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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature and her paths are peace.
—Young.

A DANGEROUS GAME

THREE thousand, four hundred and forty-eight residences were built in Portland in 1911. Flats and apartments probably swelled the number of newly constructed places of habitation to 4000.

Portland spent in the construction of new buildings in 1911 the sum of $19,147,340. This great outlay of money was incidental to the growth of the city. The sum paid to labor in building alone for the year is estimated at $10,000,000 or more. A similar ratio of new construction occurred in all the cities of Oregon.

Is it to the advantage of labor to publish broadcast in the east statements to the effect that Oregon is a wilderness of forests and mountains, that it is in the midst of a carnival of crime, and that 10,000 men in Portland are unemployed and starving? If the Central Labor council, with its circulars, posters and flamboyant statements, continues to spread so-called information throughout the east that Oregon is a place of starvation, wilderness and unemployment, can there be continuation of the growth of Portland and the state?

If new population be deterred from coming to the state, how many new buildings will be constructed? If no new population comes to occupy new residences, what need will there be for new residences? If no new buildings are needed, how many carpenters, how many painters, how many plumbers, how many workers in the building trades will be thrown out of employment?

Is not the labor council playing a dangerous game?

WHAT'S THE USE?

THE Oregonian is calling loudly for the use of Oregon stone in Oregon buildings.

But how are Oregon stone quarries to be made accessible without good roads? There are splendid deposits of stone in various parts of the state, but what of it when there are no hard, smooth roads over which to move the output to the railroad?

A chief reason why quarries are not developed is the crudeness of the roads. For the same reason, Oregon farms have not reached 50 per cent of their ultimate possibilities. Fewer commodities are produced, because it is too costly to move them to market. Less labor is employed for the same reason.

And the Oregonian is fighting good roads. When a fund was raised for spreading the gospel of good roads, it did not contribute a dollar. It is unwilling now to contribute its share for the building of good roads, as is shown by its claim that under the statewide committee's plan Multnomah county will contribute more than its share. It weeps because it may be called upon to pay a few dollars for roads in Baker county, where there is a splendid building stone, undeveloped for lack of good roads.

What is the use of the Oregonian's proposing Oregon building stone while it is fighting good roads?

What is the use of that paper's printing back-to-the-land editorials, when it opposes good roads by which people can get back to the land?

SIR EDWARD GREY

TO explain the investiture of the British foreign secretary with the Order of the Garter a few words may help. If it had been desired by the prime minister and approved by King George to promote Sir Edward Grey to a higher grade in the complicated British aristocracy the usual road would have led straight into the now disinherited house of lords. That would have vacated his seat in the house of commons, and the foreign office would have had to be represented there by an under secretary.

This would not have suited the large section of the Liberal majority who are calling Sir Edward Grey to account for his conduct towards Persia, towards Russia, and for his apparent unfriendliness to Germany.

It will be noticed that Lord Haldane has returned from Berlin and refuses to talk on his mission or its results. It is unquestionably true that for Britain and Germany to compose their differences and make friends is of more consequence to the world of politics, and of business, than any other pending issue. Until that is arrived at there will remain an undercurrent of restlessness that prevents the wheels of business from moving smoothly. It may well be that the new honor to Sir Edward Grey is a sweetener to him of an intended change in the policy of Britain towards Germany and Russia for which he has stood sponsor.

NOT GUILTY

JOHN WARD is to be released from San Quentin penitentiary, after serving nine years of a thirty years' sentence for a crime he did not commit, and which he knew nothing about. The real criminal, after brooding all these years over the wrong done Ward, has confessed.

About a year ago, Andrew Toth was released from the Pennsylvania prison, after serving twenty years, two months and nineteen days of a life sentence for a crime he did not commit, and about which he knew nothing. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence of a murder, and being a poor and friendless immigrant who knew little of the language and less about the processes of courts, was railroaded into the penitentiary. A deathbed confession by the real murderer gave him his freedom.

A few months ago, in France, the doors of a penitentiary swung open, and a man who had been under confinement for fifteen years, walked out. He had been confined so long that he was a mental and physical wreck, and had no realization of what his restored liberty meant. Though entirely innocent, he was convicted of murder, and his release only came when, in a deathbed confession, the real murderer made known the facts.

In England, a number of years ago, a man was hanged for the alleged murder of his brother. The fact that the two had quarreled was known. They occupied the same room, and blood spots on the floor were traced to the water front. The theory of the prosecution was that the accused had killed his brther in the room dragged him to the docks, and thrown the body into the bay.

It subsequently developed that the missing brother had been shanghaied, and taken on board a ship then sailing for Australia. Later, he returned home, alive and well, to learn with horror that his brother had been hanged for a crime of which he was innocent.

It is history that it was the execution of an innocent man that led to the abolishment of the death sentence in one of the American states. It is also the fact that abolishment of capital punishment in another state was due to the near execution of two men convicted of a crime they did not commit.

In the case of John Ward, about to be released from San Quentin, the victim was a resident of Watsonville. He was an ex-convict, and when a drunken townsman was held up, the police suspected Ward. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to thirty years imprisonment.

There is no reparation the state of California can make for the great wrong it has done him. There is no way to restore nine years to a lifetime.

NO RETREAT

THE campaign for completing the half million dollar endowment for Willamette university is in full career. If $100,000 can be secured in Portland, it is figured that the terms of the Senator Booth and James J. Hill gifts can be safely met and Willamette be made a million dollar institution.

The appeal for aid is to all who can afford to contribute. A Brooklyn judge recently announced that of 2500 boys brought before him but one was an attendant at Sunday school, a fact bearing heavily when support is sought for Christian education. An inquiry among 1200 inmates of an Indian reformatory disclosed that but one had attended high school, a fact bearing heavily when support is sought for any kind of education.

But the heat and burden of the appeal falls upon Oregon Methodism. If it fails in this effort for Willamette it cannot, in a quarter of a century, come back for assistance and command confidence from those now asked for aid.

Failure now means a disorderly retreat by the Methodist church. It means a full flight with all of its educational forces in confusion and demoralization.

With so much of promise from success, with the Hill and Booth gifts to be lost by failure, not to succeed would be a humiliating surrender that the denomination cannot afford.

Oregon Methodism is on trial, and the whole country is looking on.

MUNICIPAL RESEARCH

THE full title is the Bureau of Municipal Research for New York City. The foundation was six years ago by a group of 36 important citizens of New York, among whom Mr. E. H. Harriman receives a larger share of credit than any.

Its expenditures have grown from $42,874 in 1907 to $97,763 in 1911. As large an expense is foretold for 1912 and the funds will be forthcoming.

Its general purpose is to promote efficient and economical government. The first means is inquiry into every hidden point in municipal affairs. The second, the classification and ordering of the results. The third, the interpretation, and the fourth, publication of the facts.

The success of the work of the bureau in New York has been so phenomenal, the results so far-reaching, that many other cities have sought its aid. In great cities, like Philadelphia and Cincinnati the experts of the bureau have begun, but organization of bureaus of their own has followed almost immediately.

The methods in all cities are alike. First the bureau expert confers with local officials and secures cooperation. Then follow examination of records of the departmental work done and conditions described. Functions are compared with results and cost. Remedies for evils disclosed are sought first by cooperation with local officials. Formal reports are then prepared, consisting of description, criticism, constructive suggestions. Press publicity is availed of, and remedies are followed up until evils are corrected.

Abundant publications have followed each stage of these various undertakings, and are available for other instruction and comparison in other cities.

What is of special interest to Portland is that a "field study" of the "way city government is working" in ten commission cities has been made. The study showed that the commission plan gives a new impetus to city government, and, as a form of organization lends itself to efficiency more readily than the old. Yet commission government does not necessarily mean progressive, efficient, and business-like government. The book that condenses not only the conclusions but the facts leading to them is to be published early in the coming spring. Not only is a picture to be given of the present working of commission government, but suggestions are to be given for wider social programs, extensions of health, betterment work and scientific business methods.

WINDY ROAD BUILDERS

NOBODY can propose a road bill that everybody will approve. The bonding bill framed by the state-wide committee provides that the highway engineer shall be appointed by the governor, and the Oregonian objects to that.

But the grange bill provides the same thing. Presumably, the Oregonian objects to that. So will Attorney General Crawford, when somebody tells him what is in the grange bill.

The Multnomah county court weeps, because it says Multnomah county will pay more than its share. As Multnomah county has more property than any other county, how could a bill be framed in which Multnomah county would not pay more heavily than any other county?

Does not Multnomah county pay the heaviest share for state government? Does it not pay heaviest for support of the Agricultural college? Does it not pay heaviest for everything that the state finances? If it has the wealth, why should it not pay the most toward government?

The purpose of good roads is to build up the back country. It is effort to get people on the land. It is endeavor to stop the drift to the cities by making country life more attractive. It is a plan to make more farmers out of city laborers by making farming more profitable.

But the roads cannot be built without money. With Crawford crying at Salem, the county court weeping in Portland and the Oregonian throwing one fit after another in the tower, we are given to understand that we ought to build roads without cost.

It cannot be done. Oregon counties spent more than $3,000,000 for roads in 1911. They spent $2,687,717 in 1910. They have spent more than $11,000,000 in the past six years, or nearly as much per year as it is proposed to spend by the state under the bonding bill.

But, they say, there will be interest to pay. So there will. So also is there an interest loss on the more than $11,000,000 that the counties have expended in the past six years.

Wasn't that $11,000,000 taken out of the channels of production? Isn't every man who helped pay it losing the profit or the interest he would have received from what he paid of the $11,000,000?

There is no way to build roads without losing the interest on what the roads cost. The bonding bill proposes that $2,000,000 of state bonds for road building be issued every year for ten years and that the payment of the interest cover a period of 30 to 40 years. The payments are so arranged that those who come to Oregon five, ten, twenty, thirty or forty years hence will help pay both the interest and principal. They, too, will use the roads, and why shouldn't they help pay for them?

If the critics know a better way, why not propose it? If they can build roads on wind, why don't they do it?

WHOLESOME HOMES

THE late Mrs. Caroline W. Neustadter of New York bequeathed $1,000,000 of her fortune to trustees to invest in building wholesome homes for working people of that city. She left her trustees unfettered, except that the houses so built should be self supporting and that the capital should so remain intact and fruitful.

There is, it seems, in New York legislation that exempts charitable bequests of this nature from inheritance taxation. So the whole million dollars becomes available for investment.

This bequest comes within the class that make for good citizenship. The tenants will pay their moderate rent, and their relations to the trust will be based on justice not on charity.

When a good man in England two or three hundred years ago had it in mind to leave his fortune behind him for charitable ends he built an "alms house"—odious word. He bought the land and built a row of two or four roomed cottages, grouped in a quadrangle round a little green or garden. He bequeathed all to the vicar and churchwardens of his parish, to be held in perpetuity, and occupied by poor men or women of the place so long as they should live. Poverty and old age and place of birth were the qualifications. Wire pulling and favoritism hung round the parish whenever there was a vacancy, and the choice of one tenant bred quarrels with all the unsuccessful candidates.

The Neustadter benevolence is absolutely clear from such taint and carries yet another boon. Tenement dwellers everywhere are at the mercy of the scamping builder, and of the grinding landlord. But the Neustadter tenant will get full value for the rent he pays, with healthy living thrown in.

Not one million dollars only, but a hundred million could be well invested in such trusts.

No experiment is here. The Peabody homes in and near London are an example of life benefits in force for fifty years.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.)

Where Did He Get It?

Portland, Or., Feb. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal.—A transaction took place last week which I think the public would like some of your readers to explain. One of our citizens sold for $18,500 more than he paid for them, a few east side mudholes. While we rejoice over his good fortune, it seems to me that he occupies a unique position in society.

But, first, let me state my point of view. What I see when a look is taken at society is that we are all in this world working for each other. We get our necessities and luxuries by producing in our chosen fields necessities and luxuries for others. The carpenter fashions his clothing by means of hammer and saw; the printer builds his home with a "stick;" the grocer provides conveniences for the farmer; the banker and the laborer, and they in turn serve him and each other. We are all laborers in the great Oregon vineyard, and any interference with one of the nicely adjusted parts sets the entire system awry. It is like poking a stick into mother's machine.

Now what puzzles me is what this mud speculator did for the architect, contractor and carpenters who are to build his bungalow; what he did for the farmer, grocer and butcher who are to provision it; what he did for the inventor, manufacturer and mechanics who are to provide him with a new auto. He surely isn't responsible for the increased value of mudholes; it wouldn't have been less had he never seen Oregon; he put up no building; in no way did he set industry agoing. Yet what terrific purchasing power he has over others' capacity!

It seems to me that this man's entire existence is a universal plunder on nature and on man; he occupies the same position to society that a mouse does to a barrel of flour. It is as if he put his hand in society's pocket and pulled out a delightful plum.

Perhaps this man, and the many, many others are not to be blamed for taking nuggets that society seems not to know it possesses; but somebody must have created them; we cannot get away from the fact that one cannot get something for nothing except that others create something for nothing, and it must be that what goes to idle holders of idle lands comes from those who receive satisfactory reward for effort as well as from the multitude of half submerged and completely submerged.

This value the single tax would grab by the legs and hurry with what it couldn't prevent to the county treasurer. If any one knows of a more effective method he owes it to the public to proclaim it.

B. T. SAMPLE.

A Protest.

Airlie, Or., Feb. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Journal of January 19 contained a letter entitled "Unnecessary Expense," which I believe any broad minded person will admit is a gross misrepresentation of actual facts, and if carried out would most certainly retard our progress in education—the foundation of all good government—for it is to the public schools that we look for the equipment of the rising generation. If there is to be any reduction in expenditures, place the reduction where it belongs and not come around with the cowering statement that "wholesale repeal of legislation for the maintenance of our schools would prove both judicious and popular." Such statements as these that Vindex gave in his pet composition have not the stability of a Burbank spineless cactus. Notice the inconsistency of his chattering in the following lines; also his ignorance of actual facts: "Another matter that is subject to much criticism is the employment of two or more assistants to the school superintendent to visit the public schools. This affords fat, easy jobs for some people, but is an expensive luxury to the taxpayers."

All business firms have their superintendents and assistants, but the schools. How many schools has "Vindex" visited while the supervisors were inspecting the schools and assisting both teachers and pupils to do better and more effective work? For my part, I can speak directly from the schoolroom, since I have had several visits from the school supervisor and, speaking the sentiment of the entire community, the schools are doing better work than ever expected.

This is an age of advancement in all lines—are we to degenerate in the educational field by following such "Vindex" ideas, or are we going to keep pace with the advancement and progress of the age?

R. G. West.

Social Clubs.

Portland, Or., Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I have read with much interest of the efforts being made toward forming a social club for the lonely stranger who has to make his or her living, and I would like to say that there has existed here in Portland a movement in that direction. Mr. Murry has secured private homes to be used for lecture courses and social intercourse, which are open at all times to the general public. The good results of this work can hardly be overestimated. Most of the participants have been of a studious turn of mind and have prepared the way for the present "modern school." There are all manner of churches, clubs, state societies, new thought and occult societies, lodges and social and educational institutions for strangers to become acquainted. If they are lonely it is because of "man's inhumanity to man." Work, in itself a natural and elevating influence, has been in our present standards of society perverted to a level of degradation and exploitation and speculators have the throne of ascendency. Let's reverse the order and change the present social standards, and loneliness for the worker will disappear.

C. HERMANN.

Saving Pin Money.

Junction City, Or., Feb. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—It seems to me that with a farmer woman it is not the question of making the money, but the saving. I have a fine mare that brings a colt every year, worth from $100 to $150. My husband takes every other colt for the keep of the mare. That gives me $50 or more per year. I also raise calves by hand that the neighboring dairymen would otherwise kill if not taken off their hands. My husband usually has a few "runty" pigs that would die if left with the litter. When I take these and raise them the profit is mine.

The money that comes from the chickens and cream is mine after the grocery bill is paid. As for the saving, I believe in investing my money in labor saving devices around the house. Also in good literature to elevate the mind, give the children something to make them love home. I think I see money in a pigeon loft. If you can inform me where to get pigeons I would appreciate your help.

MRS. JOSEPHINE ADKINS.

Turn on the Light.

Arlets, Or., Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—Apropos the gravel pit deal and divers and many other alleged irregularities the county court is so anxious to have probed and explained, allow me to raise my voice with many others and say, "So let it be done." After all that has been said of these affairs they stand waiting the decision of some one. If it is the duty of the grand jury to recommend the appointment and direct the operation of an expert accountant, why this hesitation? As it is they stand charged by the county court as being prejudiced, unfair, incomplete, guilty of misstatement of facts, and being distinctly hostile.

The writer was always of the opinion that a hostile jury was a paradox. In fact, a jury probe is generally far from being a hostile proceeding and there is probably a reason for what may have sounded like hostilities.

However, an expert should be appointed (not under the direction of the county court or any other interested body) to make a thorough search of the records and fearlessly expose the alleged "skullduggery" if any exists. Such a course seems the only one open and is owing to the taxpayers, whose right it is to demand it.

The county court would probably welcome any recommendation the grand jury might make and, realizing that the grand jury would be dismissed and another appointed before the investigation was completed, would be happy to see the expert appointed and controlled by a body that would be unbiased and in no way connected with the affair.

As it stands now the county court remains charged with mismanagement by a retired grand jury, and if not guilty of such charge should be vindicated in the public eye.

Will the February grand jury take hold of this in all seriousness and settle it for all time? We shall see.

JACOB BURR.

Praises The Journal.

Portland, Or., Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—I want to thank you for your able editorial of recent issue, entitled, "Scarlet Man, Gray Wolves and Missing." We need more such fearless expressions of this kind. It gives those who are working along these lines, strength and encouragement to fight this terrible curse that is so strongly entrenched in this city and other cities, and also makes right thinking people have hope that these conditions will not always exist.

Your paper has taken a noble stand in the moral uplift of this community and may it always be found ready to deal a solar plexus to all such moral vipers.

D. W.

Old Odd Fellows in Indiana.

LaFayette, Ind., Jan. 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I received a copy of your paper of January 20 in which account appears of the presentation of a jewel to Brother Livermore of Pendleton, Or., who has been an Odd Fellow for 50 years. We have many 50-year-old Odd Fellows in LaFayette, Ind. One of our members, R. H. Reist, of your city, 700 Dekum building, has been a member of this lodge for 45 years, joining September 6, 1867. I issued an Odd Fellows' booklet on January 1, 1912, and am sending you a copy under separate cover.

GEORGE W. RICE, P. D. D. Y. M.
Secretary of No. 22,
P. D. D. G. M. of Indiana.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE.

Some men assume that they are "the people."

* *

Really, good roads are a permanent investment of great value.

* *

Apparently, the call of comparatively a few will suffice the colonel.

* *

Many a person could tell why more people don't attend church if he wanted to.

* *

Well, the people elected Cameron district attorney once; maybe they will again.

* *

Why the excitement about the bareless ballet? The difference that skin-colored tights makes is negligible.

* *

"Out of my heart of hearts I say," exclaims the president of the San Diego exposition. How many hearts has the excited gentleman?

* *

A prominent woman suffrage leader says Roosevelt is a "four-flusher." It is supposed that she has only hearsay knowledge of the meaning of the term.

* *

Roosevelt's belated and restricted espousal of the cause of woman suffrage seems to have offended rather than pleased some of the suffragist leaders, who are "onto him."

* *

Secretary Hilles, Manager McKinley and Senator Crane, after a day's thorough investigation of the country, have decided that Taft will receive 780 votes in the national Republican convention, a majority of 241 on the first ballot. This being thus definitely ascertained and decided, all further campaigning in Taft's behalf is needless.

* *

Whose name does oftenest appear, though naught he says worth while to hear, throughout the land in every journal? 'Tis that, of course, of the valiant colonel. Who is it knows that every day of him all papers will something say, and so whose bulliness is diurnal, from morn till bedtime? Why, the colonel. Who is it that knows everything, from whom no fault did ever spring, with whom to differ is lie infernal? Sure, nobody but the mighty colonel. Who is it said he'd never be a candidate again, not he, but whose aspirations now are vernal? The wondrous wise and doughty colonel.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Alsea is to have a $4000 creamery.

* *

Coos county's commissioners have taken steps to start rock road building.

* *

Monroe's new sawmill, of 50,000 feet daily capacity, is about ready for business.

* *

W. G. Gilstrap, formerly editor of the Eugene Register, has entered the real estate business.

* *

A summer Chautauqua on the shores of Wallowa lake is proposed by the ministers of Wallowa county.

* *

Yamhill county has spent $494,223.93 for roads and highways since 1906, and claims sixth place as compared with other Oregon counties.

* *

The dual phone system is a live issue at Ashland. Ninety seven business houses have signed a petition against the admission of a second system.

* *

Within the past week two companies have been organized to build telephone lines from Enterprise to Swamp creek, and from Paradise to Flora, all in Wallowa county.

* *

The city council of Eugene has ordered an auto fire engine that will cost $7920. It is of 100 horsepower, and is guaranteed to go any place that a horse propelled engine can go.

* *

Reprinted item of 19 years ago, in Medford Mail-Tribune: The Medford Distillery company is now buying corn and rye. Farmers who have these articles and wish to sell will please begin hauling at once.

* *

Lebanon Express: The largest and finest beef placed on sale in Lebanon for the past two years was butchered the first of the week by C. H. Witman & Son. It was a stall fed 3-year-old steer, and dressed 900 pounds.

* *

Klamath Herald: "Chap" Graves announces his purchase of the Klamath County Democrat, which has been run by Miss Catherine Prehm. He states that the deal by which R. A. Koppes of Cleveland was to take the paper is supplanted. Mr. Graves will change its name back to the Merrill Record.

SEVEN HOMELY NOTABLES

John James Heidegger.

One of the most talked of men in England in the time of George II was John James Heidegger, a native of Switzerland, who went to England early in the eighteenth century, where he soon gained the good graces of the gay and fashionable who gave him the appellation of the Swiss Count. It was Heidegger who established the opera in public favor in that country. Besides this he introduced the then novel amusement of masquerades. He was appointed master of the revels and superintendent of masquerades and operas to the royal household.

Heidegger, though tall and well made, was characterized by a surpassing ugliness of face, but in spite of this he became the fashion, and the first nobility in the land vied in bestowing their caresses upon him. From a favorite he became an autocrat, and no public or private festival, ball, assembly or concert was considered complete without this homely Swiss being consulted as to the arrangements. He knew that he was terribly homely of face,, but he had the good sense to joke on his own peculiar hardness of countenance, and one day laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that the latter could not produce, in all London, an uglier face than his own.

The earl accepted the challenge and after a strict search found a woman in St. Giles' whose features were, at first sight, thought to be as ill-favored as those of the master of the revels; but when Heidegger put on the woman's headdress it was unanimously admitted that he had won the wager.

A poet of the period referred to the face of Heidegger as follows:

"With a hundred deep wrinkles impressed on his front,
Like a map with a great many rivers upon it."

Jolly, a fashionable tailor of the period, is said to have also been rather conspicuous by a Caravaggio style of countenance. One day, when pressingly and inconveniently dunning a noble duke, his grace exclaimed: "I will not pay you till you show me an uglier man than yourself." Jolly bowed, retired, went home and wrote a polite note to Heidegger stating that the duke particularly wished to see him at a certain hour on the following morning. Heidegger duly attended; the duke denied having sent for him; but the mystery was unraveled by Jolly making his appearance. The duke then saw the joke and with laughter acknowledging the condition he stipulated was fulfilled, paid the bill.

As might be supposed Heidegger was the constant butt of the satirists and caricaturists of his time. Hogarth introduced him into several of his works, and the well known sketch of "Heidegger in a Rage" attributed to Hogarth illustrates a remarkable practical joke played upon the master of the revels at a dinner given by the duke of Montague at the "Devil's Tavern."

Heidegger gave grand entertainments to his friends; the king even condescending to visit him. One day a discussion took place at his table as to which nation in Europe had the best founded claim to ingenuity. After various opinions had been given, Heidegger claimed that character for the Swiss, appealing to himself as a case in point. "I was," said he, "born a Swiss, in a country where, had I continued to tread in the steps of my simple but honest forefathers, 20 pounds a year would have been the utmost that art or industry could have procured.

"With an empty purse, a solitary coat on my back, and 'almost' two shirts, I arrived in England, and by the munificence of a generous prince, and the liberality of a wealthy nation, am now at the head of a table, covered with the delicacies of the season, and wines from different quarters of the globe. I am honored with the company and enjoy the approbation of the first characters of the age in rank, learning, arms and arts, with an income of 5000 pounds a year. Now, I defy any Englishman or native of any other country in Europe, how highly soever he may be gifted, to go to Switzerland and raise such a sum there, or even spend it."

Heidegger, although an epicure and a wine-bibber, lived to the age of 90 years, dying on September 4, 1749. Mrs. Delaney in her "Autobiography," describes the Swiss as "the most ugly man that was ever formed," and Pope alludes to him in the "Dunciad":

"And lo the bird (a monster and fowl,
Something betwixt a Heidegger and owl.)"

Tomorrow—Peter Feodorovich.

The Wilson Situation

From Colliers

There is a steadiness of purpose which is strength, and there is an immovability of literalness which is death. "A foolish consistency," as Emerson said, "is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines." The man who says he never changes is either fossilized or mistaken. What change has taken place in Governor Wilson indicates, in our opinion, merely the ability to recognize facts. The application of his intellect to conditions has destroyed the confidence of those who wish to maintain the established order. Nothing more astounding has happened recently than the way that the Carnegie pension matter was handled against him. We should like to ask publicly, merely for information, whether Nicholas Murray Butler was the one who gave out that story. If not, we shall be glad to try again. The story not only made political use of private information, but practically served notice on all instructors of youth everywhere. His change on the initiative and referendum has been shared by many open minded observers. He believed that all government devices should be organic—should be the result of face-to-face discussion—and William U'Ren reminded him that deliberation in our legislative committees had become fictitious, while in Oregon it had been possible to produce a satisfactory amount of debate and consideration among the voters. As to the Joline letter, it is another example of plutocratic use of a natural event. At that time he was expressing, casually and privately, the belief that Mr. Bryan was too fertile in creating issues. He realized then, and perhaps realizes even more now, the immense value to the country of Mr. Bryan's uncompromising honesty and spiritual devotion. In the controversy with Senator Smith, Mr. Wilson refused to promise anything in return for Smith's acceptance of him as a candidate. As to the break with Colonel Harvey, Governor Wilson has never charged that Mr. Ryan or Mr. Morgan had any influence whatever on Colonel Harvey, but when he was asked whether the Colonel's support was hurting him or not he answered in the affirmative. That is a fact, and the rest about coldness and ingratitude is rhetoric. The development of Governor Wilson in the arena of actual contemporary conflict grew out of his experiences at Princeton. He learned that the university was to a large extent a rich man's club. It is located about half way between Broad street and Wall street. Its board of trustees contains some very fine men, but a majority of one on critical measures voted for what the governor deemed special privilege. His struggle to make the university more democratic led President Wilson to a sharper realization of the forces that control so much of life. He passed on to the seat of power in New Jersey, and the struggle with the machine there brought out the same principles. He sees his former friends of the wealthy class turning one by one against him, and using their adroitness to misinterpret his every act. The Republicans have a number of strong possible candidates. Mr. Hughes has made a statement so definite that it probably will stop all consideration of his name, in spite of the fact that he would make a tremendously strong run and a sound and powerful president. Colonel Roosevelt and Senator La Follette have behind them long records of tested courage, wisdom and usefulness. Senator Cummins is an able man, and there are other Republicans who might be successful dark horses. In the Democratic party the situation is altogether different. There the whole fight is centered on Governor Wilson. He is the one candidate of whom the special interests are afraid, because they think he may be both nominated and elected. What they may later do among the other candidates is uncertain. Their first business is to kill Wilson.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt

THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

I know a man who lingers back;
Who seems to stay behind himself.
"He's bashful and he's on the rack—
Far worse," I said, "than on the shelf."
He sort of holds his talker down,
And never volunteers to tell
The things he knows about the town,
And other things, and that is well.

He got a job by saying naught:
He held it by the same old rule;
He never was by others caught
Discussing what he learned at school.
He went his way and held his tongue.
And picked up knowledge here and there;
When he saw bits of wisdom flung
He grabbed and took it to his lair.

At last, by diligence and gall,
And William Burns-ing for a spell,
I learned the secret of it all;
Ah, yes, he knew life's lesson well.
I learned that he knew nothing—much—
But on the ladder's lower rung
He learned enough to throw his clutch,
And put the brake upon his tongue.

Always in Good Humor

TOO MANY FOR TOMMY.

From the Indianapolis News.

Tommy is exceedingly active, causing not only the neighbors, but hir parents, as well, considerable annoyance. He is always doing things he should not do and always trying to visit when he is supposed to stay in his own back yard.

"Tommy," said mother one day, "Tommy, do you know that God sees everything you do and hears everything you say? He writes it all down in a great big book."

"Does he?" said Tommy, with much concern.

Tommy was good for an hour or two, and then the tempter tempted and he started for the neighbor's lot. His little dog followed. Tommy got to the gate, saw the dog, and said:

"Gwan back, you dog!"

The dog was not easily discouraged, and after three futile attempts to drive him back, Tommy said:

"Gwan back, you dog! Bad enough to have God foller'n me 'round, let alone you."

How About It?

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

The new year strains against its traces, as young colts will, when feeling gay; and grave and melancholy faces I see around me every day. At Christmas time—you may remember, 'twas but a little while ago, about the last week in December—we said we'd cut out useless woe. We'd try to make the Christmas spirit remain with us the whole year through; we'd can our cares, or pretty near it, and raise a joyous whoopsydo. We'd be so kind to one another, and loving anthems we would chant, and every guy we'd call a brother, and let him come and wed our aunt. And, though this year's extremely youthful, where are those resolutions now? Can you stand up serene and truthful, and say you've kept a Christmas vow? Alas, we're feeble, erring mortals who seldom walk as we aspire. And Colonel Satan stands and chortles, and heaps more brimstone on the fire.

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Walt Mason