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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind; no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not sooner or later responded.—James Russell Lowell.

THE BOWERMAN STATEMENT

IN A PUBLIC statement, Mr. Bowerman, assembly candidate for governor, says that, if elected, he will take no part in any effort to change the direct primary or Statement One.

He doesn't come in a thousand miles of touching the vital issue in this campaign. What is promise in the face of performance? What is the business in which Mr. Bowerman is at this moment engaged? What does his candidacy for governor stand for? What is it but an assault on the direct primary? What was the assembly that nominated him, the assembly of which he was boss, master and field marshal, but an assault on the direct primary?

The very platform on which he stands indicts and attacks the direct primary. It says, we have the right "to assemble for the purpose of adopting a platform, considering the fitness of candidates and making recommendations to the people." This platform plank was adopted by the assembly and with cheers that shook the building. It was and is a declaration for assemblies that the primary law distinctly forbids. It was and is a declaration for assemblies that the legislature refused to make lawful.

Mr. Bowerman approved that plank, made a speech in the assembly accepting the nomination on that plank and today, he stands squarely on that plank and declares positively and emphatically for assemblies. After his speech was made, the assembly delegates boisterously sang a song jubilating over the assembly and crowning Bowerman as its big chief.

Mr. Bowerman knew at the time that the masses of his party were bitterly opposed to the assembly. The granges everywhere had denounced it. The workingmen had denounced it. The press of the state with but few exceptions had denounced it. Leading men of the party had issued warnings that assemblyism would bring harm upon the party. But Mr. Bowerman went headlong into the scheme, and was so energetic in the business that he was made skookum chief of the assembly clan.

Nor was this the worst. Mr. Bowerman was at that moment acting governor of the state. What he did then gives us a view of his status as the chief executive. Though the laws of the state at that moment forbade assemblies, Acting Governor Bowerman was brigadier of the assembly. He used the prestige of his office to promote the assembly. He used the power of the office to give what he could of respectability to the assembly. The legislature had refused to make it lawful, but as governor of the state, he went into the assembly, made a speech there, accepted a nomination there and did all he could to give the sanction of the law and the sanction of state authority to the assembly. The spectacle that the people saw was the occupant of the high office of governor in collusion with Beach, Cohen and the Big Business mandarins down in the highways and byways, concocting an assembly, "fixing" the ticket and issuing orders to the people to vote it.

Such was the performance of Mr. Bowerman as acting governor. It was in such a business that he used the governorship of the state. What is a better guide than performance?

AUTOMOBILE RACES

THERE WAS a big automobile race in the vicinity of New York Saturday, the prize being a Vanderbilt cup. The result was four dead people and 20 more or less seriously injured. The immediate relatives and friends will grieve over the dead, and sympathize with the maimed, but they cannot expect the rest of the world to shed any tears.

Automobile racing has become a mania with some people; engaging in it they become for the time crazy, reckless of consequences; and death and broken limbs and bruised bodies are the result. It is so in almost every race of this kind, though the race Saturday resulted in rather more fatalities and casualties than usual.

And why is an automobile race worth while, except perhaps to the manufacturer of the winning machine? An automobile is nothing but a machine. It has no inherent, natural life; so reason, instinct or sensibility. A horse race is different; in that are competing animals of flesh and blood, nerves, limbs, eyes, muscles, intelligence, intent on winning. They understand the occasion, what they are to do, and are as eager to win as their masters. There is life, comprehension, conscious effort, and devotion to duty; and high pride, too, in proved superiority. Hence it is not strange that the higher animal, man, should always delight in a good, square horse race.

But an automobile race—a race between things of steel and leather and wood, fed by malodorous chemicals, things that cannot see or feel or sense anything—it is a far lower grade of sport. But it serves to make funerals, and mourning, and doctors' and lawyers' fees. Nothing is in vain.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MAN

THE BRAIN of man is a queer and wonderful machine. What is known as the fold of Brocca is at its base.

The fold of Brocca is as mysterious as it is fearful and wonderful. Like the records of a phonograph it receives and stores the impressions of things. It is there that the knowledge of our mother tongue is stored.

A man was injured by an umbrella. The injury affected only the lower part of his fold of Brocca. He was a highly educated man. He lost his knowledge of the English language at once, but did not lose the knowledge of the few words of French he had learned, nor his fairly thorough knowledge of Greek. The record of his mother tongue, phonographic-like in his fold of Brocca, was destroyed.

The above are incidents in an argument against immortality by Thomas A. Edison in an article published yesterday in The Journal. Whether we agree with it or not, the Edison disquisition is one of the most absorbing and illuminating articles that has recently appeared in print. It takes a position that will be resented by the great multitude of men. One of the most sacred hopes that mankind has is that this world is not all there is to existence.

The wizard deals engrossingly with psychic phenomena and insists that the future will rear up some man who will solve the mystery of that unexplained and unsolved manifestation. He asserts that surgeons of the future will go into the open market, buy a good kidney and put it in the place of a diseased one in an invalid's body, restoring the latter to perfect health. Ill or worn-out parts of the human body, he asserts, will be replaced by healthy parts much more freely and effectively than we do it now, and human life be much extended. He speculates on the possibility of finding out the real source of life and throws illuminating light over the wonderful revelations of the ultra-microscope. The interview is an absorbing statement by a wonderful man.

AN IMPORTANT "CONGRESS"

THE DRY farming congress meets in Spokane today. It is one of the most important of the many "congresses" that meet annually. Within a comparatively few years past, it has been learned how to raise fairly good crops on nonirrigable land where crops were never raised before, and where nobody supposed crops could be raised. A Nebraska farmer experimented on such land, and succeeded, and told others. They tried, and succeeded. And so the good gospel of dry farming spread westward, until thousands of farmers are succeeding by that method in the Dakotas, in Montana, in Idaho, in Washington and Oregon, and there are millions of acres yet untilled and apparently barren where other thousands of farmers will succeed. They cannot raise great crops, as on irrigated land, but by right cultivation and planting they can sustain their families and get ahead.

Those who know all about this method, that is doing an immense amount of good, will be in Spokane this week, and what they say will be of great interest to thousands of people. Such a "congress" is worth while.

OUR GROWTH

THE GROWTH of Portland as reflected by increased postal receipts, building permits and bank clearings is almost an old story. Month by month, the forward movement is noted, and each end of 30 days is a new milestone in municipal expansion.

In the September just ended, Portland, for the first time in 10 years, exceeded Seattle in postal receipts. The increase was $12,130, or 18 per cent, and the total receipts $78,550. It follows an uninterrupted increase in postal receipts that has marked the swift enlargement of the city's fiscal operations.

Splendid as was the increase in building permits in the remarkable month of September last year, the month's total for this year exceeds it by 8 per cent. The item of bank clearings is even more satisfactory, and shows a total increase of 28½ per cent.

Thus, again and again, we have the story of the passing of the old Portland and the building of the new. The village forms and village customs are passing and the new city is only to be thought of on the broad lines and big facts of a greater Portland. Narrowness of conception of the city's lines and affairs is out of place in these epoch making days. A strict conservatism should prevail, but there should be breadth of vision to grasp the meaning of events that so clearly foreshadow municipal destiny. Splendid docks for our shipping, clean government for our affairs and broad purpose in all our people are episodes to be harmonious and factorful in this moment of big city building.

THE BLUNDER PARAMOUNT

WE ALL know now that the holding of the assemblies was the biggest political blunder ever made in Oregon. It was unlawful. It was violative of good public policy. It was the thing the great body of the people did not want. It was a step in return to an order that is discredited. It was an illegal move to restore a system that is discredited. It was a blunder paramount. It was a mistake that cannot be corrected.

By the exigencies of fate the nominee of the state assembly is a candidate for governor. It was the regrettable chance of a most unfortunate accident. He is Bowerman and Bowerman is assemblyism. He is assemblyism in its worst form. He is the kind of assemblyism that is worse than conventionism.

It was principally Bowerman that brought assemblyism into disrepute. He and his allies, Beach, Cohen and the Big Business mandarins got in their work and packed the assembly. They jobbed it. They corralled it. They plugged it up so tightly that other candidates than their own couldn't have broken into it with triple tempered drills. They owned it. They bossed it. They ruled it as Platt ruled and as Tammany Murphy rules.

The assembly was to be an open assembly. It was to be representative. It was to be a gentleman's conference, conducted as gentlemen do things. As such it would have been less objectionable. As such it would have been more respectable and more tolerable.

But Bowerman, Beach and the corporation brigadiers turned it into a boss-ridden, bucketshop, cocked-and-primed convention. Their blind instinct of bossism, machination and conspiracy kept them from rising to the fact that it was a gentleman's assembly that was to be held. Their greed and their ambitions led them to lose all sight of self-restraint. They saw all the evil possibilities of the plan and plunged in and debauched it.

Together they made the assembly a hissing and a by-word. They held precedent conferences and fixed the ticket. They made the proposed "open" assembly a worse mongrel than one of Simon's old-time fusion conventions.

And Bowerman, past master in these dark lantern processes, choice of and ally of the corporation mandarins, political partner of Beach and betrayer of the "open" assembly, is head of the ticket. By the strange play of accident, he is, God save the mark, skookum chief, titular head and assembly baron of the party of Lincoln. What a blur, what a blot, what a blight on the name of a splendid party.

And, pitiful beyond compare, this head of the ticket is afraid to proclaim that he is an assemblyite. He is afraid to declare that the assembly is the proper plan of nomination. He is afraid to proclaim that he is proud of the assembly and that he owes his nomination to the assembly. He dare not go out on the stump and tell the people how he got his nomination, tell them the schemes by which he jobbed the other candidates, tell them the ruses by which he fixed the delegates, and tell them what assemblyism is, as he, Beach and the corporation brigadiers managed it.

Such is the spectacle. Such is the humiliation assemblyism has brought upon the party. It is a situation that is to be resented. It is the blunder paramount in the political history of Oregon. It is a worse product than one of Simon's old-time fusion conventions. It is a humiliation that Republicans do not want repeated, and that they will prevent by voting against the men and nominees who committed this unpardonable blunder.

The Employers' Association of Portland will almost certainly perceive, on reflection, that it spoke too hastily in the message it sent to President Taft. There is as yet no evidence that "modern unionism" was any more responsible for the Los Angeles crime than modern microbism, holy rollerism or Esperanto. True, the proprietor of the Los Angeles Times was an enemy of unionism, and the unions were his enemy, but it does not follow that the unions committed the awful outrage, or prompted it, or sanctioned it. Religious fanatics commit horrible crimes; shall we therefore lay the blame on religion, on religious organizations?

The pure milk ordinance is all right—or at least it is the best that could be devised so far for a very important and necessary purpose—and it should be strictly enforced. If on account of it the dairymen find it necessary to raise the price of milk a little—unless there is a combine obnoxious to the law—consumers ought not to complain. They should remember that the dairyman who furnishes pure, clean milk has a hard task, and is entitled to liberal profits.

The gain in bank clearings last week, over the corresponding week last year, was 63.5 per cent. Hello, Seattle, and San Francisco, and Los Angeles, did you observe that? And nothing special doing last week, either. That's our regular gait these days.

Portland may have been pretty fairly counted, but there are a hundred chances to one that it was not over-counted. It would be a pretty safe bet that if an exact, full count could be made today, the result would be many thousands more than the census returns will show.

The mining congress recently held in Los Angeles was dominated by Rockefeller and Guggenheim interests, and so quite naturally it was dead against Pinchot and all his works. Rockefeller and Guggenheim don't like Pinchot a little bit.

Now it is said that Roosevelt does not like the New York platform, especially the tariff plank. But did he not dominate the convention? And was not that the time and place to make known his objections to the platform?

Letters From the People

Curry County Game Laws.

Bandon, Or., Sept. 19, 1910.—To the Editor of The Journal: Through the medium of your paper I would like to give a few facts concerning Curry county, the finest hunting and fishing region in Oregon. But it will not be long if the public opinion of the residents continues unchanged. Curry county is in southwest Oregon, a county of hills and mountains. In parts of Curry county deer have been killed by the hundreds in the years gone by, parties killing from 10 to 40 deer on a single hunt.

Game laws are considered a joke, where they are considered at all in Curry county.

The editor of the Gold Beach Globe, published in Curry, jeers at the game warden for doing his duty and tells his readers that the game laws are only made for the rod and gun clubs of Portland, and that the deer belong to Curry county.

The writer has been deputy game and forestry warden in this district nearly two years, and conditions are as stated and worse, and the writer in conversation with Hon. George M. Brown, district attorney for Coos, Douglas and Curry counties, on September 12, was informed by the district attorney that he, the writer, had the hardest territory in Oregon in which to enforce the game laws. The short-sighted people in Curry county care not how soon the deer are slaughtered.

Robert O. Stevenson, the present Oregon game warden, has with the means at his command accomplished more than any former head of game workers. He has tried to get men most suited for this work.

If the editor of the Curry county paper thinks the state game warden will give him deputy game wardens of his own choosing he is sadly mistaken, as the state wishes to preserve the game for all the people all the time and not destroy it today and have none tomorrow. Respectfully,

F. M. MORGAN,
Deputy Game and Forestry Warden.
Bandon, Or.

The West Wind.

The West Wind came a-whispering,
a-whispering to me;
"Oh, partner, good old partner, do you
mind when you were free?
When you rode a hard-mouthed pony,
when your roof tree was the sky,
And the walls were snowy mountains
far away and stern and high?
Oh, I didn't want to listen, but the wind
would not be still,
And I felt the old-time glamour and the
half-forgotten thrill
Of a life long passed and done with, and
I muttered: "Let me be";
But the West Wind kept a-whispering,
a-whispering to me.

The West Wind came a-whispering,
a-whispering to me:
"Oh, partner, good old partner, though
you gain a fatter fee,
In your four-walled city office where
your very soul is spent,
Have you found as full a measure of
delight and clean content
As you knew in days aforetime, with
your more—than—brother, pal,
When you drove the surging cattle
from the roundup to corral,
When your meals were always welcome?"
But I muttered: "Let
me be";
Though the West Wind kept a-whispering,
a-whispering to me.

The West Wind kept a-whispering,
a-whispering to me;
"Oh, partner, good old partner, make a
break for liberty!
There's a saddle still awaits you, you
will find but little change;
For the march of modern progress
hasn't touched that good old
range,
And the sunshine's clear as ever and the
air is like the zip
Of a glass of sparkling water to a dry
and dusty lip."
"Is it still the same?" I pondered. "I
will go myself and see!"
And that is what the whisper of the
West Wind did to me!

Benton Braley in the Popular Magazine.

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

Hyman Strunsky in The Christian Herald.

Figures do not lie, and those gathered tell of an infant mortality that is as astonishing as it is shocking. Statistics issued by the New York Milk commission show that there are in the island of Manhattan alone 12,500 babies whose mothers, either because of hunger, weakness, employment or some other equally distressing reason, are unable to nurse them. Those babies need help. They are sickly, feeble and delicate. Of the 123,433 babies born in New York in 1909, one-eighth died under 12 months. This slaughter of the innocents reaches fearful proportions during the hot summer months, when, at times, the death harvest is 3000 per month. These were the figures of July, 1908.

In addition to the heat, ignorance, poverty and adulterated food contribute to the general distress. Immigrant mothers born and raised in the provinces of sunny Italy, or spacious Russia, are at a loss when huddled together in crowded tenements where, in accordance with discoveries made at the recent census as many as 350 persons live in one house.

The report of the tenement house department for the quarter ending June 30 last year, states that there are in Manhattan 118,211 living rooms in tenement houses without adequate light, and 36,825 without windows. It is not wise to juggle with figures, but from what is known of congestion in New York an average of three children for each dark room would be a conservative estimate. This would force the conclusion that there are today 465,108 children deprived of air and light in the largest and richest city in America. Adulterated food is another factor which has to be considered.

The Protection of the Panama Canal.

From the Christian Herald.

With the Panama canal two thirds of the way towards completion, it seems an odd time for some Americans to suddenly bring up the question whether the United States, the country which secured the use of the canal zone by treaty and is building the canal, should have the right to construct sufficient fortifications for its protection. Several foreign nations, whose interests in the matter are entirely selfish, are objecting to the United States preparing adequate defense, and our representatives to the Interparliamentary congress at Brussels have unfortunately played into their hands, they showing an astonishing lack of accurate information when they said that by the treaty with Great Britain, the United States agreed to leave the canal unprotected by fortifications. Evidently the delgates were under the impression that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was ratified by this congress, instead of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

The United States, by holding the canal, protecting it when and where necessary, will do more toward making it of use to all nations than by leaving it as an unprotected prize in the international grab bag, and we would not be compelled to have such a large naval force, as the ships could be moved easily from coast to coast as needed. We believe in peaceful methods of settling disputes, but it seems as if the canal would be less likely to be a bone of contention if we protect it, so that powers who covet the waterway would find it a difficult piece of our property to appropriate. In fact, they will leave it alone, if it is protected as it should be, so that it can be kept a free and open waterway at all times under its sole owner, the United States of America.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Now for fish stories.

Now watch Bob Glenn Smith run.

Fine prospect for the 1911 harvest.

Not very long now till Thanksgiving.

Wet or dry, Oregon towns will grow.

It rained; it was high time for it to rain.

Oregon leads the union in progressive politics.

The people will vote the dock bonds, of course.

We love the peaches, but, O, you winter apples.

It's been a long fine summer; don't whine for more.

Statement No. 1 must be sustained and maintained.

October seems disposed to change September's policy.

The people want no more revision of the tariff by its friends.

Representative Hawley yet has Robert Glenn Smith to beat.

Have the assemblyites knives yet to put into Statement No. 1?

A negro poet has won success; he has been made a janitor at Harvard.

Men don't like women to wear hobble skirts on the street on a very windy day.

If any New York Democrat refuses to vote for Dix "shoot him on the spot."

A prominent Michigan politician is named Dust. Dust is easily converted into mud.

That Los Angeles woman policeman—or policewoman—needs no club, only an extra hatpin.

The "ticket," the "ticket;" some people think a "ticket" is the most important thing on earth.

"Dr. Cook is reported to be in the vicinity of the North Pole again," says an exchange. "Again?"

There is much larger attendance at all the schools and colleges than last year—positive proof of rapid growth.

The death rate is now the lowest in American history, but this does not apply to the "regular" Republican politicians.

There will be one good thing about aerial battle ships, or war aeroplanes; they won't cost so much to construct or man as Dreadnaughts.

There will be a considerable number of assembly and anti-Statement No. 1 members of the next legislature, so the issue is not yet fully settled.

The Sultan of Sulu is reported as saying: "I used to have four wives, but it was jabber, jabber, jabber, and clothes, clothes, clothes all day long, and O such an expense, so I let three go."

Two Georgia women sat in a buggy and watched their husbands duel to the death. But if their children had been fighting in less than a minute the two women and all the neighbors would have been mixed up in it. That's the strange nature of 'em, remarks an exchange.

Senator Joe Bailey rises to remark that he hopes the men responsible for the future of the Democratic party will behave themselves, remarks an exchange. Perhaps the Democratic party will at least have sense and honesty enough to steer clear of any Waters-Pierce entanglements.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Fair at La Grande this week.

Building improvement continues in Newport.

A Newberg drier has about 300 tons of dried prunes.

Some hogs around Hermiston are getting fat on apples.

Vale will soon have a water supply—ditch 8000 feet long.

Brownsville high school will have to hire another teacher.

A panther in the South Tualatin region has destroyed at least three calves.

It is rumored that Baker City may have a six story hotel, covering half a block.

Estacada's school room capacity has been doubled; six teachers are now employed.

Several nice residences are being built in the new town of Brogan, Malheur county.

Enrollment in the Milton public schools is 580, a gain of 126 over this time last year.

Enormous crops of hay have been harvested along the lower Umatilla river and Butter creek.

George W. Doster, an 8-year-old Eugene boy, has shot and killed two big buck deer this fall. One he shot twice, the other only once.

A Stanfield laborer said he could have hired to work for seven different parties, but still there is a complaint of no work, says the Standard.

Sheridan Commercial club has proven a great factor in advancing the progress of Sheridan and attracting easterners this way, says the Sun.

The fruit driers of George Bacon of Wilbur, Neil McCall of Edenbower, John Baker of Winston and the large cannery at Cottage Grove have been destroyed by fire within the past week, with much loss in buildings and fruit.

A Dallas man has been experimenting with raising celery for several years, and this year he had brought to market about 1000 plants. He figures that a six foot space when planted to that vegetable will bring the owner a profit of $1.

Cottage Grove Commercial club has carried small advertisements in four of the leading agricultural journals of the middle west, from which it is receiving a large number of inquiries relative to fruits, dairying and farm lands. Three days' mails brought 52 letters from easterners who asked for information of one kind or another.

Yamhill Record: Never mind so much about what the town should do, reason out what you should do yourself and then get busy. Whenever you see a place where all the citizens are doing their duty there you see a progressive town. It is all right to talk about what the town has done or has not done, but what have you done?

Some of the most perfect apples grown anywhere are the seedlings to be found frequently on the timbered hills and among the oak grubs, says the Sheridan Sun. P. Mark discovered such a tree this week, hid in a clump of oak trees on the highlands, that at a low estimate has 20 boxes of marketable apples without a blemish.

The fact that Central Point is really amounting to something is causing the "never sweats" to heave deep sighs of regret, and the few remaining fossils in this immediate neighborhood gaze with sable sadness upon the morning light of progress which is illumining the horizon of the future, remarks the Herald. The retrograde stands the rush of rehabilitation about the same as the Siwash stands the ravages of civilization.

October 3 in History—Death of Black Hawk

Black Hawk, the chief of the Sacs and Foxes, was one of the most accomplished men of his race. The date of his birth has never been actually ascertained, but he was well up in years when he started the rebellion in 1830 that bears his name. During that year the tribes, of which he was a chief, through another chief as negotiator, sold much of their land to the United States and agreed to move to the west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk had not been consulted in the matter and he became very indignant. He claimed that foul advantage had been taken of the Indians by the government, and he meant to resist. In those days fair and square dealing with the Indians was not to be seriously considered, and naturally the savages went on the warpath, but it was not long until they were subdued by the government troops.

Black Hawk and his followers were driven westward from one stand to another, until finally the old chief, wearied of fighting, having reached the Winnebago village of Prairie du Chien, he decided to give up the struggle. When he delivered himself up to the American general the soldiers were seated at a table. They greeted him cordially and asked him if he had anything to say for himself.

The captured chieftain drew himself up to his full height, and then spoke in a slow and majestic manner:

"You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your general understands Indian fighting. Your bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell all around me; it began to look dismal. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk into a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white man; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, he is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

"He has done nothing for which an Indian need be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and pappooses, against white men, who came year after year to cheat him and take away their lands. Black Hawk is a true Indian and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and friends. But he does not care for himself.

"Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk."

The general was much impressed by Black Hawk's patriotism and sent the noted chief to Washington to confer with President Jackson. From there Black Hawk was sent to Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, where he was amazed and much flattered by the immense crowds who flocked from all quarters to obtain a view of him. He was finally sent back beyond the Mississippi, where he was liberated.

Black Hawk, the orator and defeated chieftain, died October 3, 1838. Many whites as well as Indians assembled at his tepee to pay their last respects to the noted red man, and buried him as the Sacs chieftains had always been interred. This was according to his wish.

On October 3 the famous treaty of Limerick was signed in 1691, and the United States treaty with Holland in 1782. Today is the birthday of Charles Jared Ingersoll, the statesman and historian (1782); George Bancroft, historian (1800); George Ripley, journalist and critic (1802); William Gaston, Massachusetts statesman (1820); Charles Gordon Ames, clergyman and author (1828); and Jeannette L. Gilder, author (1849). It is the date of the death of Robert Barclay, celebrated Scottish Quaker (1690); and Victor, the French dramatic writer (1846).

The Crime of Talking Shop.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Think how completely uninteresting it would be to have to listen to Demosthenes tell how he won the crown, or Socrates how he felt as the hemlock went down, or Leonidas the story of the defeat that made him famous (he was so laconic a talker anyway), or Joan of Arc of those days before Orleans and in Rheims, or—no, no. That isn't what we want. Leave these matters to the professionals in history. Let us hear from Caesar on woman suffrage, Chaucer on the future of radium and Horatius on bridge. If possible let us round up Xenophon, the Bacons, Dante and Buddha, and, between sips of our best tea, engage them in harmless chat anent Lucy Lascome's scandalous elopement with her fiance, Dr. Gerlock's (reported) attentions to the widow Stomley, the probable outcome of the wonderful serial running in the Upper Ten Thousand, and the marvels of the newest moving picture show. By tactful management we ought to be able to endow these antique thinkers with some smack of contemporary culture.

The Coburg log drive that reached Eugene Saturday consisted of about 6,000,000 feet.

TANGLEFOOT

By Miles Overholt

FOOLS RUSH IN.

"I want to look at your hats," I said,
"the kind that are now in style.
The women's hats with the dew-dads on,
the kind that make 'em smile."
"Now here's a pippin," replied the clerk,
"a daisy, a dosy, a dear;
There are fourteen kinds of birds on it
and a plume right over the ear."
"Well, what is the price?" I loudly said,
for I had a hundred or so,
And I wanted to show the other clerks
that I was a man of "dough."
"Well, since it's you and you like the
style—and I know you're a man
of taste—
We'll close the deal up right away, for
you have no time to waste.
The price is nothing, a bagatelle, since
you have wealth in chunks,
I'll let you have this beautiful lid for
just ten thousand plunks!"

'Twas a palace grand where they sold
those hats; 'twas fashion's loafing
place,
I should have gone to a loan shark joint
where I could keep the pace.
But we passed that lid. The next was
made of lace and flowers and
buds,
'Twas called the "Hobble," and made to
wear with only the hobbledest
duds.
The price was, maybe, a thousand less,
but my purse was much too slim,
I couldn't buy the tiny thread that hung
from the ten-foot brim.
Though I tried to flee from the wrath
to come and go upon the street,
The clerk with thirteen high-brow hats
had cut off all retreat.
She showed me at least a million lids
and the prices made me weep,
And she talked me into a coward, for
I swore they all were cheap.

Somehow I managed to reach the door;
with a wild, unearthly yell,
I grabbed my hat and fled the scene;
you see I wasn't well.
No, I wasn't well; I had a pain; believe
me, I was ill,
But I could run; oh, how I ran, not
stopped for stairs or hill,
Till I reached the brink of a cold, damp
stream that was forty fathoms
deep,
I threw in that two hundred plunks to
show that I wasn't cheap.
Now I spend my cash for pork and beans
and women's puffs and rats,
But believe me, Bill, I never more look
at women's hats.
I have had enough of fashion's pace;
I have had my little fling,
But even yet I think I'd like to price the
hats next spring.

VILE VERSE.

The laundry girls went on a strike
On Friday noon—that's what.
They followed out the adage:
"Strike while the iron is hot."

The Hours of Sleep.

From Health.

There is an old saying which in its too liberal application has done an infinity of mischief and has prevented a good many people taking the rest that is needful to them: "Nine hours' sleep are enough for a fool." That is as may be, but it is none the less true that many who are by no means fools feel that they require quite that time to recuperate themselves. Different constitutions require different amounts of sleep. What is enough for one person is totally inadequate for another. We are believers in sleep and plenty of it, and the probabilities are that the originator of the phrase, "Nine hours' sleep are enough for a fool," was a philosopher and a cynic and erred in making his own frugality in this respect the standard for the rest of mankind. It will be conceded by all thoughtful persons that the brain in very young children requires quite 12 hours' sleep, and this period is shortened gradually until at 14 years of age a boy is found to need only 10 hours. When full grown and in good health a man may find that eight hours are quite sufficient to render him thoroughly refreshed and invigorated; but if he finds, on the other hand, that the period is not sufficient, then by all means if he can, let him take more.

Unique Criminal Law.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Utah is the only state in the Union where a man may be shot instead of hanged for the crime of murder under the civil law.

An adherence to the old scriptural idea of blood atonement on the part of the Mormons in Utah has given this state a unique law by which a man condemned to die for taking the life of another may choose between being shot or being hanged.

The provision of the Utah statutes regarding election as to a criminal's manner of death is as follows:

"The punishment of death must be inflicted by hanging the defendant by the neck until he is dead, or, by shooting him, at his election. If the defendant neglect or refuse to make the election the court at the time of rendering the sentence must declare the mode and enter the same as a part of this judgment."

Eleven legal executions have taken place in Utah since it was admitted as a territory in 1850. All of these have been by shooting except one, since the condemned men on being given their choice naturally prefer shooting.

Labor and Argument

(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 toil with my hoe in the garden, and talksmiths come to me and say: "Wie gehts, my dear sir; Beg your pardon, but hark while we talk half a day. The evils confronting this nation will swamp us unless we reform and stand up for true conservation——" then I get impatient and warm. I turn to my hoin' and rakin', and soon have the cockleburrs thinned; for labor will bring a man bacon, but arguments nothing but wind. I toil at the sawbuck all morning, and spellbinders come to my door, with many a message of warning, and slogans and pibrochs galore. They talk of the bulwarks in danger, they say the escutcheons are canned; "your vote," they declare to me, "stranger, may rescue this perishing land." They talk and they boom and they beller, they yawp till each larynx is skinned; but labor means coal in the cellar, and argument's nothing but wind. I go to the village with butter, and eggs that my fat hens have laid; and statesmen come to me and mutter: "The outlook sure makes me afraid! I fear that the eagle is moulting! The star-spangled banner's in hock! This country is in for a jolting unless people list to my talk! I shake off the long-distance clacker, who long with his jawbone hath sinned; for labor means grub and tobacker, and argument's nothing but wind.

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