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Holiness is an infinite compassion for others. Greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them. Happiness is a great love and much serving.—Olive Schreiner.

FOLK SEES

FORMER GOVERNOR FOLK emphatically commends the Oregon primary law. Of course, he says, members of a party or any organization can assemble for consultation and mutual advice, "but when such an assembly nominates a ticket and attempts to bind members of the political party, represented by the assembly, to that ticket there is, in effect, a nullification of the primary law." That is just the point, the starting point. The assemblyites intend to nullify the primary law altogether.

Gov. Folk further says that "if Republicans consider themselves bound under party discipline to support the men nominated at the assembly, then the effect would be bad, as there would be then virtually a return to the old convention idea." The assemblyites are endeavoring by every means in their power so to bind Republican voters, but will not succeed. The voters will not stretch out their hands to receive shackles.

Governor Folk added: "The remedy for existing evils is not in the direction of less government by the people, but more government by the people. The initiative and referendum are measures tending to give the people more power to run their own government. These measures are neither radical nor dangerous." As some one has similarly remarked, Mayor Gaynor perhaps, "The remedy for Democracy is more Democracy."

The Missouri statesman regards these Oregon measures as "very important in the cure of corruption." The whole electorate can't be bribed. Nor is there much danger of legislative bribery when the people can undo the legislature's work. Folk says:

"These measures reduce corruption by lessening the incentive for corruption. A legislature under them cannot sell a clear title."

TODAY'S CONVENTION

A STATE convention is in session in Portland. The last convention of the sort nominated Furnish. Furnish was beaten. The direct primary was not then in existence.

In form today's convention is exactly like the one that nominated Furnish. It has delegates. The collective delegates claim they are acting for the party. They are naming a ticket. In the process, they are selecting certain men and refusing the nomination to others. This is exactly what the Furnish convention did. It is all the Furnish convention did. In all these respects the two are exactly alike.

But the Furnish convention was lawful. Section 2791 of the Oregon code authorized it. The present convention is unlawful. It was to forbid such conventions that the primary law was passed. Section 11 of that law says: "Every such political party shall nominate all its candidates for public office under the provisions of this law, and not in any other manner, and it shall not be allowed to nominate any candidate in the manner provided by section 2791." It was under the authority of this section 2791 that the Furnish convention was held. It is by section 11 of the primary law that today's convention is forbidden.

What a desperate game the men in today's unlawful convention are playing. If the plain law is not to prevail against their will, why should it prevail against the man who steals a loaf of bread for a starving family? If these persons wanted to hold a convention, why did they not submit the question to the people who made the primary law? In the end, what but harm ever comes from violating the law? If when nominated in a legally held convention, Furnish was beaten, what is the prospect for the governor and other candidates nominated in an illegally held convention? What an example is set by today's convention before the youth of Oregon, a convention that the last legislature refused to make lawful.

The direct primary law says: "All qualified electors who wish to serve the people in an elective public office are rightfully entitled to equal opportunities under the law." Today's convention declares that only its candidates should be supported for elective public office. The law says every candidate shall have equal chance. Today's convention says its nominees shall have preference. Here, then, is an open and brazen disobedience of law. It is nullification of law. It is defiance of law. It is an attempt to overthrow and set aside law. The law says all candidates shall have "equal opportunity"; the convention says its nominees shall have preference. The two are in conflict. Is the convention bigger than the law? If the convention can thus violate law, why send a sneak thief to jail for violating law? Is there in this state one conscience for politics and another for daily conduct? Is there one moral standard for public affairs and another for private affairs? Does participation in politics give license to do things otherwise forbidden? Is law for the criminal and not for the politician? If so, heaven help the country.

But the convention is here. It is such a convention as nominated Furnish. It is like the convention that prepared the way for a Democratic governor. It has delegates. It has committees. It has a chairman. Men are making nominating speeches. Votes are being cast for candidates. Certain candidates are being selected. It is doing all that the law declares it shall not do. Whither are we drifting, and what will be the end?

WHY TRUST PROXIES?

WE ARE holding conventions now in Oregon. They have been heralded as virtuous conventions. As a guarantee of their innocence and purity, the name "assembly" has been given them.

But at the very outset our proxies deceived us. We trusted their promises and allowed them to perform. The first thing they did was to accept the corporations' legislative slate. They held up their right hands in solemn profession of how good they were and with the left rammed the slate through. Their voice was the voice of Jacob, but their hand was the hand of Esau. Their promise was that they were acting for the people, but in performance they hoisted a legislative ticket O. K-ed in secret conferences by agents of Portland gas, electric light, railway and other corporations. It is a scandal so open and so notorious that every newspaper in Portland except the Oregonian is telling about it.

Doubtless many of the delegates were themselves deceived. They did not all know about the secret conferences in the General Electric building and other places. They did not all know the convention managers were delivering them as mere pawns in a big corporation-convention deal. But the deal went through and we have in the certain knowledge of it what has always been and always will be the fruit and flower of conventions. We have in it the proof that the very first time the proxy plan was tried, the proxies played and were played into the hands of "the interests." Does it pay us to trust proxies? Does the incident not warn us that we had better attend to things ourselves?

WELLAND AND ERIE CANALS

IN A RECENT speech at Fort William, Ontario, Sir Wilfred Laurier, the governor-general of Canada, said that the Canadian government would proceed at once to deepen the Welland canal to 22 feet, and that Canada must deepen the harbors at Fort William and Port Arthur so that they will accommodate the larger carriers plying the Great Lakes and enable them to load with grain from the Canadian northwest bound for St. Lawrence river. The Welland canal now passes ships drawing only 14 feet, but this is not sufficient, and the Canadian government will dig it to an ample depth.

This improvement will presumably sidetrack or postpone the proposed canal from Georgian bay to Montreal, which has been a bugaboo to New York and Boston. This was the main cause of New York state appropriating $101,000,000 to enlarge the Erie canal so that it will accommodate barges carrying 2000 tons each. This improvement will probably give New York continued supremacy as a grain exporting port on the Atlantic coast, for obstructions in the St. Lawrence make several other canals necessary.

But both the Canadian government and New York realize keenly the value and advantage of water transportation, and are willing to spend great sums of money to improve waterways so as to make them available as freight highways.

A SPECTACLE

PROUD, indeed, is the status of a convention when its head men offer a circuit judgeship to County Judge Cleeton to induce him to abandon the direct primary, in which his declaration that he would be a candidate for county judge was long ago filed. What moral fiber do the convention managers suppose men have that they can be swerved in their views for a price, and that price a convention nomination for a judgeship? What concept have they of the judiciary that they thus offer to use a judicial nomination to swerve a citizen from his declared purpose and his political views? What a spectacle for an organized body of so-called high brows who insist that they have sense enough to select candidates, but that the people haven't. Judge Cleeton spurned the bribe, and for it he is entitled to conspicuous credit. He has vastly strengthened his position before the people of Multnomah county.

The Catholic Sentinel of Portland has issued a fine special edition of 80 pages in celebration of its 40th anniversary. It was started in February, 1870, and has ever since been a growing influence for good and enlightenment among the Catholics of this city, state and region. This number contains many interesting special articles, and numerous illustrations of Oregon scenes and pictures of Portland buildings and men. The anniversary occurred opportunely, while the national convention of Hibernians was assembled here.

THE FOREST FIRES

WITH the forest fires as a text, the Oregonian denounces Pinchot-Roosevelt conservation of forests. It says "a mistaken policy of conservation demands that we keep such large areas of forest wealth in reserve," that it is "exposed to great danger by fire." Are we to understand that the timber should all be cut down in order to prevent forest fires?

The real purpose, of course, is to discredit the forest service. What the fires would have been but for the forest service nobody can tell.

Until the last three years the federal government was the only owner of stumpage which systematically endeavored to protect its lands from fire. The annual losses on the national forests under protection were so strikingly smaller than on unprotected private lands that timber owners, through example, were able to see the financial gain of maintaining fire patrols. Thus the forest service is largely responsible for the example which has led timber owners of the whole northwest to form associations for fire protection and spend thousands of dollars each year for this work.

The work of the government rangers, who during the fire season often go for days without sleep, poorly fed and suffering the want of water, while endeavoring to control a fire which not only means loss to the government or the private owner, but surely to the people of the state, has been too often commended in the western press to require defense. These government officials yearly prevent thousands of dollars of loss to private owners, and the forest service and private fire associations work in perfect harmony and cooperation to their mutual benefit.

Of forest fires now reported burning in Washington and Oregon there are at least 10 on private lands to one on national forests. This does not indicate that the government work is ineffectual. The large fires now burning in Idaho, destroying thousands of dollars' worth of property and causing loss of life, are largely on private lands, but notwithstanding this the trained forest service men are giving valuable assistance in fighting these fires.

The report of the Oregon Conservation Commission for 1909 states:

"In 1907 Oregon passed a bill containing excellent prohibitive sections and a framework for administration, but it afforded no means for carrying out its provisions. Everything is left to a voluntary board of forestry with but $250 a year at its disposal. In other words, only $250 a year is paid to insure property worth $5,000,000,000 to the state in actual money and of great value in its relation to other industries. This appropriation is equivalent to one-half cent per square mile of timbered area in Oregon. In the case of the portion of this area in national forests the government is spending $11.25 per square mile, the advantage of which is almost wholly to the state."

Is the Oregonian complaining because the federal government spends money to protect Oregon's resources when the state itself does nothing?

HOW TO KEEP COOL

PEOPLE of Portland, and of Oregon generally, do not need and are not very much interested in advice as to how to keep cool and comfortable in summer, yet some afternoons are a little uncomfortable here, or many people imagine them to be so, therefore the repetition of a little old advice may not be entirely superfluous.

A Mrs. Richards of Boston, said to be a high hygienic authority, though by no means original, is correct enough when she bids people in hot weather, such as afflicts people east of the Rocky mountains, to eat no meat, not even chicken, no sugar, and little fat. Drink unsweetened tea and coffee, and spread the butter very thin—which will be easy to do. One purpose of food is to keep the body at a main temperature of 98 degrees, so when the temperature of the air is up to 80-odd or 90, the body requires far less heating food than when the temperature is much lower. Bathing the hands, wrists and face in water is better than drinking large quantities of it, says Mrs. Richards.

Then most persons, males especially, seem to exercise little discrimination or judgment in the matter of dress in hot weather. They dress about the same in July as in April or October. One of the simplest of all devices for keeping cool is to wear very light, loose clothes during the warmest part of the day. But evenings are usually cool here, and most people can't afford to change their clothes twice a day. However a lighter diet, little meat and plenty of fruit, and of lighter, looser clothing and avoidance of hurry and worry, will serve as preventives of that "awful hot, isn't it" feeling.

"Party principles." What are they? How to be applied to existing conditions? "Principles" as understood and represented by Aldrich or Dolliver, by Cannon or Norris? "Party principles" cloaks infinite humbug.

The circulation of Senator Bourne's now celebrated speech concerning the Oregon political system, and how the people really rule in this state, has now reached more than 1,000,000 copies, and the demand for it continues. It will be a powerful factor in the political education of voters in other states, who are yet burdened and buncoed by the old party convention system.

"Enthusiasm is unbounded" reads a headline in the corporation organ. The politicians' noses scent the fleshpots. But among the rank and file enthusiasm couldn't be worked up with a million horsepower dynamo.

Letters From the People

Our Conserved Resources.

To the Editor of The Journal—What could be more beautiful than say a tract of 100 acres of good land, with perhaps about one half of it under cultivation and the balance timber, with its grain fields and its meadow; a good, comfortable farmhouse of logs, if necessary; a well filled granary, a well filled corn crib, a lot of well fed cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, and, last but not least, a happy man and wife, and a lot of happy children, each one as healthy and as hardy as the standing timber that was left growing on the ranch? There would not be one sign of that mental anguish that is common among those that live in the city, many of whom do not know where their next meal is coming from. What a romantic spot to contemplate. This hardy farmer has conserved one half of his resources; he has an abundance of timber for fuel and domestic purposes; he has a splendid spring, where an abundance of good, pure water could be had, and in the "undeveloped" forests he has an abundance of meat for his family, as he can get the deer, the elk and many wild birds; in short, he has the paradise of the earth. He has conserved his resources; he has conserved his and his family's health.

What a different picture follows. The man who developed the new country is commonly called the enterprising business man. First scene: A thousand acres of virgin timber, good for sore eyes, the sawmill man and the logger, the timber cutter, a new shanty, a lot of lumber jacks, a nearby saloon, a lot of gamblers, a lot of burned stumps, a lot of brush scattered around, cut up roads, overworked men, women and horses, a few dirty children, a sawmill, a dancehouse, and some of the followers of the logging camp with their bawdy houses, and near at hand there is a large vessel loading with lumber. In the city near by a fine brownstone mansion, a millionaire lumberman, an aristocratic wife, modern society, an automobile, joy riding, the club, rising at 11 a. m., the politician, homes built of concrete, divorces, fuel $10 a load, rent $40 a month, big water bills and gas bills, bacon 40 cents a pound, beef 25 cents a pound, flour $6 a barrel, lumber prohibitive, coal prohibitive, pork prohibitive, everything prohibitive except whiskey and beer, and tobacco, and virtue, which are cheap; pure men and women are scarce, home ties none, home love none, grafters and boodlers lots of them. In short, the modern method of conservation is to conserve all of the bad and let the good rip.

E. A. BARNS.

How to Kill Flies.

Waldo, Or., July 14—To the Editor of The Journal—You are now hitting at the common housefly, but so far you have failed to grasp the full solution of the fly subject. I have tested the best remedy and have killed as many as twelve hundred flies in less than an hour. All the flies in a dining-room ordinarily can be killed off in a few minutes. Here it is. Take a common rubber band, cut it and make a string of it; with thumb and finger of each hand stretch the rubber band, take aim and let go. With a little experience one can kill as high as 30 without missing a shot and in the absence of better hunting it is pretty good sport and requires no license.

I never have flies to trouble me in my house. After I have eaten a meal I shoot them; the morning is the best and the smaller the hand the batter; the larger ones scare them and they take to the ceiling. A trial will convince and the remedy is clean and does not let them drop into food and does not stick to you. You can send them away from the food.

W. J. WIMER.

Wonderful Diaz.

From the Atlanta Journal.

Elihu Root once said that of all the public men now busy in the world's affairs, Diaz was perhaps the one most worth knowing so far as human interest and character color are concerned. The estimate is scarcely too heightened. This wonderful old man—he will be 80 next September—has been the president of his republic for 34 years, with the brief exception of a single term beginning in 1880, when Manuel Gonzales was chief executive.

There is something seemingly incongruous in a republic retaining one man as its head for that length of time. Perhaps it would be more precise to say that Diaz has retained the presidency. There is a rumor that whenever election day draws near the enemies of the veteran president for one reason or another find themselves arrested and jailed. Thus the balloting passes off peacefully and when the count is made, Diaz always has an overwhelming majority.

Such methods, if there is any truth in the report, and such a continuous tenure of office appear rather strange to a nation like our own which holds above all else that government should be one of laws, not of men. Yet, as we review the history of Mexico for the past 34 years we find its finances constantly strengthening, its laws holding respect and observance, its commerce flourishing, and its general condition prosperous. All this is undoubtedly due to the firmness and wisdom of Perfirio Diaz.

On the verge of his eighties the president is still hale and lusty. He keeps a vigorous interest in out-of-door things and in the minutest details of the government. A dictator, he has been unquestionably, but how much better Nicaragua and other troubled Latin republics would have fared had they possessed such a dictator.

The Farmer and Insurgency.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph (Rep).

It is only simple truth to say that the significance of "insurgency" is not well understood in the east, particularly in great centers of population. The movement had its rise in the middle west and west, mainly it may be added in the rural districts. The farmers are not satisfied with present conditions and their representatives in congress know it. Murdock is but an echo of Kansas unrest; Dolliver only reflects the will of a discontented Iowa. History is repeating itself. All great reforms since the beginning of constitutional government in the United States have been initiated in response to a demand from the farmer.

Philadelphia was opposed to slavery agitation. A mass meeting in Independence Square, presided over by Mayor Henry, in 1856 virtually committed itself to non-intervention with slavery south of the Missouri compromise line of 36 degrees, 30 minutes; New York was openly dominated by the southern oligarchy and even in Boston, as late as December 8, 1860, an anti-slavery meeting at Tremont temple was broken up by "conservative" business men. This was nearly 20 years after Owen Lovejoy had shed his blood for freedom on the prairies of Illinois.

And all the time northern New York, the western reserve of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and rural New England were uncompromising in their attitude toward human bondage.

The strength of Republicanism then as now lay in the agricultural districts. The 150,000 readers of Horace Greeley's Weekly Tribune not only had "fixed principles," but they were "alert" in devising means and methods of pushing those principles to the fore. And for one reader of the Tribune in those days there are a thousand readers of newspaper and magazine literature today. The Republican party, in which, after all is said and done, lies in the hope of the country, must recognize this, and it must farther understand that these same farmers and their allied interests will either dominate the organization or leave it.

No Need of Assembly.

From the Nehalem Enterprise.

The acts of the assembly will only be of a suggestive nature subject to adoption or rejection at the coming election in November, therefore a useless waste of time and energy for men who might employ their time and talents to a better advantage, and we have already provided a means to accomplish better results by the direct primary nominating system as adopted by the people of Oregon under the initiative and referendum amendments. This will suffice to make the best selections for the officers to be chosen in November and dispense with the necessity of holding an assembly simply to please a few of the leading politicians who are no longer needed in conducting the affairs of the county and state. Their period of usefulness has passed, and the vain effort put forth by them to revive the old system—even if only to suggest and recommend, as is permissible under the present laws—will avail them nothing, because they have had their opportunity and could not discriminate between use and abuse in exercising their influence for the welfare of the people whom they were to serve. Now since the people have gained the upper hand on the political situation in Oregon, it is not meet for them to give over the reins of government to their former oppressors in hopes of bettering their lot in life; and, furthermore, it is not to be expected, as past experience has taught them a profitable lesson in this respect.

Has Made Good.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian.

Oregon's state railroad commission continues to "make good." Railroad and express companies are fast being brought to time and if the commission's scope only extended to the telephone companies more relief would be afforded the people. The members of the commission seem to be made of the right kind of stuff.

Man near Hermiston got 24 boxes of Red Astrakan apples from one tree, worth 5 cents a pound.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Register, register, register, register, register.

A large number of people appear to be automobilious.

Don't blame your grocer if he is a little cross today.

Help out the pretty brave, footless little theatre girl. Buy tickets.

"Loved friend's wife; shoots her," says a headline. Curious thing, "love."

The dry weather is injuring the crops; too bad that the tariff can't be raised.

If people like these Hibernians are not fit for self government who on earth are?

A Chicago smoke inspector is named Kuss. When he gets into smoke he probably does.

The census of another great city has been reported; San Angelo, Texas, has 10,131 inhabitants.

Young Jay Gould is to marry a grass widow actress. None of the quiet, simple life for him.

It is surely time for Colonel Hofer to offer up a prayer for rain—but not too much rain, Colonel.

Roosevelt is to select the New York state Republican ticket. The people have nothing to say about it.

Today is when the people are told to stand aside and allow a bunch of politicians to select their officers for them.

The ancient city of Tarsus now has electric lights. If Paul could come back, he might fall down again in astonishment.

What the people should look out for is whether a candidate for congress or the legislature is going to represent their interests or the interests.

Another thing; flies are scarce in Portland as compared with eastern cities, and a mosquito census would show only a very small population.

"Guilt is always personal," says Governor Harmon, contradicting Roosevelt when president. Evidently Harmon would not be a sane and safe president.

Misfortunes pursue Count Zeppelin persistently; yesterday his gas plant was wrecked. But nothing can keep a young man like him down when he is bound to fly.

If people would dress as Chinese laundrymen do, they wouldn't suffer from warm weather nor afflict the world by saying a thousand times a day: "Is it hot enough for you?"

A bad egg served to a Pittsburg millionaire has cost him over $60,000 which he spent in establishing and stocking a model chicken farm, from which he expects to get two strictly fresh eggs for his breakfast regularly every day.

It is superfluous to state that in the case of the big strike of the employes of the Grand Trunk railroad "both sides are confident of victory." It is unvariably so. The head employers and strike leaders always "claim everything."

A story from Douglas county says that a big panther that had been wounded badly but was able when the hunter came up to it to seize him and hurt him some, had a "vicious disposition." But what could you expect? The panthers have no schools, and no missionaries have been sent among them.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Pendleton had a mad dog; soon killed.

Clatskanie people subscribed for oil to sprinkle the streets.

Eastern Oregon streams were seldom, if ever, so low this time of year.

Gold Hill has more and a greater variety of natural resources in its territory than any town in Southern Oregon, asserts the News.

Among Weston's manifold advantages as a residence town is the fact that it is about the coolest place in the Inland Empire when a "hot wave" is sweeping o'er the land, remarks the Leader.

A Tillamook county rancher has had a fine system of waterworks installed. He has about a mile of pipe leading up into the mountains and has plenty of water wherever needed about the place.

Drain Nonpareil: A meeting called last Saturday to choose delegates to the Republican assembly convention at Roseburg, July 16, did not materialize. So few voters put in an appearance that the meeting did not organize.

Building operations in the city of Coquille for the past 12 months have far exceeded those of any period of the same duration since the town was rebuilt after the big fire of 1892, says the Sentinel.

Central Oregon is one of the best countries in the world, so government service men tell us, for the production of seed plants, especially alfalfa, and yet in the local market alfalfa seed sells today for 27 cents a pound, says the Madras Pioneer.

Reports received by Umatilla county people who are interested in Alberta indicate that this year's crop will be almost a total failure in that region. Through the lack of moisture, grain on thousands of acres will not pay for cutting, says the Weston Leader.

A farm hand near Athens came very near giving his life for a smoke when he lit his pipe and threw the match down. The grass caught on fire, reached and burned up one haystack. He took sacks and began to fight the fire to save the house and barn. Though he succeeded in doing this, when the fire was out he fell in a faint.

Plunging into Rogue river with all his clothes, and even his shoes and hat on, swimming to a place where he had just seen a man sink for the third time, catching the man by the hair and swimming back with him to shore, saving his life, was the heroic exploit of E. Badger, a Church of Christ preacher, in Gold Hill.

As soon as we have adequate transportation and necessary facilities for caring for the tourist travel, what an influx there will be to this county during the summer months from all over the United States, remarks the Tillamook Herald. No mosquitoes, flies not numerous to what they are elsewhere. One can fish, hunt and partake of nearly every form of sport in perfect comfort.

Tillamook Herald: Operations at the oil well continue steadily, but little progress is made in increasing the depth of the well owing to shale being forced up in the pipe to a height of five feet by the great pressure of some unknown force at the bottom of the well. Just what the nature of it may be will not be learned until the drill gets through the hard formation, and then there will be something stirring if we are to judge by the amount of pressure required to force hard shale rock up in the six-inch casing.

July 21 in History—First Battle of Bull Run

More than three months had passed after the capture of Fort Sumter before anything of much importance in the way of a show of strength between the north and south was accomplished, and the patience of the people on both sides was becoming strained to their utmost tension. In the north the cry was "On to Richmond"—but the government responded "with what?" The pressure, however, became so great that finally General Scott yielded, and, on the twenty-first of July, 1861, the first really important engagement between the Union and Confederate forces took place on the banks of a stream called the Bull Run, a few miles to the northwest of Manassas Junction, Va., and about 30 miles south of the Potomac at Washington. The Confederate army was well intrenched here, and about a week previous to the day of the battle the Union army began slowly moving toward this point.

On the evening of July 20 the two armies were about seven miles apart. Early in the morning of the twenty-first they began approaching, and the outposts cannonaded one another. By 10 o'clock the battle was in progress all along the line. The Confederate force numbered about 30,000, while that of the Federal was not more than 20,000. Both armies were made up, for the most part, of raw troops, inexperienced in war.

So well intrenched were the Confederates, and so skillful were their generals in maneuvering the battle, that after several hours of fighting the Federal army was compelled to give way at one point after the other, until finally the retreat had degenerated into disorder. Every effort was made to rally the troops, even beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, but in vain. The plain was covered with the retreating soldiers, and they seemed to infect those with whom they came in contact. The retreat soon became a rout, and this eventually degenerated into a panic.

The onset of that tumultuous retreat is described by those who witnessed it as terrible. For three miles hosts of Federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. The flight did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van.

In the great race for shelter all divisions and all regiments were mingled. A perfect frenzy was upon almost every man. Even the sentiment of shame had gone. There was no stop to the retreating army until they reached the Potomac and felt themselves safe back again to Washington.

The loss of the Federals in killed and wounded was about 2900; that of the Confederates about 1700. The battle greatly inspired the south and at first deeply discouraged the north, which, however, devoted itself with renewed vigor and determination to preparation for what, as then became apparent, would probably be a long and severe struggle.

Te Deums were sung in the churches of the south over their victory, and a day of thanksgiving was observed.

The second battle of Bull Run was fought on nearly the same field on August 29 and 30, 1862, between 49,000 Confederates under General Robert E. Lee, and about 70,000 Federals, under General Pope, the latter being again defeated. The Confederates were greatly superior in leadership, Lee being an even match for Pope, and Lee's two corps commanders, Jackson and Longstreet, giving him more efficient support than Pope's corp commanders. The Federal loss in killed and wounded in this battle was about 14,500, while that of the Confederates only about 9500. Bull Run was a rather unlucky fighting ground for the Union army.

July 21, 1798, is the date of the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt. It is the birthday of Matthew Prior, the English poet (1664); of John M. Read, the eminent jurist (1707); Robert Barry Coffin, the author (1826); and General John R. Brooks, the American soldier (1838). It is the date of the death of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, in 1796, and of the murder of Darius III, king of Persia, 330 B. C.

TANGLEFOOT

By Miles Overholt

"Oh, for a lodge," sang Cowper, "in some vast wilderness."
For William wanted secrecy and solitude, I guess.
He might have joined the Elks, you know, or monks, and worn a cowl.
Or for a lodge that's quieter, he overlooked the Owl.

SHAKESPEARE TODAY.
(By G. K.)

Enter County Courthouse, Jr.
(Sir County Courthouse greets him.)
C. C. Jr.—"In sooth, I know not why I am so slow;
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught on, found out I'd got started.
What stuff I'm made of, where to I am borne,
I am to learn.
But such an eyesore slowness makes of me
That I have much ado to know I'm moving."
Sir C. C.—"Go to, young sprout!
Your foolish mind is tossing on a notion.
Muse not, quake not in fear, be calm.
Thou'rt better far than I; already loftier,
Young spareribs.
Bethinkest thou that to grow great thou must grow fastly?"
C. C. Jr.—"'Spareribs' thou hast well said.
Methinks, kind sir, that rust shall eat my steel
And my foundations crumble ere I be finished.
'Twas long ago, 'tis but a memory;
I saw myself complete, drawn out,
On architecture parchment;
But here I stand, my steel beams half naked,
Blushing with rust, incomplete,
Waiting for what? I wot not.
Each beam is well in red tape bound, lest perchance
It be dealt a jar. And consultations long are held,
Upon my several parts that each may lie right wise.
Ofttimes through blazing sun or drizzling rain,
A beam suspends from morn to evening bell,
And still unsettled is allowed to drop.
Postponed to the following morn."
Sir C. C.—"Enough of this; I must be gone.
May you rest in peace."
C. C. Jr.—"Aye, yes, farewell. As for the rest,
If I be not soon finished
May I rest in pieces."
(Exit Sir County Courthouse.
(Curtain drops.)

Conservation and a Square Deal.

In the August number of the Craftsman, Gustav Stickley, the editor, says:

"The birth in the near future of a new political party, formed by the blending of the progressive elements that have attained such prominence in both the old ones, is now almost a certainty. The majority of the people regard it as the next step in the reform movement; the old line politicians, even while they affect to sneer at it as impossible, are afraid of it and show that fear by wavering uncertainly between the policy which yields sufficiently to public opinion to pass some of the progressive legislation that is most urgently demanded, and the other extreme of uncompromising hostility to everything and everybody that threatens the supremacy of the old order. In spite of the political clamor, there is no dodging the fact that the American people, irrespective of party affiliations, are even now arrayed in two great factions, one of which stands doggedly by the old time political methods and organizations, hoping that the storm will blow over as other storms have done, while the other is battling for honest government under the direct control of the people, and for the conservation of those natural resources upon which the wealth of the nation depends.

"We are approaching an era when the issues upon which a presidential campaign is based will be entirely different. In fact, we have no more issues, save that of honest government upon a fair and sound business basis—a government representing the interests of all the people and carried on for the benefit of the whole. The demand for this is nation wide, and it is the outgrowth of an awakened moral sense as irresistible as that which swept away slavery and prevented the disruption of the republic. The minor questions that we have been accustomed to consider political issues are but details in this great movement, but until a change is effected in our political methods both parties will still use them as catchwords to delude the voter during the campaign, and will legislate or obstruct legislation at their own pleasure and for their own profit after election.

"If a new party is to be formed it must represent the whole people, and the only issues upon which it can be formed are conservation and the 'square deal,' with all that these terms have come to imply."

Intense Enthusiasm.

From the Jacksonville Post.

The assemblyites of Jackson county held another meeting at Medford last Saturday, but as only three precincts were represented (and they were Medford ones) the managers adjourned until today when another effort will me made to secure delegates to the state assembly at Portland. A good chance for anyone wishing to represent himself (but not the Republicans of this county) at Portland, is offered. Who wants the job?

Seventy inquiries from foreign countries for information regarding Oregon is the record for two days at the Prineville Commercial club.

Staying at Home

(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'm tired of moving pictures, and other glaring shows; I'm tired of hearing lectures delivered through the nose. I'm tired of stately shriekers who for an office yell, and weary of the speakers who'd bind me with a spell. A book by Doyle or Dante spread out upon my knee, and my old one-horse shanty is good enough for me. I used to spend the gloaming and sometimes half the night in idle, bughouse roaming, in search of cheap delight; I liked the noise and glamor, the greetings and the stares, the rushing and the clamor of city thoroughfares; but now I'm old and wiser, I like my vine and tree; my shack and Jane Elizer are good enough for me. I love my pea-green cottage; I love each brick and board; for such a mess of pottage as halls and streets afford, I surely would not trade it at any man's behest; my frau and I have made it the place we love the best. The streets are always crawling with packed humanity; "come home," Elizar's calling—that's good enough for me!

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