THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON, President and Publisher.

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No flowers embalmed the air but
one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by
instinct blows.
—Churchill

THE ROSE SHOW

PORTLAND is in holiday attire. Nature and man have combined to set the stage for the annual festival. No other festal occasion has seen the work better done.

The roses were never in greater profusion. In some other years, they may have been more perfect, but the festival week and the blooming season have not before so nearly synchronized. Along with it, the artificial decorations are far more extensive and artistic than in any former year. The whole presents a city beautiful, delightful to the eye and reassuring to mankind.

No festival has been ushered in under more favorable auspices. Weather conditions are perfect. The early attendance exceeds that of any past year. The coming crop is heralded as phenomenal. The omens and signs are all full of promise.

Nature and man have joined in an unusual recognition of the festival spirit.

ANOTHER NEW CAPITAL

THE plans of the Indian government for the new capital city at Delhi are taking shape.

The viceroy, Lord Hardinge, announced just recently that he had selected the site, in a tract of thirty square miles, near the old city, which would cost between $1,000,000 and $1,150,000. That a sanitary engineer, a town planner, an architect, and a landscape gardener had been engaged, and that as soon as the preliminaries were finished designs and estimates for the new government buildings would be invited. Here will be a chance for another American architect to come in and get away with the plum from his British confreres, as the Chicago architect did in the case of the Australian capital.

Lord Hardinge went on to say that lime, bricks, and splendid stone from the quarries that the old Mogul emperors used were all abundant, cheap, and of excellent quality. He hoped that the $20,000,000 estimate would be little, if at all exceeded. The government does not intend erecting private residences, shops, business premises and so on, but it did expect to turn an honest penny, so to speak, by renting land on reasonable terms on building leases.

So King George's dream and prophecy are being fulfilled, and he may hope to live long enough to open in a new parliament house the first session of an Indian legislature. For there is no doubt that he, and many others, look forward to seeing an India as practically free from domination as is Canada, and as permanent and loyal a portion of that empire on which the sun sets not.

That hope may be long deferred, it is true, but is founded on reason and on recent history.

What Indian will then cast a longing eye back to the dead and gone empire of the Mohammedan conquerors of the high table land of the great peninsula?

TOKAY GRAPES IN OREGON

OF all the table grapes the Tokay is king. Largest in berry, most distinctive in flavor and aroma, a prolific bearer, yielding massive and shapely bunches, beautiful in its golden green tint when fully ripe, it is used generally on both continents for forcing in hot houses.

Four years ago one or two enthusiasts at Grants Pass, in Josephine county, southern Oregon, headed by W. B. Sherman, undertook to prove on a commercial scale that the Tokay not only grew and would flourish in the Rogue River valley, but invited cultivation there on as large a scale as Comice pears and Yellow Newtown Pippins in the Medford district.

Being well satisfied of his ground Mr. Sherman used all the arts of the trained advertiser to set Tokays growing throughout the Grants Pass neighborhood.

This began four years ago. He sent to California for two carloads of Tokay cuttings in the winter of 1908. He distributed these, by train, stage or wagon, among the school children, and offered $200 in prizes for the biggest growth of the next year. Over sixty per cent of the cuttings grew.

A regular grape campaign was carried out, with grape banquets, lectures, and demonstrations. Now, after four years of planting in faith, carloads for market are expected in the coming October.

When the big Rogue River Tokays are on sale in our streets and in our markets let us remember that there is no chance or hap-hazard about such successes, but that they are the fruits of hard sense and indomitable energy and patience. Any one can experiment on a small scale—it takes a master hand to inaugurate and solidly found a new industry.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

THERE is, according to the New York World, more discussion of the vice presidency than usual. There is a movement to name Senator O'Gorman of New York as the running mate in case Bryan is nominated at Baltimore. Congressman Redfield of New York has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for vice president. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston and Mayor Preston of Baltimore both have hopes. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon has been frequently and favorably mentioned.

On the Republican side, Governor Johnson of California is believed to be the probable running mate in case of Roosevelt's nomination, a fact that is said to have counted heavily in the vote for Roosevelt in the Golden state. Governor Hadley of Missouri is also named as an aspirant and the same is said to be true of several of the other governors who asked Roosevelt to become a candidate for the presidency.

Four vice presidents were afterward elected to the presidency—John Adams, Jefferson, Van Buren and Roosevelt. Five succeeded to the presidency—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur and Roosevelt. Six died in office—Clinton, Geary, Rufus King, Wilson, Hendricks and Hobart. One, John C. Calhoun, resigned.

But little attention is paid to the vice presidential candidate. His selection is usually an issue of geography, based on the hope of using him as a leverage to carry a debatable state. In Roosevelt's case, he was chosen by Platt and others as a means of getting him out of New York politics. They did not calculate on McKinley's death soon after the election, and the extraordinary career that came thereafter to the man they were trying to shelve.

SIDELIGHT ON HOME RULE

IN the days of the militant home rulers Lord Frederick Cavendish was sent to Ireland as a messenger of peace. He and his colleagues were shot down in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by an assassin on the day of their arrival, and a thrill of horror ran through English society. Lady Frederick Cavendish has mourned her husband deeply all these years and with revulsion from the very name of home rule. Yet, the other day, she sent for Mr. Redmond to visit her, and greeted him with warm congratulations on the approaching success of the new policy which will bring, she believes, a permanent rule of peace in the island for which her husband's life was sacrificed. So she was willing to bury her private sorrow in the public gain.

Such acts are an indication of the kinder spirit spreading in the ranks of that English society where the bitter and convinced opponents of home rule have been found.

SEVEN THOUSAND CHILDREN

CAN better gardens be grown in a city than in the country?

It is claimed that the vegetables grown by school pupils within the city limits of Portland this season are better than those produced by the children of the country schools. The inspection in progress the past few days, is said to be a revelation to the judges.

In the Armory next Saturday, the work of the pupils will be put on display, and it is claimed that no garden exhibit ever made in Oregon will equal it. The exhibit will comprise a wilderness of garden products in which every specimen will approximate perfection.

More than 7000 gardens, planted and cared for by Portland school pupils, will be in the display and it will present a picture of youthful industry and thrift that will be inspiring.

Are not more than 7000 gardens, conducted under such circumstances, a revelation? Is it not surprising that children have gone so extensively into a program of production? Is it not extraordinary that more than 7000 pairs of hands and more than 7000 youthful minds have joined in effort to make the soil produce?

And what of the things the young folks have thus learned? What more exalting endeavor could inspire them than this study of the processes by which nature, soil, planting and cultivation will yield?

What nobler impulse can be created in a child than to study and observe the processes of nature?

COLUMBUS

IN the hurly-burly of politics little notice has been taken of the unveiling on Saturday last at Washington of the national monument to Columbus.

In quieter times we should have had recalled to us the national debt of America to the great captain who led his little squadron of frail barks across the unknown waters, and persisted in his uncharted voyage until the flickering light amid the darkness told of living and moving men.

The bill for the erection by the American people of a worthy memorial to the discoverer of our country became law March 4, 1907. The designing of the monument was entrusted to the late Daniel H. Burnham, and Lorado Taft was designated as sculptor of the figures. The site chosen is the great plaza at Washington, D. C., and on a plot directly in front of the great Union station, a semi-circular fountain seventy feet wide, has been placed. Behind it is a stone shaft forty feet high surmounted by a globe symbolizing the nations of the world. At its foot is set a white marble statue of Columbus, standing, with folded arms, on the prow of a ship. On the other side of the stone shaft are other figures typifying the old and the new world.

The Knights of Columbus have, rightly, taken a full lead in the movement which has so triumphantly succeeded. Forty thousand of them marched in the parade on Saturday.

Secretary Knox presided and the Italian ambassador unveiled the statue. So at this late date the great Genoese has come into his own in the capital city of the nation which has entered on the inheritance that Columbus divined and opened.

A COMPROMISE CANDIDATE

NO national Republican convention in history assembled under such remarkable circumstances as that which is to convene Tuesday of next week. No convention of that party has convened with party allegiance under such a strain.

The convention in which Grant was proposed for a third term was full of bitterness. But it was a convention in which the framing of a platform was not difficult. There was no wide difference as to the policies that were to be written into the party pronouncement. Its fruit was the nomination of a compromise candidate on the thirty-sixth ballot, and a victory in the succeeding election. There will be cool heads at Chicago next week who will counsel a similar program, but in the bitterness and wide differences of opinion as to policy, it will be more difficult for them to obtain a hearing than in the memorable contest of 1880.

Chicago is already the storm center of a tremendous struggle. It is not believed that either of the leading candidates has enough delegates to nominate. The issue of which if either, can get a majority, depends on the change of view by delegates. A remarkable conflict to bring about this change is now the compelling impulse in a desperate endeavor at Chicago.

Among these forces, the ninety delegates from New York are a formidable factor. The dubious southern delegates are another. Demand for a compromise candidate will arise, and even a southern delegate may be able to realize what a compromise meant in 1880. Few men of capacity will fail to comprehend what compromise would mean for the Republican party in 1912.

ENGLISH INSISTED ON

A GROUP of manufacturers in an eastern city have agreed to insist on their foreign workmen learning English. In face of much difficulty the "Iron Age" tells us they are succeeding.

Not only the American employes of the mills are enlisted as teachers. The ministers of the city and the doctors also have been set to work. At first there was much resistance but this has subsided in the face of experience. In one of the textile mills a saving of 12 per cent in results has already come about, principally in reduction of the amount of spoiled cloth. The employe ignorant of English has had to guess, generally, at the directions given him, and, in the handling of machinery has had to experiment over its use and care.

Naturally the indirect effect is all for good. It tends to break down the dividing line between the native and the alien races, and to foster, first acquaintanceship, and then friendship.

Many of the foreigners have arrived here to make a certain sum of money and then to return with it to their home land to invest and spend. They have not been invited or encouraged to acquire property here and to become citizens of the republic. They have been at the mercy of interpreters in case of wage disturbances, and have been unable to receive explanations, arguments, or promises directly. The ministers of the churches are among the strongest advocates of the new departure.

LESS THAN SIX HUNDRED

AN audience of less than 600 people was musical Portland's only response to the Festival chorus at the Gipsy Smith tabernacle. It was a musical production reflecting months of effort and a large expenditure of money.

The result is a large deficit to be met by those who are giving Portland the benefit of this splendid musical performance. Unless 6000 people attend the chorus tomorrow afternoon, this effort to provide something for musical Portland will end in a money loss, and a blight be thrown over future endeavor for musical progress in this city.

What is Portland going to do about it?

Another confidential clerk gone wrong says "Wall street was my ruin." What a time St. Peter must have in keeping track of the crimes charged to Wall street.

Some one has figured out that there are 15,000 ways of dying. Still, the wide choice doesn't popularize the process.

There are 50,500 windowless rooms in New York City. It is 50,500 violations of every law of health and public decency and it ought to be 50,500 violations of statute law.

The damage done to property by the Mississippi floods is about equal to the value of four Oregon wheat crops. The figures are $50,000,000.

At first, it was insisted that the Colonel was to be drafted. It looks now as if he was to be rollered.

Letters From the People

Articles and questions for this page should be written on only one side of the paper and be accompanied by the writer's name. The name will not be published, but is desired as an indication of good faith.

Kansas Editors.

Portland, June 8.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Perhaps few of your readers when they read of "Old Gomer" in Walt Mason's "Timbertoes" last evening knew what he was other than a type.

But he is a real genuine true-to-life character—for it was "Old Gomer" Davies, editor of the Concordia Kansan, a famous editor of a state famous for its editors, of whom Walt Mason wrote.

Kansas has produced more noted editors and especially country editors than any other state in the union. Everyone has heard of Ed Howe whose paper the Atchison Globe was for years the most widely quoted paper in America. And there were the Murdocks and Anthonys of Wichita, and Walt Mason, the poet, and William Allen White, of the Emporia Gazette, who were and are known everywhere.

Then there are "Old Gomer" Davies of the Kansan, Henry Honey of the Western Advocate, W. L. Palmer of the Jewell County Republican and Bert Walker ("The Village Deacon") of the Osborne Farmer, and many others known over the state for their originality, wit and sensible philosophy. They are fine representatives of a type developed by the nature of their calling. They are the critics, the general sympathizers and the burden bearers of the community and these responsibilities placed upon a man of native character are bound to develop a strong and rugged type. Sometime, somewhere, some one will appear capable and willing to render the credit due to the country editor, who welcomes us when we come into the world, congratulates us when we are married, felicitates us upon our successes, grieves with us in our sorrow and speaks a good word for us when we depart. He is human of course, but we wouldn't like him if he wasn't. Kansas may well be and is proud of her newspaper men, one of the chief of whom is "Old Gomer" with his kindly sympathy, his rugged character and his "red elm limb."

KANSAN.

A Suggestion.

Portland, June 10.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Are we seeking for a man for president of the United States, who, because of his understanding of men and situations will "execute" best?

I nominate the author of "Who's Who and Why" in the Saturday Evening Post and challenge any regular reader of same to produce an equally keen player of the game of living chess.

This suggestion was made as a joke, but why wouldn't such keenness which has weekly, in such a deliciously American sense of humor had an outlet in Franklin's paper, do for our government in its stagnant state, what a clear sighted young mind often has done for a business concern?

No candidate so far suits my ideas of the need.

ROBERT STEWART.

Purchasers of Railroad Lands.

Eugene, Or., June 4.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Will you kindly inform me as to the validity of purchases of Oregon and California railroad land in tracts of 160 acres or less by parties ignorant of the condition of sale to "actual settlers only." An officer of the government sometime ago said such tracts would not be distributed. Is it possible that the titles could be attacked?

SUBSCRIBER.

(The general policy of the government in the pending litigation has been to leave undistributed those purchasers who in good faith bought tracts of 160 acres or less. In any specific case however, it would be well to make inquiry of United States District Attorney McCourt.)

Four Dollars a Week.

By John Albert Hart, Wilhelmina, Or.

(Two Finnish girls leaped into the ocean at San Francisco recently, and it appeared subsequently that they had been trying to subsist on a wage of $4 a week, which one of them received at a bakery. Discouraged by their problem of survival, they left their poor apartment on a Sunday morning, and, locked in each other's arms, jumped into the sea. Mr. Hart writes that the lines were suggested by an editorial reference to the case in The Journal.)

Four dollars a week! Heaven help them, I say,
For how shall their need be supplied?
How shall the landlord and grocer be paid,
With enough for their clothing beside?

Four dollars a week; my God, what a sum!
Yet on that two young lives must exist;
What wonder all hope from their hearts fled away
And tears dimmed their eyes like a mist.

Four dollars a week; O ye fortunate ones,
Will ye pause in your revel today,
And give, if you can, a plausible plan
How two souls may live on such pay?

Four dollars a week; but what is the use?
No argument e'er can prevail
'Gainst such a sad fate as the papers relate,
For, try as you will, you must fail.

Four dollars a week; can that recompense toil,
Or keep the gaunt wolf from the door?
Must she labor long days in such a warm place,
And receive for her work nothing more?

Four dollars a week; O ye Christian souls,
Will you rise in your purity and tell
If in all this fair land the d—l can command
A better procuress of hell?

Four dollars a week; O the pity and shame!
God help them in this their sad plight;
For, clasped hand in hand, they leaped from the land
To the ocean's cold, sullen might;

And, mid sorrow and doubt, one life flickered out;
The other, too strangled to speak,
Was dragged to the shore to try it once more,
On a pay of four dollars a week.

In Baseball Language.

From Kansas City Star.

There are some things, after all, for the readers who tire of politics to be thankful for. If, for instance, editorial writers were granted the liberty with the English language which appears to be guaranteed under the constitution to baseball reporters, you might have to read something like this:

"Say, but this Roosevelt person is some dangerous citizen for the administration team. They thought he couldn't come back after being out of the game for four seasons. That was the dope when the progressives signed him for the big tossing act this year.

"But he had everything; curves, speed and control. The seasoned old regulars thought they had their batting eye on the pill, but when T. Roosevelt began to send 'em over it was one, two, three with the best batters in the crack White House organization.

"In that first inning in Illinois the best they could do was to touch him up for two paltry runs, while the progressive boys walked around the ring 58 times on smashing clean hits or errors by Lorimer, ss.

"And in the second session — that Pennsylvania affair—it was easy to see that the stuff was off. It was a case of glass arm with the administration team's prize pitcher. The postmasters in the bleachers who had laid all their money on Manager McKinley's organization, opened up a scream for Captain Penrose to 'Take him out!' But the game was lost anyway, so why change pitchers? What was the use?

"Even on the home grounds where the fans in the federal office holders' section cheered them on, the administration pastimers showed mighty little 'pep.' That noble organization behind the pitcher of which so much was expected, went all to pieces. It fielded in bad form and failed to hit in the pinches.

"And in the ninth stanza over there in New Jersey when the twirler from Oyster Bay not only shut them out without a hit or run, and finally broke up the game by knocking a home run with the bases full—well what's the use to protest that kind of game to the national commission? Every bug in the grandstand knows where the pennant belongs."

Give Us a Song We Can Sing.

At a large gathering in Philadelphia the audience was called upon to sing "America," but it was found that only 24 of them knew even so much as the first verse. Those that did know the words were boys and girls not yet out of school. This is about the thousandth time such a thing has happened; yet it was treated as if it were surprising, unnatural and un-American.

Those people whose patriotism cannot live easily without a national flower and a national song as well as a national flag ought to consider the subject in the light of reason. Pupils in school can be made to sing anything, or at least made to try to sing it. But a whole people cannot be drilled into singing something that has no music for their ears. Now, the air to which "America" is sung is a very noble air. It has had a long as well as an illustrious history. It was a folk-song melody in Germany before Handel arranged it and dignified it into an anthem for British sovereigns. As a melody the Germans like it. As an anthem the British like it. And both of those races can and do sing it. But it does not fit the American temperament. It does not lift the American heart, it does not thrill the American blood; so we do not care to sing it, and no amount of drill or scolding can make us sing it.

We can sing "John Brown's Body Lies a-Mould'ring in the Grave," we can sing "Marching Through Georgia," we can sing "Dixie." And we do sing them. Those that insist on a national air should study national temperament and fit the music to the masses. We can not sing the old songs—they are alien to us.

Turn Lorimer Out.

From the New York World.

Asked in Washington whether he intended to resign his seat in the senate, William Lorimer yesterday replied: "I don't. I intend to keep up the fight to the end."

The World applauds Lorimer's resolution. He should stick to it. He will be no worse off personally for expulsion, for nothing now can smirch his political reputation. No one could gain by his surrender except timid senators who wish to dodge a vote. Why should he flaunt a soiled white feather to oblige them?

The senate should not permit Lorimer to resign but should expel him. The country looks to it to take such action. Nor is this mere mob-clamor. Any man capable of jury service who has read the newspapers knows that Lorimer was corruptly chosen and should not sit. Senator Root's speech analyzing the evidence has never been answered. Corruption is admitted even in the friendly report of the committee, and Lorimer's dwindling group of supporters are driven to seek excuses in lawyer-like subtleties.

The people will have none of such excuses. Lorimer's election was bought with money, and such a senator is unfit to represent the state of Illinois. Turn him out!

Berry to Face Charges.

Hale Springs, Tenn., June 10.—What promises to be the most momentous convention in the history of the International Printing Pressmen's Union is to be held here this week at the national home and headquarters of the organization. The recent strike of the pressmen employed by the newspapers in Chicago and several other cities is said to have caused considerable dissatisfaction among the membership with the present heads of the union. Criticism is aimed particularly at President George L. Berry, and it is reported in some quarters that an attempt will be made in the convention to oust him from office.

Always let your wife buy your ties. She knows just the kind that will queer you with other women.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The name Rose fits.

• •

If the earth is the Lord's, it is oppressed with absentee landlordism.

• •

In respect of the weather, always be prepared for the worst—though that is seldom very bad in Oregon.

• •

Most men's blunders and follies are quickly condoned and forgotten—unless thereby he becomes permanently impecunious.

• •

Capacity to take trouble lightly or philosophically and resist worriment is of inestimable value, and to be cultivated from childhood.

• •

Probably but comparatively few people sufficiently appreciate the cool breezes in Oregon on days that otherwise would be uncomfortably warm.

• •

Of 17 applicants for admission to practice law, all passed. With rare exception all always do pass. It appears to be an easy thing for a young man to become a lawyer, or even a doctor.

• •

To kill a girl of 17, a boy of 14 bought a revolver and accomplished his purpose. Are not others besides the boy guilty—not only the man who sold him the gun but society that permits him to do so?

• •

What Roosevelt denounces as a vice in Taft, with respect to southern and other delegates, would be entirely unobjectionable if he were in Taft's place. The colonel's outraged virtue only screams when he isn't the beneficiary.

• •

Democrats are disturbed over the prospect of Republican harmony at and after the Chicago convention, says a Washington correspondent of the Oregonian. Apparently he did not mean to be humorous either. The prospective harmony of Republican chiefs is like that of rival bulls or tomcats when courting.

• •

It is complained that too many and too important and complicated measures are to be submitted to the people next November. But what could be expected of a 40 days' legislature, with respect to these measures? Very little, judging by the record of the past. Few if any, good measures would be passed, and these, probably, with "jokers" in them. Not all voters will vote wisely or even intelligently, but the people's work is likely to be better, on the whole, than that of a legislature.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

William Zettman is preparing to establish a steam laundry at Nehalem.

• •

W. A. Showman, former owner of the Oregon City Courier, has been enlisted as editor and manager of the Stockman's Journal, published at Oregon City.

• •

A deal for the sale of the Independence Enterprise to Washington parties has fallen through, owing to the inability of the prospective buyers to take up their option.

• •

Coquille Sentinel: Both the local mills are now running with full crews and sawing to capacity and both creameries are turning out capacity churnings every day of the week.

• •

Oakland Advance: Thousands of acres of land worth hundreds of dollars per acre in some cases for diversified farming and gardening are being used merely for pasture lands in Douglas county.

• •

Silver Lake Leader: Railroad companies don't send men over the country in expensive automobiles for pleasure. They always have an object in view, and when those trips become frequent the country evidently looks good to them.

• •

Oregon City Courier: You may think the matter of a public playground is nonsense, but you didn't think so when you were a boy, and your boy doesn't think so now. No community ever had too large a place for the boys and girls to play.

• •

Joseph Herald: Not so much money is sent from this section to the mail order houses as formerly. The reason is because the Joseph merchants sell a better quality of goods and at lower prices than are charged by the mail order houses.

• •

Silverton Appeal: In the last ten years there has been a very notable change in the appearance of Aumsville and surrounding farms; also a steady gain in population. The honk honk of two or three autos owned by residents occasionally breaks upon the clear atmosphere and many pass through.

• •

Woodburn Independent: It is beginning to be suggested that the 20 horsepower engine just contracted for by the city may be able to furnish electric light and power while it is resting from the pumping business. A good many towns have found that city waterworks and a city light plant go well together.

SEVEN ECCENTRIC WOMEN

Charlotte Cibber Charke.

Charlotte Cibber was one of the most eccentric women who ever lived and her life disasters were due to her deplorable tendency to throw off all restraint and to follow her inclination toward unusual adventure.

The father of this eccentric character was Colley Cibber, one of England's most dramatic authors and actors, and she was carefully educated at the best private schools in London. There was a constant struggle, however, to confine her to what would become a woman, for her earliest tastes led her to prefer whatever would be masculine. Even at a youthful age she showed the addiction to manly pursuits, characteristics of her future life, and besides becoming a good shot, took to dressing horses and digging in the garden.

Charlotte surprised her family by falling in love with a poor violin player when she was only 16 years of age. His name was Richard Charke and he was connected with the Drury Lane theatre company, her father then being one of the managers of that theatre.

Charlotte summed up her idea of this important event of her life by saying that both of them ought to have been sent to school instead of to church, for neither of them had any qualifications for the state of matrimony. The marriage proved unhappy, and shortly after the birth of a child Mrs. Charke quitted a husband whom she charged with excessive irregularities. She now took to the stage, making her first appearance the last night of Nance Oldfield's performance.

Charlotte had fairly good success, but she had constant quarrels with her managers, and a serious one with her father because she assumed at the Haymarket the character of "Fopling Fribble" intended as a satire on Colley Cibber, in the "Battle of the Poets." This quarrel led to her leaving the stage and marked the beginning of a fantastic career that ended in disaster.

She became a grocer and oil dealer, opening a shop for the purpose and she conducted a puppet show which had a certain amount of success and which she sold to advantage. Then she began masquerading as a man and a young girl of wealthy parents fell in love with her and Charlotte had the greatest difficulty in breaking with the infatuated girl.

She describes her conquest in this attire over numbers of her own sex who could not pierce her disguise, and she became, as she states, through her brother's recommendation, valet de chambre to a nobleman. To support her child she began to make and sell sausages for a living, after a failure to take a house to let rooms. She had an opportunity to serve as a waiter at a tavern. She was able to speak French and German to the foreigners who frequented the place, but she made too attractive a man and another love affair lost her this place.

Then came a return to the stage with fresh disasters, and she finally tried to keep herself from starvation by writing a book. In 1755 she had completed a novel, and sent for a bookseller to come and have it read to him. There being no other chair for the visitor, the ragged maid who had opened the door arranged a rough deal board across some supports and on this he sat and listened to the story, noting the broken tea cup that served Charlotte Cibber as an ink stand, and the pen she had used until it was a mere stub.

The bookseller bought this novel, and she wrote another. The sale of these two works, together with the curious narrative of her own life that she wrote served to keep her out of the poor house till her death.

All through her life she had found many friends to help her in hours of bitter necessity, and to do her justice, Charlotte realized and appreciated their kindness to her.

Tomorrow—Juliana de Kruedener.

Presidential Gossip

From the Atlanta Journal

Atlanta Journal: Of all the results thus far recorded in the pre-convention contest, none perhaps is so noteworthy and significant as Governor Wilson's achievement in Ohio. Despite the fact that he made no campaign whatsoever in that state and declined to make any personal appeal for its support against Governor Harmon, he was accorded by the people themselves 39 of the 41 district delegates; and, contrary to the report that he will lose these delegates in the national convention because of the application of the unit rule, he will retain them every one and they will go toward increasing his already substantial lead.

Summing up results, we find that within the past few days Governor Wilson has been unquestionably assured of 40 delegates from Texas, at least 32 from New Jersey, 24 from Minnesota and 20 from Ohio—a total of 136.

In addition to these he has 136 additional instructed delegates, thus giving him to date 344 votes in the convention. Besides these, he has 53 other votes assured on the first ballot and 80 that may be considered reasonably certain on the second ballot—an aggregate of 377 or more than any of his opponents.

Lewiston (Idaho) Tribune: Most of Mr. Taft's delegates are from southern states, which will cast no electoral vote for the nominee of the convention, whoever he may be. Such delegates can exert no moral influence whatever. Sensible of their impotence in the campaign which follows the convention, they are half inclined to regard themselves as mere pawns in the game, passive agents to be used to achieve the ends of the party's strategists. It is not love of principle, but of self, that governs them when they arrive on the scene of a national convention, and they feel that they are absolved of all instructions and of all fealty once it becomes evident that obedience to instructions and the obligations of a professed fealty must commit the party to a blunder. Stronger though he may be in the number of delegates bound to him either by the instructions of their creators or by their own pledges, full half of these delegates are men in whom Mr. Taft can place no dependence. Upon such as these Mr. Roosevelt's victories must exert a most seductive influence, and so, even though he cannot by any reasonable count show so large a number of delegates as rightly belong to Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt can very reasonably expect to alienate from Mr. Taft all that he may need to give him the nomination.

The certainty that Roosevelt will bolt if deprived of the nomination and thereby deprive the Republican party of any chance of winning the election, whereas there may be a chance if the regular nomination be given him, is quite certain to determine the course of a number of delegates, who care nothing as to who writes the platform so long as they get the offices.

Always in Good Humor

REFINED ATHLETICS.

From the Washington Star.

"There is a great deal more refinement in athletics than there used to be."

"Yes," replied the sporting man; "but every now and then some pugilist breaks loose and talks about 'slugging over the ropes' like a political candidate."

HER LAST.

From the Boston Transcript.

Little Dorothy was having her first experience of riding in a sleeper. She was in a lower berth with her mother and she asked so many questions that she had to be told to keep quiet.

"Just one more, mamma," coaxed the little miss.

"Well, child, what is it?"

"Who has the flat above us?"

MAKING SURE.

From the Boston Transcript.

Jack—Are you sure that I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?

Ethel—Perfectly sure, dear. I went over the whole list only yesterday.

HAD HIS.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

"Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" asked the traveling man of his companion, as the train stopped.

"What place is it?" inquired the other.

"Chicago."

"No, I had one leg stretched here once!"

Pointed Paragraphs

The man who abuses his home town injures himself.

• •

A man minus a grouch of some kind misses a lot of fun.

• •

The girl who really can sing is never anxious to show off.

• •

Most women seem to think it their duty to cry at a funeral.

• •

Make hay when the sun shines; make love when the moon shines.

• •

Fast friends are all right, but be slow to trust those who are too fast.

• •

It's a pity men can't get out of trouble as easily as they can get out of work.

• •

The socalled blushing bride usually has a read face from drying her complexion on new towels.

• •

Many a man is so unlucky that if he ever got a place on the ladder of fame the rungs would break.

Marching On

(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.)

My sisters want to vote today but they are in despair! The lady barber didn't come in time to fix their hair—they want to help the uplift, but they don't know what to wear—the girls are marching on! Some vital issues are at stake and every girl should vote; but should she venture to the polls in common walking coat? Perhaps 'twere better far to wear the new style redingote—the girls are marching on! The ballot is a sacred thing, and when that boon is hers, the bones of ancient prejudice will shade their sepulchers; but should she take her parasol or wear her winter furs? The girls are marching on! "The right to vote," my sisters say, "is quite too sweet, we wist; it is a wholesome pastime that we long have sorely missed; for we have soured on crokinole and we are tired of whist!" The girls are maching on! I ask my sisters how they'd vote if they should vote today; they give the problem weighty thought, and this is what they say: "We'd note how Mrs. Jimson votes, then vote the other way." The girls are marching on!

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Chas. Mason