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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying!—King Henry IV.

THE BROADWAY BRIDGE DECISION

ALL THE proceedings as to the Broadway bridge have been declared legal. The finding was in a court of justice, and three judges participated. Their decision was unanimous, and every contention advanced by the friends of the bridge was confirmed.

After a thorough discussion, and with a complete understanding of the details, the people of Portland, by a heavy majority, ordered this bridge built. The decision was by ballot, and the proceedings were regular. There was a fair count, and no question has ever been raised as to the outcome of the voting. The essence of self-government is majority rule. The ballot box is designated by the organic law as the means of ascertaining what the majority desires. In that community, city or state, in which the verdict of the ballot box is accepted as final and authoritative by the minority, self-government is at its best, and conditions are favorable for achievement, public progress and harmonious and prosperous living. When it is otherwise, public progress is obstructed, private thrift is interfered with and the general welfare harmed. The vote on the Broadway bridge having been fair, the proceedings having been regular, and the decision of the people having been heavily in its favor, the Broadway bridge should not be further opposed. The incident ought to close, the bonds be sold, and construction proceed. That is the expressed will of the people of Portland and the people are sovereign and supreme.

The high bridge is the only means of solving the present over-river transit problem. Sometime the street railway should build tubes. The low bridge hampers, delays and inconveniences harbor craft. It delays, harasses and absorbs the valuable time of busy people seeking to cross the river. The high bridge type delays neither. The vessels pass under it unhindered and the people, the cars, the vehicles and the long caravan of traffic pass over it undelayed. With the high bridge there is no delay for anything or anybody. It is a full, complete and instantaneous deliverance for all. It is a fact so patent that every schoolboy, every schoolgirl, every man and every woman in Portland knows it to be true. The proposed structure at Broadway is such a bridge, the one and only bridge in the city that will give free passage overhead and beneath, and it is the logic of fitness, efficacy and common sense that it should not be obstructed, but be hurried to completion.

THE NEW YORK BRIBERY

A BRIBERY investigation is in progress in the New York legislature. The Republican leader, Senator Allds, is charged with accepting a bribe of $1000. The charge is made by Senator Benn Conger, who declares that the bribe was accepted by Allds as the price for his vote against pending legislation. Conger has produced a former employe and business associate who has testified before the senate committee that he gave Allds an envelope containing $1000 in currency. He swears that at the same time he gave two other legislators envelopes containing respectively $4000 and $1000 each. The latter two members have since died and their names have not yet been made public. The bribery took place at the session of 1901. The testimony has also shown that the American Bridge company raised a corruption fund in 1902, 1903 and 1905, and that in 1902 a contribution went to the state chairman of the Republican committee. The stub of a check for $6500 was produced and identified by Conger as the original bribe fund. It was dated April 22, 1901.

Of the payment of the $1000 bribe to Allds, Conger is quoted as saying: "Allds and I knew each other very well. We were on committees together. I knew just the sort of a man he was. Why, that matter between us was a mere fleebite in comparison with what was being done in Albany at that time. Strike bills were being introduced on all sides, and the way to head them off was to pay, pay, pay. It was understood. Nobody thought anything of it."

The name of ex-Boss Thomas C. Platt has frequently appeared in the testimony. It is made clear that he not only shaped but commanded the defeat or passage of pending legislation. So far, Senator Allds' defense is that he supported or opposed legislation as directed by the party organization or the party boss, and that his votes were not influenced by any alleged bribe. The whole affair is vividly illustrative of what "party organization" means. It was a machine that in New York in this instance was used to kill or pass legislation with a corruption fund and loyalty to the organization as the tools of the game. Its purpose everywhere is the same. It is a vehicle with which a few men nominate candidates, control officials, boss public affairs and distribute pie. What it ends in is an occasional investigation in which a tiny fraction of the crookedness comes to the surface, which, as Senator Conger says, "is a mere fleebite" compared with the iniquities that escape detection and exposure.

WHEN PACKING PLANTS OPEN

WITH A complement of 500 men, the Swift packing plant of Portland will begin operations March 15. That means that the highest economy and efficiency known to the packing world will be applied to the industry in Portland. That in turn will be a matter of much moment to every farmer and stockman from Montana, Idaho and Utah to the Pacific. A problem with them up to the present has been to have a market that could handle consignments of livestock regardless of how great the quantities in which they might come. Oftimes the arrival of a few carloads would glut the market and bear down the price. The grower was invariably confronted with the realization that even when the animal was ready to turn off, the market might be over supplied.

With the new plant in operation a different order should prevail. It represents an enormous investment, and must have enormous supplies of raw material for its purposes. The little shipments that formerly flurried the market will be but a drop in the bucket in the expanded establishment. A price must be paid for livestock that will make the business profitable to the grower, or a sufficient supply of raw material for the packer will not be produced. The interests of grower and packer thus become joined and blended, with the survival of one the immediate concern of the other. It should, and doubtless will, revolutionize the business of animal husbandry on the north Pacific coast.

No farm can afford to be without its quota of livestock. The constant wheat cropping will kill the soil. Every ton of wheat hauled from the land carries away $7.50 worth of soil fertility. The German scientists have proven that every ton of mill feed fed to livestock on the farm adds an equal or greater value of fertility to the land. The land is his capital, and it will treat him exactly as he treats it. If he gives to it, it will give him back with multiplied interest. If he takes away and gives nothing back, it will yield him less and less. If he enriches it by keeping and feeding livestock on it, the land will enrich him. The history of districts where stock feeding is greatest is a story of farmers who are thriftiest and communities richest. A new soil, a new agriculture and a richer people should be the gradually eventuating sequel to the opening of the Portland packing plants.

CURSING THE COLLEGES

A MAN HAS appeared who holds that "colleges are a curse." He says that the millions spent annually on universities, colleges, technical and agricultural schools, and on law and medical schools in general, are swallowed up in one of the most gigantic swindles of the age. "The schools are not needed and they cannot be anything but a curse," he says. He adds that it is "conservatively estimated that the expense of education to this nation is at least $100,000,000 a year, and this enormous sum is literally thrown away, much to the injury of the country and its people."

This man is a multimillionaire manufacturer. He is R. T. Crane, president of the Crane company, and his unusual statements appear in a book just issued. His volume is violent in its attacks on college professors, college presidents and all others connected with higher education and technical schools.

Mr. Crane is not the first man who has been made mad by his millions. Once the late C. P. Huntington expressed a similar view, and the same expression has been attributed to R. M. Schwab, the steel magnate. But the sane men of the country are not disturbed by these passing speeches of vanity. The men who have risen through their own illiteracy into positions of great wealth are comparatively few. A peculiar genius for accumulation and often small scruples as to methods brought them success. In the abounding confidence of that success, egotism seizes them, and they become at once prophets and advocates of a career by the illiterate route.

The universities are not a curse. The money spent in technical training is not one of the "most gigantic swindles of the age." It is common knowledge that the great railroad systems are more and more drawing their recruits for the most responsible positions in their service from the technical schools. The world was never moving so fast in scientific discovery as now, and it is the men from scientific schools that are leaders in the work. Christendom was never progressing so swiftly in saving human life from wasting disease as now, and the credit for it goes to the trained investigators sent out from the medical colleges. Appliances for going into the bowels of the earth and bringing the stored deposits to the surface for the comfort and happiness of man were never so perfect as now, and they are largely the product of men from the engineering schools.

There never was in this country such progress as now in agricultural and animal husbandry, with its scientific methods for increasing soil fertility, multiplying crops and magnifying the foodstuffs and wealth of men and nations, and it is the splendid handiwork of the agricultural colleges. The discovery of the Babcock test, which has revolutionized dairying and been of incomparable value to mankind, is worth more to the country than all the money spent on higher education, and it was the handiwork of an agricultural college experiment station man. Many of the very devices in the manufacture of which Mr. Crane has enriched himself would never have been evolved but for the training and mental suggestion furthered in the technical schools, wherefore there is a dash of the anomalous in this multimillionaire's tirade against higher education.

FOR ST. VINCENT'S

BOUNTY is asked for St. Vincent's Hospital. The new wing with 111 rooms, built at a cost of $250,000, is to be opened and dedicated about April 1. Linens for the use of the institution are required, and these the public is given opportunity to bestow, under the name of a Linen Shower.

Whatever the public gives to a hospital is given back with heavy and accumulating interest. The charity and humanitarianism that radiate from these asylums of the ailing are a story of which the half will never be told. Mercy and care, gentleness and aid, helpfulness and assistance, for yellow or black, for white or brown, for want or wealth, for Lazarus or Dives, are the influences that go out from these institutions. They are rest spots and healing places in the great desert of life. They are to be cherished, encouraged, nurtured and supported for the benison they are to mankind.

Than St. Vincent's no hospital has more abounded in utilitarian philanthropy. On the 10th of next May it will be 35 years since its career of helpfulness began. From then until now it has been a bosom upon which the afflicted could lean and rest and find comfort. In 1893, when the great panic was on, when industry was paralyzed and all activities stagnated; when thousands of unemployed from logging camps and railroads thronged Portland, the sisters of St. Vincent's hospital hired rooms at Seventh and Flanders and throughout the Winter served free meals. In all, 35,000 meals were thus bestowed on those who were without employment and without other food than that served by the sisters of St. Vincent's. In view of what the institution has been and is, no questions will be asked by contributors as to what is St. Vincent's creed or ecclesiastical color, but all churchmen, Catholics or non-Catholics, and all citizens, regardless of belief, will hear the call for assistance and generously respond.

LET JACKSON COUNTY BUILD IT

THERE ARE other ways to build the Crater Lake road. The fact that the constitution is a bar to state aid need not end the project. The benefits to arise from bringing this wonder asset into accessibility should not be lost to the state. Though it is an undertaking of state-wide and country-wide significance, the court decision, by holding it to be in the particular interest of Jackson and Klamath counties, narrows the use of public funds for the purpose to those two counties.

It is within the easy possibilities for Jackson county to alone finance that section of the road between Medford and the limits of the Crater Lake reserve. Jackson is fast becoming one of the strong counties of the state. It has a population of 30,000 to 35,000. Its demonstrated possibilities for orcharding make its land wealth enormous. A single orchard of 605 acres changed hands within the week at $500,000. These values will increase, and are going to extend to a constantly widening area of orchard lands. Nobody knows what the aggregate wealth of the county will ultimately be. The assessed valuation of property for the past year was $26,438,666, but this is a mere bauble compared to what it will be as the development of the orcharding industry proceeds. Men of very great financial means are becoming heavy investors in the district, and they will be more and more attracted there. One of the very influences to draw a strong population would be the Crater Lake project with its attraction for those who seek diversion, rest and pleasure.

The sum the state was to contribute for the section of the road in this county was only $50,000. The amount would be a mere nothing for Jackson county to raise. It is an expenditure that Jackson county could make and never miss the money, and one that would be an investment from which the dividends would be enormous. The people there cannot afford, because of the supreme court's decision, to drop the Crater Lake project. They should, with their own abounding and expanding resources, build their section of the road alone.

Henry Phipps is a rich man who is doing good with the vast wealth he has accumulated. He made his immense fortune out of iron and steel, and has recently given $500,000 for the erection, in Philadelphia, of a free tuberculosis hospital, to be administered by the University of Pennsylvania. The ground that it will occupy cost him $1,000,000. Besides, Mr. Phipps has given Johns Hopkins university $1,000,000, to be used for the study of cures for mental ailments, and another million to a commission in New York city for the erection of model tenements where the health of the poor is to be conserved. So Mr. Phipps has become one of the leading benefactors of the country and of humanity—perhaps realizing that he was not really entitled, personally, to so much money.

TANGLEFOOT

By Miles Overholt

TROUBLES OF OLE.

Ole Peterson lives at Topaz, Nev. Ole is a very sad individual. He doesn't look sad at the first glance, but the sadness grows on him after each glance. Sadness will grow on a Swede just the same as anybody.

Ole desired to become a husband. To do this he thought he ought to be married as much as possible.

One day he read how a young man had saved a young lady from a watery grave and was married the next day at 2 o'clock, and the father of the girl presented the brave young man with a Waterbury watch and a team of mules. After Ole read that he decided to go somewhere and save a beautiful unmarried lady from a grave, watery or otherwise. Ole preferred the otherwise.

Two years went by while Ole kept his eyes open for any young lady on her way to a watery grave, but watery graves were scarce. They always are on the desert. Anyone who is looking for a watery grave will do well to remember this.

One day Ole decided he could stand the strain no longer, so he packed his burro and left the town. He would not have left the town, but it wanted to stay where it was, so he left it. He headed for the Funeral mountains, because he was sad. If he had not been sad he would have gone to the Tickle Grass country and this story would not have been written.

Ole trained his dog to bark in G-minor when a lady was about to go to a watery grave, so that if he was asleep he would awake and save her. One night the dog barked as per instructions and Ole rushed out into the darkness in time to hold his umbrella over a Piute squaw who was getting rained on.

Four drops of moisture had fallen upon the squaw's face and she was in a bad way. Nothing like that had ever happened to her before. The thunder rolled and the squaw cowed in a corner of the tent and covered herself with a birthmark.

Seven days afterward Ole married the squaw and then went to her parent on her father's side and told him how he had rescued her from a watery grave. The old Indian kicked Ole three times in an absent minded manner and set the dogs on him.

Thus we see, my children, that the course of true love runs smooth.

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.

A Teamster's View.

Portland, Or., Feb. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your issue of February 15 appears an article signed "Another Subscriber," to which the author is ashamed (or afraid) to affix his name.

He refers to a previous letter as implications of a teamster. For the teamster I will say that the lowering of car steps will have no effect upon nor interfere with his business. The writer appears to be one of the poorly paid downtrodden servants, of a public service corporation, who must look for public sympathy in order to get his just dues from a worthy employer who owns one half of the principal streets of the city (the center half) free gratis; whose improvements, personal and realty holdings, amount to about $10,000,000 that the public must pay dividends on, also about $25,000,000 (worth ?) of watered stock.

In their endeavor to do this they forget that the party referred to in previous issue has to carry the heavy weight of not only being responsible for the supply of their daily needs, the material for the improvement and building up of the city, but also have to work for the interest of their employer who has his money invested in his business and secures only his share of the profit which his equipment actually earns. After "The manners of his tribe" are properly attended to the ladies of this city will have the hearty cooperation of the teamster in this their long forseen complaint. G. A. ROGERS.

Facts of Heisler Shooting.

Hay Creek, Feb. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—I wish to state some of the facts regarding the shooting of Mr. Russell by a stage driver named Johnson at Heisler station, which is about 25 miles from Shaniko on the Prineville road. The article in the Oregonian of February 13, stated that Johnson is an old character and has a bad reputation, while the facts are he is about 19 years of age and had been employed by the stage company for two months as driver and has the name of being good natured and not quarrelsome.

The cause, as stated to Mr. Nichols, foreman for the Baldwin Sheep & Land company, of Hay Creek, and to the writer of this article, was this: Russell objected to Johnson stopping and waiting for another driver that was following. Russell told Johnson that when Heisler was reached he would give Johnson a trimming. Before getting to Heisler, they met the stage going to Shaniko and Johnson asked the driver if he had a gun, as there was a fighting man on his stage that was going to do him up when Heisler was reached. The driver gave Johnson his revolver. Russell was in the stage and saw Johnson get the gun.

When Heisler was reached, Johnson got down to unhitch, as they change horses there. He had dropped one tug and stepped up on the wheel to loosen the lines, when Russell jumped out on the opposite side, having taken off his overcoat and other coat. He came around back of the stage. Johnson spoke to him and told him he didn't want any trouble, but that he wouldn't fight him fair, as Russell was a much larger man, weighing 175 pounds or more, while Johnson is only about 145 or 150 pounds. Russell kept coming and Johnson pulled the revolver and shot twice, missing the first time and hitting Russell at the second shot in the region of the groin. Johnson drove the stage as far as Hay Creek. Mr. Nichols had been instructed by the sheriff by phone from Prineville to hold Johnson here at Hay Creek and that he would come down for him, but later called up and asked Mr. Nichols to put Johnson on the stage in the morning and send him to Prineville, which Mr. Nichols did. The report that he was drunk was greatly exaggerated, as he was perfectly sober when he arrived at Hay Creek, which is 10 miles from Heisler. Johnson said he tried to shoot Russell in the hand and did not try to kill him.

Johnson is a stranger and the article in the Oregonian does him a great injustice. The account in The Journal was correct, except that only two shots were fired. C. O. RUSSELL.

Cannon and Aldrich.

From the Spokane Inland Herald. (Rep.)

Say what you will about the Chicago Tribune, it has labored in season and out for the principles of Republicanism. It has stood by the colors in defeat and victory. And it is a guide whose counsels are worth while. Very well:

The Tribune has just concluded a canvass of Republican and independent editors covering a stretch of country from Illinois to the Pacific coast. It wanted to know where these editors stood on the question of accepting Speaker Cannon and his ideas of congressional procedure and the other question of flat-footed indorsement of the existing tariff law.

Now mark you. The number of Republican editors who supported Speaker Cannon in a canvass covering the entire west was 546, as against 2653 who voiced an emphatic rejection of the man and his methods. Eight hundred and twelve Republican and independent editors professed satisfaction with the present tariff law. Opposed were 2686.

Comment on these figures seems superfluous. He who runs may read, and the statesmen at Washington who will not heed the red light of a danger signal when they bump up against it have only themselves to blame if they are counted among the injured when toll is taken after a political smashup.

Will Disrupt the Party.

From the Myrtle Point Enterprise.

The Oregonian, which a short time ago read itself out of the Republican party because the party had got to doing things that were not on the Oregonian's list to be done, is just now devoting its entire energy toward having the Republicans of the state adopt the assembly plan of party nominations and do away with the direct primary law and Statement No. 1. The outcome of this fight is not difficult to foresee. It will mean the disrupting of the party if the Oregonian's object is attained, and that, too, after the Oregonian had succeeded in securing the primary plan through its efforts, in part. While the Oregonian quotes a number of party leaders as favoring the assembly, the rank and file of the party will not be heard from until election time, and it is quite reasonably safe to assume that the rank and file will not favor the assembly plan to the discredit of the primary law. Members of the party ambitious for office or power are being lined up for the assembly plan throughout the state, many of them having been the party leaders under convention plan, but who are out of a job under the primary law. They are in the game to either break the party or get their old influence back. They never did take kindly to the people's rule idea, and are now in favor of an immediate change. But will they succeed? Wait for the primary and election returns next fall.

Walrus Hunting in the Arctic.

Harry Whitney, in the February Outing tells the methods of the Eskimos in hunting the walrus. He says:

"With the harpoon as a weapon, the hunters left the solid ice to spring lightly from one small piece to another until a pan large enough to hold them was reached, far out in the open lake. The pieces over which the passage was made were often so small that they would have sunk under a man's weight had he faltered or hesitated upon them for a moment. It seemed to me that the Eskimos were absolutely reckless in this passage over the broken pieces and took no account of the manner in which they should return. Certainly only a fearless man, with a clear eye and nerves of iron could accomplish it.

A large safe pan once attained well in the midst of the blowing walrus, a stand was taken near its edge where, with harpoon poised, the hunter waited until a walrus came within striking distance. Then like lightning the weapon was sunk deep into the animal's body, and quick as a flash, a harpoon shaft, provided with a heavy point of iron, was driven firmly into the ice, and several turns of the line taken around it and held taut by the Eskimo.

This strong line held the walrus in spite of its struggles to free itself, and not an inch was surrendered to it by the Eskimo. As the walrus gradually tired, the line was lightened little by little, until finally the great animal was well alongside the pan, when it was quickly dispatched with a lance."

An Arizona man bought a 757-acre farm near Roseburg; likes that region.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE.

Sluslaw deserved better treatment.

The people want men who represent.

It will clear up soon—unless it snows.

Probably Mr. Hermann won't run for congress.

Eggs probably won't fall hard enough to break many.

We yet confidently prophesy that there will be a spring.

Mr. Fairbanks counts on the Methodist vote—if he should ever run.

Get ready to plant rose bushes and sweet peas. Brighten up the old town.

We absolutely refuse to write any more rhymes, at present, about spring.

Set out a million rose bushes on February 22. Make this more and more a Rose City.

There's bound to be a spring, and the chances are it will be an especially lovely one.

We have to agree that the supreme court is right, whether we like its decision or not.

New York suffragettes have planned a series of lecturettes. Manettes will be allowed to attend.

It would seem to be a pretty easy job to be a weather forecaster these days. Just predict "snow."

Mrs. Peary sold some alleged meteors for $50,000. Just how much Dr. Cook got for his gold brick is not known.

The Republican candidate for president in 1912 will be William Howard Taft—if he lives. The Democratic candidate will be——

In New Hampshire February 28 has been set apart as a fast day. What a lot of money could be saved these times by having a lot of fast days.

The latest report is that Dr. Cook is in Santiago, Chile. In a day or two he may be in Africa, Alaska or Hawaii. He is likely to be anywhere, except at the North Pole.

Now will Roosevelt assert himself and talk to the Methodists at Rome and insist on seeing the pope, too? Possibly he will call out the army and navy to help enable him to do this.

The big majorities of many years past in Oregon, as to members of congress and most state offices, are not likely to show up next fall. Voters are becoming more independent, politically, which is a good sign.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

One man near La Grande bought last week 5000 apple trees to plant.

Grants Pass is to have a $45,000 high school building and site—eight acres.

A brickyard on quite an extensive scale will be established at Redmond.

A deer came up to a man's barn near Laidlaw. He fed it and let it go. Good man.

Stayton Mail, 15 years old, moved into new quarters; a good local newspaper.

About $300,000 will be spent on street and other public improvements in Salem this year.

Astoria will probably have a new flouring mill. There is certainly a fine opportunity there.

There has lately been much activity in the Bend real estate market, many lots and tracts near there being sold.

Reports of losses of stock in Grant and adjacent counties have been much exaggerated, reports the Canyon City Eagle.

Four miles more of street railways will be in operation within the city limits of Salem within 60 days, says the Statesman.

Albany Democrat: A better atmosphere since Ah Swill departed. The cleaning up of a city helps along a good many lines. Now, if the blind pigs will quit.

With two telephone companies in the field, two proposed electric roads, one steam railroad in operation, and a through road to the coast in prospect; a water system under construction and numerous improvements in sight, it looks as though Jacksonville was waking up to the needs of the hour, says the Post.

The Myrtle Point liquor situation is not exactly ideal, says the Enterprise. While it is probable that less liquor is being sold than would be with licensed saloons, and that there is less drunkenness, there is no doubt but that there are blind piggers here who are making handsome profits, and as they are unmolested are becoming bolder in traffic.

The difference of this winter's climate at Astoria and south along Clatsop plains and in the vicinity of Seaside has been very noticeable, says the Budget. Here we have had almost continuous east winds, while in other sections the prevailing winds have been from the south. As a result, in the latter localities the trees and flowers are beginning to bud and are well advanced for spring, while here there is no evidence of life in any kind of vegetation.

February 17 in History—Treaty of Peace Ratified

America's second war for independence began in 1812, and the treaty of peace closing that conflict was ratified 95 years ago today. The war of 1812 was partly political, partly commercial, partly patriotic. It was unpopular with a great number of the American people, but it resulted, at least, in establishing once for all the position of the United States as an equal power among the powers. An incentive named as one of the causes, which appealed most strongly to the patriotic feelings of the common people, was the impressment by Great Britain of sailors from American ships.

To such an extent was this insult to our flag carried that our government had the record of about 4500 cases of impressment from our ships between the years 1803 and 1810; and when the war broke out the number of American sailors serving against their will in British war vessels, was variously computed to be between 6000 and 14,000.

The capture of the Chesapeake by the British man-of-war "Leopard," precipitated the trouble, and led Henry Clay to say: "Not content with seizing upon all our property which falls within her rapacious grasp, the presonal rights of our countrymen—rights which must forever be sacred—are trampled on and violated by the impressment of our seamen. What are we to gain by war? What are we not to lose by peace? Commerce, character, a nation's best treasure, honor!"

War was declared against Great Britain on June 18, 1812, and the substance of the conflict is known to all students of history. There were brilliant naval battles, equally brilliant land engagements. The war introduced such naval heroes as Isaac Hull, Stephen Decatur, Commodore Bainbridge, Oliver Hazard Perry, James Lawrence and such military heroes as Winfield Scott, General Brown, Andrew Jackson and many others.

The war continued until December, 1814, when commissioners of England and the United States concluded it by the treaty of Ghent, which was made on December 24, 1814, but was not ratified in this country until February 17 of the following year. The American negotiators were John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell and Albert Gallatin.

The treaty was not acceptable to a great majority of the people of the United States, for it failed to include a number of subjects which were chief among the causes of the war, and these questions became the subjects of much subsequent negotiation.

Ghent, where the negotiations were conducted, is the capital of the Belgian Province of East Flanders, and one of the most important cities of Belgium, situated about 31 miles northwest of Brussels.

February 17 is the birthday of Matthew Tilghman, the Maryland patriot (1718); Thomas Truxton, the naval officer (1718); General John Sullivan, of revolutionary fame (1740); Uriah A. Boyden, who designed the Boyden turbine water wheel (1804); Enoch C. Wines, who organized the National Prison association (1806); Timothy O. Howe, postmaster general under Arthur (1816); Rose Terry Cook, the author (1827), and the Duke of Guise, who took Calais for the English (1519).

The REALM FEMININE

The Billiken Example.

THERE IS FOOD for helpful meditation in the thought that "Billiken, the god of things as they ought to be," is a god of laughter. Throughout the changing cycles he will sit securely on his throne and rule his kingdom of the world with his irresistible grin in perpetual establishment of the truth, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

It is a common complaint to see people go moping around during a long spell of cloudy weather, and then brighten immediately when the sun smiles cheerily down upon them again. As the sun brightens the day, so the smile on the human face brightens life and smooths over and away many of the little ills which assume abnormal proportions.

The gloomy face has much the effect of the lowering sky, while the face that is sunshiny has an uplifting effect on all those who see it, whether they are friends or strangers. The one who goes along a city street with a smiling face scatters sunshine as he goes, and little knows how many he may have cheered and helped with a smile.

The world does not like the person with the somber face, who carries a tale of woe written upon it. All of us have enough difficulties, fancied and otherwise, of our own, so that we are not seeking the other person who is in the same boat. We seek as companions those who make us happy, not those who add to our burdens; and we should remember that it is a poor rule which does not work both ways. The surest way to popularity is by creating a bright and happy atmosphere in which to live all of the time. It is possible, too, to do just this.

If you are indulging yourself in a "grouch," remember that, although you may enjoy it hugely, other people do not; so smile whether you want to or not. It will not only be a kindness to those around you, but to yourself; for the ordinary "grouch" will vanish in the presence of smiles.

A sense of humor has been the saving grace in scores of lives that would otherwise have been wretchedly unhappy. There is almost always a funny side to everything, and those who look for it and are able to smile in the presence of adverse circumstances, find them less adverse and themselves spared much suffering that could have been theirs if they had not chosen to smile.

Those people who smile most grow old slowest, lose tempers less frequently, are "out of sorts" more seldom, and are a source of joy and inspiration to all those with whom they come in contact.

Fish Balls.

TWO quarts of potatoes peeled and if large cut in two or three pieces, one pound of whole salt fish picked in small pieces. Put potatoes in a kettle and fish on top of potatoes. Cover with cold water and cook until potatoes are done. Drain and set on back of stove. Add small piece of butter, shake of pepper and one egg beaten up. Now beat all together with a fork. They will be as light as a feather. Have a frying pan with some hot fat pork, dripping lard, bacon fat or any good fat that has not had vegetables with it, two heaping tablespoonfuls. You can take the mixture in spoonfuls and drop into fat or shape them in your hand, but it is too hot to handle, and that is where the success lies in frying them while hot to have them light. They will be a golden brown. The egg is what does that part and holds them together.

Woman's Hotel New Rule.

THE hotel Martha Washington, on East Twenty-ninth street, New York, one of the few hotels operated exclusively for women, has added a new departure to its well known establishment by appointing a woman to the important position of room clerk.

Women room clerks are found in some of the important European hotels, but on this side of the Atlantic the departure is said to be a new one. The position calls for diplomacy and tact, and has generally been assumed to be one that only a man versed in the vagaries of the hotel business could satisfactorily occupy.

Miss M. E. Baker is the first woman room clerk in any important hotel in the United States.

Grapefruit Marmalade.

SHAVE one grapefruit, one orange and one lemon very thin, being careful that cores and seeds do not get in. Use all the pulp and peel. Measure the fruit and add to it three times the amount of water. Let it stand in an earthen bowl over night. The next morning let it boil 10 minutes only. Let it stand another night and on the second morning add pint for pint of sugar and boil until it jellies. This does not make a large quantity, but the recipe can easily be doubled.

Orange Jumbles.

BEAT half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, then one egg and the yolk of another, the grated yellow rind of an orange and one fourth cup of orange juice; lastly, beat in two and one fourth cups of flour, sifted with a half level teaspoon of soda and a slightly rounding teaspoon of cream of tartar. With pastry bag and tube (or spoon), shape the mixture in S's on buttered tins, dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a quick oven.

Expressive Both Ways

(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.)

"I'll take a gun," the sad man said, "and pour some shot in my tired head, and then curl up and die; this weary life upon me palls; I'm tired of prunes and codfish balls, who used to live on pie. The flour, the hay, the bread, the meat, and everything a man must eat, would break a plutocrat; my salary's a nice amount, but when I pay my grub account, you see me busted flat. And so, my dear and precious wife, the joy and sunshine of my life, I think it's up to me, to take the shotgun from the shelf and with it go and hang myself, and be from trouble free." The wife replied: "My dearest hub! You noble, handsome, sawed-off dub! You're talking through your hat; it's true the price of bread and meats, and cabbages and beans and beets, would break a plutocrat; but if you end the beastly grind, and leave your little wife behind, with grief I'll soon be gray; the coffin trust will seek this spot, and levy on the house and lot, and garnishee my pay. It's hard to do without your pie, but then it costs so much to die, you can't afford it yet; to slumber in a graveyard ditch is something for the idle rich—the poor must live and sweat!"

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