

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. C. E. JACKSON, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at the Journal Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Portland, Or., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. 1215 People's Gas Building, Chicago.

The days of the nation bear no trace of all sunshine so far forecast. The cannon speaks in the teacher's place. The age is weary with work and gold. And high hopes wither, and incentives wane. On hearths and altars the fires are dead. But that brave faith hath not lived in vain— And this is all that our watcher said. Frances Brown.

THE MALARKY MEASURE

THERE is suggestion of a referendum on the Malarky public service measure. In the opinion of The Journal it would be a mistake.

The Malarky measure provides regulation of public service utilities for all cities in the state, and other cities than Portland want it. Is it the right thing for Portland, by application of the referendum, to deprive them of it?

The Malarky commission offers means of regulating every public service corporation within the state, including those partly in Portland and partly out of Portland. A Portland-made commission can only regulate those and such parts of those as are wholly within the city limits of Portland.

Promoters of the local commission say that it will be more effective than a state wide commission. What makes them think so? We have a local commission now in the form of a city council. It has most, if not all, the powers necessary to regulate. Is it doing any regulating? Has it ever improved service, changed rates or remedied abuses?

Its friends say the state wide commission act provides no tax on the franchisees of the public service corporations, but that one of the local commission measures does. But it is not necessary to create a local commission in order to levy the proposed tax. The plan for doing it is not, in fact, a part of the local commission bill, but a wholly separate measure.

Portland can hardly afford to kill the state wide commission bill in order to create a commission applicable to Portland alone. To do the referendum in such an endeavor would be a mistake. It would raise the cry throughout the state that Portland is selfish. It is better to let the state wide commission stand until it can be tested. It will prove to be far more effective than its opponents admit.

THE SPREAD OF THE COOPERATIVE IDEA

SECRETARY WILSON announced in last year's report that of the 19,000,000 farmers in the United States, 6,000,000 were living in and by some form of co-operation. Since the report was published the California successes of the citrus growers under cooperation have spread to well nigh every branch of orchard growing and to every district in the United States—all have been enthused with the idea of the superiority in influence and profit by combining individual resources and effort.

The essential idea of such unions is the concentration of the products of the members into one pool or reservoir, for sale through agents of the combination. But the union deals with products only, not adding the work of the individual towards more profitable and economical production.

The farmers' cooperative unions in northeastern Oregon and southeastern Washington have gone farther, and can show results. By collective and cooperative action they have saved during the past two years not less than \$600,000 in Union, Wallowa and Baker counties in Oregon, according to their published accounts, and nearly \$100,000 in Walla Walla county, Washington.

They have secured by these means a reduction of storage charges on grain, and extension of warehouse facilities. Also a saving of about \$7 per thousand on more than three and a half million grain bags in the Washington counties. The grain agencies established by these farmers' unions have been effective in reducing charges, nearly a million bushels of grain having been so disposed of. Co-operative purchases in farm equipment and furnishings have also been carried through.

It is well known that similar unions have been, or are being, effected in many other places. The lesson has been a hard one to learn, farmers being proverbially slow to depart from the lines of individual action.

Another advance towards cooperation in industries connected with

the soil will probably attend on the arrival in these Pacific states of the influx of new settlers headed this way during the current year. Instead of the solitary settler with small means buying land at high prices in correspondingly small acreage on some one of the many tracts cut up for individual purchases, collective purchases by groups of these new comers may be arranged. They will then buy by wholesale, not by retail.

Foundations will so be laid for cooperative working of the tract of land acquired. The advantages of colony life will result without the formal name and elaborate rules and restrictions. Every industry dependent on the soil can be adapted to such conditions, be it dairying, orcharding, stock farming, poultry raising, or the rest.

A further extension of the cooperative idea is suggested in the prevailing movement for the clearing and preparation, for clean culture, and the settling up, of the logged off lands of Washington and Oregon. Organization is here demanded; and the obtaining of invested capital. Large operations are proposed, and irrigation enterprises are cited as examples showing the necessity and opportunity of dealing in great sums of money and wide areas of land. No word should be said to discourage the carrying forward of plans on the large scale indicated. But irrigation absolutely demands that the dams should be constructed, canals dug, and great expense incurred before the arrival of the settler. Handling of logged off lands can be effected in comparatively small units, and with gradual development, largely or entirely by the labor of the newly arrived settlers, combining to that end.

Conditions here are, in many aspects, new. Many methods will be devised to meet them. At first they will be in the nature of experiment. Time alone can show whether individual or collective action will be the surest road to success.

ITS TRAIL

NOBODY KNOWS how much the state printing office cost in increased appropriations at the late session. Protection of its enormous fees was a consideration for which a deep game was played throughout the 40 days. That protection exerted a heavy influence in the organization of the house, it determined how votes were cast on many a measure. Members who wanted appropriations or votes for their measures were compelled to vote for perpetuation of the state printing graft in order to get support in exchange.

The trail of the state printing beast ran through most of the proceedings in the house. It is estimated that the struggle over it cost the state half a million dollars in increased appropriations. Why there should have been desire to protect the graft beyond the term of the present printer is not known. But that there was determined purpose to perpetuate this \$100,000 office is shown by the desperate struggle waged in the house after Governor West's message demanding passage of the reform bill had been received.

The state printer should not receive more salary than does the governor. Nor more salary than a railroad commissioner. Nor more than the secretary of state or state treasurer. Yet, if statements made on the floor of the senate and house are true, his fees amount to more than the salaries of the governor, secretary of state, state treasurer and the three railroad commissioners combined.

Thanks to Senator Miller, who proposed the bill, and to Governor West, who, after the bill had been defeated, forced its passage through the house, there will be an end of the state printing folly. The future saving will not only be the reduced cost of the office, but the saving that will result from removal of the demoralizing influence of the office from the legislative sessions. The house members who finally rallied to Governor West's demand for passage of the bill are entitled to much credit.

THE MAGAZINES

IN THE proposed increase of magazine rates to a flat 4 cents a pound on long or short distances, the government would go about the reform in an impractical way. The rate would tend to exterminate the independent magazines, permitting only the subsidized publications to survive, through other than legitimate income. At the same time, it lays itself wide open to the accusation that it is making the new rate as a means of strangling the so-called muck-raking magazines.

At the present rate, the postoffice department is inexorably impractical in its plans. It charges a flat rate regardless of distance of carriage. The effect is that it loses the profitable short haul because express and other means of delivery are cheaper. It is forced to carry the long haul business and does so at a loss. A far saner method would be to establish zones and charge for the service according to the distance of carriage.

In whatever it does, the government should not abet those who are trying to destroy the independent magazines. The scheme of Morgan and others to secure control of the so-called muck-raking publications is resented by the public. It is an attempt to create a trust in public opinion. It is an endeavor to fashion a combination in restraint of publicity. The American Magazine has recently passed into the hands of Wall

street or near Wall street interests. Harper's publications encumbered to Morgan long ago. The recent movement by which others are to be controlled and gagged is evidence of how privilege is anxious to silence the fearless writers whose exposures have done so much the past few years to re-vitalize the public conscience. The government cannot afford to take any step that will further the scheme for exterminating the independent and better class magazines.

POLLUTION OF RIVERS

THE gospel of good health has reached this point at last—thou shalt not poison thy neighbor. It has taken many a year to teach it, and even yet the lesson is not thoroughly learned. The practice of it clashes with the selfishness of man, no less than with his ignorance. The effort to legislate against the pollution, and therefore the infection, of the Deschutes river, in eastern Oregon, was eminently worthy of success. Towns will spring up at many a fall and rapid along its tumultuous course—and the inhabitants may rightfully look for health as well as mere beauty from its flow.

The citizens of Bend are following the right and praiseworthy path in calling the expert knowledge of Dr. Calvin S. White of the state board of health to get started right. Modern science deals with the pollution of rivers in two ways. It causes sewage, which is the modern result of the rapid growth of towns, to be shut off entirely from running water. This is a counsel of perfection, because ground must be found whereon the sewers of the town shall discharge their contents—and the disinfection of the sewage must be there carried through. The alternative plan, equally safe from the viewpoint of the health of the community, is to adopt septic tanks as the receptacle for all sewage of the town, big or little, there distinct by bacteriological action and allow the liquid to flow off purified of poisons, harmless to man or beast.

The adoption of this modern plan is rapidly becoming general, both in this country and in Europe. It can be adapted to one house or to a thousand, and, once set going, needs no renewal, few repairs, and little oversight. The system is the joint invention of the chemist, the bacteriologist and the engineer. The chemist has analyzed the sewage into its constituents—liquid, solid and gaseous. The bacteriologist has gained intimate acquaintance with these infinitesimals. He has segregated them into the aerobic bacteria, that multiply on and contribute to the scum that rises to the top of the sewage tank and thrive on oxygen; the anaerobic, that fulfill the same functions on and in the deposited sewage at the bottom and die in oxygen, and the facultative, that multiply throughout its volume. He has followed the entire process of their culture and studied the results in the liquefaction of the solid parts and the neutralizing of the dangerous constituents. The engineer has devised the tank, with its inflow of untreated sewage, its retaining walls, its provision of the shallow, still, dark reservoirs, in which these wonderful processes are worked out.

These plans are adaptable to the needs of a growing city—from its infancy to its developed life. Small cost is involved at first. Expense is added only as the plans are extended. But protection to the public health is secured throughout. In light of these discoveries and experiences laws against pollution of running streams can be reasonably passed and compliance with them justifiably enforced by law.

THE EGG "GHOST"

REPLYING to one of the prophets of disaster as a consequence of reciprocity with Canada, President Taft said: "O, you're seeing ghosts." Some farmers are "seeing ghosts." They are told of an impending flood of butter, beans, eggs and other farm products that, under reciprocity, will sweep into our country. That such statements are believed shows that many people do too much believing and too little thinking.

There is no great danger, for example, from the pauper labor of Canadian hens. The exports of eggs from Canada to all countries decreased from 3,600,000 dozen in 1905 to 552,000 dozen in 1909, and of these only 52,201 dozen came to the United States. In the same time the imports of eggs into Canada increased from 306,000 dozen to 1,136,120 dozen, so that she bought more than twice as many dozen eggs as she sold, and bought most of them from the United States.

WHY?

THE REVOLVER has again got its man. The victim is a boy of 20, and he is in the Vancouver hospital with a bullet wound in his body. He may recover. His friend, age 18, twirled the weapon about his finger. He didn't suppose it was loaded, but it was. They are always loaded, and they always go off.

Of virtues, they have not one. They produce nothing. They create nothing. They are not ornamental. They are not a device for production, but only of destruction. They are made as a tool for taking life. Their chief use is in killing human beings. We legislate against poisons, but not against pistols. Why? The legislative session is ended, but the Flagg is still there. Ten

plunks a day for 30 days more are not to be despised, so the court is asked to enjoin the Flagg from being hauled down, and judicially to shoot on the spot any one who attempts to do so.

The 40 day limit to an Oregon legislative session has its disadvantages, but these are more than counterbalanced by its advantages. Undoubtedly there is a rush, a congestion of measures, and hasty and ill-considered action in the closing hours of a session, because it is simply impossible for a legislative body to improve fully the earlier portion of the allotted time. But it would be much the same if the limit were 60 or 100 days. Most of the additional time would be wasted. So the 40-day pay limit was a wise provision, for which the people of Oregon have owed gratitude to the framers of the constitution for the past 60 years.

Letters From the People

Bourne Stronger Because of Attacks. Sheridan, Or., Feb. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Now that the discredited legislature has adjourned and its work weighed and found wanting, a peculiar sidelight is thrown on it by a review of the frantic effort constantly made in some manner to discredit or abuse Senator Jonathan Bourne.

The people of Oregon by immense majorities have elected to the legislature a referendum and recall, for Statement No. 1 and the direct primary. So far as this legislature showed its sentiment, especially in the senate, it was hostile to all these measures. There was a desperate attempt on the part of some to straddle or appear friendly and an open, shameless declaration of opposition by some of the people's representatives. In proportion as the opposition of the member was bold and complete did the bitter attacks of the Bourne appear. And through it all stands out the fact that a friend to all these progressive measures, that can be depended on at all times, is the same much hated Jonathan Bourne.

Instead of being anti-assembly and pro-direct primary, as the Bourne would have us believe, he is directly opposite, as political expediency may dictate (or worse, not to be depended on at any time), as so many of our ambitious politicians are, we know where to find him all the time. While he seeks to discredit the state and the intelligence of the people, he is advertising the intelligence and progressiveness of the state among other commonwealths and declaring the Oregon system the best in the world. And while he seeks to discredit the Bourne, he is advertising the Bourne's system and the senator, the people have to seriously consider abolishing the legislature.

Jonathan Bourne has been accused of being rich, but the people of Oregon have not forgotten that the Bourne is a pauper. He is a man of no means, and he is a man of no honor. He is a man of no courage, and he is a man of no integrity. He is a man of no honor, and he is a man of no integrity. He is a man of no honor, and he is a man of no integrity.

Questions of Nationality.

Portland, Or., Feb. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Will you please answer the following questions to settle an argument: (1) Of what nationality is the child of a citizen of the United States and a foreigner? (2) Of what nationality is the child of a foreigner and a citizen of the United States? (3) Where did the American Indian come from? F. W.

(1) Every child born on the soil of the United States or within the jurisdiction of the United States even to resident aliens as implied in this question is a citizen of the United States. Children born to official foreign representatives in this country constitute an exception. (2) A few originally was one belonging to the tribe or kingdom of Judah; hence any person of Hebrew race or whose religion is Judaism. (3) When the western hemisphere was first known to white men, it was inhabited by Indians, the tribes in Central and South America having then attained considerable civilization. Hence authorities unite on the presumption that the Indian race was of American origin.

An Opinion of Bailey.

From the Pendleton Live Wire. The Journal of Portland deserves considerable credit for the campaign it launched against Dairy and Food Commissioner Bailey. Bailey's acts have shown him to be unfitted in every possible way for his office. He has been proved incapable and lazy. Anyone who has ever been in his office knows something of his filthy condition and general unbusinesslike air. Bailey has not prosecuted whom he should. He should be forced to resign or be kicked out summarily.

A Matter of Chance.

By J. M. Foley. Bud Hawkins just sold out his hens, by gum! For six hundred dollars an acre, I want! He plant 'em careful an' thinned 'em by hand. An' paid with one crop fer nigh half of 'em spring. An' Jim Willets heard it an' said that las' spring. He made up his mind that he'd grow 'em on his place. An' was just about to go to it an' then he got plumb knocked out by lumbago agaid.

Bud Hawkins just out his staffy an' says. He's got high four tons to thr' acre, he guess. His sheep's rolls' fat an' he turned off some lambs. An' his head bring ten cents t' make special fine hams. An' Jim Willets heard it an' said he had the right place an' was got t' buy it himself; an' was got t' see Willder Gray. But his old mare look lame, an' he couldn't that day. Bud Hawkins' turkeys dressed heavy as a head. An' bring 'em nigh on to three dollars a head. An' Elmer Dow bought 'em fer cash at his shop. So Tru Perkins to me an' washed he had more. An' some turkeys las' spring, but his way was all wet. When he want t' make nests, an' he let 'em clean plumb forget it when it come on dry.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. G. Washington will never be forgotten. The devil's easiest and handiest weapon is fear. The state printer still smiles; they never touched him. Portland is the most important city in the world—to all who live in it. By the time George Gould's other girls are married, he may be broke. Partisan politics and logrolling for appropriations will discredit any legislator.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS. Toledo is getting ahead with its waterworks plan. Mohair industry in Oregon has brighter prospects than in 19. Independence, center of hop-growing, may have a big brewery. Many strangers are seen in Mouthwater lately looking for locations. The first saloon in Port Orford for several years has been opened. Big first class hotel will be built on Rogue river in or near Grants Pass. Grants Pass Commercial club is doing strong work and giving satisfaction.

Brownsville Times predicts the referendum for several appropriation bills. Much improvement is noticed in Prairie City. About 60 men are employed in a mine near there. In 30 years Creswell reached only 300 inhabitants; in the past two years this number has been doubled. A Eugene man lost over \$80 on a shipment of 25 cases of eggs bought at 15 cents. He got 15 cents for them.

Rats killed seven ducks the first night of their ownership by an Albany man. Chickens kept in the same place had never been killed by the rodents. A Goshawk correspondent of the Daily Observer says a coyote was prowling around here Tuesday. There's nothing strange about a coyote prowling around a gooseneck. Perhaps Salem may be able to offer the next legislature pure water.—Salem Statesman. There's a lot of water in it. There are always some members for whom the worst water is good enough.

The Union Republican says that it is quite generally understood that Hon. J. P. Rusk, speaker of the house of representatives of the state of Oregon, will locate at Union after the close of the session. Prairie City is becoming very active through its commercial club. Burns is forging to the front largely through the efforts of its commercial club. John Hill will have a new organization in the near future. Several new undertakings will be under way in Falls City soon that will furnish employment for all surplus labor now available, and later on there is sure to be a demand for many more workers from other sections of the country, reports the News.

A new town is planned for a site a few miles north of Crescent City. Among big things mentioned in ship reports is the fact that the steamer L. L. L. to Lake Earl, affording a big fresh water harbor. It is surmised that Hill may make a railroad terminal there. Big Bill Walker has driven the same team for just 20 years to a day, and during the time of General Hancock was sick, and they have worked together through thick and thin, says the Albany Democrat. One of them is 28 and the other is 48, and they are check full of life yet.

Harrisburg Bulletin: The home of the writer has again been visited by the story. The increasing business in the newspaper has made it imperative that additional help be secured. The uncertainty of labor conditions were evidently anticipated by his mythship—during the holidays here we have another reporter. Melrose correspondence of Roseburg News: The farmers of the Willamette are taking a renewed interest in the poultry business. Why not? We can produce 25 cents a dozen, and we can sell as any place. Mr. Farmer let's all go in together and shut the eastern eggs out of our home market. We should have the fowling birds here instead of allowing our crockerymen to send to Nebraska for eggs.

SEVEN FAMOUS CHARGES. Pickett at Gettysburg. The most picturesque, and in many respects the most daring charge in the annals of American history was that of the Confederate General George Edward Pickett and his division of the army of Northern Virginia at the battle of Gettysburg, on the afternoon of July 1, 1863. This charge was made up Cemetery Ridge against the Federal center in the hope of turning the tide of battle in favor of the southern army. It has been the theme of a host of writers, and it has been the subject of many a play, and almost to think, and at any trifle in pure poetry or prose, afraid of fire and blood, and afraid of the noise of battle, they are afraid of the noise of battle, and they are afraid of the noise of battle.

The second day of the great conflict had closed with neither side having any great advantage, excepting that the Federal army was fighting on its own ground, and with a much superior force in point of numbers. An day dawned on July 2, General Warren, acting for General Meade, established a cordon of troops and batteries which drove Johnson off of his position on the right. Johnson having fallen in his attack, both on Meade's left and right, had to decide at once whether he would give up the contest and retreat or make another attempt to force the union line. As he had been reinforced by Stuart's cavalry, and in a fresh division, Pickett was available, he determined to pierce the left center of the union army and disperse the force opposed to him. To this end he directed Longstreet to form a strong column of attack, to be composed of Pickett's, Pettigrew's and two brigades of Pender's divisions. Stuart was to attack the union forces from the rear, but his attempt was unsuccessful. Thereupon Pickett formed his great column of attack and advanced as soon as the fire from the union batteries slackened.

Whitelaw Reid, the gifted war correspondent, describes the Pickett struggle on the afternoon of the 1st as "the great, desperate and final charge. The Confederates seemed to have gathered up all their strength and desperation for one fierce, convulsive effort that should sweep over and wash out all resistance. They swept up as before—the flower of their army to the front—victory staked upon the issue. In some places they literally lifted up and pushed back the union lines, but that terrible position of the Federals—wherever they entered

enflaming fires from half a score of cross-arms, and their columns like mere chaff. Broken and hurled back they easily became prisoners. This charge was heroically met by Gibbons' division of the Second corps and by part of the First corps under the personal direction of General Hancock who was severely wounded during the charge. Pickett was forced to retreat with the survivors of his onslaught and the whole plan was soon covered with confusion. Armistead himself being wounded in the charge, as was also General Pettigrew. More than half of the Pickett division were either killed or wounded in this terrific onslaught.

From the union side of the charge, the commander noticed what Pickett was about to do, they commanded "Steady, men, steady! Don't fire!" and not a shot was fired until the Confederates advanced so near that the expression of their faces could be seen. Then the men knew the time had come and could wait no longer. Aiming low, they opened a deadly concentrated discharge upon the moving mass at the front. Nothing human could stand it. Pickett's division, which came within 200 yards of the Federal musketry fire, appeared to melt and drift away. At this juncture General Hancock gave the order, "Forward, men! Forward! Now is your chance!" And forward they did. It was undoubtedly foolhardy for Pickett to attempt to take Cemetery Ridge, but he had been ordered to do so, and with Pickett it was do or die, and the charge won for him a glorious name for bravery, even if he had to experience the bitterness of failure.

Tomorrow—The Irish Brigade at Fontenoy. The people here will not buy apples unless they are from Oregon. The wholesale houses are handling Oregon apples and they find a ready sale here at good prices in Guthrie, Oklahama City, and El Reno. Other Oklahama towns, too, are handling the Oregon product. When a party once buys Oregon apples, he will buy no other. They tell me that the apples are so well handled that they can tell them from any other apples on sight. The people of Oregon want to get busy and put out more orchards and walnut tracts because there is no state that can raise the fruit that Oregon can, and there is room for thousands of more people and orchards, too, and don't think that the Oregon will have any overproduction, as the demand for Oregon fruit will keep ahead of the consumption and the demand will be so great that the state will be out of the fruit all the time with good prices to the growers.

Oklahomans Coming. L. B. Cliff of Eugene, writes to the Guard from El Reno, Oklahama, as follows: I arrived here on February 3, and found everything dry and cold. There has not been any rain since October first of last year up to this time, only enough to lay the dust. The wheat is about all dried out, still people are getting ready to sow oats. The wind will get in the south and one will think it will rain, but will again whip around to the north and get cold and not rain or snow. There will be a big emigration out of this country to the coast this spring. Excursions will run out of here from the 10th of March to April 15, for \$25 to any town on the coast. The rate is very low for the time of the year. Some of the farmers take advantage of the rate to the coast in the spring. I will be taking along a good many with me when I return to Eugene, if they stick to what they say they will do, and I will

The Gossip Microbe

By Elbert Hubbard. The person who plays fitch-and-toss with your good name is not necessarily your enemy. Probably if you go to him quietly and ask a favor, he will be glad to grant it, and will consider it an honor to exert himself in your behalf. His unkind remarks are the result of the gossip habit. He talks to hear himself talk—nothing is quite so pleasing to his ears as the sound of his own basso. To have others listen to his vapors is gratifying to his vanity. He dissects the life and bellies the motives of anybody and everybody who are not present. He should, the person reviled suddenly appear upon the scene, the theme quickly changes, and the newcomer is treated with kindly deference, and is regaled by hearing the character of the man whose name is slipped into carpet rags.

The gossip microbe is born of vanity, and breeds best in idle minds. If you do not hear what the scandal-monger says, you are not harmed. As you know, the heart thing they are not influenced against you by what he says, and for the most part his words die on the empty air. He injures no one but himself. However, the person who comes and tells you what the loucheous one says about you, is a positive pest. His action is unforgivable and unpardonable. He robs you of your peace of mind. The idle charges when told over again take on a different color and become realities. So to repeat the individual who rattles on me behind my back is very seldom my enemy; the person who comes to me and tells me what he says, is.

The first I'll pardon, the latter forever I shall not. His name be anathema. He is one who magnifies the nothings and vacuous vapors until they become noxious gases. The man who talks gossip is a fool; but the one who repeats it is a rogue. The friends are those who tell you the kind things that the gossip says; your enemies are those who, in the holy name of friendship, come to you and poison your atmosphere by the other thing. When the king in the olden time who planned the manager that brought him bad news, has my approval. Blessed are the feet of those who bring glad tidings.

Tanglefoot By Miles Overholt. SUPERSTITIONS. One cold said: "Look out for rain." Through the trees the moon was peeping. Then I heard a tree frog chirping. Neither does a goon's feather rain. It was what my dad had taught me. What the years of thinking brought me. And then I got grabbed and caught me. Gave me Theosophy's pain.

For I try to dodge tradition. Neither does a goon's feather rain. Working on my own volition. And I mumble: "Nor for mine." I'm a wise and brilliant seer. And no sign of a rain cloud in sight. No fool signs can fool this seer. But my lucky number's "nine."

As for breaking looking glasses. Smashing them while grim death passes. Soaring singly, soaring masses. And then I got grabbed and caught me. Gave me Theosophy's pain. Why, I break 'em just for meanness. Showing I am shy on greenness. For I'm proud of my own keenness. But my lucky number's "nine."

Goose bones don't know future weather. Neither does a goon's feather rain. And a goon's don't tell whether. Six weeks more will not be fitter. Or a hog that carries straw, sir. None of these can read the law. But my lucky number's "nine."

Holding Back a Great Lake With Earth. The big Belle Fourche Irrigation dam in South Dakota, which is the largest earth embankment in the world, is nearing completion. Construction of the project was authorized by congress on May 10, 1894, at a cost of \$5,000,000. The dam is an engineering feat, and the Belle Fourche project is one of the most interesting which the government has yet undertaken. Its principal structure is the earthen dam. This wonderful dike, which closes the lowest depressions in the rim of a natural basin, is 280 ft. long, 20 ft. wide on top, and 115 ft. high in the highest place. The inside face of this structure, which has a slope of 2 to 1 will be protected from waves and ice action by a ft. of screened gravel, and a ft. of concrete blocks each 4 by 6 ft. and 8 in. thick. The cubical contents of this dike will be 4,700,000 cu. ft., or about half of the famous pyramid of Cheops.

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New Process for Removing Stamps. A new process for clearing logged-off land and ready for farming is described, with illustrations in the March number of Popular Mechanics magazine. Instead of dynamiting the heavy stumps to get them out of the ground, or of using donkey engines to mow and saw the stumps, the plan is to turn them into dirt in the ground, thus enriching the soil, and clearing to a minimum the labor required to clear a tract of logged-over land, and reducing to perhaps \$20 an acre the present most prohibitive cost of from \$70 to \$150 for stump pulling the logged-off land for the farmer.

The process is being tested in western Washington. In one experiment, 125 stumps, 4 to 6 ft. in diameter, were burned out in four days.

The Wanderer. (Contributed to The Journal by Wall Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose pieces are a true nature of his culture in the Daily Journal.) He came, half frozen, to my door, and asked for bread and nothing more. I put him by the fire to bake, and fed him pies and prunes and cake, and hales of hay and pails of bran, until he seemed a different man. "You are a warm, kind hearted man," he said, "and you to this evil past." "When I was young," the wreck replied, "I was my parents' hope and pride; they knew full well that I was meant to be the country's president. I wished to learn the barbers' trade and go, yet what chance they made! My tiny hands should've been soiled by trimming whiskers, law or boled. And so they filled me full of love; I studied years, and then some more, and never on the roll, the plan to help me when I starved, my chance. And when, from study I was free, I found there was no place for me. Dame Nature meant that I should wear an apron at a barber's chair, and here I stand, I wonder, in a Greek, and not a hopper in my breast." "Story mine, my bosom owns; I sadly kicked him from my door, and pondered on the dizzy breaks the human parent often makes."