THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Whenever conscience calls a halt, it is no place for reason to debate the question.—Charles Egbert Craddock.

COPPERFIELD

BOYS of 14 to 18 testified that they bought drinks as often as they wished, on Sunday or on any other day, at the saloon of the mayor of Copperfield.

Three members of the city government were connected with that saloon. They were Mr. Stewart, one of the partners, who was mayor, Mr. Warner, the other partner, who was councilman, and the swamper in the establishment, who was also a councilman.

Harold Burns, a boy, testified that he had taken $2.50 from his mother and had lost it in gambling at the slot machine in the mayor's saloon. He also testified that he had become drunk in the saloon conducted by Mayor Stewart and Councilman Warner, and in which the swamper was a councilman.

At the saloon of Councilman Wiegand, whose bartender was also a councilman, there was a furnishings store in the rear. It was the custom of the boys of Copperfield to go into Councilman Wiegand's saloon and call for a pair of "shoes." After paying the price, the so-called shoes, in the shape of a bottle of beer or a flask of whiskey, would be waiting for them on a certain shelf.

With a city government so conducted, and with the district attorney of the county resorting to the old threadbare practice of sitting down in his office and asking for somebody to "bring in the evidence," what wonder that Governor West sent Colonel Lawson to deal with the situation?

Under oath to enforce the law, Governor West, after noting the point blank refusal of the Baker authorities, had either to send militia or wink at gambling and drinking by boys of 14 and upwards in the saloons of the mayor and councilmen of Copperfield.

MINUET TEAS

THE tango, like every other frenzy that has possessed human kind from time immemorial will pass in due season. Already from London come tidings of returning sanity through the medication of the stately and graceful minuet of former centuries.

At a large restaurant in the West End of the English capital there has been lately given a series of minuet teas as well as tango suppers for the purpose of giving patrons opportunity to compare and choose between the two dances. While begun as an experiment the minuet has provoked such enthusiasm that it has been decided to continue it.

The modern slit skirt and syncopated "Too Much Mustard," thin in sound and look, vainly appeal against the melody of the old English "Dorothy" and the powdered wig, black patch, pannier, red heeled slipper, gown of pink brocade, undergown of rose satin, fichu of creamy lace, stomacher and jewel fastened sleeve of our great grandmothers.

That the tango should give way to the minuet is not surprising when the latter's beautiful accompaniment of music, color, stateliness and grace are recalled.

Hasten the day when jaded fashion turns from the tango and takes up the minuet with the old music and the old costume.

Hasten the day, when Portland society discards the tango supper for something more dignified and intelligent.

FOR RURAL OREGON

BOYS and girls clubs for rural advancement are to be introduced in Oregon.

The movement met with great success in the Southern States. The boys corn clubs achieved results that amazed the nation. Various other clubs for forwarding country life challenged universal interest because of the success attained.

The state agricultural college leads the movement in Oregon, and has the cooperation of the state superintendent of public instruction. An elaborate plan has been worked out, involving no less than ten classes of clubs. Among them will be corn clubs, vegetable clubs, and dairy testing clubs.

The plan is far better than the mere program of growing products hitherto carried on, in that the arrangements include directions from and reports to a bureau in Director Hetzel's department of extension at the college, which will enormously heighten interest and disseminate instruction in seed selection, germination, cultivation and the other processes of agricultural production.

The program has the cooperation of the federal government and will be assisted financially and otherwise from Washington, D. C. It is to be programmed on a basis even more promising of success than were the clubs which achieved so wonderfully in the South, where boys in their teens doubled the corn record.

Bulletins announcing the plan are nearly ready for distribution in editions of 65,000. As stimulus to the youngsters, there is a long list of prizes, the capital award being a trip with all expenses paid for the ten principal winners, to the Panama Exposition.

AN ADVANCING INDUSTRY

ONE of the great stories of prosperity told by The Journal's year-end editions was the phenomenal advance in the dairy industry.

The value of the dairy output advanced to $21,440,000 compared with $16,090,000 in 1912, and $10,158,000 in 1911. A great increase in the number of dairy cows accounts chiefly for the vast increase in the value of the production.

It is beginning to be patent that the advance has only begun. Farmers in the Willamette valley realize it better than do others. On nearly every farm there is, in process, the gradual enlargement of dairy operation and a steady transition from the old order into a new one with cows and hogs as the paramount issue.

A well known and widely observant Polk county farmer recently declared the whole Willamette valley is going to surrender to dairying. He insists that the section will rival Wisconsin. He is convinced of the coming change by reason of the movements of his neighbors and farmers generally, wherever observed.

The open winters, the mild summers, the utter absence of extremes of temperature give Western Oregon an enormous advantage over Iowa, Wisconsin and the other great dairy states. While they are locked in the ice and snows of winter, green grass is actually growing in the Willamette valley. By use of kale, it is within the Oregon dairyman's easy reach to have green feed for his herd all the year round, while the other great dairy states are under snow two or three months.

The Coast counties of Oregon are unrivaled in their dairy possibilities. Next to them are the Willamette valley districts. Almost before it is realized, the dairy output of the state will mount to $100,000,000 a year and dairying become one of the masterful factors in the bank accounts of rural Oregon.

OIL TRUST PROFITS

STOCKHOLDERS of the Standard Oil system have reason to thank the federal government and the United States supreme court for "dissolving" the old combination. That much discussed prosecution of a giant trust was a ghastly joke, for when the opportunity came to make competition real, the attorney general's department consented to a decree the only practical effect of which was to change the form of the trust.

Standard Oil was "dissolved" in the latter part of 1911. Prior to that time the parent company paid dividends of 40 per cent, distributing annual profits of a little less than $40,000,000. In 1913 the 34 segregated companies which constituted the former unlawful trust, paid profits aggregating $67,000,000, in addition to which the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the parent company, shorn of its subsidiaries, made a special payment of $40,000,000 in a distribution of accumulated assets.

When the dissolution decree was entered in 1911 the aggregate capitalization of Standard Oil and constituent companies was $277,015,954. In 1912 the capitalization was increased by $66,233,993, and in 1913 there was another increase of $81,200,000, so that Standard Oil grew in two years from an unlawful trust of $277,015,954 to a court-recognized capital strength of $424,449,947, upon which excessive dividends were earned.

These capital increases resulted in juicy "melons" for shareholders, as the new stock was distributed in the form of stock dividends and offerings at par. Thus under the protection of a supreme court decree Standard Oil in two years increased its capital stock nearly $150,000,000, upon which it now claims the right to earn dividends.

In view of past efforts at trust busting, with results disclosed by Standard Oil figures, there is ample reason for Attorney General McReynolds' insistence that the government abandon empty forms in the dissolution of trusts.

SAVINGS OF AMERICANS

SAVINGS banks find their patrons, in large part, among the workers, the people in ordinary circumstances, whose condition reflects general conditions in the United States. For that reason the report of the comptroller of the currency on savings bank deposits at the close of 1913 is a fair index of prosperity.

Banks of the country which handle savings accounts had on deposit at the end of the year a total of $6,972,069,227, an increase of more than $476,000,000 over the total for 1912. These depositors had to their credit more than twice the amount of all the money in circulation in the United States.

An analysis of the figures is interesting. The country's savings deposited in the banks, if equally distributed would give every man, woman and child in the country a nest egg of $71. The savings for each person in the nation amounted to $4 more than in 1912. The savings in New England were $7 per capita more than in 1912, and the per capita increase in the Pacific states was a little more than $9.

The figures are a convincing showing of thrift in the United States. The American people are taking on some of the characteristics of European people who have learned that their future depends upon preparing for it. The $476,000,000 item is evidence that saving is possible to those who will save.

SIGN

SIGNATURES are sought throughout the state for an initiative bill to prohibit the purchase of property for public uses at more than double the assessed value.

The present law requires property assessed at its "true cash value." The proposed bill would be supplemental to existing law and exercise some influence in making assessments equitable.

Governor West recently said that it is important "for the people to devote more study to taxation." They have the taxes to pay. They ought to know more about how taxes are collected, how they are assessed and how it fares with each taxpayer in contrast with all other taxpayers.

Some people in this state are paying proportionately twice as much taxes as other people. Some are paying three times as much proportionately as others are paying.

In most instances, it is the very persons who can least afford it that are taxed at the heaviest rates, and that is because the strong are always able to protect themselves. That is why such a bill as the proposed initiative measure should be encouraged. It is one more defense of the weak as against the strong. It is one more protection of the poor against the proud.

Nobody should be more interested than Oregon farmers in seeing that the bill gets a place on the ballot. Nobody, more than the farmer, is forced by the inequities of taxation, to pay more than a just share of taxes.

Farmers should sign the petitions and help get signatures for them.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE

THE New York Post says something like a propaganda against Philippine independence is now being carried on in the United States. The Post suggests that it is pertinent to ask what interests are behind the movement and who are the people paying the bills?

No one objects to fair argument, as suggested by the New York paper. Philippine independence is in politics, and public discussion of the administration's plans for the Filipinos is in order. Former President Taft holds that an independent Filipino government short of a generation or two hence would be a mistake. His honesty is not questioned, but the disinterestedness of the organized movement designed to create public opinion adverse to turning the Philippines over to the Filipinos is questioned.

There are unpleasant stories about development companies engaged in exploiting the resources of the islands. Whether these reports are based on facts will develop later, but the history of American occupation of the Philippines lends color to them. If the campaign for keeping the Philippines dependent is being financed in order that the islands may be bled by a few Americans, the shameless interests behind the movement should be brought into the open.

Thus, the history of hemp in the Philippines is an impeachment of America's good motives in the islands. Hemp growing is the chief industry there, and it has been prostrated by congressional legislation. The United States constitution prohibits export duties, and yet congress levied such taxes on Philippine exports. The law was later amended by abolishing such duties on exports, except hemp, to the United States.

An export duty on hemp continued to be levied, but the duty was refunded upon a showing that the hemp was actually used in this country. The result has been that the hemp trust, in addition to beating down prices in the Philippines, collected in rebates something like $4,000,000 in nine years. In 1910 this "rake off" was four per cent of the total value of the Philippines' hemp crop of that year, and it went to the hemp trust of the United States.

Some of those on the waiting list to be governor of Oregon, didn't know where they stood on the interesting subject of Governor West and Copperfield. There was a straight out indorsement by former State Senator C. J. Smith. The Oregon City contingent came down strong for the West plan. One eminent Portland statesman was pronounced in his opposition. Tom Word approved and others had more difficulty in reaching an opinion than the Portland school board has in making up its mind about dancing.

The patrons of the Heilig theatre complain that much of the first act of Kismet has been lost to them by the practice of seating late comers during the performance. Those who reach the theatre after the curtain is up should be compelled by the management to remain in the foyer until the end of the scene.

Sheriff Rand of Baker is now cooperating with the state executive in law enforcement at Copperfield. There is only one thing for any sheriff to do, and that is to enforce law as he finds it. It is not a sheriff, but the legislature that has power under the constitution to repeal a law.

The paramount issue in the court proceedings at Baker is whether the executive department or the judiciary of the state is governor. It is an issue of whether the governor or a judge is the executive department.

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.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Janitor Chamberlain.

Portland, Jan. 8.—To the Editor of the Journal:—A splendid display of the chivalry of American manhood has been shown in your columns in the defense of Mr. Chamberlain, janitor at the city hall, the old man who is striving to retain his position to earn a livelihood, and is compelled in his declining years to strain every nerve in an effort beyond the scope of his years and far beyond the expectations of the people of Portland—and all for what? Because Mr. Brewster, vested with power for a short time only, wants to impress upon this worthy old gentleman, soldier and citizen, that "might is right" and especially so when it comes to handling a janitor at the city hall.

Mr. Brewster I know nothing of. I wish to respect him for the position he occupies and for the honor bestowed upon him by the city. I look upon his action, as do all whom I meet, as lacking tact, which I wish to define as the lack of sufficient knowledge of details necessary to form a judgment as to the most desirable course of action. Life is too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. But few of us ever get beyond the spanking age; when our parents stop, experience begins. As he holds the position of commissioner, I desire to call his attention to the point of economy in the long run, impressing upon him that a little difference in the service rendered by an old man, long in the city's employ, is well repaid if only as an incentive to younger men, engendering loyalty and devotion to duty, they thus knowing their positions are theirs so long as they attend to business, irrespective of age. It is just such an action as his that breeds discontent in the hearts of the masses.

I hope Mr. Brewster will always prosper, but should the great wheel of chance in his declining years stop at the pitiful junction of want, I hope more kindly treatment will be accorded him than he has shown so worthy an old gentleman. In all this I can count thousands who voice my sentiment that this $80 per month, even if not fully earned, is more beneficially expended than much of the city's money besides.

"A bee can buzz its life away in a bottle without getting anywhere." Let us get out of the bottle—get into the open and be free of all vindictiveness.

SIG. LIPMAN.

A Statement Corrected.

Portland, Or., Jan. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—In order to correct a misstatement in a recent issue of your paper in reference to the proposals for engineering services in the interstate bridge matter, I wish to state that my associate in this matter is an eastern engineer of unquestioned ability and integrity, and of the highest standing as a bridge expert. The statements in the proposal clearly indicate this, and therefore the publication of the statement that W. B. Bell of this city is my associate in this matter was entirely unwarranted. I have been ready at any time to name my associate to the commissioners, and to verify all statements contained in the submitted proposal.

GEORGE RAE.

Appeal for Pisgah Home.

Lents, Or., Jan. 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—I saw the Pisgah home mother yesterday and asked her about the needs of the home. They are needing help most urgently. They have more inmates than they have ever had. Some of them are sick from exposure and neglect. She said to put them into decent, sanitary condition more sheets were needed immediately. Nourishing food is also needed for men who have been famishing. Let us all help a worthy woman and a worthy work.

PHEBE HAMMER.

Mr. Billion Explains Charge.

Portland, Or., Jan. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—If you will allow me the space in your valuable columns I wish to make clear to your readers the ground I had for making the charge I did at Wednesday morning's session of our honorable commissioners against W. H. Daly, commissioner of public utilities. First, there is on file an overwhelming majority of freeholders and residents on Halsey and East Twenty-fourth streets who have remonstrated against the crosstown carline being routed that way. Second, there is on file a large majority of freeholders and residents on East Twenty-eighth and Broadway who have petitioned for the line to be routed their way. Third, Mr. Daly said to me some three or four weeks ago while he was reviewing the different routes, that he could see no reason why the Portland railway could not take the Twenty-eighth and Broadway routes and satisfy and serve the people who are in need of car service in that locality, and at the same time satisfy the people on Halsey street who have ample car service and only a 28-foot street between curb and curb. Fourth, Mr. Daly at two different times made the assertion that he did not believe the railway company would ever build this line. I said, "If this is your opinion, why not recommend the Twenty-eighth and Broadway route in place of the Halsey and Twenty-fourth street route? By so doing you will satisfy the people in that vicinity and still not interfere with the railway people." He said he would consider the matter, but his report showed no change. He stated that he wished to quicken the time by the shortest route, whereas it is less than 100 feet to be saved in distance and time, and but a small financial saving for the railway people. By observing the way the car tracks are laid on Twenty-eighth street between the bridge and Halsey street, one would conclude that the route along Halsey had been chosen by the railway people before the matter of the crosstown line was brought before the people in this section. In conclusion, I will say that I never had for one moment considered Mr. Daly as favoring any corporation, up till 10:30 a. m., January 7, and on the impulse of the moment I could not resist the charge, and I still feel that if the corporation is not being favored there possibly might be a little joker near East Twenty-eighth and Halsey streets.

V. A. BILLION.

A FEW SMILES

Tourist — You lose considerable, don't you, by autos running down your chickens in the road?

Villager—Oh, they are insured.

Tourist—I didn't know you could insure chickens.

Villager—It's this way. When the autoists stop at my blacksmith shop for repairs I always tack on a little to cover any possible loss of poultry.

"This," said the asylum attendant, pointing to the patient in a padded cell who was dodging back and forth, "is what we consider a hopeless case."

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the visitor.

"He thinks he is continually dodging automobiles and roller skates."

Louise had made lound and repeated calls for more turkey at the Sunday dinner. After she had disposed of a liberal quantity she was told that too much turkey would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the fowl for a moment, she said:

"Well, give me unuzzer piece an' send for the doctor."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Jones—See here! This horse you sold me runs up on the sidewalk every time he sees an auto.

Horse Dealer — Well, you don't expect a $50 horse to run up a telegraph pole or climb a tree, do you?

"Following Frank Mayo's wonderful success in 'Davy Crockett' in this country, he took his play to London, where, because it dealt with rural characters of western America, it failed to succeed. After the first night performance in London, Mayo was approached by an English theatrical man.

"'I say, old chap,' he began, 'you said something in the play about b'ar meat. In this country a bar is either made of wood or iron. What, may I ask, did you mean?'"

The two women were discussing the fashions.

"Did you say that your husband was fond of those cling-gowns?"

"Yes, indeed; he likes one to cling to me for about five years."

The Taft Myth Come True.

From the Walla Walla Bulletin.

President Wilson is doing today exactly what the country expected President Taft to do four years ago, but what he failed to do. Have you noticed this aspect of the administration?

When Mr. Taft became a presidential candidate in 1907, many people believed that he was the one man in the country best fitted to carry them out—to "clinch the Roosevelt policies," as he was fond of saying. His adherents recognized that he was temperamentally different from President Roosevelt. But at that time it was a saying that Roosevelt had succeeded in the gigantic task of arousing public sentiment and that it would be the duty of his successor to crystallize this sentiment into legislation. The country had had the prophet; now it was to have the lawgiver to put the teachings of the prophecies into effect.

It has the lawgiver, the clincher of the Roosevelt policies, at last, but only after four years' of delay. In the tariff revision, in the reform of the banking and currency system, in the proposed trust legislation, Mr. Wilson is following out precisely the course of action that the nation was looking for from Mr. Taft. His quiet, but effective methods, his sure handling of problems, his driving force exercised with the least possible appearance of compulsion, are just what people supposed would be displayed under the Taft administration.

The Taft myth has turned into the Wilson actuality.

A Grandmother of Revolution.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

There is a high note of inspiration for all men, in whatever part of the world, who cherish an ideal of human progress, in the life of Catherine Breshkovsky, "Grandmother of the Russian revolution," whose name was recalled recently when she made an unsuccessful attempt, at nearly 70 years of age, to escape from her Siberian exile.

Said Madame Breshkovsky, writing to a friend, in quaint Russianized phraseology: "One thing is wondering me a little; it is your admiration of my character and patience to endure my fate. Firstly, I shall say that there are many and many people with us, which proved not less if not more courage and grandeur of soul during all their life—and so many young people that died as heroes. Secondly, we Russians are a people of religion, and the worshiping of the beloved Idea is our national trait. This capacity to appreciate the worshiped Idea above all the rest of the material world makes us strong and willing to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of it. This my conviction makes me bashful and confused when hearing or reading beautiful words about my person. I would think it is so easy and comfortable to serve a cause chosen by ourselves."

The "ease and comfort" of her sacrifice has meant for Madame Breshkovsky years in prison and years more of guarded exile in an unfriendly climate, cut off from all the genial influences of the outer world. Yet she has survived to write cheerfully, at the age of nearly 70 years, "I think my age is not at all so high as to throw me out of life—and the life is growing more and more interesting. I wish to witness it."

The plains of Siberia are a long way from San Francisco but the struggle for human liberty and for human progress has no time or place. And even now and here one may find on Russian Hill, in the Potrero, men and women who have sacrificed all they possessed and gone into exile in a foreign land for the sake of an intangible, unassayable idea. Surely they rebuke the hard materialism of a country which measures success by the number of dollars a man controls, and prosperity by the clearing lists of its banks.

"Cyclone" Davis Not a Joke.

From the Tacoma Tribune.

"Cyclone" Davis has announced himself as a candidate for governor of Texas and the New York Sun says "that would be a huge joke." There are many who, remembering the political history of the last 30 years, will refuse to look upon "Cyclone" Davis as anything like a joke. Some of his methods may smack of the humorous but those who have opposed him have quit looking upon him as a joke. "Cyclone" Davis began chasing the money devil more than 30 years ago and has never let up. He walloped John Barleycorn in 110 counties in Texas and assisted in defeating Bryan for president in 1896 just as he had assisted in defeating President Harrison in 1892. He calls himself a Wilson progressive today, but he fought the Democratic party for 25 years. He is at work now separating the sheep from the goats and driving the old guarders out of the Democratic party. He is a humorist at heart, but he is far from being a joke.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Mass meeting—send for the police.

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Market item says "eggs will break soon." Dropped or thrown?

• •

Yet 1914 will have its woes; already a special referendum election is talked of.

• •

Every winter some people seem greatly surprised because some storms occur.

• •

Is it possible that the more things that are taught in the schools the less the pupils learn?

• •

Isn't shipping whiskey out of Copperfield cruel and unusual punishment for some men up there?

• •

A person who believes anything strongly enough can never be convinced to the contrary.

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The witches must have had Macbeth in mind when they said, "We'll do, we'll do and we'll do."

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Though additional judges have been provided, the state supreme court is farther behind than ever. Too many appeals.

• •

Soon comes another, a rival cat show. Whether the cats exhibited will be superior or inferior to those of the former show depends on which cat club one belongs to.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

W. G. Ritchey of Nampa, Idaho, is revisiting his old home town, Eugene, after an absence of 18 years. He says Skinner's Butte hasn't changed much.

• •

For the benefit of boys between the ages of 16 and 21, the school board of Klamath Falls has decided to establish a night manual training course.

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The La Grande Observer perspicaciously remarks that if this warm weather continues Congressman Sinnott can prepare for heavy garden seed requisitions.

• •

And the Pendleton East Oregonian keeps it going by saying that "if the now prevailing brand of climate continues Pendleton will have a premature epidemic of spring fever."

• •

This is the Baker Democrat's "We should worry" in relation to Copperfield's troubles: "After all, there are matters of bigger import to Baker than the Copperfield muddle—our splendid winter climate, for instance."

• •

Under a headline of its own, "Appropriate in Salem," the Medford Sun reprints this, from the Salem Journal: "Professor Charles H. Edmondson took an audience back 25,000,000 years in an illustrated lecture on 'Prehistoric America.' Which use of the item is so ill-natured that the conductor of this column refuses to reproduce it.

TAFT OUT-MORGANS THE MORGAN MEN

From the Los Angeles Express.

The Pennsylvania society recently held a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York which was attended by Mr. Taft. Among the guests also was Henry P. Davidson of the business family of the house of Morgan.

The New York Times reports the speeches of these two guests on the occasion named, from which it appears that Mr. Davidson's address is full of the new vision shared these days by many men of keen business insight and native conscience.

The carefully prepared remarks of ex-President Taft, who was elected in 1908 on progressive pledges and lost his oportunity when he betrayed his trust, were slavishly conservative, narrowly and blindly reactionary and deep tinged with bitter sarcasm.

Here follows an excerpt from the statement of the representative of the house of Morgan—Mr. Davidson—presumably plutocratic by association:

"For some years past this country, in common with other nations, has been feeling the movement of the new forces, new utterances—strivings on the part of all citizens for larger opportunity, for a more active share in the conduct of government and business. In accordance with the expression of this desire we are witnessing daily changes in the aspect of our political parties and of our commercial world. * * * Whether a man be radical or conservative, whether he be sympathetic or otherwise, he must—unless he closes his eyes completely—recognize the changes that have taken place and are taking place. And if in any degree he is to serve his day and generation he must take cognizance of this new order, he must try to possess himself of the spirit that permeates it; he must try, to the extent that his intelligence permits, to work for it, not against it."

What was the attitude of Republican Mr. Taft? Let his own words answer. This is, in part, what he said:

"The truth is we have arrived at a time in our social development and our freedom of thought, when we know everything, and know it hard, and among other things we know that people who preceded us in this life, and especially in this last 100 years, did not know anything. We are able to suspend the law of gravitation or any of the economic laws that have been thought heretofore to work with as much certainty as physical laws, and by their suspension we are going to make everybody happy without individual effort. We are going to make the rich moderately poor and the poor moderately rich. We are going to arrange by legislation that those who don't make any effort are not going to be condemned by loss of just reward for merely living. We are going to rearrange human nature in such a way that men will strain their minds and muscles to the point of perspiration to help other people, and that this is not going to be confined to the few, but it is to include everybody. We expect to exclude the word 'demagogue' from the language, to drive out of business politicians, and to have statesmen who, with complete power over legislation, will make good the promises of every eloquent period that is calculated to win votes."

Mr. Taft is a convert to the theory that the average American is as unfit for self-government as a Filipino, and like all new converts, he preaches his new-found theory with reckless enthusiasm.

IS YOUR MONEY SAVED OR WASTED?

By John M. Oskison.

In a letter dealing with some of our financial problems a man who has been concerned in the framing of the new currency and banking legislation made this statement:

"Per capita, we are the biggest eaters, the biggest squanderers, and the smallest savers of money in the whole civilized world."

To convict us of improvidence, this man quoted a report that only 99 our of every 1000 of our population are depositors in savings banks, while Germany has 317, France 346, and Switzerland 554; Italy can show 220 savers to each 1000, Japan 270 and England 302.

Now that looks bad on its face. How about another sort of comparison, however? The latest official reports I can find tell me that in this country we have over 10,000,000 of savings bank depositors; they have nearly four and a half billions of dollars to their credit—or an average bank balance of $445. I don't find as great a total of savings credited to the people of any other nation.

Germany comes nearest us in the amount her people have saved, and she is nearly $772,000,000 behind, though the number of her savers rises above the 20,000,000 mark. The average deposit of the German saver is $180.

You see, we have hardly begun as yet to interest the sort of people who give body to the statistics of saving in Europe. A mere beginning has been made by the postal savings banks. At a recent reckoning, given out by the postmaster general, the depositors in the United States postal banks have increased to 310,000 in number; their deposits have grown to nearly $34,000,000; and their average deposit is $102. Of such are the huge army of savers in the older countries.

We make much, we eat much, we live extravagantly — and when our mind is turned toward saving we save more per capita than any other people in the world.

And, do you know that there is under way in this country a wide-reaching movement toward making thrift popular? Personally, I believe that this campaign will be successful—and then watch the figures as to our savings accounts!

A Product of Endurance.

Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

Dr. Keate, the terrible head-master of Eton, encountered one winter morning a small boy crying miserably, and asked him what was the matter. The child replied that he was cold. "Cold!" roared Keate. "You must put up with cold, sir! You are not at a girls' school."

It is a horrid anecdote, and I am kindhearted enough to wish that Dr. Keate, who was not without his genial moods, had taken the lad to some generous fire (presuming such a thing was to be found), and had warmed his frozen hands and feet. But it so chanced that in that little sniveling boy there lurked a spark of pride and a spark of fun, and both ignited at the rough touch of the master. He probably stopped crying, and he certainly remembered the sharp appeal to manhood; for 15 years later, with the Third dragoons, he charged at the strongly entrenched Sikhs (30,000 of the best fighting men of the Khalsa), on the curving banks of the Sutlej. And as the word was given, he turned to his superior officer, a fellow Etonian, who was scanning the stout walls and the belching guns. "As old Keate would say, this is no girls' school," he chuckled; and rode to his death on the battlefield of Sobraon, which gave Lahore to England.

"Make Good, Fellows!"

From The Survey.

The "honor system" of using convicts for work on roads, successfully begun by Colorado, extensively adopted by Oregon and recently tried in Washington state, has just had its first test farther east. In Illinois one day in September 45 prisoners, including murderers, forgers, holdup men, thieves and other varieties of offenders, went out from Joliet penitentiary. By day they work "like human beings" under a superintendent; at night they live practically unguarded in a camp over which flies a banner with the significant name, "Camp Hope." "Make good, fellows," called the 1400 who remained behind; "for God's sake make good and help us to get out into the sunshine again!"

Work for Humanity.

From the Condon Globe.

The Oregon Journal did a great work for humanity in collecting money for Christmas gifts for the poor and needy. Towns like Condon have little idea of the poverty and want of the cities and but for such philanthropic work, thousands of children would have watched and waited and dreamed of Santa Claus in vain.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

If you see a tall, slender, gray-haired police sergeant on horseback, sitting his horse as though he and the horse had been cast at the same time and in the same mold, it is Edward Crate. Sergeant Crate was appointed patrolman in the Portland police department in 1892. I met Sergeant Crate a few days ago as he was saddling "Blaze," his horse, to go on duty.

"Tell me all about yourself and about your work as officer for the Humane society," I said.

Sergeant Crate's face lit up with a smile as he said: "If I tell you all about myself, that'll take me back quite a ways—more than sixty years."

"You ride your horse as if you had been born in the saddle," I said.

"Well, I ought to ride by this time—I have been in the saddle most of my life. I was born at 4 o'clock in the morning of July 4, between Umatilla and The Dalles, in the early fifties. At 8 o'clock that morning my mother and I were on the road to The Dalles. Most mothers, nowadays, don't start on a journey four hours after their baby is born, but in those days they did. They fixed up some poles on one of the ponies and she and I rode in that for the first few days instead of on horseback.

"My father came to Oregon in 1838. He was a Hudson's Bay man. He had charge of the bateaux for the chief factor, Dr. McLoughlin, at Vancouver. My father worked for many years under Peter Skeen Ogden. He worked for the Hudson's Bay company for about ten years. In 1849 he took up a ranch three miles below The Dalles at what is known as Crate's Point. He bought three bateaux from the Hudson's Bay company—good sized ones that you can haul about three tons in.

"From 1850 for several years he was kept busy each fall bringing immigrants down the river to Vancouver, Portland or Oregon City. A good many of them would have no money, so they would give him a lame ox or a thin cow or sometimes a horse, for bringing them down. Sometimes they were very poor, so he would bring them down with the understanding they would pay him later if they got the money.

"At the time of the Whitman massacre, my father, with another Frenchman, brought H. H. Spalding, the missionary, down to The Dalles. All of we boys were practically born in the saddle and raised in the saddle. When I was 15 I carried mail from The Dalles to Walla Walla. For eight years I was a cowboy. Later I worked for Joe Teal's father, who was in the cattle business. After that I drove cattle for Conwell. I spent some years in the Cariboo country, mining. From the Cariboo I went up to the Peace River country, but I didn't like three feet of snow in the middle of July, so I bought a canoe and came down the Frazer river, alone, as far as the Big Rapids, where I had to abandon my canoe and go the rest of the way on foot. For the next few years I drove stage out of Cariboo. After running a butcher shop in The Dalles for some time, I came to Portland in the same business, doing slaughtering for the American Dressed Meat company.

"In 1892 I was appointed patrolman on the police force. My beat was in the north end. Sometimes they were pretty ugly down there. I remember one time while I was under Chief of Police Parrish, I had to arrest a barkeeper. He wouldn't come out from behind the bar and when I reached for him he stuck his revolver against my stomach, but before he could pull the trigger I caught him by the hand and turned the revolver to one side.

"When they started the mounted police, Chief Hunt was looking for men who could ride. Quinton and Shane, two of the policemen, told him about me, so I was appointed mounted policeman. Six years ago I was made sergeant. Some years ago I was appointed officer for the Oregon Humane society. My duties are to see that animals are not abused. Frequently horses with very sore shoulders are worked or horses are overloaded. I visit the various grading camps and examine the horses, also the commission houses and stockyards, to see that conditions are sanitary and that the turkeys, geese and chickens are not overcrowded or abused. All reports of cruelty to animals, such as working horses hard and keeping them out through bad weather, starving them, as well as abusing them, are referred to me for investigation. There is much less cruelty to animals than there was some years ago, when less attention was paid to the matter."

Pointed Paragraphs

It keeps a poor workman busy looking for a job.

• •

A fit of blues will bring out a man's yellow streak.

• •

Do the best you can at all times and let the other fellow worry.

• •

The average man includes his cigar bills in the high cost of living.

• •

A good cook hardly ever gets hers through a correspondence school.

• •

If you want to hear powerful language ask a barber what he thinks of a safety razor.

• •

The man who is always boasting of his smartness or greatness never mentions his unpopularity.

• •

When the average woman buys her husband a bargain counter neckties she usually selects one that is loud enough to start a riot at a funeral.

Unconverted.

I've lived in the north,
In the blizzard zone,
Overalls froze so stiff
They would stand alone.
I've lived in the east
In the mough of June
And heard the cyclone
Hum its merry tune.
I've lived in the south,
Where, in balmy springs,
Mosquitoes tote grindstones
Under their wings.
At last I came west,
Hoping to gain.
Still I'm up against it—
Installments, taxes and rain.

—By Forney B. Austin.

SUNDAY FEATURES

The Sunday Journal Magazine offers these compelling features for women readers each Sunday:

Patterns for the home dressmaker.

Suggestions for the needlewoman.

Hints on home economy.

Talks on health and beauty.

Sunday Journal Magazine