THE JOURNAL

—AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

E. B. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

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

TELEPHONES — Main 7173; Home, A-6061. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

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

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

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

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

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me.—Browning.

THE REGISTRATION BUGABOO

THE OREGONIAN says that, all over Oregon "Democrats are registering as Republicans to meddle with Republican primaries."

They are not. It is a yell raised in a forlorn hope of aiding the convention scheme. The claim that Fulton was thus beaten by Democrats is a mole squeak. Fulton opposed people's choice of senator and favored the legislative route, and that beat him. The 69,668 votes cast about that time to make Statement No. 1 compulsory in the legislature shows that the Fulton view was not the people's view, and that is why he was rejected. Cake beat him for the nomination because Cake stood for the plan of having the people instead of the legislature select. Cake, after being nominated, abandoned the plan and was beaten by Chamberlain who favored it. The people were determined to have senators selected by men and not by money, and that is the beginning, the end, and the all of this Fulton-Cake-Chamberlain business. The few Democrats in Portland that went into the Republican primaries and voted for Cake, and the equal or greater number that, for reasons of personal friendship did the same thing for Fulton, had not one hundredth part as much to do with the election of Chamberlain as the secret connivance of the Oregonian and other Republicans in silently voting for Chamberlain and against Cake. The final great big reason, however, why Chamberlain was chosen, was that the people wanted him, just as they twice wanted him for governor, and twice elected him governor. The chatter about Democrats voting in Republican primaries is the mole squeak of deception and the cry-baby apology of defeat.

The utter folly of the Oregonian's contention is seen in the relative numerical strength of the parties. How could a forlorn hope of 35,000 Democrats by so-called voting in Republican primaries, out general, out maneuver and actually out vote 75,000 Republicans? Are the Democrats then so very shrewd and the Republicans so stupid as the tower insists? If such a game was being played, is it not certain that Republicans would have registered as Democrats and in such numbers as to nominate a weaker Democrat than Chamberlain?

The trouble with the Oregonian's perspective is its view of what is a Republican and what a Democrat. Its test of Republicanism is the assembly and it views all opponents of the assembly, as Democrats. It thinks that the legislator who had "the figure 4 and three ciphers quietly whispered in his ear," and then voted for another senatorial candidate was the real article and that all others should register and vote in the Democratic primaries.

ONE MAN POWER

A. H. DEVERS comes home from a tour of Europe and large cities of the United States and is disappointed to find that Portland is denied public docks through reversal of the lawful majority by the Portland city hall. He said that every European city of importance owns its own docks. He said that the docks are not free, but that public control prevented monopolization, gave a better service, reduced freight rates and encouraged competition. He said that every city that had failed to provide public docks suffered in consequence and that in nearly every such instance the failure was due to railroad ownership, secured before the people grasped the importance of the issue. He pointed out that New York owns nearly all its own waterfront, and that the property has been acquired at great outlay within a comparatively few years. He cited similar action in Baltimore and other great cities, and the benefits in increased commerce and lower rates that have resulted.

And so the testimony accumulates. There is literally no defense for the unjustifiable act of the mayor in vetoing the docks ordinance. It was not only a paramount blunder on account of the benefit the docks would be, but is indefensible because it is an exercise of one man power outside the law and outside the constitution. ●

Again to day the old Indian war veterans meet, a diminished and in many spots a tottering rank to renew the acquaintanceships and recount the incidents of more than half a century ago. Brave, true, home building and home protecting men they were then, and afterward. Most of those who engaged in those conflicts between advancing and conquering civilization and sullenly retreating but fiercely battling savagery have long since been laid in honored graves, but some remain and wonderfully interesting to younger people the recountal of their experiences in those early days should be. They are the last of a long line of men who battled for civilization and homes in America.

NOT PRINCIPLE BUT BUSINESS

THE TOWER tells us that those who are for the assembly are "Republicans on principle." The disclosures of Mr. Brownell seem to indicate that under convention-assembly system some of them were Republicans "for business." One of them, according to the disclosures of Mr. Brownell, took $3500 for remaining out of the Mitchell joint assembly for two days at the legislative session of 1897. That was not "principle" but business. One of them got $100 and whiskey every time he voted for a certain candidate for senator in one of those last spectacular nights of a senatorial session. That also was business and a rattling good business at that. The figure 4 with three ciphers after it was quietly whispered in another legislator's ear and he at once changed his vote from the senatorial candidate he had been voting for throughout the 40 days and cast it for another candidate who was thereby elected. Business is business, and if that senatorial vote and the election that followed it were not a matter of mere business, what is business? The tower may think electing senator by that process is Republicanism "on principle," but there are 60,000 or 70,000 Lincoln Republicans in Oregon who do not have that kind of principles. They regard the scheme to kill the direct primary and "put the knife" to the people's election of senator as a proposition of business, by business and for business. They prefer to have senators elected by men for general state welfare, rather than by money for profit.

TUBE TALK

AGAIN THERE is talk of a tube under the Willamette to accommodate streetcar traffic, but its admitted object is to throw further impediments in the way of building the Broadway bridge. There will be no tube, in the near future. By the time there is one the bridge will have been in needed use for a good while. Perhaps by the time it is worn out the tube may be bored under the Willamette, though that is doubtful. Just how a tube could accommodate all or even a large portion of the transriver car traffic has never been made clear to the public and probably never to anybody. It is a possibility, but a distant one, and meanwhile the rapidly growing city needs and must have the bridges, including the big one, the building of which a few interested parties are trying so hard to prevent. But if a tube is practicable, and if it could be provided in a short space of time, who is going to do this? The people, who alone can authorize such an expenditure, are not likely to do so, as the tunnel would accommodate the streetcar company principally. If it wants to bore under the river at its own expense, permission might be granted, but so far no such proposition has been made. In a word, the tube talk is mostly humbug.

EXCLUSIVE RENO

GLANCING BACK at its illustrious lineage, pedigreed Reno is, because of his color, about to close its doors in the face of Professor Jack Johnson. The manager of Laughton's Hot Springs with a weather eye on divorce avenue, declares "we cannot give Mr. Johnson accommodations here because it might hurt the business of the resort." The management of Moana Springs announces that Johnson can not have accommodations there, and it is added in the dispatch that "the color line has always been drawn tightly in Reno."

And thus we glide. The fine old Nevada aristocracy reflects on its blue blood, points to its "culchah" and feels that its artistic soul would be shocked at sight of the fighter's dark skin. With what swelling pride must we view the exclusiveness of Reno, so keen to turn an honest penny from a colored gentleman's punch, but unwilling to permit him bed and board!

IT PAID

THE ROSE FESTIVAL is over, and almost forgotten, but it may be worth recalling once more if only in order to quote one of many appreciative and eulogistic comments regarding it. This is from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer:

> If any city has any doubt that beauty pays it should take a leaf out of the lesson afforded by Portland and its Rose Festival. Just how much money the fete held there last week brought to Portland is a question, but it outweighed expense and effort many times. It will continue to do so in the future. What other returns these festivals have brought in the way of newcomers and money is problematical, but it is certain to be ample. The average man would prefer to live in a city where such affairs as this Rose Festival can be had. Anything that makes a town attractive adds to the wealth of that town. That ought to go now without saying. It justifies expenditures for public improvements, for fine streets and beautiful parks. All Portland has been converted into virtually one vast rose bower. It can not be supposed that that is anything but profitable to Portland. Other cities can study this situation to their own benefit.

What our kindly neighbor of the metropolis of our great sister state of Washington says has been said, in varied phrases, but with the utmost appreciation and sincerity in many other cities and states. Such tributes, by scores, really prove that Portland's effort was worth all the effort and all the expenditure which it cost.

"Portland was one vast rose bower." We and tens of thousands from other places enjoyed it, and few had any thought of "pay" about it; yet, it paid.

All good and beautiful things pay; and pay all the more if they are designed to please and educate, rather than to pay.

THE PIONEERS

YEARLY Portland and the younger or newer people of the state should if possible increase their kindly attentions to and their respect for the pioneers. It will be a good while before all people have passed away who came to or were born in Oregon prior to 1859, but the real pioneers, those who "toiled the plains across" in the forties and fifties, encountering the dangers and hardships of the journey and of real pioneer life, are rapidly passing, will ere many years all be gone.

It is a far cry, in accomplishment, in development, from the primitive log hut or board shack in the Oregon country of 60 or 70 years ago to the Oregon of today, and especially the Portland of today. Nor as development has been made in this country, is it a short space in point of time. The span of human life is short; the pioneers of half a century or more ago are old; most are feeble; let us love and serve them as we can.

But they have had great compensations for whatever trials and hardships they endured. They have lived long in beautiful, bountiful, healthful Oregon; amid its woods, on its prairies, surrounded by its climatic and scenic delights, enjoying its multifold opportunities.

The pioneers have gone or are going as they pass away to heaven, we doubt not; and only there could they find a "better country" than Oregon.

THE RECORD OF CONGRESS

CONGRESS expects to adjourn by the end of this week, or very soon thereafter, and the members will scurry home to fix up their fences, and commend or condemn, according to which party they belong to. Somewhat more will have been accomplished than seemed probable some weeks ago, and the Republicans will have some foundation for the claims that they will make that pledges have been kept and "constructive" legislation passed. It is too early yet to analyze or even estimate fairly the work of the present congress; about all that can be said now is that it might have been a good deal better, and it might have been worse.

In the first session the tariff was revised, but that was nothing to boast of, except by the protected interests. It seems that the new tariff law is increasing the revenues somewhat, but there was no appreciable relief of or benefit for the people who pay the taxes; the revision did not reduce their cost of living, nor did it in the least weaken the powers or lessen the privileges of the trusts.

The amendment to the interstate commerce law, giving the commission more power over freight regulation, is apparently, in its main features, an improvement over the existing law, but the court feature is regarded with much dubiety; only time and experience can tell whether the new law is worth while or not.

The postal savings bank law is a good one, if honestly constructed, and due credit should be given for its passage; but no parcels post law was passed, and the express companies, with their extortionate charges, still hold the fort and have license to plunder their patrons.

The statehood bills are a partial performance of long-broken pledges, but not a fair and full performance, for unusual and unreasonable conditions are imposed.

The president will be authorized to withdraw public lands for certain purposes, and the reclamation service will get the proceeds of $30,000,000 of government certificates, which acts are to be commended.

On the whole, the president has sought to obtain good and needed legislation, though some of his official family are not in sympathy with such legislation, and congress has at least saved its face from showing the deepest shade of darkness.

THE REAL PEOPLE'S CHOICE

WE ARE told by the Oregonian that Chamberlain was not the people's choice for senator. Chamberlain received 52,421 votes which was 1522 more than were cast for Cake. If Chamberlain was not the people's choice, who was? Was it Cake? Or was it Amos, the prohibition candidate with something over 3000 votes? When Chamberlain ran for governor in 1898 he was nominated by a convention, and Furnish was nominated by a convention. Chamberlain beat Furnish 243 votes. Was he the people's choice for governor then?

Incidentally, does legislative election of senator result in naming the people's choice? Elected as he was over Dolph in the last few minutes of a session, was McBride the people's choice? In its sputtering denunciations of the Multnomah and other voters, the Oregonian always said Dolph was the people's choice. Was Simon, when he euchred ex-Senator Corbett out of the election, the people's choice? Did that notorious session of 1897 that didn't organize give us the people's choice? Finally, in that sweet-scented session in which a federal office holder "quietly whispered the figure 4 and three ciphers into a certain legislator's ear" and the legislator immediately changed his vote to the successful candidate, was the illustrious statesman thereby elected the people's choice? Was he the people's choice, or $4000's choice?

Incidentally, when will there ever be a people's choice that, in the view of the Oregonian, will be a real people's choice, and who will be the man? "Now is the time; if you can help me it will be appreciated."

Letters From the People

The Strike.

Portland, June 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—As your paper seems to be the one which has kept its head since the teamsters' strike, I would like to have a word in its columns.

In reply to a published statement of Mr. Banfield; he says: "These unions are asking, as some one has said of life, just one d——n thing after another." He also says: "If their demands are complied with we will have a mayor and city government like the Ruef regime of San Francisco." He also says: "They will interfere with and hurt business."

Now I am not prejudiced; I belong to no union, am not acquainted with any union teamster, nor do I personally know Mr. Banfield, but Mr. Banfield can hardly help seeing things from a one-sided viewpoint. This situation, as I am informed, is one where he has plenty of this world's goods, made as the profits from hiring laborers and selling their products. I do not criticise this. It is a legitimate business, and I am glad he has placed himself above the fear of want, and hope the grinning fangs of poverty may never be seen at the door of his home.

But should adversity ever force him to drive a team through the long hot days of summer, and the wet, chilling hours of winter, from Monday morning until Saturday night, with the strain on his nerves of dodging all the other heavily loaded trucks, tooting autos, bell jingling cars, buggies, bikes, etc., while at the same time trying to calculate how he can get some warmer clothes for himself a new dress for his wife, a pair of shoes for Johnny, a new school book for Mary, pay the doctor bill caused by the baby's sickness, then the regular bills for rent, fuel, light, water, milk, meat, groceries, lodge dues, payment on his town lot etc.; then on Sunday, instead of having one day at home or at church, we find him stuck on a slippery grade with an overloaded team, while others go by on their way to church. On Monday he asks for two bits more pay and gets fired, sees his team driven by an imported stranger, this stranger being paid more than the two bit advance asked by the former. I say, if Mr. Banfield could take a look at the situation from this viewpoint he would doubtless think it was a teamster who first realized that "Life is just one d——n thing after another."

Now as to Mr. Banfield's fear that two bits more pay per day might give us a city government like Ruef's in San Francisco, I would ask, "How much would he have to pay to get one like Chicago or Philadelphia, or to keep one like we have got? I think his fear of these working people putting another Ruef in office if given what they ask is built on a weak foundation; but I do believe that the business men are tempting fate by their present action and are very likely by said actions to give us a city government like Milwaukee, Wis., for I know that the Socialists are making more converts to their party in Portland today because of this stand of the Employers' association than they could have made in five years under a different policy.

Now as to the demands of the union interfering with or injuring business, shrewd business men sometimes overlook economic principles. It should be well understood that the wage-earners are the great consumers, because of their numbers, and because (and that is one reason they always stay wage-earners) they spend all they get. Hence, if they get increased wages the merchant, the wholesaler and the manufacturer will get more trade. It is expenses, not profits, that make business in any community. The employer's profits don't help business. It is his expenses and the expenses of the workers (and the worker's is all expenses), all goes into trade, and he rents a better house, wears better clothes, eats better food, buys a home when he gets sufficient wages, etc.

This principle is illustrated in a rural town where the farmer's crop takes the place of wages. See how quickly business of all kinds responds to a big crop—a high price—or a crop failure—a low market. Every one shares in this good or bad condition from the preacher and the doctor to the merchant and the real estate dealer; all feel and note the effect, but many fail to see or understand this condition in the cities.

So, while a strike of any kind is deplorable and shows an unhealthy business condition, we must remember that justice demands that all have the chance to earn enough for the needs of their several families without the harrowing, gnawing fears of extreme want, and get the chance for rest and worship that belongs to God's free people.

THOS. H. BROWN.

Modern "Dry Farming."

By E. J. Iddings in Pacific Monthly.

Although dry farming has been practiced in Oregon and California for from 30 to 40 years, as a western movement the system has not been known more than five years. H. W. Campbell of Lincoln, Neb., caught the idea of applying the thorough tillage system to the practice of agriculture on the semi-arid lands, early in the eighties, and by 1900 had actively under way propaganda in behalf of his ideas. The work and experiments of Mr. Campbell and others and the practical experience of a few energetic and enthusiastic farmers who were successfully producing crops in various portions of the Great Plains region, attracted the attention of the inter-mountain region and made dry farming a Trans-Missouri movement. The first Trans-Missouri congress was held in Denver, Colo., in January, 1907; the second in Salt Lake City, Utah, one year later; the third in Cheyenne, Wyo., last February, when the presence of delegates from the majority of the states of the union and accredited delegates from eight foreign nations at the last place caused the old name to be abandoned for the broader and simpler title—"Dry Farming congress."

The term "dry farming" is a misnomer. This system, which means so much in the development of western lands, is not a scheme or plan for farming without water, but is a combination of sensible and thorough methods of handling soils and of adaptation of crops to soils and climates in order to secure reasonable assurances of regular crops in regions of limited rainfall. In Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, western Nebraska and other semi-arid states, crops are being successfully produced each year on from 12 to 20 inches normal precipitation. In the valley of the Columbia, in Washington, the moisture of two years is conserved by deep plowing and summer tillage and used to grow a single crop. By use of the alternate year, summer fallow system, successful crops are regularly grown on eight inches of annual rainfall.

The climatic factors involved are the amount of annual precipitation, distribution of moisture through the year, evaporation and altitude. Among the requirements for successful farming on the lands, hitherto considered as irretrievably dry, are a fair amount of annual rainfall, suitable and water retentive soil.

While the irrigationist stores his water in a reservoir, which may be near the land to be watered or may be constructed miles away in the mountains, the dry farmer makes his storage reservoir in his own fields. He does this largely by deep plowing. Subsoil packing with the Campbell packer or with an ordinary disk, set straight, establishes connection between the bottom of the furrow and the land that has been turned over, and permits and aids an equal distribution of water through the soil by means of capillarity. Evaporation from the surface and loss of capillary water is prevented by the formation of the dust mulch, which acts as a blanket in protecting the water stored below. Where the normal rainfall is not great enough to grow a crop each year, the land is plowed and put in condition to both receive and retain moisture and a crop is planted every other year. While idle in summer the land is cultivated frequently in order to keep down the weeds and keep the soil mulch intact, thereby preventing excessive evaporation from the surface.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

It won't be a safe and sane Fourth at Reno.

Teddy, Junior, is married; it's Ethel's turn next.

Again the vacation subject is up. Take one.

Irrigation for the Willamette valley is coming.

There ought to be a good many more local bond buyers.

There are now many cherry counties and cities in Oregon.

Portland cannot afford to pay its teachers insufficient salaries.

Even at Oyster Bay Roosevelt will manage to have a bully time.

Each succeeding year the pioneers are more welcome, if possible.

The acting governor probably regards himself as the right bower man.

The reporters will respect Roosevelt's desire for privacy; they'll have to.

Old Willamette university owes a big debt of gratitude to Honorable R. A. Booth.

Yes, Roosevelt is a big man in the world, and nobody knows it better than himself.

At least Lawyer Pepper's brief in the Ballinger case may be expected to be warm stuff.

Somehow Mrs. Nick Longworth is never mentioned except in connection with cigarettes.

Moving the fight to Reno will demolish the gate receipts, yet they will be large enough.

They are becoming fewer and feebler, each year—the real old prairie schooner, ox team pioneers.

The automobiles that the pioneers have to dodge are quite different vehicles from the ones in which they came to Oregon.

"By George" seems to be a very frequent expression of Roosevelt. But since he must use expletives, this is as harmless as any.

A big prize fight is a large affair from a financial point of view, almost enough so, one would think, to interest J. P. Morgan.

Teddy brought a tremendous storm with him to New York, but as long as it was not an earthquake the old town doesn't care much.

La Follette may be downed by the regulars in Wisconsin, but if so they will know when it is done that they have been in a fight.

Larry Sullivan has been heard of again in a San Francisco saloon fight. Possibly he is on his way back to Portland to take part in the assembly.

What have become of all those shiploads of stuffed animals and other spoils of the long journey? Surely it will take several great buildings to contain them?

Now that the bountiful Oregon soil has been nicely moistened with timely rains, the weather man can turn summer loose whenever he is ready. Oregon is ready for her.

"Assembly Idea Sweeping Oregon. Sentiment is Unanimous." These are headlines in a Portland newspaper that in political matters at least has long been notorious for a disregard of the truth.

Being dogcatcher is not considered a desirable job anywhere, but over at Vancouver, Wash., it seems to be especially undesirable, as that official there has been licked and shot at several times.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

An Astoria girl weighed 14 pounds at birth.

Fruit raiser near Canby is building a $7000 bungalow.

In Salem 150 building permits have been issued this year.

Ashland isn't so slow; has voted $75,000 bonds for a high school.

A Royal Ann cherry tree in Eugene yielded 2300 pounds of fruit.

A Wheeler county man sold his 5000 acre ranch and stock for $100,000.

Lake county is doing good work on roads between Lakeview and Burns.

A Jasper man, with the aid of his dogs, killed two large bears in one day.

Extensive and admirable improvements have been made at Gearheart Park.

The Dalles is growing steadily, and needs some more moderate priced residences.

A four acre patch near Springfield is expected to yield 50,000 pounds of berries.

Having turned down an electric railroad franchise, Ashland may build one of its own.

A 373 acre ranch near Creswell sold for $80 an acre; it may be sold in small tracts.

Population of Waterloo, Linn county, has doubled in three months; number not stated.

The cherry crop in and near The Dalles has been far larger and more profitable than ever before.

A prominent French chemist and scientist has 40 acres of land near Stanfield and has been visiting it.

Port Orford Tribune: The Ranger went out to the reef last Thursday and killed 22 sealions and returned to the wharf in the evening.

With both big sawmills running and two large planing mills under construction, the lumber industry of this city is beginning to become apparent in its truly great proportions, says the Wallowa Sun.

Joseph is having a fight with a little octopus of its own in the beautiful Wallowa valley. The town wants a municipal water plant, and the domestic local company claims both a perpetual and an exclusive franchise. So far the town is ahead in the courts, and is building its waterworks, for which $20,000 has been voted.

One can get plenty of beer to drink in Shaniko, but water is a scarce article, says the More Observer. The town has so outgrown the supply that water for the locomotives has to be hauled from Biggs in tanks, and for train use it is taken on here. Last week a large drove of cattle awaiting shipment there were 30 hours without a sip to quench their thirst.

Dallas Itemizer: To watch the daily shipments of beer and other stuff to Dallas does not impress a stranger that Dallas is a dry town, in fact, it is asserted that the shipments of wet goods are greater than ever before in the history of the town. But, of course, we have grown in population greatly since the saloons went out.

The Eugene marshal picked up a "floater" who is undecided whether he is sane or not. He worked three or four days and was told by his fellow workmen that he was crazy. He quit work and made a trip to Portland to find out, and failing to get the desired information there, came back to Eugene and wants to have his head examined. He says other people tell him he is crazy, but he does not believe it.

June 21 in History—Captain John Smith

What schoolboy but knows briefly the story of bold Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, and of poor little Pocahontas, the Indian maiden. They have poured over woodcuts of the Indian chief's famous daughter rushing to the rescue of the captain just as he was about to be beaten to death with war clubs. She was only 18 years old then and very beautiful, and her later marriage to John Rolfe is one of the prettiest romances in American history.

Captain Smith was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1579. It is said of his early life that while he might have obtained a good education if he wished, he was so determined to become a sailor that he sold his school books in order to get money to run away with. When he was 15 years old he traveled through France, acting as servant to the sons of noblemen. At this time France was in the throes of war, which ended in the assassination of Henry IV. Smith enlisted as a soldier and fought on the side of the Protestants.

When there was no more fighting in France, he joined some English troops, who were assisting the armies of Philip II and the Duke of Alva, who were fighting in the Netherlands. After four years in this service he became restless and took a ship for Scotland.

After living a wild and erratic life as a poacher for a few years he started for the continent again. The vessel he sailed in was almost wrecked, and the passengers, believing Smith to be another Jonah, cast him into the Mediterranean. Fortunately, he was a good swimmer, and managed to reach the island of St. Mary's, from which he was taken next day by a French vessel, which had put into the harbor during a storm. He next joined the Austrians in fighting the Turks, was made prisoner by the latter, killed his keeper and escaped to Russia.

After that he went back to England and become dazzled by the stories of wealth and adventure that were told about the newly discovered western hemisphere. Raleigh had already reached Virginia, which he had named after his virgin queen. Smith succeeded in forming a company, capitalizing it, obtaining a land grant and set sail with an expedition of 108 men on December 19, 1606.

During the voyage Smith was so irritable and overbearing that he was put in irons by his crew. The men were disheartened at not reaching land and were about to return to England, when a terrific storm drove their little fleet straight into the waters of Chesapeake bay.

They landed at what is now Jamestown, Va., April 26, 1607, and proceeded to establish their colony. Smith immediately began explorations and by his kind treatment of the Indians insinuated himself into their good graces. He made treaties with Powhatan, father of Pocahontas, and other great chiefs. Through shrewdness and foresight he soon acquired the real leadership of the colony. He was respected and feared by the Indians. He fortified Jamestown and procured supplies of provisions by trading with them. At one time the settlers would have starved to death but for Smith, who alone was able to procure corn from the Indians.

While he was absent on a mission the settlers angered the Indians and Smith, who was held responsible for it all, was condemned to death by Powhatan. It was at this time that the interference of Pocahontas saved his life.

Soon after this Smith went back to England and was lost sight of for nearly five years. Then he sailed for North America again and spent six months on the coast of New England. He went back to London a fairly rich man and died there on June 21, 1631.

June 21 is the birthday of Increase Mather, the clergyman and educator (1639); Leibnitz, the great German philosopher (1646); Enoch Poor, the distinguished officer of the Revolutionary war (1736); Alexander J. Dallas, secretary of the treasury under Madison (1759); Daniel D. Tompkins, vice president of the United States (1774); Horatio King, statesman (1811), and Henry Guy Carleton, author and playwright (1855). It is the date of the death of Edward III of England, in 1377.

TANGLEFOOT

By Miles Overholt

The morning air is split in twain,
Abas alarms and clocks,
When comes the peddlar's raucous voice:
"Cherries fi'-cen' a bo-x-x."

ADVENTURES OF PIUTE PETE.

"Speaking of temperate climates with the accent on the temper," began Piute Pete, "I guess Two-step Gulch is a little bit the onhealthiest place there is doing business. The scene, friend, opens with a landscape," said he grandiloquently. "Some people would use a can opener or a bottle of beer to open a scene like this, but I allus use a landscape," he remarked significantly, as he glanced toward a house of thirst.

"Why, even the green houses were full of pains. But that ain't what I mean. The gardens were harrowed because the vegetables were sufferins all the time. The cabbage had boils—think of a garden full of boiled cabbage—and there was a little corn on nearly every foot of ground. The pumpkins were squashed, the tomatoes couldn't ketchup with the lettuce because they felt so seedy and the Chinese gardener let his queue cumber the ground. The hens got eggue and shook all their feathers off and when the little chickens were hatched they were fried. I stayed around there till I heard the undertaker coffin, then I went over into the Funeral mountains along Death valley and laughed myself sick."

"Is this the way to Ketchum?"
Quoth a man in Idaho.
"Depends on when they started."
Said the man behind the hoe.

The town was dry,
The man did thirst,
The pig was blind,
But it saw him first.

The Abolishing of Seven Day Work.

The Iron Trade Review.

Strong words were those spoken by First Vice President Dickson of the United States Steel corporation, at the recent dinner of the members of the American Iron and Steel Institute, when he said:

"It is my own deliberate judgment after a period of almost 30 years' connection with the industry, the early part of which was passed in manual labor in the mills, that the present conditions, which necessitate the employment of the same individual workman 12 hours a day for seven days a week, are a reproach to our great industry, and should not, in this enlightened age, be longer tolerated."

Mr. Dickens spoke with the deep sympathy of one who, having known from actual contact with conditions, of the terrible grinding and depressing effect of continuous labor, is anxious to improve the lot of his fellow man. The question of Sunday labor is not necessarily a religious one at all. It is a well known fact that man is not so constituted that he can work year in and year out, seven days a week for even less than 12 hours a day, and be much better than an animal. There is no time for enjoyment, no time for self improvement, no time for such intercourses with members of one's family, work means degradation. Hard as these conditions are, the difficulties of abolishing them have been many, and have been due not merely to the dilatoriness of some manufacturers, but also to positive opposition of workingmen and labor unions, who fought against reducing the hours of labor if accompanied by a corresponding reduction of pay. A single employer or number of employers could not reduce the working hours without reducing the pay, because the companies having the longer hours would be at a distinct advantage. It is not even possible for one part of the country to adopt the short hour system unless a similar policy is followed in other parts of the country. This has been clearly demonstrated in the case of San Francisco, where the adoption of the eight hour day has proved ruinous to many industries, simply because they could not compete with other parts of the country, where the nine and ten hour day systems prevail.

As Roosevelt Sees Himself.

"Personally, as you know," says Colonel Roosevelt in a letter quoted in the July McClure's, I am not really good at any games. Perhaps in my time I came nearer to being fairly good as a walker, rider and rifle shot than in any other way; but I was never more than an average good man, even in these three respects. Whatever success I have had in game hunting—and it has been by no means noteworthy—has been due, as well as I can make out, to three causes: First, common sense and good judgment; second, perseverance, which is the only way of allowing one to make good one's own blunders; third, the fact that I shot as well at game as at a target.

"Now, of course, the possession and practice of these three qualities did not make me by any means as successful a hunter as the men who, in addition to possessing them, were also better shots than I was, or who had greater power of endurance, or who were more skilled in plainscraft and woodcraft. But they did enable me to kill a reasonable quantity of big game, and to do it in ways that have made my observations of value to the faunal or outdoor naturalist. Besides, I knew what I wanted, and was willing to work hard to get it. In short, I am not an athlete; I am simply a good, ordinary, out-of-doors man."

After Awhile

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

The mother, tired, with aching head, from sweeping floors and baking bread, called to her daughter: "Susan, dear, I wish you'd help a little here." Fair Susan, in the parlor dim, was playing o'er a tender hymn; methinks it was "The Maiden's Prayer"—a melody beyond compare. She cried, while playing on, in style: "I'll help you in a little while." Her lover blew in unawares—a fine young man with princely airs. His heart was free from sordid stains; his head was full of high-class brains; most any girl would give her eyes to gather in so big a prize. He heard the mother's weary cry; he heard the damsel's flip reply. His bosom swelled with noble ire! His tawny eyes flashed streaks of fire! He cried: "Miss Susan Sarah Brown, it's up to me to turn you down! While groundhogs live and comets shine, you'll be no blushing bride of mine! The healthy girl who doesn't jump, and on her system get a hump, when mother calls, I do not want; so get thee hence! Aroint! Avaunt! I'll hunt me up a damsel fair who passes up 'The Maiden's Prayer' when she has got a chance to chase the troubles from her mother's face!"

Copyright, 1910, by George Matthew Adams.

Opportunity.

I saw her come athwart the morning light,
Her face all radiant with the sunrise glow
Of hope and promise in her lips and hair;
Her eyes dream dimmed as one who through the night
Stares long and builds a wondrous glory there—
Timid, I paused, and then I saw her go.

Full down the early years I saw her go;
Mastered my doubts and sat me down to wait,
Ready to touch her robe when she returned.
It seemed not long before the lonely snow
Of age closed in, and where the sunrise burned
Erstwhile, the twilight magic spread its slate.

It seemed not very long to wait—Life's loom
Droned on—I heard not while with anxious breath
The vigil bound. At last a shadow came.
I saw it stir across the silent gloom;
"'Tis she," I cried, and rose to call her name—
. . . But it was death.

—Percy M. Cushing in the July Hampton's.