

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

O. S. JACKSON, Publisher

Published every evening (except Sundays) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, 225 Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

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

TELEPHONES—Main 7173; Home, A-6051.

All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE, Benjamin & Keane Co., Burswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York; 1007-48 Boyce Building, Chicago.

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

DAILY.

One year.....\$5.00 (One month.....\$1.50)

One year.....\$2.00 (One month.....\$1.25)

One year.....\$7.50 (One month.....\$1.65)

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smooth pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

—Sir Isaac Newton "Memoirs."

THE MAYOR AND PUBLIC DOCKS

SHALL THE LAW be obeyed—is the law made to be enforced against the citizen, and to be broken by the officials whose duty it is to enforce it?

The attitude of the mayor respecting public docks makes these questions decidedly pertinent. Law breaking, by officials sworn to support the law is but little short of anarchy.

June 3, 1907, now nearly three years ago, the people of Portland, by a vote of more than two to one, deliberately declared for the acquisition of municipal docks, and voted to issue \$500,000 in bonds for the purpose. Since then, not a single step has been taken by those in authority to carry out the plain mandate of the people.

On more than one occasion, the chamber of commerce has called attention to the non-action respecting the proposed docks, and urged action.

October 11, 1909, a committee from the chamber made an exhaustive report, urging in the strongest terms that the work of securing property for the docks be commenced at once. The committee consisted of C. F. Adams, A. H. Devers, S. M. Cears, Herman Wittenberg, C. E. Curry, H. M. Haller and C. F. Swigert and these influential citizens gave cogent and unanswerable reasons for their recommendations. The committee called in person on the mayor, who asked for a report, which was submitted. Still nothing was done.

The chamber again took up the matter, and members of the committee called a second time on the mayor, but without result. We now have the unusual spectacle of the mayor setting up his will, not only against the law, but against substantially the unanimous judgment of the commercial interests of this city, against the pronounced instructions of the electorate of the city and against that official oath in which he swore to uphold the laws. How long is official defiance of the law to continue?

IT CANNOT WIN

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for the assembly candidates to win. The assembly is going to "put the knife" to Statement No. 1, and that will be enough to beat them. Fulton tried that plan and it beat him for the senatorship. Cake, after his nomination, straddled Statement No. 1 and was beaten. Every omen, every vote, every record and every experience is eloquent of the people's opposition to legislative election of senator. Sixty-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-eight of them at the last election voted to make Statement No. 1 compulsory, and but a handful voted against it. Every county in Oregon gave a heavy majority for the plan, demonstrating a bitter and almost unanimous opposition to legislative election of senator. The single hoodluming session of 1897, when the house refused to organize and men were bought like sheep to go in or stay out of the house was 40 days of putridity that will never be forgotten, and that will forever be a sufficient example to destroy any scheme or any man who want to go back to such a rotten plan.

This is one load every assembly candidate will have to carry, and there are others equally destructive. The crowd of gangsters, hybrid politicians, mongrel bosses, the pie hunters, and place seekers that will dangle at the heels of assembly candidates will be spectacle enough to beat the best man in the state if he flies the assembly flag. Every schemer, every heeler, every corporationist, every tax absorber and every whipper-snapper with an itching palm all cohered by the hope of loot and rampant with the desire for good picking of the plucked taxpayers will be vociferous admirers and lieutenants of the assembly standard bearers and it will be a spectacle to give that tired feeling to the respectable citizens of the state. No man can go out into the state at the head of such a procession and win an election. The taxpayers, business men, farmers and other good government citizens do not want the Coxe's army of pelf and its camp followers to get their hands into the public affairs of the state, and will beat any man who attempts to lead them up to the trough.

Nor is any man who is willing to drive such a gang upon the taxpayers worthy to be governor or to hold any other position within the people's gift. The presence of this gang

in the campaign, the known fact that the whole assembly scheme is largely for its benefit and profit, and the proven determination of the electorate to resist the old game of plunder will be one of the big issues in the election, and it ought to warn any self-respecting citizen who hopes for political preferment to beware of the company he shall be found in.

ANOTHER SNEEZE

FAR BE IT from this newspaper to detract one whit from any meritorious act ever performed by any public official. A fair policy of giving credit when due and censure when necessary should be the only guide for any newspaper in such matters. This brief preface to remarks that are to follow is suggested by the fulsome praise of Mayor Simon in an editorial article in Sunday's Oregonian. In that article, we are told that the majority is a great office, that it is a bigger office than the governorship or the senatorship, that Mr. Simon is wonderfully and fearfully fitted for the place, that vice is under perfect control, that the police are more efficient, that Bull Run water is purer, and that in spite of the opposition of the Almighty, spring with its birds and flowers has come back once more to Portland, all due to our own and onliest mayor. We are told that it was our mayor who has brought the new Bull Run pipe line almost to the verge of piping, that it was he who arranged for the projected bridges over the Willamette, that it was he who touched the button and gave Portland all this vast new growth, that it was our mayor and not divine providence that has given us other and manifold blessings in the way of continued life and prosperity. After waiting 30 years for the tall tower to utter one word of commendation for a public man, there suddenly bursts upon us this dazzling eulogium, in which their eminenes point to their prodigy and exclaim, "Just watch our Joseph perform."

But, alas and alack for our mayor, in an unguarded moment their eminenes let the cat out of the bag by declaring that it is because he is an assembly man that Mr. Simon is such a wizard and therein it is made clear to us why it is that, these many months, their eminenes have sneezed every time our mayor has taken snuff.

SECRETARY BALLINGER

M. R. VERTREES, Secretary Ballinger's attorney, is naturally very positive in his statements concerning his distinguished client's entire innocence of any wrongdoing, and in that connection he insinuates that the motives and conduct of Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Glavis were of an unworthy or blameworthy character, in imputing wrongdoing to Ballinger. There are some admitted or undenied facts, however, that need not be restated, that render the conduct of Mr. Ballinger with respect to the Cunningham claims open to grave suspicion of his entire trustworthiness as a servant of the people in a very important position. And we do not believe that many people can be led to think that Gifford Pinchot ever entertained any motives or designs except what he firmly believed were for the public welfare. It seems to be not only a reasonable but an unavoidable conclusion that except for Mr. Glavis' activity, these claims, admittedly fraudulent, in part at least, would have been put into the possession of the claimants or their backers, with Mr. Ballinger's tacit if not positive approval.

Under all the circumstances, with which the public is now sufficiently familiar, many impartial people are bound to think that Mr. Ballinger ought not to have accepted the position of secretary of the interior. He appears to have rendered good service since the Cunningham claims came to light, but his attorney fails to explain away several suspicious "coincidences," and he will not prove Ballinger blameless by casting slurs at Pinchot and Glavis.

THE PITTSBURG BOODLERS

IT APPEARS that nearly all the members of the Pittsburg legislative body have been grafters and boodlers, and the evidence against them is so plain that most of them are confessing the fact. Some months ago there were similar disclosures in that city, but it seems that only a partial roundup of the boodlers was made then. In the thieving game were not only councilmen and aldermen, but bankers who joined in a systematic scheme of fleecing the rest of the people. It is a specimen of "business" alying itself with a political machine that has become quite common and familiar in American cities. The trouble is and has long been that many business and even prominent and reputedly respectable and honest men have one moral business standard in dealing with individuals in their private affairs, and an entirely different standard if dealing with the public, a whole community, people in the mass. All such men are at heart and essentially dishonest, and they only maintain the higher or more correct standard in one case as a matter of policy and through fear of being caught in dishonest tricks. It is safer to swindle a thousand or a million people than to swindle one, and a great many men whom caution restrains from swindling one at a time will cheat and plunder the multitude at every opportunity. And a good many such men go into politics, get into councils, the legislature, congress and other positions of trust. And many who do not are ready and on the

alert to deal with such public servants, for some more or less definite and agreed spoils or advantage on both sides. This game of swindling the public is usually operated through a political machine, that assumes to stand for high and sacred party "principles."

But this system of plundering the confiding or careless public is becoming less fashionable or common than it was some years ago. The people are becoming somewhat more alert and vigilant and less subject to delusion by party pretense, and perhaps the sense of duty and civic conscience among public and business men is rising gradually toward higher ideals. Yet there are and will be many cases like those of the Pittsburg boodlers, that everywhere need to be exposed and severely punished. To suppose that it is a less crime to rob many than one, or no crime, is a mistake that demands severe correction. The man who for a little filthy lucre betrays a multitude of his fellow men who have trusted and honored him is a scoundrel less deserving of respect or clemency than one who picks a neighbor's pocket.

AN UNWARRANTED ASSERTION

NOW READERS of the morning paper are told that the people of Oregon approve of Representatives Ellis and Hawley's support of Cannon and endorsement of Cannonism, but such evidence as has come to light does not sustain this assertion. Inquiries instituted by Success magazine, and afterward by the Chicago Tribune, the latter a Republican newspaper, developed the fact that among many citizens questioned, including Republican editors, a very large majority were opposed to Cannon as speaker, and to what is known as Cannonism. These queries were made of representative citizens throughout the whole country, including Oregon, and the responses were overwhelmingly contradictory of the assertion made by the Oregonian.

It is not only Democrats but Republicans who do not approve of the methods or even of the main purposes of legislation as carried on by Cannon in the house and Aldrich in the senate. And the same line of inquiry developed the further fact that there was a great preponderance of sentiment against the new tariff law, and disappointment with President Taft for his laudatory approval of it. It may be that in spite of this, Ellis and Hawley, if renominated, would be reelected, but it is entirely too much to assume that at the present time a majority of the people of Oregon approve their course in the matters mentioned.

A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

WITH WHETTED appetite and sanguine hopes, fandom awaits the opening games tomorrow in the Pacific coast baseball season. Cannon as a czar, Ballinger as an original conservationist, the real origin of pelagra and the hook worm, Roosevelt as a possibility in 1912, the expected tariff war with Canada—all these minor questions, like mists before the sun will pass out of sight as the eye of the expert gleams with satisfaction at Ryan's curves, Steen's speed, Garrett's strategy and "Buddie" Ryan's homers. Affairs of state and the problems of sociology have their place, but with the loyal fan they are not allowed to monopolize the stage when the curtain goes up for the first game. A cracking good slide by Casey beats the unhorning of Cannon and as a capital event a shutout for the Seals in the opening game would be better than carrying a presidential election. And tomorrow, amid fandom, the paramount issue is, not who is going to run congress, but which slabster is going to be the twirler in that opening game. And if, at the end of the season, Manager McCredie brings home the pennant, it will, in the political circles of fandom, be he, and not Theodore Roosevelt, who will be a presidential possibility in 1912.

The Journal has given Mayor Simon's administration full credit when credit was due, and criticized it when necessary. It did the same with Lane's. The Oregonian denounced everything in Lane's administration and gives a blanket indorsement to Simon. Very many of the best acts in Simon's administration are the exact policies that were pursued by Lane, a fact disclosing that the Oregonian's vociferous applause of Simon is not an issue of Portland's welfare, but a boost for the assembly.

A motor car service will be placed on the O. R. & N. road between Pendleton and Umatilla, as well as on the Albany-Springfield branch of the S. P., and presumably this style of car will gradually come into quite general use. Wherever practicable, the railroads will substitute electricity and gasoline for coal and steam, thus making the service much cleaner and more comfortable, and perhaps safer and cheaper. The big steam engines will not go out of date for awhile yet, but they will become less of a necessity for ordinary traffic.

They were an important and admirable lot of people that gathered together at Pendleton last week in attendance at the twelfth annual session of the Inland Empire Teachers' association. There were several hundred of them, and they discussed better prepared than when they assembled to perform their very important duties. The earnest, conscientious, devoted teachers are persons upon whom much of the country's weal or woe in the future depends, and their labor should be appreciated and rewarded even more than it is.

The doctrine that an employer is not responsible for the criminal or negligent acts of an employe, acting in the line of his regular employment, and depended on by people doing business with the establishment, is one very properly rejected as unsound and dangerous in most cases by the courts. It would not do for instance for a banker to escape liability for the acts, within the scope of his duties, of a teller.

Being president is no easy job, but no president of the United States ever resigned.

The initiative is a good and useful tool if used sparingly, and only in matters of importance.

The Lufkin axle box bill will not pass. But the wonder is that it ever received serious consideration.

Cannon shorn was a frequent headline last week, but the arguments seem to have got no great amount of wool.

Straus and Roosevelt were two men well met. Each in his way, he seemed much work to benefit the world, politically and socially.

Roosevelt will no doubt speak, well of Taft if he says anything on the subject; he could not be expected to admit an error of judgment on his own part.

Portland is at last making a good showing in street improvement. Let us hope—and watch—that the work is being done in the best possible manner.

There have been less excusable mobs than the one in a California town that roughly handled an evangelist for saving the women of the place were immoral. Even an evangelist should use his tongue with discretion.

HERO NO. 23,466,789.

Shall I tell you a tale of a hero bold, Who worked all day in a factory cold, And landed hard and never missed, For he was big and brave and strong, And he went his way while he hummed a song.

This hero's name was common enough, It might suggest that the man was rough, And bad as round, but anyway, A hero bold was Kid O'Day.

For he was big and brave and strong, And he went his way while he hummed a song. But the boss was cross and the work was hard, And the men were long and the days were marred.

By announcements made to the working crowd That no vacations would be allowed, Now Kid O'Day had a handy fiddle, And he only meant to set it back.

And so one morn when he went to toil, He figured out a scheme to foil The factory boss. When he saw the clock That told his tale at the workers' door.

He bared his arm for a mighty stroke And struck the dial. The dial broke, A twist or two and the deed was done; The clock showed twenty after one.

On Tuesday morn, two days before He struck the clock, Kid softly swore, He only meant to set it out, About a day from its beaten track.

But he didn't mourn; he called the crowd Who understood and laughed aloud, And everyone went home that day; For thirty hours they stayed away.

The boss then tried to figure out, Just what the trouble was all about. He read the clock, but he couldn't learn Why the crowd had so much time to burn.

For it ticked away at the same old gait, The crowd came back at half past eight.

And went to work. The boss grew thin Trying to figure where he came in. "Somebody tried to set it back, And he worried himself clear out of his head."

And now today in a padded cell, People hear the poor man yell: "The calendar and time clock, too, Are dirty liars. Say, what are you?"

Letters from the People

Halley's Comet.

Portland, March 28.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In Friday's Journal appears an alleged refutation of my theory as to comets' tails pointing from the sun in the form of a purported interview with President Ferrin of Pacific university, in which he is asserted to have said: "It is difficult to understand the theory of comets' tails as a shadow of the nucleus, or head, since it is plainly luminous, and not dark, and moreover the spectroscopic shows that in part at least it shines by its own light. This would not be the case if Mr. Pogue's theory is correct, and so our theory is correct, but that it is the best so far advanced by learned men, or otherwise. Secondly, President Ferrin has evidently become confused in the reading or understanding of the theory. Advanced the theory of luminous atmosphere surrounding the comet. This being the case it would not be visible to the eye while in the light of the sun, therefore if the nucleus cast a shadow on or through this atmosphere, it would at once become visible to us, just as the phosphorescent glow of the small sea animalcules is visible only in the darkness, or the glow of decaying wood that we boys called "foxfire" when we found it at night and which attracted us to the woodpile with much greater interest than did the necessity of replenishing the kitchen woodbox."

The curvature of the tail is easily accountable as an effect of refraction; as to there being more than one tail, there is no dispute on this point, but may we not attribute these extra tails to a freak star, or some meteoric body, or meteor, having two tails, yet there is no disputing the fact that they were born into the world the same as those with only one tail. I have seen fishes apparently several hundred feet high with people walking in the streets, who appeared to be more than 100 feet tall, yet the actual people were only ordinary individuals and the houses just those ordinarily found in country towns. The effect as seen was occasioned by atmospheric conditions, therefore we may reasonably presume that similar conditions may exist in the atmosphere of a comet, and that atmosphere being of the most rarified gas there are apt to be more peculiar conditions existing than in our own atmosphere.

Perhaps when the earth passes through the tail this summer some modern Ben Franklin may be able to catch a small portion of it, and then it can be analyzed and forever set at rest the guesses hazarded by the curious.

W. T. POGUE.

The Leaders.

From the Woodburn Independent (Rep.).

Already we hear of "assembly leaders." Self-constituted, it is presumed.

Roosevelt is growing. No doubt of the fact, but it is not growing fast enough to keep up with the demand for home-made news. People coming to this city find it difficult to secure. Houses to live in until they can look up a favorable location and build a home for themselves.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE.

The Oregon farmers were never busier than now, nor happier.

"Clean up" is the unanimous good advice of the country papers.

Almost every part of Oregon now seems the best and most delightful.

It will soon be April-fool day, but for some people any day serves for folly.

"Boasting" has become quite a profession, and is not as easy as some either.

Being president is no easy job, but no president of the United States ever resigned.

The initiative is a good and useful tool if used sparingly, and only in matters of importance.

The Lufkin axle box bill will not pass. But the wonder is that it ever received serious consideration.

Cannon shorn was a frequent headline last week, but the arguments seem to have got no great amount of wool.

Straus and Roosevelt were two men well met. Each in his way, he seemed much work to benefit the world, politically and socially.

Roosevelt will no doubt speak, well of Taft if he says anything on the subject; he could not be expected to admit an error of judgment on his own part.

Portland is at last making a good showing in street improvement. Let us hope—and watch—that the work is being done in the best possible manner.

There have been less excusable mobs than the one in a California town that roughly handled an evangelist for saving the women of the place were immoral. Even an evangelist should use his tongue with discretion.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

There is talk of a bank being started in Willamette.

Many desirable settlers are attracted to Douglas county.

Record-breaking fruit crop expected in Douglas county.

Albany's first market day, Saturday, was quite a success.

United Evangelical congregation will build a church in Eugene.

For 11 eight-month-old pigs a Polk county man received \$218.

Scio has municipally owned water and light plant, also a successful condenser.

Lebanon will soon be on the S. P. main line, and its population is steadily increasing.

Central Point people are expected to subscribe liberally to the Crater Lake road fund.

Ashtland will hold a special election for the purpose of voting on a trolley line franchise.

A Clatsop county dairyman will purchase 300 head of Jersey cows in the Willamette valley.

Booth-Kelley company is constructing a piece of railroad to Mohawk and will use a 200-ton locomotive.

Improvement of road along Salmon river enables freighters to haul 1500 pounds instead of 100 as formerly.

Jackson and Klamath counties will get many thousands of dollars from a sale of a large amount of timber on government land.

Due to efforts of Albany and Brownsville, a gasoline motor car service will be established on the Albany Springfield branch of the S. P.

THE REALM FEMININE

Water—Woman's Necessity.

THIS is in all probability the last of the articles that will appear on the subject of the greatest single one-ounce about the farm in a house. The articles have all been written by country women and this one, as have many of the others, places water at the head of the list.

While the telephone and the electric light have been made possible in many farm homes, and as conveniences they rank well toward the top of the list, still there can be no doubt that water in the kitchen is the greatest single convenience that a careful housewife could have in her home.

Water is a necessity in so many of the duties of the wife and mother that it should be kept handy at all times, and if possible, in the house, where it can be drawn without the labor of carrying a pail, or the spring or drawing it with "the old oak bucket" which hangs in so many wells.

Men and women in the towns and cities have realized the tremendous force of the water problem, and have solved it at the cost of millions of dollars in some cases. The home in the city or town without its hydrant water is the exception, and in modern and progressive communities the rare exception. After the supply has been brought a dozen or fifty miles from its mountain source pipes have to be laid at the expense of the property owner, and additional expense comes in plumbing and in keeping up the regular monthly or quarterly charges made by the water company, the private water company. Yet men in town expect to meet these expenses—they cannot avoid them.

With the water supply comes the bath, hot and cold water in kitchen and bedroom, the pretty green lawn, the flower bed, the grassward in the country. Women do not get these things because they are expensive in the country, because the women don't themselves realize what they are missing.

Over in Idaho lives a man who homesteaded his farm 25 years ago. He was poor, had a family to support and was kept busy many years fighting the wolf from the door. On a hillside nearly a quarter of a mile from the house a spring bubbled forth, and for many years was the sole source of water supply for man and beast on that homestead.

A man from the city visited him one day. Among the duties of the farmer after the visitor's arrival was the carrying of water to the kitchen. The visitor and farmer went together to the spring, filled the pail, and trudged up the hill to the house.

The visit was returned by the farmer and his wife, and once in the city they saw the needless hardship which had been endured for many years. The wife was charmed with the simplicity of the household water system as well as its utility. The cost of the convenience was figured out, and the city man suggested that a spring might be found in the city. "Heads up" he said to furnish the farmer's home with a similar system.

A week later the farmer and his hired man were plowing a "dead furrow" in the field. Along the hillside a line of oak pipe lay beside the long-used path. The furrow was plowed deep, leading from the house to a spring further up the hillside than that which had been used so long. The furrow was cleaned out, the high places lowered, and the pipe placed in the bottom of it. Then a horse was hitched to either end of part of a railroad iron used as a scraper to replace the earth in the furrow without hard labor. In two days the pipe was laid and water was running through it.

A hydrant was placed close to the kitchen door. Within a week the pipe line had been extended to the barn, where a hydrant was placed for use in watering the stock to save the unnecessary tramping which had been kept up in all the years before. A month later a tinner was placing a tank on a high knoll near the house, while a bath tub was being set in the "spare bedroom."

It was not intended to pipe the house for the kitchen service enjoyed by the man in the city.

In level districts this system is not possible, but in Oregon and in Washington thousands of springs offer just such possibilities as the one mentioned. The hard labor of placing the system coupled with the water which must be used to wait maintaining the old dry-house method of carrying water on thousands of farms. By exercising a bit of "horse sense" both of these obstacles can be overcome largely, and the water which has been estimated by one who has not "gone through the mill."

To Clean Out Glass.

CUT glass looks clearest when washed in tepid water and brushed with a dry bristle brush. A crystal polish increases the brilliancy of old pieces. Do not put milk into cut glass goblets. Milk clouds glass so that its original brilliancy cannot be restored.

Something Good.

TAKE veal or meat, boil till tender and mince with onion, parsley, one egg, cracker; make a paste same as for noodles; roll out size of roller; spread with mince meat and sauce. Cook 20 minutes in meat stock and serve with chili gravy with a grated cheese and olives.

Spring Is Coming

(Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose-verse is a feature of this column in The Daily Journal.)

The time's at hand when I will take my trusty spade and garden-rake, and wear old clothes and bus around at planting dodads in the ground. I'll plant a lot of cabbage seeds, and when they grow they'll turn out weeds; I'll make a frame of wire and twine, on which may grow the carrot vine, and tinker round at building screens, to shield my growing can of beans. And neighbors' hens will come and scratch the stuffing from my garden patch, and hungry crows with wooden horns will spoil my bed of barley-coorn, and mangy dogs and one-eyed cats will ruin all my marrowfat, and snakes and skunks and goats and owls, and tons and bats and guinea-fowls will make my yard their place of rest, and knock the whole thing galley west. And I will curse my neighbor when he fails to wash his sorrel hen; and he will shout his buggery because it ate his patch of gorse; and he'll be pulling hair and ears, and everyone will be in tears; and when the cops have run us in, the judge will murmur: "What sin, that neighbors come to such a pass, for ten cents' worth of garden sass?"

Copyright, 1910, by George-Matthew Adams, Ocean View

"Big Noises" of the Days' News

By Herbert Corey.

(Copyright, 1910, by Edwin Wildman.)

Some of the poms and glories of this world would make a duck grieve. Take Ernest Henry Shackleton, for example. He put in fifteen months trying to get a touchdown on the South Pole. Learned to eat Manchurian pony on the hoof and liked it. Grew a beard in which he had to blast toe holds for the razor when he first tried to shave. Became so rudely vigorous that when he ordered tea in the Hotel Cecil on his return to London the head waiter took him for a rich American. "You can always tell 'em by reason of the hair of their tails," said that functionary. Established a place for himself among scientists, although he is comparatively a mere kid. And what did he get for it all? When King Edward had his regular annual birthday, not being able to set the clock back several folks were looking for him. He became a knight. That entitled him to pass the porcelain at tea parties, and get all gussed up with a sword that will swing between his legs when he tries to walk. Here's a husky that can hold a card of single bear, and he draws a ticket entitling him to wear a suit of lights like a buggy buick.

At that it may be that the English have a better line of dope on the proper way to raise polar explorers in cages than we have. Shackleton only got within 111 miles of the South Pole, and then was forced to beat a retreat because his two companions were unobtainable. They had been wearing the same outfit of clothes for three months, according to Sir Hank's story, and it may be they were a bit high. When he got home, he found himself \$70,000 in debt for his little saunter, but that has been cleared away for him. And then he won this touching tag of knighthood and can spend the rest of his life in the most exclusive club corners and telling "em how he did it. Whereas on this side the big wash we burn matches between the toes of our explorers, and prove conclusively, first that they didn't find it, and second that if they did find it they are no gentlemen. On the whole, the English method is perhaps to be preferred, leaves less for the second generation to live down.

Shackleton rather knocked the spots off previous Antarctic explorers with his little jaunt to the South Pole. He was young and tender, an explorer, for he was born in Ireland in November, 1874. But he doesn't look as though he would tear under the wings, for he is a large, angular person, strong as a bull, and a pack train of his own weight on the advisability of a crew obeying orders first and writing to the papers about it after they get home.

He isn't a regular naval officer, for he entered the Merchant Marine when he was 16, and served in the navy, but the naval reserve list, along with the officers of the English transatlantic line. Early in his life he developed a bug on polar work, and in 1903 he joined the Scott expedition to the south. They got to the work, but Shackleton came home broken in health. However, he had learned things. Scott's expedition had failed because that naval officer didn't know how to carry food, or what sort of food to carry. He would have needed a pack train of elephants to transport his air tight victuals, and elephants get sore footed working over ice.

So Shackleton determined to do a little exploring along his own lines. He had to go in debt for the expedition, but he didn't have any government backing to speak of. But he organized and independent character. His acceptance of the nomination on the Whig ticket, and his succession to the presidency because of his nomination, placed him in a false position, as most of his political career had been spent in the ardent advocacy of the principles of the Democratic party.

At the close of his administration he retired to private life, from which he emerged in the winter of 1861. He was president of the so-called "Peace Convention" held in Washington, and was one of the committee who, in April following, transferred the control of all the military forces of Virginia to the confederate government. He took an active part on the side of the confederacy and was rewarded with the office of senator in the confederate congress at Richmond. He was acting in that capacity when he died, at Richmond, on the 18th of January, 1862.

President Tyler narrowly escaped death at the time of the explosion of the great gun, the Peacemaker. In February, 1844, with a party of about 100, he made an excursion down the Potomac in a war vessel. The company included, beside the president his cabinet, many members of congress with their families, and the former Queen of the White House, Dolly Madison. The object of the trip was to witness the working of the great gun, which threw a 25-pound ball. The gun exploded on