THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, 7th and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES — Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 1218 People's Gas Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico:

DAILY

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently. They know but little of society who think we can bear to be always employed, either in duties or meditation, without relaxation.—H. More.

THE PEOPLE'S MANDATE

THERE is only one way to govern—the majority must rule.

We used the gallows today at Salem. It is a grewsome implement. Some of us think it out of harmony with civilization. We hold that it is a misfit, a false pretense and that it does not do what it purports to do.

We believe that its boasted effectiveness as a deterrent of crime is false. We aver that its vaunted claim that it is a terror to criminals and that it stays the murderer's hands, is a monumental myth.

We claim that it teaches the degenerate and weak minded to hold life lightly, that thereby it is actually the cause of many homicides, and we point in proof to the notorious and unanswerable fact that there are more murders per capita in capital punishment states than in states that do not inflict the death penalty. In further proof, we point to the inexorable fact that in capital punishment states, there is a greater increase in murders than in states without capital punishment, and we declare that the advocates of capital punishment cannot harmonize the condition with their theory.

But there must be obedience to the will of the majority. The gallows must stand until it can be banished by orderly process. The majority must rule. The mandate of the people has been proclaimed and it is supreme.

DR. SUN'S TASK

DR. SUN YAT SEN comes to America in furtherance of his great task, to raise in America and in Europe two hundred million dollars for the new system of Chinese railroads.

The Chinese government undertakes to provide an equal sum, and a similar amount is to be provided by the Chinese people.

The great total, six hundred million dollars, is to provide the railroad system which is to be the main factor in linking the eighteen provinces of China into one connected whole.

Up to this time railroads in China are in their infancy, being various small independent lines, with, it is believed, but one exception, built chiefly with foreign capital, and not constituting a system.

Dr. Sun's announced plans are far more ambitious. The railroads proposed are to connect Peking with Nankin and Shanghai. Another road of great length would reach from Peking to Singan Fu in the province of Shensi and to Siangyang in the province of Hupeh. The Peking-Shanghai road would extend southwards to Canton. Thence other roads would reach the province of Kwangtung.

These roads would connect Peking and Tientsin, the cities of North China, with the great coast cities of Shanghai and Canton in the South, and the provinces of the interior would also be opened.

In the view of many observers the permanency and success of the young Republic of China depends largely on the adequacy of the federal idea of the new constitution to weld the eighteen provinces closely into the structure of the republic. This political union will be strengthened by the physical and commercial unification wrought by the great railroad system now planned. The development of the three hundred and forty millions of China is therefore at stake.

Dr. Sun's task is a formidable one, but he has proved equal to even greater emergencies.

TAYLOR'S COMMUTATION

FROM the facts at hand, Governor West was fully justified in commuting the sentence of John M. Taylor to life imprisonment. The story of the crime as told in a Burns dispatch in Wednesday's Journal was through news channels and is doubtless impartial and accurate. In brief, it was as follows: "John M. Taylor is a man sixty years old, and committed the crime December 21, 1911, in the southern part of Harney county, on Carlson's ranch, about 100 miles from Burns.

"Mr. Carlson had employed Taylor and a man named Alfred H. Perry to sink artesian wells for him, and Perry was inclined to be quarrelsome.

"During the day Perry had found fault with the way Taylor was managing the job, and they continued their difference after coming to the house in the evening. Taylor is an experienced well driller and remarked that he didn't approve of men without experience giving him instructions.

"Taylor resented Perry's threatened advances to whip him, and unexpectedly drew a 45 calibre revolver and shot, the bullet passing through Perry and entering Robert Settlemyre, who was sitting near the fireplace on the opposite side of the room, having come there to spend the night."

There is not in this story of the crime, the lying in wait or the premeditation incident to first degree murder. The killing of Settlemyre was manifestly unintentional, and partakes more of the character of manslaughter. The mitigating circumstances as related in the above dispatch place Taylor's act on a plane far removed from the crime of the Humphreys and others in the condemned group.

The fact that he had a loaded revolver handy for use was a large factor in the killing, and the responsibility for that is on society which sells pistols without question, without inquiry, without concern and without regard to consequences. But for the pistol then in his pocket, Taylor would be a free man today.

A TITANIC MEMORIAL

A GREAT fund is being collected in New York to erect a Titanic memorial monument, in memory of those who perished when the great liner went down.

Why spend the sum on a monument? Instead of pouring out money on a costly and perfectly useless memorial arch, why not immortalize the Titanic heroes by some enduring enterprise of humane aims?

Why not endow a hospital for the care of disabled seamen, or a home for aged and indigent sailors? Why not create a great fund to be used as rewards for inventions for saving life at sea? Why not convert the contributions into a great Titanic fund for the assistance of widows and orphans of persons lost at sea?

A monument, however tall, would be dead and useless. A Titanic archway, would be a futile, inane thing, ending nowhere, benefiting nobody, achieving nothing, serving no useful end.

Bronze, granite and marble would indeed commemorate the great disaster. But a great humane activity in memory of the victims of the lost Titanic would commemorate, and also bring out of the mournful tragedy of the sea, benefit and blessing to thousands.

If the brave men and women who stood on the great vessel and waited for it to carry them down, if they could send back a message, their choice would not be for a towering and gilded pile of architecture but something that would be a benison to humankind.

FARMERS' WEEK

SIX hundred farmers have attended all or part of the farmers' week lectures at the Agricultural college.

Even so good an attendance is not a large tribute to the preparation made for them. The program comprises eighteen groups of subjects with an average of over seven topics in each. The lectures reach every question of life on the farm—in the dairy, in the furnishing and decoration of the farm home, in health on the farm, in modern conveniences and appliances, in the orchard, in the farm fields and their many crops, in all kinds of stock, in poultry keeping, and in the economics of the farm.

It would be of untold benefit to the state at large if thousands, instead of hundreds of citizens could profit by this course.

There is a library of literature on the farm, from six hundred years before Christ to the present day. The ancient books were by far the most readable and enjoyable by the average man. The reason is that they were written by the all round agriculturist, to whom nothing in the life of the farmer was foreign. As the years have passed the specialist has been developed. The sciences were brought into fill the book of the farm so full that it lost its general interest and took on the idea, if not the form, of a dictionary or encyclopedia. One goes to the dictionary, not from taste but from the need to solve doubts, and settle questions already working in one's mind.

But this Farmers' Week program suggests a book of the old school. A book to be bought and carried home by all intending as well as all actual farmers. It would put logic and reason into the nebulous and shifting notions of many a man who has visions of life on a farm but no clear purposes.

It should be inspired by real love for the farm, the orchard, the garden, and the animals that are the farm inhabitants. That book would find many buyers and more readers.

WOULD SHOOT WILSON

THREATENING to kill President-Elect Wilson, a seventeen-year-old boy was arrested in New York yesterday. He had murder in his heart, and a loaded revolver in his pocket. A former employer told the police of previous threats the boy had made to kill Wilson. After arrest, the youthful prisoner said:

This is not a fit country to live in. It's no place for me to work. I can't go back to Russia, so I would rather go to jail, but I would like to shoot Wilson, my boss and all the judges first.

This is the best country on earth. It is the best government on earth. The people are in better condition than any other people on earth. Their average earnings are larger than anywhere else on earth. Their life standards are higher than in any other country on earth.

Who taught this boy to believe that this is "not a fit country for me to live in?" Who incited him with a desire to kill the president-elect, his boss and all the judges? Who inflamed his weak mind with a conviction that in some way government owes him a living and that the way to get it is to shoot the president-elect and all the judges?

For answer, read the inflammatory utterances in certain alleged newspapers, or go out any night in any large city and listen to the soap box orators.

OSWALD WEST, GOVERNOR

NEVER as governor, has Oswald West appeared to better advantage than yesterday. His dignified refusal to grant a further reprieve to the condemned men was highly creditable to him, his administration, and the state.

His reply to the charge by a member of the delegation that if he did not reprieve them, "he would be in dishonor all his life," was manly. His insistence in spite of heavy pressure, on being bound by the recent vote was a splendid example of loyalty to the will of the electorate. At no time in his public career has he been a more thorough tribune of the people, a more perfect embodiment of what a governor should be.

Oswald West is blunt. He is strong in his convictions. He uses none of the arts of diplomacy. He is honest in his speech, as he is honest with his fellow citizens. He is open in everything, stealthy in nothing.

What he believes in, he stands for. What he strives for, he defends. What he thinks, he says. What he hates, he attacks.

He could be a less aggressive governor, and his public life be less stormy. If he were different, he would be better understood. If better understood, those who differ with him, would honor him.

Oswald West is ahead of his time. He is in advance of the thought of most of his people. His vision penetrates farther into the future than does that of the majority.

Before he is an old man, policies that he urges will be in general use, and many be thankful for it. Plans and methods that he has invoked, will be better appreciated, and the state be fairer for application of them.

No governor ever strove harder to do something for the welfare and advancement of his state.

WHAT OF THE CHILDREN?

MEN and women the country over are discussing Marion Craig Wentworth.

She is a well known author and artist who voluntarily divorced her husband that he might marry her friend, Alice Chapman. Mrs. Wentworth No. 1 and her boy live in Boston but a few doors from her husband and wife No. 2, and all are on the kindliest relation.

Mrs. Wentworth No. 1 said: "I love Mr. Wentworth today as fervently as ever I did. He is my dearest friend and comrade."

No. 2 said: "I have the very highest regard for Marion Craig Wentworth, and we are the best of friends. I love Mr. Wentworth and he loves me. I cannot say more."

Mr. Wentworth said: "My former wife, my present wife and I are still all the warmest friends. I intend to do everything possible for my son, Brandon. My former wife and Miss Chapman were friends for many years before I met Miss Chapman. Mrs. Wentworth introduced me to her about four years ago."

But how would it be if all the wives and husbands followed the plan of the Wentworths?

How would it fare with the little Brandons?

SERVIA AND AUSTRIA

A DAY or two ago it was announced from Vienna that a demand had been made, or was immediately expected, that Servia should declare her intentions in the pending controversies between the two governments.

According to yesterday's telegrams the answer of the Balkan Kingdom has been to recall her ambassador, M. Simics, from Vienna, and not to appoint a successor.

This step is generally considered a prelude to immediate war. It is possible that other interpretations may prove accurate. The ambassadors of the powers are to meet in London next week to discuss the terms of peace between the four Balkan allies and Turkey as shown in the treaty that is expected to be laid before them. Servia may desire to take in advance the ground that the issues between herself and Austria-Hungary are outside of any questions to which the four allied states and Turkey are the only necessary parties. It may be that Bulgaria, Greece and Montenegro, or some of them have warned Servia that her pretensions to a port on the Adriatic, with more or less territory connected with it will not be supported by them to the extent of war with Austria, and that Servia, in that event, can only rely on her own resources, and such support as she can independently secure. Her withdrawal of her ambassador to Austria would thus relieve her of responsibility to her allies.

But the alignment of the powers in the ambassadors' conference may not be changed by these developments. Unless the pro-Slav movement among the people of Russia forces the hand of that government her warning to Servia to moderate her pretensions and show herself open to adjustment will probably hold good.

A similar attitude between Austria and Germany will keep the Kaiser's sword in its scabbard for the present, at any rate. Neither England nor France can be expected to uphold Servia in any extravagant claims. Unless some reckless soldiers begin fighting without orders peace is not now of necessity endangered.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

Advocates Restricted District.

Portland, Dec. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the Journal of yesterday I have read the letter of Mrs. A. C. Newill in which she tells what she thinks of the practical workings of a restricted district. She is undoubtedly a good woman and one who has traveled little, and been shielded all her life from association and perhaps from all contact with the class of men who support the resorts of vice; hence what she may think on the subject can only be expressed by a negative quantity.

The writer is an aged man who has traveled much and has had a wide experience in matters that concern the people of countries, and particularly those of the larger cities. He will not presume to tell here what he thinks, but will relate one fact which came under his observation, that possibly may convince Mrs. Newill that there is at least a possibility that she is mistaken. I had a friend who had for many years observed and investigated the cause of many of the serious troubles of the city in which he resided, which had been governed about as loosely as has Portland, and who appealed through the press and by personal argument before the council in favor of a restricted district, without any practical favorable results until the council finally suggested to him that at the near approaching election he should stand as a candidate for chief of police, pledging him that in case of his election he would be sustained by that body until it was shown that his efforts were unavailing. He accepted the challenge, was elected, and at once called the entire police force before him, and explained to them briefly what his course would be, and what the result would be for any policeman who should fail to carry out his orders in every detail. Then he ordered a report from each man, of the location and proprietorship of each house in which any form of vice was supposed to be carried on, whether publicly or otherwise. The reports came in, to his surprise, of many locations, but he did not hesitate in his action. The proprietors and inmates of each place were directed to appear before him at a time definitely stated in their respective notifications, and as by this time it was understood generally that to get along at all was to obey his dictum, appearance was almost universally made, and all were told that he had arranged with the property owners of a certain street as to the rental that would be charged occupants of this to be restricted district, which would be governed by him and kept quiet and orderly. He gave each a limited time in which to remove to that district, and they removed, brothels, gambling houses, etc., and each was told the amount to pay each month into the city treasury to cover the expense of that district. My visit to him was after his system had been in force there for several months, and a more quiet and peaceful city I had never seen. Women or even girls were absolutely safe on the streets day or evening. No one was indulging in obscene or boisterous language. There were no attempts at flirting and no holdups. In fact, quiet prevailed everywhere, except from legitimate business or other causes.

Suppose some such syshem were adopted in Portland. Would not even Mrs. Newill see in it a practical way to secure an ethical, legal and moral situation made necessary by the existence of present conditions? T. ORMSBEE.

The Shadow of the Gallows.

North Plains, Or., Dec. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—The gallows now being erected at the Salem penitentiary, which will pass those condemned men on to eternity, is already casting its dark shadows, which will grow longer and darker as the day of execution approaches. Those shadows will fall across the threshold of every home in our state. They will shadow the pathway of every little boy and girl on their way to school; they will cast gloom over all our fair state, and will reach beyond to wherever love and brotherhood are realized. But they will be darkest at the homes of the mothers of these men—how dark and chilling none can fully know but those mothers only. The mother heart will be wrung with such indescribable anguish that death would be a sweet relief. On the 13th of this month we will hang her son once. He will die a quick, sure death. But we will bring to that mother's tender heart a sorrow that will be a perpetual death. As the genial sun awakens her each morning of her life there will fall across the floor the shadow of that gallows, and that keen, maddening anguish will smite her on awakening each morning ever anew.

Surely there ought to be a better way. These brutal executions outrage every noble sentiment of our being. Surely this is not the way of the master. Surely it is not the way of love, without which the human mind cannot be elevated. Oh, that we might have avoided this dark blot upon our state's fair name!

It is useless to answer that foul murder also casts its shadow. Brutality is no remedy for murder. It only aggravates the disease, and will never eradicate it. Nothing but humane treatment and the realization of love and brotherhood will ever stamp it out.

W. H. BLACK.

Condemns Condemning Ministers.

Portland, Dec. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—To those ministers and priests and all so called followers of Christ who had not the understanding or the moral courage to lift their voices against capital punishment: My pen cannot express the shame and grief and pity I feel for you. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Do you claim that life belongs to Caesar, or to God? "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Is hanging them forgiving them? "I come that you should have life"—but you give death.

I care not what your victims have done—such men as these five as are condemned to death next Friday could hardly be expected to understand the truth of the master, or to have the moral courage to live up to it. You, who are supposed to study and teach the words of Christ—how dare you take the lives of these men—our brothers? Each one of you who did not raise his voice against capital punishment has his hands—bloody hands—on the rope that will choke out the lives of these five men and all others who shall meet their fate. I can only say to you, as the master said to those who murdered him: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

If you truly wish to prevent murder, get at the cause—the whiskey, rum and booze merchant, who grow fat on the murder and crimes of their victims—one of these (and you know it) will cause more crimes and murders than 10 Jack Robertses.

"Those who live by the sword, die by the sword." JULIAN P. SCOTT.

Capital Punishment.

Portland, Or., Dec. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—The thirteenth day of December is growing near, the day set for the murder of five men. As a Christian I take the liberty of expressing my thoughts along these lines.

First of all I ask every one who professes to be a true Christian, you that build churches and attend them; send missionaries abroad to convert others and so forth: Suppose our Lord and master stood here before you today in the flesh—visible to your earth-bound eyes—and you asked him if you should put these five condemned men to death, what would his answer be?

In the parable of the Good Samaritan, our master illustrated who our neighbor is. It is any living being who needs our mercy—ergo, those five are our neighbors.

Concerning the last judgment, Christ said: "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me not." And further on—"Verily, I say unto you. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

You people of Oregon had the opportunity to choose and still today, as of old, you cry—"Crucify him! Crucify him!" I know that you do not all think so. I have read some of the letters and statements to the contrary, but the majority has ruled thus.

Whenever we have a doubt of a thing being right, we can be very certain it is wrong. When the law or government considers it right for them to kill a person, because that person has killed some one else, they state that murder is admissable under some circumstances. This seems to me a very bad example to set before the people. It teaches disrespect for life, and that "an eye for an eye" is the right thing to practice. It arouses the bloodthirsty animal which slumbers in human nature.

If children were taught more respect for life; to hold more sacredly and seriously the law of God and the land, and if they were fed with vegetables and fruit instead of animal flesh, there would be less criminals. Remember that even every murderer has been some mother's child. Execution has not so far lessened crimes and never will. For the sake of public safety, I do not consider it well to let all criminals free, but to alter the death penalty to life imprisonment and let it mean for life.

ANNETTE HENRIKSEN.

Isolation the Remedy.

Portland, Dec. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Will Mrs. Newill—the lady juror—and the many others who have so strenuously opposed the restricted district, and who have given us so many excellent reasons for not favoring it—tell us just one practical way of getting rid of it? Many good solutions have been offered—many have been tried—with the result that the evil is still with us, and ever will be, until the thinking people awake to the realization that the social evil must necessarily become a thing of the past, were it not for the fact that new recruits are being made daily and who (if not our own little boys and girls) are filling the vacancies, and taking the places of the departed creatures of the underworld?

It is true that we are opposed to "the restricted district designed for the maintenance of vice," but what of the restricted district designed for the protection of our boys and girls? Will it not give the officers a better opportunity to get the procurer and to watch the recruiting stations?

If we are powerless to remove the district, which has proven to be the case, why object to restricting it? Why does the farmer sort the rotten apples from the good ones? Why do we have pest houses? Why do we isolate the leper? And why should we not quarantine this district of sin and disease?

MINA MAKER GATENS.

A Correction.

Portland, Or., Dec. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—My letter of the eighth instant, published in today's issue, contains what I surmise to be a typographical error. The word "majority" appears instead of the word minority." The sentence should have read: "Under our present state constitution the will of a few persons, indorsed by a minority of the voters, can alter the basic law of our state." This I hold to be a weak spot in the Oregon constitution. The constitution of a state need not be as rigid as the federal constitution, but our state constitution is too flexible—too easily amended. The sooner this defect is remedied the better it will be for all concerned. INNE RUS.

First Women on Election Board.

Portland, Or., Dec. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—Quite a little has been said about the first woman clerks and judges of election. I wish to say that I was the first one to have woman clerks on the election board. That was in the June, 1911, school election, when I had two woman clerks, Miss Caldis Grisham and Miss Lillian Blazin, school teachers, and we polled over 400 votes in four hours and counted them in less than one hour. So give me woman clerks. HENRY M. WAGNER.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Again, eastern visitors will note the winter difference.

• •

About the most pitiable kid on earth is that czarevitch Alexis.

• •

One good way to effect a needed reform in Oregon is to raise more hogs.

• •

Looks like Mexico is to go down in history as the country to perpetuate rebellions.

• •

Not the leaders, only the voters, can revive and maintain the Republican party—or any other—henceforth.

• •

It's a wonder that all people agree on anything—the points of the compass, or that sunshine warms, for instance.

• •

There seems to be evidence that the conviction of one of the quintette of murderers, Taylor, of murder in the first degree, was a grim mistake.

• •

Evidence of personal identification—of a stranger, supposed to have been seen but once—is also to be received with caution.

• •

It's a wonder that some microbe microscopist doesn't declare that Santa Claus is loaded with billions of quintillions of dodecimillions of germs.

• •

Possibly some dads wait till the last day in the evening to buy 'em, so as to make the excuse that they were crowded out and could get nothing.

• •

The czar of Russia is nominally possessed of billions of dollars' worth of property, more than any other human being, yet he must be one of the most miserable men on earth.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Eugene Register: William Kerr's farm, north of the city, is about to be made a game preserve or refuge by Game Warden Finley, where birds and game will be protected and may rapidly increase in number.

• •

Tillamook Herald: Things are coming our way as fast as can be expected. A brick and tile plant and a crude milk sugar factory added to our industries during the next year will certainly give us a great boost.

• •

Astoria Budget: During the month of November 31 vessels loaded at the sawmills in the lower Columbia river district and their combined cargoes aggregated 23,156,294 feet of lumber. Of these vessels, five, with cargoes totaling 5,633,294 feet of lumber, went to foreign ports, while the balance sailed for various points in California.

• •

Baker Democrat: In view of the fact that China's most noted citizen will probably visit Baker next month, and that Dr. Sun is a Baptist, the First Baptist church voted Thursday evening to arrange to give him a welcome and for a public meeting to be addressed by Dr. Sun. It was also voted to ask the other churches to unite in these plans.

• •

Eugene Guard: A. P. McCulloch of Lorane brought to Eugene the pelt of a huge cat which he killed in the woods near his place. The animal, which was large enough to be taken for a regular bobcat, had killed over 200 chickens lately in that vicinity. It was treed by Mr. McCulloch, who dispatched it with his rifle. The carcass, before being skinned, weighed 15 pounds, and the hide measures 39 inches from the tip of nose to the tip of the tail.

RELIC OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Built in 1752, standing as a historic landmark in New Orleans, the old French Absinthe House is soon to be only a memory. It will be closed by order of the government. No more seductive frappes will be given the tourist, no more will the worn marble counter be pointed out, where great men and women of the world have quenched their thirst in times of long ago.

It was the first saloon built in New Orleans. It was in the later days of the eighteenth century the old French Absinthe House became a rendezvous for the wealth, the aristocracy and the bon homme element of the Crescent City. Notables of the old world congregated there. La Fayette was one of its best patrons, but, like all old landmarks, it must yield to the dispensation of the twentieth century.

At the time that the absinthe house was in its heyday of popularity the Latin Quarter of New Orleans was the center of the city. Lee circle and St. Charles avenue were unknown. City Park was known only for the romantic glamour of the dueling oaks. The pulse beat high in Frenchtown. The absinthe house was in the vortex of excitement and revelry. But a few blocks away stands the old French opera house, a gloomy looking pile on the outside; an elaborate and complex test of architectural skill on the inside. Yet these two places are deeply marked in the history of the most romantic city in the south.

Tourists from all quarters of the world have stopped there, either to look over the old relics or to drink a frappe, just to say they had. The marble counter is marked in grooves where the glasses, for over a century and a half of years, have been pushed to customers. The same silver forks for holding the sugar, while the absinthe drips into the glass, are in use that were used in the last years of 1700. The edict of the United States government is imperative. It sounds the knell of this quaint remnant of Bohemian life in the Crescent City.

It is today situated in the darkest and dirtiest corner of New Orleans, for the city has crossed Canal street and the old buildings and quaint structures are but reminders of New Orleans at the dawn of the nineteenth century. But the old romance clings to this section, which will furnish many songs and stories in the years to come. It is a fertile field for the novelist, the dramatist, the romancer and the song writer. It is an essential field for the future history of the Crescent City, and while closed, the old French Absinthe House will live in memory.

ENGLAND'S DREAM COMING TRUE

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

Apparently England's greatest problem, that of assuring the maintenance of her food supply, will soon be solved. To accomplish this object, to be able at all times to protect the ships which bring from Canada, from Australia, from the United States, from South America, from Africa and Asia, the meat and grain needed for her people, Great Britain must have a navy twice as large as that of any other nation. This necessity gave rise to the two-power naval policy, so long maintained and only in recent years endangered by the determination of Germany to wrest from Great Britain the supremacy of the sea. With rivalry began an incessant demand for more dreadnaughts, which could only be supplied by the imposition of more taxes. This burden in time became almost intolerable, but Germany kept setting the pace and the ruinous increase of taxation had to go on. Yet it was plain that Great Britain alone could not long stand such a drain. She had to have help or the two-power naval policy would go by the board. And now the aid on which her supremacy depends seems to be assured.

Great Britain's colonies have come to her relief. They are to build dreadnaughts to protect the mother country's food supply. Australia showed the way, and now Canada, through her premier, proposes to add three battleships, as powerful as any in the world, to the naval defense of the British empire.

This decision on the part of the colonies means more than the preservation of British supremacy on the sea. It means the beginning of a new order of things. It means the imperial federation, which has been the dream of England's colonies since the days of their infancy. That this will follow is made evident by the announcement of the Canadian premier that his plan, if approved, would give Canada a voice in Great Britain's foreign affairs. A Canadian minister would be welcomed to London by his majesty's government, that minister would be summoned to all meetings of the committee of imperial defense; he would be regarded as one of its permanent members and no important step in foreign policy would be taken until he had been consulted. Such assurance coming from such a source can be interpreted in only one way. The era of the British imperial federation is at hand.

The Slavery of Childhood

From New York World.

Said Angelina, 6 years old, one of the child workers in New York City who were questioned for the factory commission: "I never play on the street, but sometimes in the hall. My father licks me if I do not work."

Said another Angelina, 8 years old: "When I go home from school I help my mother to work. I help her earn her money. I do not play at all. I get up at 6 o'clock and I go to bed at 11 o'clock."

Said Giovanna: "I get up at 5 o'clock in the morning. Then I work with my mother. At 9 o'clock I go to school. I have no time for play. I must work by feathers. At 10 o'clock I go to bed."

Miss Watson, an investigator for the commission, found babies of 3 and 4 years at work upon the dresses of dolls that children more softly reared in homes less pressed by want are to fondle and caress. They "turn doll dresses right side out after their mothers and sisters have finished, working on the seams. That would be their regular and constant share of the work."

At a thousand points the sweatshop work of the tenements touches the lives of the more fortunate with a threat. In one poor home Dr. Anna S. Daniels tells how a child lay dying of infantile paralysis, her mother unable to attend to her. The woman had to work.

How many child workers are there in such homes? It is possible that there may be 100,000. Of women and children in tenement trades the estimates run all the way from 125,000 to 300,000. A single trade, embroidery, employs 61,000 home workers, perhaps half of them children. There is no law of the state of New York limiting the number of hours that even a child of 6 may work at home. The dreary toil goes on all the year, and year after year.

This is a condition that menaces the public health. It menaces public morals. It menaces the public welfare. It handicaps labor itself and drags it dangerously close to servitude. It lowers the standard of wages and makes it harder for the kindest and most well-meaning parents to live without the labor of their children. So the evil perpetuates itself and grows ever worse.

It may be difficult to end the abuse and restore to the childhood of New York the right to play and the boon of sleep. But difficulty yields to necessity. It can be done and it must be done.

New York cannot continue to take from the tired and aching fingers of little children the goods in its luxurious shops. It cannot permit many thousands of its future citizens to grow up dwarfed and stunted in mind and body, broken in spirit and enfeebled throughout adult life by an infancy of protracted toil.

December is the children's month. To what better use can it be put, with this damning revelation before us of unintended but keen cruelty to children which the walls of the tenements have long hidden, than to resolve that it shall be stopped so far as legislation and government can stop it? No more peremptory duty faces the city and the state.

Benefactor Was Modest and Wanted to Give Money Anonymously.

From the Weekly Telegraph.

Four or five ladies bustled into a private office the other day.

"What can I do for you, ladies?" asked the manager pleasantly.

"Why," began one of the visitors, "we are taking up a subscription and we knew you wouldn't like it if we didn't give you an opportunity to subscribe."

The manager bowed graciously and asked: "And the object? Of course, it is a worthy one, or you would not be interested in it."

"Yes, sir," replied the spokeswoman, "we think it is a very worthy object. It is to build a home for aged and indigent widows."

"Excellent! Excellent! I shall take pleasure in making you out a check."

"Oh, how lovely of you!" exclaimed the spokeswoman when she received the bit of paper and read the amount, $100. "Oh, we didn't expect to get that much from you! We are ever so much obliged."

"So good of him!" and similar exclamations were heard as the check was passed around for the admiration of the party.

"But," said the lady who handled the check last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my benefactions known to the world," said the manager, modestly. "I wish to give the check anonymously." And he bowed the ladies out with great dignity.

Pointed Paragraphs

A shiftless man is one who eats tomorrow's dinner today.

• •

Every great actress has her manager—but the title is a misnomer.

• •

The chronic kicker is the first to set up a howl if he gets kicked.

• •

Most of the things a woman wants are on the other side of a barbed wire fence.

• •

And some women love dogs better than they do men, probably because dogs can't talk.

• •

If a man boasts of his past after reforming it's a sign he didn't get the right brand.

• •

He is truly a great man who can induce all his neighbors to think as much of him as he thinks of himself.

• •

If girls would choose husbands as carefully as they do their clothes, there would be fewer divorces and more old bachelors in the world.

• •

The average man nearly always manages to get caught in the act when he has occasion to perform a charitable deed.

Always in Good Humor

DIDN'T WORK WELL.

From the Philadelphia Record.

An Englishman met a friend and said: "I say, old chap, I've got an awfully good idea, don't you know. I'm going to have a music box put up in my bathroom, so when I'm having my bath I can have a bit of music, don't you know."

His friend didn't seem to think much of the idea, and when he met him some time afterwards he asked how the idea of the music box in the bathroom came off.

"Oh," said his friend, "to tell the truth, it wasn't much of a success. The plagued thing would only play God Save the King, and I had to stand up all the time."

TO MAKE THEM SMART.

From the Scalpel.

Landlady—You believe in mustard plasters, doctor?

M. D.—Rather! I always order them for patients who call me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with 'em.