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THE COLONEL

FORMER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT attacks the Wilson administration and the Republican party in the current issue of a leading magazine. He says:

Mr. Wilson's "new freedom" contains well-phrased general statements, but no concrete proposals for definite action. I doubt whether it has any meaning at all. It certainly can have no value if its collier will not translate it out of the realm of magnificent rhetoric into specific propositions.

A tariff bill supported on final vote by Robert La Follette is one specific proposition which Woodrow Wilson has translated out of his "new freedom." Does not Mr. Roosevelt think it an improvement over the Payne-Aldrich bill, which it is to supersede? A currency bill supported in the house by 14 Progressives and 24 Republicans, and passed by a vote of 286 to 84 is another concrete proposition in Mr. Wilson's "new freedom" with the administration only six months old.

Concerning the Republican party, Mr. Roosevelt says:
A party wherein Penrose, La Follette and Smoot stand as three brothers of leadership, cannot possibly supply the need for efficient, cohesive governmental action as regards vital questions of the day.

Far be it from The Journal to take part in any controversy between the Colonel and the Republican party, but it is a fact, that the Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1882 when he wanted membership in the New York assembly.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1884, when tens of thousands of independent Republicans refused to support Blaine, though Mr. Roosevelt was not among them.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1886, when he became its standard bearer for mayor to defeat Henry George.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1889, when he wanted to be a civil service commissioner, although Matthew Quay was a national chairman.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1897, when he became assistant secretary of the navy through the favor of Mark Hanna, Boss Platt and Boss Quay.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1898, when he became its nominee and was elected governor of New York.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1900, when he was nominated by a Republican convention for vice president, and elected.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1904, when the organization nominated and elected him to the highest office within the gift of the American people.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel in 1908, when it allowed him to name William H. Taft as its candidate for president.

The Republican party was good enough for the Colonel until June 20, 1912, when the steam roller at Chicago brushed him off the track that the party had kept so well greased for him for more than thirty years.

Withal, the Colonel, as his article shows, is at war with Republicanism, and there is undoubtedly trouble ahead in the Colonel's fearlessness, his aggressiveness, his militancy and his malignity.

With his whole soul and all his great power, the Colonel is still the active, living, sustaining force in the Progressive party.

incongruities and absurdities manifest in this Northwest Pacific country. It was indeed an extraordinary spectacle for Puget Sound, reached by an over-mountain haul of approximately 3000 feet lift to have a through rate and Portland with a water grade haul to have no through arrangement.

The change now announced is, however, encouraging. It is sign that the Columbia river region is passing out of the Rip Van Winkle sleep that has kept it inactive and lethargic as to big things in transportation and commerce for the past decade and more. It isomen of a rising popular purpose to claim for Portland the things which are Portland's, and to demand for the Columbia from its source to its mouth, the things which are the Columbia's.

There is no nobler activity than to exalt this Columbia movement. It is a great field in which to render service to all kinds of people. It is not for the effect on real estate values or the building of a city, but for cheapened transportation and the bringing of the blessings of a broader and more abounding prosperity to multitudes of workers, lifters and gleaners that the endeavor for a greater Columbia empire has its most splendid aspect.

GAUD GIRLS:
THERE were two of them. One was, perhaps, sixteen. The other may have been nineteen.

For twenty minutes they paraded up and down in front of one of Portland's biggest hotels. They walked a few feet, then they stopped and talked. Then they walked a few more feet, and again, stopped to talk.

The nineteen-year-old wore a black hat with dazzling blue feathers. Her gown was blue and tight and well slit up on the left. Of course, her stockings were silk and her shoes low cut and set off with shining steel buckles. The blue gown that clung so snugly to her obnoxious figure was cut low at the neck, too low for the time, the place and the girl. Every part of her dress was a revelation of the physical feminine.

Her features were so exaggerated by artifice that they were mere gauds. There was too much black about her eyes, too much red about her lips, too much flame in her cheeks, and the perfume that floated in her wake was too heavy, too suggestive. Her talk was a little too loud, a little too much for effect. The whole tone of her was overdone, over-exposed.

Not a man passed whose eyes did not glue to the figure in blue. Not a woman went that way who did not turn round to more accurately fasten the picture in her mind. The nineteen-year-old saw the attention she was attracting and liked it—liked it too much.

At the end of the twenty minute parade, she turned to her companion, "Mabelle," she nonchalantly remarked, "Let's go in and have a drink." And they disappeared into the hotel.

Inquiry was made. The nineteen-year-old is the daughter of highly respected parents. She is said to be a perfectly good girl.

And yet, she is a sorry thing, a poor thing. Any girl who makes herself too conspicuous is a sorry thing, a poor thing. Nobody plays fair with that kind of girl. She is not playing fair with herself. The bid of her clothes and conduct is for—insult.

Hybrids are not successful in the long run. Those who flaunt sleek legs and undulating curves merely emphasize their limitations. They are the pieces of dry goods that stay on the shelf; they are the peaches that rot on the trees; they are the women whose usual escape from tragedy of their existence is another drink.

They are sad sights—these would-be girls of the underworld. Where, oh, father and mother, is your daughter?

What does she wear, where does she parade, and what does she drink?

PORTLAND'S MILK SHOW

PORTLAND'S milk show this week is in the interest of everybody. It will be a great educational exhibit for the promotion of health and happiness. If Portland people make full use of the exhibit its economic value will be almost without price.

There is much to be learned about milk. The necessity for cleanliness and care in handling does not end with the dairyman. Milk should be safeguarded from the cow to the infant's lips. If it is, illness will be minimized, the expense attached to sickness will be largely eliminated, babies will grow stronger and parents will become richer.

City and state health authorities are charged with the duty of enforcing proper regulations at the dairy. Cows must be free from tuberculosis, the dairy must be clean and sanitary, the milk must be above a fixed standard of butter fat. It must be delivered to the consumer clean and wholesome.

The consumer cannot look after these details, but he can give attention to proper care of the milk after it is delivered at his home. Dairymen are often blamed for faults of the consumer. Milk placed in insanitary surroundings cannot remain wholesome. It absorbs im-

purities faster than any other article of food. Milk is a chief food article for the young. It is therefore imperative that parents give it intelligent care. The exhibit will teach them how to keep milk pure and wholesome, and if that is not learned there is little benefit to be derived from enforcing sanitary regulations against dairymen.

FIREMAN LAMBERT

WITH no relative near to mourn, William A. Lambert, a fireman in the old volunteer service, was laid away in Lone Fir cemetery last Thursday.

For twenty-seven years, he was a patient at St. Vincent's hospital. For twenty-seven helpless, hopeless years, he waited for the curtain to drop, waited for the lights to go out on a life that was wrecked by an injury while he was yet a mere youth.

At twenty-five, an injury sustained at a fire affected his spine. It caused him to be sent to the hospital, and kept him there until his sun went down. For more than a decade, he spent his waiting hours in a wheel chair, and for the last few years of his life, he was almost helpless. It was the price a fireman paid for his efforts to save the property of others. It was at tremendous cost to William A. Lambert, for at twenty-five it translated his buoyant, bubbling youth into a living death in which each day was a weary wait for the end that required twenty-seven years in coming.

There could be no more convincing proof of the splendid fortune of those who are in good health and in possession of all their faculties than is the luckless experience of William A. Lambert. The hospital was his world; the great outdoors was theirs. Helplessness was his portion; strength, power and freedom are theirs. All he could do was to wait in patience and fortitude for six feet of earth; they can come and go and do and think to the ends of the earth.

Remembering Fireman Lambert, how foolish for men and women in full possession of all mental and physical powers to mourn, or complain, or whine!

How rich, indeed, they are!

A LABOR HANDICAP

UNEMPLOYMENT is labor's big handicap. For that reason much importance attaches to the London Board of Trade's report on the first year's operation of national compulsory insurance against unemployment. When Lloyd-George proposed his revolutionary plan the very foundations of England trembled. Now the outstanding fact is that the scheme has worked. Even Tory organs confess that.

During the past year every time an employer in Great Britain paid an employe his weekly wages the employe was obliged to paste in a book bearing the employe's name two stamps, each worth five cents. One stamp was deducted from the employe's wages and the other was a tax on the employer. In addition, there was a third stamp, worth two cents, the contribution of the national government.

If the employe lost his job he, together with his application for a new job, deposited the book at one of 230 free public employment offices, and if he was without work more than a week he collected \$1.75 a week while unemployed. The money came from a fund created by the stamps pasted in the books. But the employe could not draw this out-of-work allowance for more than fifteen weeks in twelve months.

The insurance applied only to certain trades, but it included 2,500,000 persons. There were complaints of feigned illness, but less than nine per cent of the claims presented were disallowed on investigation, and only forty-seven fraudulent claims were discovered.

The employment agencies make it their business to see that employes are not idle for long intervals. Each manager of an office has telegraphic reports showing in what towns men are wanted. The manager also has a book showing the standard wages paid in various parts of the country. In ten minutes the applicant may be offered a choice of two or three jobs.

If the job selected requires a railroad journey and the man has not the money for a ticket, the amount is advanced and later deducted from his wages. If the man stays on the job his book is sent to the new employer and stamp sticking is resumed.

In addition to his unemployment insurance, the English workman has insurance against sickness. This applied last year to all persons employed at manual labor, with few exceptions, whose yearly earnings did not exceed \$800. In all, 15,000,000 people are directly affected—one third of the kingdom's population.

If an employe was taken ill while at work he had free medical attention as long as it was needed. If illness laid him up his employer was required to stick enough additional stamps to pay the man \$2.50 a week. In England thirty per cent of the pauperism is said to be due to sickness. Now there is a safeguard against that, as well as old age pensions.

Some of the provisions of the unemployment insurance act are interesting. If an idle workman is offered a job as a strike breaker he can refuse it and continue to

draw his unemployment benefit. But he cannot draw this benefit while on a strike. If he quits his job voluntarily or is discharged for misconduct he cannot draw any benefit for the first six weeks thereafter.

If a workman applies frequently for the benefit and the managers conclude that he lacks skill they may test his abilities and give him technical instruction at the expense of the unemployment fund.

Many difficulties have attended practical operation of the law, but English opinion seems to hold that it is a success. The fact that in six months claims exceeding \$1,000,000 were paid proves that unemployment is labor's big handicap.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

JUDGE CABANISS of San Francisco last week struck another blow at the double standard of morals. A husband sought divorce on the ground of his wife's confessed adultery, committed after a quarrel had ended seventeen years of faithful married life. The decree was granted, but Judge Cabaniss gave the woman half the community property accumulated during those seventeen years, and he also gave her custody of her children.

There can be no palliation of this woman's fall from grace, but the judge's ruling is notable because he upset long-established tradition that women must be condemned for something that men are pardoned for. The California civil code says where adultery or extreme cruelty is proved in divorce cases the judge shall use his discretion in disposing of community property.

No California judge heretofore accorded equality before the law to a woman guilty of adultery. She has been condemned while men guilty of the same crime have been excused, if not exonerated. That has been the world's attitude, and it has been the court's decree. But Judge Cabaniss set a new precedent when he said:

I do not feel that because a wife once erred, she is therefore branded as a bad woman. On the contrary, I feel that a woman who has maintained herself and her child by hard labor, and whose conduct since has commanded the respect of all who have known her, is entitled to the same consideration as any other mother.

California women have cause to congratulate themselves, not because of an opportunity for greater freedom to sin, but for the reason that purity is being recognized as a general, not a one-sex, requirement.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago seems little farther back than yesterday, and yet wonderful things have happened in that short time. A St. Louis paper prints an item in its "twenty-five years ago" column to the effect that an American aeronaut in London claimed he could direct the movement of a parachute. But in attempting to prove his claim the man alighted on a house and was seriously injured.

Those were the days when the story of Darius Green and his flying machine was standard literature, good enough for the Fourth Readers used by school children. Those days were even before Professor Langley was accounted a crank because he sought to demonstrate on the Potomac river near Washington, that gliding on the air was possible.

People are not only flying in 1913, proving that Darius Green was not the fool which school books branded him, but they are flying upside down and landing safely.

Aviation engages our attention because it is spectacular, but there are many other evidences of progress just as convincing.

What photographer twenty-five years ago would not have argued himself black in the face that photographs could not be taken through solid substances? Today the X-Ray photo is so common that it attracts no attention. Wireless telegraphy was unknown; today boys have it for a pastime. The telephone was a luxury; now it is a necessity.

Time's march proves that many things we once thought complex are in reality simple. A quarter of a century's progress teaches that the venturesome man is the one who says anything is impossible.

The weather man has cruelly punctured the tire of California's widely heralded reputation for delightful climate, a reputation prodigiously promoted and coined into unlimited dividends. A temperature of 105 to 112 in the shade and men committing suicide to escape the blistering heat are in the record.

Doing that big job at the mouth of the Columbia continuously spells tens, even hundreds, of millions in the near future benefits for the Columbia river region and the coming greatest city on the coast—Portland—the New York of the Sundown shore.

If everybody would contribute in proportion to wealth and benefits, the Chilcote steamship line between Portland and Atlantic ports would be easily underwritten.

Though former President Taft has lost eighty pounds in weight, it is doubtful if he has lost any of the weight that made him run such a slow race.

The most overworked man in the country is the curtain raiser in the Thaw case.

WHY WAS I BORN?

By Dr. Frank Crane.

(Copyright, 1913, by Frank Crane.) There is one question upon the answer to which rests the success or failure of our lives: "Why was I born?"

It is the question: "Why was I born?" A strange fact is that nobody knows the answer. The purpose which the Creator had in mind when he made me has never been known, never will be known.

Curious that the most fearful of all problems should be forever unanswerable! "Why was I born?" We may believe this or that to be the reason why we were created; we cannot know.

Notwithstanding this fact, the net result of my life depends upon the theory I form to answer this query. But how can I tell which theory is best when there is no means of knowing which is true?

There is a way to tell which theory is, if not true, at least approximately true. This way is suggested by what is called pragmatism.

The test is this: That answer to the question is most likely to be true which will work. We cannot answer the question, "Why was I born?" by investigating causes. The secrets of life are beyond us. The Creator will not be interviewed.

But we can select an answer by noting results. For instance: "I was made in order that I might get all pleasure possible out of life." This solution means wreckage. Its falsity is proved by insane hospitals, feeble minded asylums, and by those murders, adulteries and heartbreaks that constantly attend the end of the pleasure seeker.

"I was made in order that I might escape this evil world and get safely out of it after death." This is an answer based logically on the asceticism that marked the dark ages and the hard morbidity that characterized puritanism.

"I was born to labor for others," means a race of slaves. It means that I must live and to enjoy myself upon the fruits of others' labor," means a class of snobs.

The most satisfactory answer, in twelfth century terms, is: "I was born to express my forces my greatest gifts and to develop my instincts and talents under the guidance of reason; to find permanent happiness by fostering the higher, more altruistic, and spirit impulses and by subduing the violence of the more brutal impulses." This was born to find love and my own work and through these liberty. In one word, the purpose of creating me was that I should be as great as possible.

Only by this answer do we get strength without envy, virtue without narrowness, bravery without effeminacy, love without contamination, reverence without superstition, joy without excess.

I do not know this answer is correct. I believe it to be the most nearly correct for the simple reason that it works.

The Gideons' Good Work.

From the Toronto Star. The Gideons, or more officially the Commercial Travelers' Christian Association, are the people who are responsible for the Bible you find on your hotel bureau. It is not true that they furnish anything better than that Gideon Bible, of a convenient size to read in bed, and of a print big enough to read tired eyes.

There is also a list of passages to read in one of which is pretty sure to fit your case. The Gideons know what it is to be on the road, and just what parts of the Bible will soothe their homesick feeling. Through the efforts of the Gideons the Bible more than

holds its own against the competition of the news stand in the big hotels, and many a weary wanderer gets comfort out of it when he is at the point where the usual magazines, Souis have been caught on the rebound just that way. After wading up to the ears in the muckraking weeklies and monthlies, it is sweet and relaxing to lie at ease and learn about a better way of living.

It seems a pity that the Gideons confine their activities to the big cities and towns. Sometimes a traveler, commiserate or otherwise, is stalled in a country hotel. That is where the Gideon Bible ought to be. The resources of the place are soon exhausted. The daily paper is four days old, the bills advertising auction sales of live stock are strictly local and their interest. These cannot be read more than once with sustaining enjoyment, and then boredom yawns for the marooned guest. He seeks the privacy of his room, only to find that the heat is off, and there are not enough whores on the bed. Also, the window is nailed down and there is no transom over the door. To that man a Gideon Bible would bring many messages. It might not tell him just what to do under the circumstances, but it would tell him in a general way and help him to bear his troubles.

Life and Its Riddle. From the New York Herald. The assertion of Sir Oliver Lodge of his belief in the persistence of personality after death, made in his inaugural address before the British association for the Advancement of Science, proclaims his force and courage.

Life is a vale hemmed in by the walls of dogma. If doctors of divinity have at times harshly assailed the searching materialism of science, there is none the less a need for those who would maintain a rule to take heed lest they fall into the errors of arrogance. Very eminent sages were those who said there was no world beyond Gibraltar, yet in spite of them Oliver Lodge, and certain venturesome souls like Sir Oliver Lodge may, for all we know, have touched foot upon a great and yet unexplored continent.

One can scarcely agree with the bitter cynicism of Professor Hyslop, who maintains that psychical research is not considered respectable. It is to be regretted that false mediums and Impudent charlatans have often misled investigators for a time, yet as long as such gifts and talents are given to men, it is well to have them put to use. Oliver Lodge, Camille Flammarion and Professor Hugo Münsterberg have given so much of their time and energy to the mysteries of another plane the great question of the ages, "Does death end all?" cannot be dismissed with a shrug of scientific shoulders.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

John Minto is one of the empire builders of the west. Next year will mark the seventieth anniversary of his arrival in Oregon. The psalmist says that a man's span of life is three score years and ten. John Minto has spent three score years and ten in Oregon and he was not a day when he came here. He was born in Northumberland at Wylam on the Tyne, October 10, 1822. He came from England to the United States in 1840. He secured work as a coal miner at Pittsburg, Pa., in 1844 and went to Iowa to work on the frontier of Iowa. He discovered that while Iowa was the far west from Pennsylvania there was a still further west to which the residents of Iowa were eagerly looking.

I visited Mr. Minto recently at the home of his son and daughter-in-law at Salem. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Minto said to me: "Mr. Minto is eating supper but will be in in a few minutes." I asked, "I asked, 'how air you keeps as strong and vigorous at the age of 91 years?'"

Mrs. Minto smiled and said, "I will give you his recipe. Possibly if you follow it you also can live as long as I. He was a coal miner in Pennsylvania for the past 30 years or so. He will not wear store teeth. Under such circumstances people usually eat soft foods. I will tell you what he eats. He likes best of all, pork and ham, sausage, doughnuts and mince pies. He is very fond of hot cakes, waffles and corn bread.

"For many years he has not had the use of his right eye. This bothers him a little in getting around as he is so active. A week or two ago he tore a ragged wound in his eyebrow. He was the margin from a piece of newspaper after the wound had stopped bleeding, put the paper on and let it stay on until the wound healed. We of today would think that was a sure way to get blood poisoning or get germs in the wound but the pioneers had no time to believe in germs and other hygienic ideas of that kind and apparently the germs never bothered them.

The worst ailment Mr. Minto has had for years is a corn on his little toe—that isn't counting being gored by a bull when he was about 80 and falling off the roof and breaking several ribs a few years ago or having the barn door fall on him and breaking some of the ribs. He always takes care of that kind of very philosophical. He must have started out in life with wonderful vitality to be able to go through all he has seen and keep so well physically and so serene mentally.

When I visited him in I told him what I wanted. He shook hands and said, "Come on to my room where we can talk and not be disturbed. We have a long evening before us and I love to talk over old times. If it's just the same to you, I am going to tell you my story in my own way so you needn't ask me any questions. I'll tell you about my trip to Oregon. I am getting pretty well along in years—I am over 90, but I am still as full of bounce as when I was a boy. I have had a long and adventurous and was fond of poetry. I knew most of the old songs of Northumberland. The old ballads and Tom Moore's songs are my favorites.

"When I had moved to Iowa, I heard people talking about the Willamette valley. With a young comrade I went to see Michael T. Simmons. I heard he was organizing a party to go to Oregon. He told me he had heard R. W. Morrison wanted someone to drive a team across the plains to help him and I hurried out to Morrison's place. I asked him if he had work for us. He asked us a few questions and told us he would employ us. Going to the house he said to his wife, 'Nancy, these two young fellows are going to help us. Can you get them some breakfast?'"

"Next day Mr. Morrison told me to make a reach for the wagon out of a tough young oak tree. As I was working on it with a draw knife, shaping it, a young girl passed down the road with a bucket on her arm, to get some water. She had a sunbonnet on so I could not see her face but the little way she carried herself and the spring in her walk made me stop my work and look up at her. I said to myself, 'John Minto, there goes your wife to be.' I didn't see her face for several days but I was a young lad, not quite 22, and I looked at the world in those days through rose colored glasses. I was just at the moment when I was about to be married. I could be confident of anything and a few years later she became Mrs. Minto.

"Mr. Morrison and his family were greatly liked in that neighborhood and visiting relations and friends came from all over the country to spend the last days with them and see them off on their trip. Most of them brought presents of wild turkeys and wild honey and the women kept busy cooking and visiting relations and friends. The last preparations for our long journey. In Mr. Morrison's cabin they hung up blankets to make extra rooms for the visitors. Martha, the daughter of the man who was working for me, and the one who had determined to be my wife, was in one of these improvised rooms with a girl chum of hers. I heard them whispering together. They had gone to bed but some of the older folks were sitting up talking. Mr. Morrison said, 'Can you have some music to help us sing?'"

"One of the visitors had brought his violin and he played. Then they asked me to sing. I sang one of the old English ballads, a farewell song, and with my heart full of thoughts of Martha I sang one of Tom Moore's love songs. The company all applauded the song. They didn't know I was singing it for only one of the party.

"We were soon ready to start. Cornelius Adams was elected the leader of the company and he was the title general. Mr. Simmons was made colonel of the organization and R. W. Morrison, William Shaw, Elijah Buntton and Richard Woodcock were the captains. We had a very long and hard trip. The ground was soft and we made slow progress. Provisions began running short at Fort Bridger. Some of the younger men left their wagons and went forward on horseback. The captain of the train from Fort Burnet, asking how the emigrants were coming on and if they needed provisions. Daniel Clark, Sam Crockett and myself were selected to go forward as provisions were very short and it was felt that we could travel faster and take word to the Willamette valley of the need of the emigrants for provisions. We had a hard trip. I had a gross of fish hooks which I traded to the Indians for some dried apples and near Fort Hall an Indian gave me a ride on his pony and an Indian slave girl gave me some blackberries. We finally got to the Willamette valley and secured supplies for the emigrants. The emigrants of '44 suffered very severely as they had been delayed so long in the early spring that they did not get through until after the winter rains had started. My clothing was almost worn from my back when I went to Vancouver to get the supplies. We met Dr. McLaughlin, who was wonderfully kind and courteous to us. He told us he was about to send an express east and that if we wished to write some letters he would see that they went. We had no paper or pens but he went to the bachelors' hall and furnished us with pens, ink and paper and I wrote a letter to my father on December 5, 1844. I received his answer to this letter on July 10, 1847."

FINANCIAL FACTORS IN MILK PROBLEM

From Journal of American Medical Association. cannot be expected to continue such production whenever there is greater profit in the making of dirtier milk.

There has been much discussion of late regarding the efforts made in various cities to improve the quality of the milk supply. A different aspect of the subject has been raised by the investigator in charge of the market-milk investigations of the Bureau of Dairy Industry. It is pointed out that it has been a too prevalent custom in the past to lay all of the blame for dirty milk on the shoulders of the milk producer. While this may be an easy and convenient way, to shift the burden of responsibility from city to country, it is not a method to hurt the dairy industry unfairly, but to close the eyes of reformers and health authorities to questions that lie nearer home. Milk inspection, to be complete, must apply to the places and modes of delivery as well as to the farm and its environment.

Precisely as systems of "scoring" dairy farms have been planned and are actually in operation as a basis for selling graded milk, so it is now proposed to devise a scheme of inspection and method to control the stores and distributing plants, concern which the milk industry. There is the widest variation in the practices now prevalent in our American cities. In some there is rigorous control exercised by efficient health authorities under whom a "license" or a "permit" carries with it an assurance of reliable supervision in other places there are dead-letter regulations or no laws whatever. There are communities in which the sale of milk in bulk is forbidden; elsewhere it is freely tolerated.

The conditions essential for the presanitary condition are now well known in a professional way. It is perhaps not too early, therefore, to bring pressure to bear at every point at which a violation of the necessary provisions spells disaster. An attempt to "standardize" stores handling milk and to rate them in the public eye along the lines which are followed by the inspectors who safeguard the sources of supply of cities like New York, may be premature in 1913. But high ideals are worth striving for and it is difficult to educate an interested public by a system of propaganda. Drastic ordinances cause unnecessary hardships and friction. The fortunate community is one that succeeds in securing cooperation at every step, first by inculcation and then by liberal enforcement of reasonable measures.

The right of a city to demand the tuberculin testing of cows from which its milk-supply comes, and to establish such a system of regulation as will insure that the identity of the source of the milk may be known, has been upheld by the United States supreme court in a decision sustaining the Milwaukee milk ordinance. The court holds with the state court that the ordinance is not arbitrary, that it is a legitimate public requirement, and that the court cannot question the purpose and the necessity for it. The police power of the state must be declared adequate to such a desired purpose; and the city ordinance which regulates the sale of milk is not arbitrary, and that the destruction of milk not conforming to its requirements, is not an arbitrary and unreasonable deprivation of property in a wholesome food, but a regulation having the purpose of and found to be in the public interest, the protection of the public health.