it is the sailor's union."

"Well, in that case I would suggest that you go disguised as a fish.

"Fish! Huh. What do you think this is? A codfish ball?"

"It's not the great expense," said Smith, "that now my ire provokes,
But the thing that's irritating is this Christmas style of jokes."

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.

Would Pipe Air to Portland.

Portland, Or., Dec. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Perhaps there is more importance in breathing the air than in shipping through it, but, unhappily, the latter is given quite too much study, and world wide attention, while in the former we content ourselves with conditions that had prevailed back in the time when there was little, or no civilization, and are making no progress along the lines of improving the quality of our supply of that most important life-giving element. "Get plenty of pure air and be well." The phrase is popular with all of us, and the advice it contains is upheld by all medical authorities high and low.

On a clear day, we can see distinctly the huge snow covered mountain that is smiling reproachingly at the city of Portland. Poor thing. It feels just as a housewife would when, after having taken much pains and worry in preparing some delicious dish, she notices the people at the table refuse even to taste it. The mountain serves as a great air sterilising factory; in other words, there is an unlimited quantity of rich air freed from the germs, and we, by all and every means, should take an advantage of it. We should not go there to make our homes, because we would bring up there with us the very same sanitary conditions crowded population necessarily produces, and which are most favorable to the germ life, and would soon make that place as bad to live in as any old one. On the other hand, we should and can get our supply of air in the same way we get our supply of water from the parts where it is pure and fresh.

As to the possibility and expense involved in realizing the idea in question little can be said against it. If we connect the two atmospheres of different temperature by means of a pipe, that will cause a flow of air or draft through the latter. The greater the difference, the greater flow in a direction to the higher temperature is produced; for, as soon as the heated air expands sufficiently to overcome the resistance of surrounding condensed air it flows up and in the direction of the least resistance, to its level of density in one of the upper grades of atmosphere. At the other extremity of the pipe the cold or condensed air would flow into it as fast as there is made room for it. The idea of combined warming and ventilating the rooms by passing a current of heated air, has come into practical use years ago. What would be the additional expense if the air was supplied from a source some miles distant, instead of getting it near out of the disease breeding atmosphere of a city? Probably, once the pipes are laid connecting the atmosphere of the rooms with that of the mountain, as in our case, there will be no further expenses required in order to put constant and unlimited supply of the precious vapor. Should a reasonable number of the buildings of the city accept the heated air ventilation plan of warming the rooms, the cost of providing and laying up the mains, per building, would be, of course, trifling. Would not we like to remain in an agreeable temperature and calm of a house and breathe in the real pure air, warm in the winter and cool in the summer, instead of going outside into a cold, damp or stormy atmosphere as we do now in order to get some fresh air and breathe in only God knows what not?

Would not the idea appeal most to those whom in the hot summer days their duties compel to confine themselves between the four walls with supply of air that may be justly likened to the water that has washed the floor of the hospital where patients with contagious diseases are treated?

Let us make every house a fortification against the germs instead of making it a harbor for them in their fight with the tides of fresh air sweeping earth's surface.

JOSEPH KOZLOWSKI.

Water Question and City Beautiful.

Portland, Dec. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Journal, in putting forth its best efforts for a city beautiful, is to be commended. But would it not be wise to remove some of the handicaps?

A little over five years ago a visitor bought three lots for $750 and a few weeks ago sold them for $2400. During the time he paid out for taxes $69, contributed nothing toward bettering the city, but became a real hindrance, by sending power of attorney to a friend, who, with the aid of a few more vacant lot owners was able to block the street improvements. These lot owners had billboard signs on their lots too, extending for 150 feet right out to the lot line, completely obstructing the view from a fine $3000 bungalow. Now I have no objection to a good, big poster, but could view it just as well 30 feet back. Would be unable to say how much was received from these posters, but presume it paid his five years' taxes. The snow was never shoveled off, the weeds were never cut. (Special privilege).

A young married couple bought a home for $2500, paid $700 down, and payments at rate of $25 a month. Bought $120 worth of furniture and were to pay $10 a month on that. The taxes became due in six months. Their equity being $500, taxes were $25, personal $4.50, or over 12 per cent for the six months. Both worked in the city all day to pay for the home; therefore, all they made in money, their time, talents, their very thoughts, went for Portland's good. Notwithstanding all that, Diana ruled that since they were too poor to sprinkle the lawn they could have no meter, so they paid $1 a month, while their neighbor with four in the family and at home all day was wealthy enough to sprinkle and had a meter, paying only 50 cents a month.

Now 50 per cent of the water users are using water through a private pipe from 10 to 500 feet long, paid for out of their own pockets, or are on two or four inch main, too small for hydrant, consequently have no fire protection. Five houses in Stephens' addition were on one and a half inch pipe for 10 years, and now they are obliged to pay double rates because of having no water for lawn, so no meter. Those people are paying the same rate as users right on main with good flow, but are now asked to put their hands in their pockets to help pay for mains way out in the country where there is one house to 15 vacant lots and thousands of acres closer in with no water, the price for which is very little higher.

JOHN IRWIN.

Law Applies to Both Parties.

Portland, Dec. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please let me know through the columns of your clean and helpful paper whether under the present divorce law of Oregon the party applying for divorce has to wait six months before remarrying, and whether the defendant can remarry at once. In other words, do both parties have to wait six months?

MRS. E. H.

(Under the Oregon law neither plaintiff nor defendant in a divorce suit can remarry until six months have elapsed from the date of the decree.)

This Date in History.

1616—Benedict Arnold, first governor of Rhode Island, born in England. Died June 26, 1678.

1696—Sir James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of the state of Georgia, born in London. Died July 1, 1785.

1719—First issue of the Boston Gazette.

1848—Asiatic cholera appeared among the United States troops in Texas.

1864—General Sherman occupied Savannah.

1896—Roger Walcott, governor of Massachusetts, died. Born July 22, 1847.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The trusts will have a very merry Christmas.

As ever, some will have too much and some not enough.

This should be a big week in the Red Cross stamp trade.

A big, fat hog is a fine looking animal these days, to its owner.

According to the prayer, one to obtain forgiveness must forgive.

It is suspected that the Danish geographers are cooking Dr. Cook.

The poor, overworked congressmen will now take a two week's vacation.

Let no needy ones be overlooked, whatever their faults may have been.

We will have to admit that western Oregon seldom furnishes skating ice.

Perhaps Dr. Cook and William Watson are collaborating together in hiding.

What is a Republican? Will be the paramount question in politics next year.

A canal from Portland to Gray's harbor via Shoalwater bay will also help some.

A great deal of Christmas shopping was done early, but there will be plenty done late, also.

Most poets are supposed to be more or less insane, but William Watson appears to be an extreme case.

Not only Salem but the whole state is interested in the movement to secure pure water for that city.

The state of Siskiyou is not likely to materialize, but it serves very well for something to talk about up there.

Possibly J. P. Morgan will pass Christmas without annexing some billion dollar concern or organization.

New record of high prices every week lately, which ought to induce more people to go to producing needed things.

It looks like nobody ought to kick on this weather, yet a good many people would smile more naturally if it would rain.

Sneering at the grangers as unsophisticated hayseeds is not likely to cause them to change their minds in favor of an assembly.

Representative McCredie is stuck on Uncle Joe, but he may discover next year that a majority of the Republicans of his district are not.

It is somewhat significant that Land Commissioner Dennet was for a long time secretary of the senate committee on public lands, of which Senator Hansbrough was chairman.

The merrytime is near at hand, the happiest holiday of the land; the time when families reunite, when old home fires burn brisk and bright, when feasts are made, and gifts displayed, and joy fills hearts of swain and maid; when hymns and songs are blithely sung by many a tongue of old and young; when children, from all trouble free, exuberate in guileless glee, when reverent souls look back and see the one who died on Calvary, when hope and faith are strong and sweet, and every home is a merry seat. Welcome the annual Christmas cheer, the crowning joy day of the year.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Willamina is becoming a busy and quite important town.

A very strict new saloon ordinance is now in force in The Dalles.

Roseburg improved this year to the extent approximately of $500,000.

A Port Orford man killed four wild geese at one shot, and on a Friday, too.

The Eugene Methodist church has gained 61 members in three months.

Hobos are numerous in Eugene; some nights more than 20 are lodged in jail.

Cottage Grove people are thinking of a railroad from that town to the coast; may beat Eugene.

The Ione Proclaimer plant has moved to Echo, whose paper was some weeks ago transferred to Stanfield.

The Willamina Times last week issued a large, good illustrated special edition devoted to that growing town and surrounding country.

Besides producing two crops of berries a year and a continuous crop of roses, this section of country has the added distinction of producing two crops of pears in a year, says the Sheridan Sun.

Myrtle Point Enterprise: Interest in railroad extensions and rumors of extensions has refused to die down this winter, and the prospects continue to look very bright for the beginning of construction on one or more lines early in the spring.

The Sheridan Sun tells of a man who thought he was the best judge as to the best locality in which his house should stand, but now he says he will own up it couldn't have been in the right place or the Lord wouldn't have seen fit when the wind was at its height to coolly pick up and set it aside some seven or eight feet.

Speaking of the troubles of the Siletz settlers the Sheridan Sun says: We sympathize with our brethren in the Siletz country and cannot see how their trouble all came about. It certainly was the fault of a neglectful and careless government. The first men to hew the way are surely the most deserving ones and they should not be held up until they are old and grey before they get their patents.

Willamina Times: We do not mean to say that it's all honey and pie, and that everything is just what you could wish it to be, but we do mean to say that this place has more advantages and less drawbacks than any place it has been our fortune to visit. When the hayseed editor blowed in here last summer and decided to start a paper, it was because it looked good to him, and every day since then has but strengthened that opinion.

The Myrtle Creek Mail tells this dog story: Mr. Peret of Yoncalla, three months ago, while hunting lost a valuable dog. So much did he value the dog that he advertised a liberal reward for its recovery. Not until the past week did he hear anything from it when Mr. Quine wrote him that the dog was running wild in the neighborhood and would let no one near it. However Mrs. Cripps managed to trap the dog and got the $20 reward. Mr. Peret spent altogether $137 in his efforts to recover the animal, and says he would have been willing to spend as much more had it been necessary.

Less Battleships and More Agricultural Colleges

By J. J. Hill in the World's Work.

"If I could have my way, I should build a couple of warships a year less. Perhaps one would do. I would take that $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 a year and start at least 1000 agricultural schools in the United States at $5000 a year each, in the shape of model farms. This model farm would be simply a tract of land conforming in size, soil treatment, crop selection and rotation, and methods of cultivation to modern agricultural methods. Its purpose would be to furnish to all its neighborhood a working model for common instruction. Cultivating, perhaps, from 4 to 60 acres, it could exhibit on that area the advantages of thorough tillage which the small farm makes possible; of seed specially chosen and tested by experiment at agricultural college farms; of proper fertilization, stock raising, alternation of crops, and the whole scientific and improved system of cultivation, seeding, harvesting and marketing. The farmers of a county could see, must see, as they passed its borders how their daily labors might bring increased and improved results. The example could not fail to impress itself upon an industry becoming each year more conscious of its defects and its needs. As fast as it was followed, it would improve farm conditions, make this a form of enterprise more attractive to the young and the intelligent, and add enormously to the volume of farm products which constitutes our enduring national wealth.

"Results reached by this arrangement would have the conclusiveness of a demonstration in science. Every crop that could be or ought to be raised should be experimented with, not at some distant spot seldom visited, but right at home on the farm. I would bring the model farm into every agricultural county; and if any farmer was in doubt, he could visit it, see with his own eyes, and find out what he ought to have done and what he could do next time. It would do for the farming population what the technical school does for the intending artisan, and the schools of special training for those who enter the professions. Side by side with the common school it would work for intelligence, for progress, for the welfare of the country in a moral as well as a material aspect."

The REALM FEMININE

Bulletins on Child Culture.

KANSAS to the rescue again! This time it concerns the rearing of children and Professor William ... McKeever of the Kansas State Agricultural college is the prime instigator in the new crusade. He contends that farmers in the middle west are so engrossed in the production of wheat and corn and in the growing of meaty steers and fat porkers that they are likely to slight the bringing up of their children.

Professor McKeever urges less attention to domestic animals and crops and more to the boys and girls, and to further his cause and remedy the fault he is preparing a set of bulletins telling the farmers how to raise better sons and daughters. These bulletins he is sending broadcast all over the state.

"We have special courses in poultry raising, pig raising and home breeding," he says in one of his bulletins, "while parents go right on in the good old way rearing children by guess, hearsay and superstition. As a consequence the first children in many families are used for experimental purposes and though they may be well born, their prospects of a useful career are often blighted forever."

Professor McKeever believes in the doctrines of work for children, coupled with parental attentions, as the general basis for rearing a better crop of sons and daughters. Obedience, he finds, is generally regarded as the first virtue of a child, but obedience without the most intelligent direction is worse than untrammeled liberty.

He feels that appreciation is lacking of the true dignity of quiet home life. "Go where you will," he writes, "throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours, and I challenge you to find among the children a more pleasing aspect than that of a smiling, rosy cheeked 12-year-old girl in a neat, loose fitting dress and a dainty white apron, while, with a snowy tea towel in her hand, she is engaged in drying the dinner dishes.

"It is much to be regretted that we do not give its just measure of honor to the exalted home life. There is certainly need of a great poet or painter or sculptor, or all of these, who will, by means of their high art, divert the attention of many young girls from the airy phantoms which they are now chasing, and help them fix their affections upon the things that make for more substantial character."

Professor McKeever's bulletins cover many topics in the rearing of children in small towns and on farms.

Stuffed Trout.

WASH the trout and dry thoroughly between linen towels. Stuff with the following ingredients: One pint of breadcrumbs, moistened thoroughly with melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, juice of one lemon, grated rind of half a lemon, one teaspoonful each of finely chopped onion, parsley and pickles, salt and pepper to taste; add a light sprinkle of thyme, sage and marjoram. Have ready some thin slices of pork cut from the fat part of pork chops, which gives a fine flavor to the fish; cut to fit around stuffed portion of trout and pin together with wooden toothpicks.

To bake—Place some of the pork fat in a large pan, try out to a light brown, remove scraps, dip the trout into the unbeaten yolks of eggs and lay on the pan entirely separate from one another. Bake in a quick open, basting with the pork fat to a light brown. When done place on platter, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley and sprinkle lightly with chopped parsley. Serve with watercress and stuffed potatoes.

A Christmas Hint.

YOU have no idea how empty the stores are about 8:30 or 9 o'clock. It is no trouble at all to do Christmas shopping then, but later in the day and at night—"We plead for a change of rules for Christmas shopping. The flying tackle and double forward pass should both be abolished at once. We suggest a penalty of 10 trading stamps for ladies guilty of an off-side kick and a reward of the same amount for two successive goals from the field. Slugging a lady whose husband has his hands full should be frowned upon."

Orange Cakes.

ONE HALF cupful of butter, three quarters of a cupful of sugar, one half cupful of milk one and one half cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two eggs, one half cupful of candied orange peel. Cream butter, cream in sugar; add flour, in which baking powder has been sifted, alternately with the milk. Beat well. Add well beaten eggs and finely chopped orange peel. Drop by the teaspoonful onto a buttered sheet and bake in a quick oven.

Remember Christmas Letters.

WHY not write Christmas letters this year instead of sending some of the presents that you really cannot afford? Of course, it is a pleasure to send and receive pretty gifts; but, after all, it is the thought behind the gift which counts most, and if the gift occasions a thought of penury, better send a letter overflowing with love and Yuletide spirit. Said one young girl:

"I have a friend that I would rather have send me a Christmas letter than the finest gift she could buy me."

What we all need at Christmas time is a greater expenditure of love and a less expenditure of money.

Santa's Coming

(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.)

Don't look for Santa and his sled, for Santa's deer have long been dead; and Santa chuckled at their fate, for deer have long been out of date; and old time things are not worth while—and Santa wants to be in style. O, deer are awkward things and slow—the good old deer of long ago! Don't listen for the merry bells; no more, no more, their music swells, as sweet as music of the spheres, for bells are things of bygone years; the honk-honk horn will take their place, when Santa makes his midnight race, beneath the clouds, above the snow—O, good old bells of long ago! He'll come (reporters in his train) upon his nice new aeroplane; he won't take time—impatient soul!—to scramble down the chimney hole; and folks who know him say he knocks on wasting time with hanging socks; he's changed so much in recent years—since I was young like you, my dears—I speak about him with a sob, and almost wish he'd quit his job. The good old saint I used to know—the Santa Claus of long ago!

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