THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

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He only does not live in vain who employs his wealth, his thought, his speech, to advance the good of others.
—Hindoo Maxim.

THEIR SURRENDER

TWO hundred and twenty Democratic congressmen voted to repeal free tolls. In effect, they voted to tear up the contract with the Republic of Panama under which we got the right to build the canal—voted to tear it up after Panama has kept the faith and we have built the canal through the Panama zone.

It is, however, only the act of congressmen, and a congressman, of whatever political brand, means nothing.

The average congressman is not substance, but shadow. His horizon is not the planks in his party platform, but the postoffices in his district. He steers his course not so much by principle as by pap. He is never so much patriot as he is politician.

A former Democratic house construed the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as perfectly favorable to free tolls. The present Democratic house construes it as hostile to free tolls. The inconsistency is not, however, because the members are Democrats, but because they are congressmen.

There are no lustrous names in the roll call of the 220 Democrats who voted for repeal. No names of those who voted for repeal will ever be illustrious in this country's history. Congressmen of any party who prostrate themselves on the floor of the house for fear of losing the federal patronage in their districts can never rise to prominence.

There was no Underwood in the roll call of the repeal forces. The speaker of the house was not among them. The master figures of the body stood unmoved and immovable among the 52 Democrats who think a treaty with a weak nation as binding as a treaty with a powerful nation.

The house had no reason to retreat. It had no call to surrender. Unlike the president, it had no international relations, no world responsibilities, no Mexican problem, no foreign complications to temper its proceedings or influence its action. It was free to consider free tolls on the basis that we built the canal, that we paid for it, that it is our canal, and that the Republic of Panama placed the zone at our disposal.

It could, and it should have saved President Wilson from the complications abroad and protected him against the international exactions and embarrassments responsible for his attitude.

WHY NOT?

A FRESNO milliner has opened a millinery stall in the market place of that city. Business is reported good.

The enterprise of the young lady is in keeping with what seems to be the tendency to swing back to old fashions and customs. In former days vendors of all kinds of articles for the use of man took their wares to the county fair. There was the fair at Donnybrook and the fair at Nizhni Novgrod. Here were to be had rare laces, costly silks, embroidered skirts and towering head gear, as well as finely bred horses and sheep and nutritious and esculent comestibles.

The Fresno milliner disclosed her sense of the appropriate when she placed her artistically trimmed bonnets between the orange stand and the vegetable stand.

The yellow of the citrus blends harmoniously with the tango colored creation of her art and the deep green of the trimmings shades off into the green of the pea pod and the asparagus top. The feathers that proudly stand on the Easter confections renew their association with the plumage of the chicken and the duck from which they were rudely taken.

Why not a millinery shop as well as a butcher shop? Why not a ladies and gents furnishing stall as well as a butter and egg stall?

JAPAN'S POLITICAL CRISIS

JAPAN is passing through a political crisis made acute by revelations concerning graft in the awarding of naval contracts. The mikado and elder statesmen are attempting to form a cabinet which will command the confidence of parliament.

Nothing could better illustrate the modernization of Japan than the present situation in that country. Following disclosures concerning the naval scandals, the house of representatives cut down the ministerial naval budget, and the house of peers reduced the amount that the popular branch of the diet was willing to spend. Premier Yamamoto's cabinet resigned, and the mikado issued a decree suspending all sessions of parliament. An election will be held on the naval issue, and the whole question will be open for political discussion.

It is evident that the Japanese are progressing toward self government. Only a few years ago the mikado was a demigod. Parliament was an instrument to assist in carrying out his will. There was no conception of a ministry responsible to the legislative branch of government instead of to the mikado. That idea was dominant when the constitution of 1889 was proclaimed, and even ten years ago parliament would have voted anything the ministry asked for the navy because the mikado wanted it.

But the idea of responsibility to the people's representatives has grown to such an extent that it is responsible for the present crisis. Japan has reached the point when its people demand that the ministry execute the will of parliament rather than the will of the mikado.

PAINFUL REFLECTIONS

SEPTEMBER 12, 1910, the authorities of Multnomah county purchased 120 gallons of insect exterminator at $2 per gallon. Instead of billing the consignment at $240, the sellers billed it at $360, and the account was audited and paid.

Exactly the same insect exterminator could have been purchased at a local establishment at 65 cents a gallon.

In October, 1911, the county court paid $900 for an additional 450 gallons of the same material. It could have been secured of a local house for $292.50.

In a later order, the county was charged for 600 gallons of exterminator, but in actual delivery, there was only 328 gallons, or a loss of 272 gallons, for which the county paid $2 a gallon.

One barrel, billed at 60 gallons, was subsequently found to contain but 34 gallons. One half barrel, billed at 30 gallons, contained less than two, another less than seven, and a third less than nine gallons. One barrel billed at 60 gallons contained less than 13.

Whether or not the barrels were full when delivered, nobody knows. They were not checked. On receipt, the bill was paid without investigation.

Incidentally, what need had Multnomah County with $3000 worth of bed bug poison?

What a vexing reflection for the Multnomah County taxpayer!

Since all but the first of the purchases occurred during his time as county judge, what a painful record for Thomas J. Cleeton to stand on, in his ambition to be a justice of the Oregon Supreme Court!

WHAT'S IN A NAME

SEVERAL weeks ago when the Bartholdt bill to change the name of the "war department" to the "army department" and of the "secretary of war" to the "secretary of the army" was first under discussion the Christian Science Monitor sent out a letter to a number of people prominent in the cause of international peace asking for opinions on the proposed change. Almost unanimously the answers assented to the change, the object of which is to bring about a forgetfulness of the word, war.

The change of name is not approved, however, by William H. Galvani, secretary of the Oregon Peace Society, who believes in calling a spade a spade. On the other hand the term army, he says, implies an aggregation of brass buttoned gentlemen, a sort of ornamental institution for pomp and glory of this world, though frequently used for the destruction of life and property.

War, he continues, implies a fixed tendency toward desolation and to retain the term will only the more speedily result in a general upheaval of public sentiment and common sense against this destructive agency.

Another writer suggests that a mere change of name in itself means little unless it really connotes a change in public sentiment.

"What's in a name?" quotes he. "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." As for the engineering, educational and humanitarian duties performed at present by the army and the navy they should be immediately assigned, he thinks, to another department.

SWAT THE FLY

OFFICIALS of the health department have discovered what they say is the second case of pellagra in Portland. A woman, who has been a resident of Oregon several years, is in the county hospital with all the symptoms of that disease.

It was once thought that mouldy corn was responsible for the origin and spread of pellagra. But a commission of experts has reported that the stable fly is the probable source of contagion. These experts say that mouldy corn has little or nothing to do with an affliction which has burdened portions of Europe and is now invading the United States.

The experts may be mistaken in their latest indictment of the fly, but whether or not it is responsible for the spread of pellagra, there is no question about the necessity for swatting this carrier of disease and filth.

Everybody should enlist in the fly-swatting campaign. Not only should every fly be killed, but their breeding places should be overhauled and cleansed. Flies should be kept ont of the house. They should not be permitted to travel between stable and table, Between filth and food.

HAR DYAL

THERE is not a legitimate excuse in the world for the United States to deport Har Dyal, the Hindoo scholar and economist.

By the terrible arbitrament of four years war, the United States abolished the color line. An accomplished, cultured and high-minded gentleman, one charge against Har Dyal is his color and nativity.

Like all educated Hindoos, he is intensely concerned in the uplift of his race. The gentle humanism that seeks deliverance of his countrymen from superstition, error, and illiteracy is his chief offense.

Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry were the same kind of agitators. In the land where they spoke and wrote for freedom, it ought not to be a deportable offense for Har Dyal to desire greater liberty for his kindred and his countrymen.

The good old United States ought not to drift away from her ancient moorings. We should still be the anchorage and asylum for the oppressed, and still hold aloft the torch of liberty enlightening the world.

The deportation of Har Dyal would be an un-American use of an un-American law and an unwarranted assault upon justice and freedom.

THE TEARS PROTEST

GENTLEMEN who are trying to destroy the Oregon Blue Sky law will not succeed. Slight changes in the measure may be made. The system is new and necessarily is not yet standardized.

But the wildcat operations of past and present make absolutely necessary the regulation of corporations that issue stocks and bonds.

We regulate banks and their operations. Then why let a corporation with a state charter with power to sell stocks and bonds, proceed to do business by selling bogus bonds or worthless stocks?

We regulate by law public authority and under certain conditions prohibit the sale of nursery stock. Why not then regulate or even prohibit the sale of securities by which a kitchen maid is to be robbed of her savings?

We regulate railroads and streetcar companies so they may not overcharge the public. Then why not prevent United Wireless Companies, Inland Development Companies, Columbia River Orchard Companies and kindred corporations, chartered by state authority, from swindling widows, orphans and others of the unsuspecting out of their earnings?

The principle of the law is correct. It is as necessary a law as a law to prohibit theft. It is especially meritorious as a measure because it is the weak and unsophisticated that bogus corporations mostly plunder. A view of the Oregon law was given by John A. Keating, president of the Lumberman's Trust Company in Sunday's Journal. He said:

Our experience as far as the Oregon Blue Sky law is concerned, has shown that dealers in legitimate investment securities are put at no disadvantage whatsoever. Indeed, I cannot see wherein any concern working honestly can find any handicap in that excellent piece of legislation. Many people who invest in bonds feel more secure now that the law is in operation, and in my opinion, it has had some favorable effect on the market.

Efforts will be made to kill the law. There will doubtless be attempts to scuttle it in the next legislature.

But the tears, disappointments and sorrows of the thousands who have been swindled and plundered in the past, cry out against other than mere minor changes necessary to perfect the workability of the measure.

MENACE OF DIVORCE

THE first annual report of the new municipal bureau of divorce and marriage statistics of Chicago reveals the close relationship between the Juvenile court and the Divorce court. It also emphasizes the menace to the life of the nation which is embodied in the evil of divorce, aptly called the cancer of the family.

The Chicago Juvenile Court records since July, 1899, show 50,358 petitions for the care of children. Of these approximately 33,750 were the direct result of divorce or neglect of parents through causes that constitute sufficient grounds for divorce. It is further shown that nearly 50,000 divorces a year are granted by the Cook county courts.

In 1885 approximately 24,000 divorces were granted in the United States. In the remainder of the civilized world the number was 20,000. Ten years later divorces in the United States had increased to 68,000 while all the rest of the civilized world had only 40,000. That was at the rate of one divorce for every twelve marriages in this country.

In England the rate was one to every 400 marriages and in France one to every thirty. Two thirds of the divorces are granted on the demand of the wife.

The family is the unit of government and on it the state is established. If family ties are strong so is the state. If they are weak so is the state. Rome was strong when the family flourished. She perished when the family perished.

While divorce figures show an increase there are agencies at work antagonistic to this and kindred social evils. Everywhere the protection of the home is being agitated by all classes. In this general agitation, this fortification of family life, are signs of more hopeful conditions.

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.

An Appeal to All Good People.

Portland, March 31.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have been much interested in the letters published and often get a point of view that is new and helpful. Just now the letters on prohibition are very interesting. Prohibition will win eventually, because it is for the good of all. But, will some of you help me by telling me what you would do if you were in my place? I need advice and I am anxious to get a different point of view than that I now have. Between seven and eight months ago my husband and I landed in Portland with a few hundred dollars and hope for a happy future. We have made every effort possible to get work. My husband has walked from one end of the city to the other many, many times, trying to get a job. But he has not succeeded. We have spent our all now and though it has been spent carefully, we now have our rent paid for two weeks, about two days' provisions on hand, and seven cents in cash. We never did run bills and cannot now if we wanted to, because we have no income. We have no "Old Man" to fall back on. We have friends where we came from but they are, like yours, doing well to care for themselves.

Now advise me, after you think it over a little, what to do under such a load and maybe I can try it. Don't say go back to the soil, unless you have some soil you don't want. We both love to farm. Don't say appeal to some church unless you are a member of that church and have a job in sight for us. We don't want to beg. But if some of you employers who have continually been interested in gathering statistics as to "how long we have been out of work, how many children, where did we work last, how much longer can we eat," and then end with, "Well, a man like you is bound to get in somewhere; I'll look around and drop you a card," will drop that card it may help some.

We are born Americans, with a love for all that's right, and I try not to become hardened against my fellow citizens. But I have tried hard to find a little of that western hospitality I used to read about, without avail. Over two months ago I appealed to a good minister of this city to call and have the church ladies call, that I might at least feel a human hand again, but up to date they have all been too busy. For some unknown reason, as soon as folks find we are unemployed they are woefully busy. I know that is not right, but it's true. Now, won't some of you give me a handshake at a distance? I long for a little recognition. You can't see my shabby shoes, or over-pressed clothes, and I assure you if the time comes when we can just live again and have our being, I will join you in any good work, home missionary or whatever you like, and show you I am efficient. If you do get around to call I'll not speak of our financial circumstances or look to see if you have a job up your sleeve. I'll talk on any subject that interests you. But I will appreciate any effort any of you put forth to just assure me that fellowship isn't dead and that there are a few here in this far west with a little of the eastern love for something besides dollars, nedessary as they are.

What would you do under such circumstances? EVER HOPEFUL.

Rev. C. I. Harris Replies to Critic.

Portland, March 31.—To the Editor of The Journal—In last Wednesday's Journal I read an article against mine of March 20, by C. S. Knight of Astoria. His own argument condemns him and his method of reading the Bible and his manner of living.

If he follows the saloon and its influences he will find no good come from it. If he refrains from church influences on account of some fallen brother in it, he will be condemned for not helping him to rise again. The saloon is opposed to the church and causes many to fall and be lost. If Mr. Knight reads the Bible as his article shows he did—to find fault with it or condemn God, the church or its leaders—then he derives no benefit from it, and he stands self condemned for refusing to be saved by its good advice.

No one has the right to condemn the church or the clergy unless he has never fallen himself—unless he is an example for the church and the ministers to follow.

Satan's influence through the drink habit is far reaching and sooner or later brings its victims to ruin and death, besides the innocent that are lost or have to suffer for the guilty.

Was Moses following God when he committed a crime? Was Abraham living a holy life for God before he sent the servant girl away into the wilderness?

Mr. Knight failed to see why Moses could not see God's face, same as he failed to profit by the life of Moses, Abraham or Christ, or even by the mistakes of the preachers or the churches today.

Speaking about the church using the fagot, the rack, the dungeon, the thumb screw and other methods of torture, no true Christian ever could do such things. It was the devil element that did it.

Mr. Knight says the lodges do more actual good than the churches do. That shows where he got his information. It is only saloonkeepers' talk, that fools no one. I joined a lodge that had been praised highly. At the first social cigars and cake were passed around, while liquor was served. The talk, smoke and drink were more than I could stand, and I left. The next two meetings were no improvement, and dropped out and stayed out after that. Another lodge had a swell supper, and before the meal was over a woman danced upon a table the muscle dance. This I refused to go to. It shows why the saloon likes lodges better than it likes churches.

If the money spent for lodges were put into the churches, then the churches could pay the taxes on their property very easily. It is high time to do away with licensed saloons and give the home and church a chance; for the sake of the wives and little ones in the home.

Mr. Knight should study the Bible in order to find the good in it, not in order to find fault with it. The good, true, noble and holy examples in the Bible are for all to profit by.

Prohibition does prohibit. If it did not all saloonkeepers would want it. Their denial that it does prohibit is contrary to their vote and fools no one. REV. C. I. HARRIS, C. D.

Criticising the Y. M. C. A.

Portland, March 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—The addresses delivered at the luncheon in the Portland hotel by the allied Prohibition forces on last Friday were, for the most part, in manuscript, but the remarks of Secretary Stone, of the Y. M. C. A., were extempore and there might be some fine splitting in re thereto; yet as an auditor I am quite certain that I fully grasped his every utterance. The gist of his statements was to the effect that the Y. M. C. A. is not in politics, but that the directors had, by unanimously adopted resolutions, decided to indorse the movement for state and nation-wide prohibition and that in future no solicitations would be made or donations accepted from brewers, wholesalers, saloons or saloonmen for any purpose whatsoever.

The vigor and emphasis which he gave to this expression brought forth applause from some of his auditors. The inference that the money from such sources is now tainted and would debauch a Christly institution naturally causes the mind to ask what about such funds in years gone by? The fact that money from such sources was accepted discloses a venality that cannot and should not be considered creditable even at this late date. Christ taught the idea of making restitution. You find that same idea in Confucian doctrine and in the Koran. Now that the Y. M. C. A. is committed to a policy in political life that means the destruction of the means of livelihood for many who in years past gave liberally to Y. M. C. A. projects, why not accept the doctrine of Christ and make restitution of these "tainted" sums? Until and unless this is done there surely will be some inanimate and inarticulate tear shedding among component parts of the various Y. M. C. A. edifices because of the fact that they got there through a notion on the part of some men in the brewery, distilling and saloon business that they were entitled to be considered as Christians. Surely the records of the local Y. M. C. A. will reveal the donors of the money that is now declared to be tainted, and then, like true Christians, the work of restitution should begin. G. A. M.

In Answer to Mr. Paxton.

Newport, Or., March 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—I would like to comment on Mr. Paxton's letter of March 23. In part he says: "I don't believe there is any evil in whiskey, any more than there is in the many cereals from which whiskey is made and from which our daily bread is also made."

Nonsense; Whoever heard of bread turning a happy home into one of despair and poverty and of filling poorhouses, jails and penitentiaries? Whoever heard of bread giving a man delirium tremens? Who ever heard of a man getting on a drunk by drinking bread and then go home to kick his wife down the stairs and pitch the children out of doors? When it does such things we will accept Mr. Paxton's ideas, and class bread with whiskey.

He also says: "I love the taste of whiskey, and would not live in any land where I could not get it."

In friendship, I would suggest that it might be well to have trunks and all things ready so that he can ship early in November.

Again, he says: "Prohibition has failed, and has come far short of a remedy."

A million and a half of Kansas Jayhawkers and hundreds of brewers and distillers elsewhere will testify to the inaccuracy of that statement.

But again: "I am bitterly opposed to the license system and to the evil influences of the liquor traffic and will vote to stop its sale."

To stop right there would be fine; but he goes on to spoil his argument by telling us he wants it in jug lots, at least in quantities not less than one gallon. He wants it wholesale, with the license off, so it would be cheap, because he loves it so well. But with the license off, the government would be divorced from the traffic; our liquor revenue would cease; the traffic would die and Mr. Paxton and the whole nation would sober up, with innumerable blessings.

E. W. DURKEE.

In Reply to "M. E. Z."

Vancouver, Wash., March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal.—A writer in The Journal who signs himself "M. E. Z.," says I surely ought to have my eyes opened in 59 years.

In my younger days I thought along the same lines as M. E. Z., and still think the same about the saloon evil, but the saloons and prohibition are different questions, when it comes to putting out of business. When you prohibit a man from drinking beer or whiskey in his own house you are intruding on individual rights. You might as well say I shall not drink tea nor coffee. Prohibitionists go so far as to say none may manufacture any intoxicating liquors. They want to destroy the grape industry, the hop industry, the raising of barley and rye. They say they are working for the boys who are the men to be. If they cannot teach boys that whiskey is an injury to them, they cannot pass laws giving them the intelligence to understand it. They might as well say if a boy eats green apples and they make him sick, cut down the apple trees. M. E. Z. says the old soaks will get their booze, but God will save the boys. If that is so why worry about the boys?

Prohibitionists want to force everyone to think as they do, by passing laws. If they would confine themselves to putting the saloons out of business they would get thousands to help who will not vote prohibition as it is now proposed. B. F. PEYLON.

An Affair at Bell Station.

Bell Station, on Estacada Carline, March 31.—To the Editor of The Journal—At the insistence of many residents of Bell station, I write you of our indignation toward the Portland owners of the hall in which the drunken brawl and dance was held on last Saturday night and Sunday morning. Bell Station, being situated just outside of the city limits and in Clackamas county, and quite a distance from Oregon City, we are left without any immediate police protection, having no local official. Some of Portland's social degenerates, moral perverts, came to this hall, for the second (we will try to make it the last) time, to hold their debaucheries. It is a civic crime that our community, because of its geographical location, must suffer this humiliation when not one of our residents participated in the revelry.

The owners were warned some time ago. Now legal steps will likely be resorted to unless we are assured that such an affair will not happen again.

We would like to have it known that we consider ourselves on a par, in point of intelligence and morality, with persons of any of Portland's suburban places of residence. We are very thankful to Sheriff Word for services rendered us, since Sheriff Mass of our county could not give us aid in time to quell the degrading affair.

W. G. BRICKLEY.

A FEW SMILES

Before the passage of the present strict banking laws in Wisconsin, starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. The surprisingly small amount of capital needed is well illustrated by the story of a prosperous country banker told on himself when asked how he happened to enter the banking business.

"Well," he said, "I didn't have much else to do, so I rented an empty store building and painted 'Bank' on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited $100 with me; the second day another man dropped in and deposited $250, and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself."—Everybody's Magazine.

Doctor—It's nothing serious, Carney. I'll have you back on the job in a week.

Patient — Whist! Can't he make it two weeks, doctor, bein' as yer bill is goin' to be paid by th' comp'ny—Puck.

One morning Rosie's teacher noticed her hanging around the desk with rather a wistful expression.

"Well, Rosie, what is it?" she finally asked, drawing the child to her.

"Please, teacher, we've got a new baby t' our house."

"Oh, have you, Rosie? Isn't that fine? What's the baby's name?"

"Ikie."

Several days later the teacher remembered to inquire about the new arrival.

"Oh, Rosie, how is Ikie today?"

The child looked bewildered. "Oh, teacher, we ain't got no Ikie."

"Yes. You told me you had a baby."

A gleam of intelligence appeared on Rosie's face. "No, teacher, his name's Mose; his name ain't Ikie. We found we already got one Ikie."—Everybody's Magazine.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The tornado season has opened early in poor old Kansas.

• •

Having made another borrow, Huerta is cheerful.

• •

If all the candidates were as good as they look in their pictures, "we should worry."

• •

It is important that the candidates as well as their slogans or platforms, be scanned.

• •

When a man says he is deliberating on the question of his candidacy, it is pretty safe to write him down as a candidate.

• •

It is only quite a while after the news comes about those Mexican battles that we know what happened; and then it generally wasn't anything much.

• •

Some editors keep insisting that the Republican and Progressive parties will unite, though nearly all the spokesmen of both those parties say they won't.

• •

Now listen to the varied-voiced clamor of those not suited with the location of the bridge approaches. It would have been the same, only perhaps more so, whatever routes had been selected.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Superintendent Girdler, who came to the La Grande schools a year ago, from Colorado, has been reelected by the school board, with $400 a year added to his salary.

• •

With the old cemetery improved and the ruins of the Pendleton academy replaced with good residences, the East Oregonian says, the whole town will have reasons for rejoicing.

• •

The demand for a mounted mail carrier, to serve the outlying and unpaved portions of the city, is one that La Grande is urging upon the postoffice department.

• •

The Young Men's Booster club that is being organized at Astoria, is planned to include within its membership residents not only of Astoria but of all the surrounding territory.

• •

With eight votes to spare, the special bond issue of $18,000 to be used in improving and extending the light and water systems was passed at the election held at Milton last Wednesday.

• •

Wheeler Reporter: Mohlerites take considerable pride in the fact that they have a church edifice while Wheeler with her industry and activity, which includes all lines of business, is without a church. We'll have one soon, however.

STORIES THAT RELATE TO HUMORISTS

By Herbert Corey.

Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist, particularly dislikes the "professional southerner." Show him a man wearing a black slouch hat and talking with a drawl and a little foam begins to form in the corners of Mr. Cobb's mouth. If the other fellow tells about the grand old plantation his folks used to own before the war, Mr. Cobb is liable to lapse into violence right there.

"I think," said he, "that I'll form a new society in New York. I'll call it the Society of New Southern Families. No one will be eligible for membership who had a grandfather south of Mason and Dixon's line prior to May 27, 1865.

He thought deeply for a moment.

"I sure will do that," said he. "We'll have a coat of arms, bearing a hookworm rampant and a boll weevil couchant. And our motto shall be:

"'We never owned no niggers.'"

Speaking of these literary folk, George Randolph Chester, the novelist, has a house up on Fifty-seventh street full of antiques and slippery floors and rugs that smell like camels and very old masterpieces you can't see except in a strong light. Every now and then four or five footmen form in a hollow square and escort him to a pink limousine.

"Twenty years ago," said a Cincinnati editor, "I was hard at work when a little chap came into the office sort of sideways. He said he wanted a job. I told him there wasn't any job. 'But I really ought to have a job,' said this little chap. 'Because I'm broke. And in the course of two or three days I'll be even hungrier than I am now.'

"So I explained that there were no vacancies on the staff, but that I might be able to get him a few days' work if he didn't put his price too high. He said he wouldn't do that.

"'The fact is,' said he, 'I've always been kind of queer about money. I can get along on $5 a week, though I think a good man ought to be worth $10 a week. But I don't want any more than that. I've always noticed that when a newspaper man gets more than $10 a week he begins to get into trouble.'"

That was George Randolph Chester.

By his own rule, he's in trouble right now.

No one will question the entire sincerity of Jack Rose, the well known state's witness. He has been lecturing before Young Men's Christian Associations, church organizations and ladies' auxiliaries ever since the Becker trial ended. Also, he is booked solid for this year, and his books are open for 1915. Under these circumstances those who know Mr. Rose must admit that he is justfiably and undeniably strong for the uplift.

"He sort of wabbled at first, though," said a friend. "He didn't know whether to go on the lecture platform or not."

"Afraid he couldn't talk?" asked the other man. "Or was he oppressed by a sense of his unworthiness?"

"Neither," said Rose's acquaintance. "But he had been made a mighty good offer to open a saloon and stuss joint on Third avenue."

He's a nice, blond, blue-eyed bellboy at the Hotel McAlpin. The other day he went to his associates upon the bench. Tears seemed to be mighty near the top.

"I've just simply got to have money," he said. "Lemme have all you can spare. For heaven's sake!"

He looked imploringly at them. So they gave up—each according to his measure. Some of them gave as little as a quarter. Some pungled up a dollar or two. When he had collected all he could he pawned his watch. His pockets were soggy with coin. His sympathetic friends wanted to know what was the trouble.

"Who said anything about trouble?" he asked. "I've got a tip on the third race—and I'm going to shoot it through the board."

Whereupon his sympathetic friends wanted to kill him. Experience had taught them that the man who borrows money to play a race with never does anything but borrow more. The bench squirmed like a mess of adders while his friends tried to make him give back their money. He wouldn't do it, but played the tip.

On which he won $1800 at 40 to 1. And then, just to spoil what promised to be a perfectly moral story, he banked all he cleared in his mother's name and went back to the bench.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE "ON THE INSIDE"

By John M. Oskison.

Here are three quotations:

1. "They (a committee of three stockholders of the South Bay Wharf and Terminal company of Boston) have recently made a careful and detailed estimate of the value of the company's property, which, I figure, would mean a value of about $170 a share for the stock."

2. "As to the balance of the stock I have no definite knowledge beyond a general idea that 1000 or 2000 shares possibly might be purchased at or about par."

3. "I have received your letter of the twenty-seventh, and place my interest in the case in your hands. I am quite ready to sink or swim with you in the matter."

Quotations one and two are from a letter to the late J. P. Morgan, signed by John C. Cobb of Boston, and dated January 27, 1906; the third quotation is from Mr. Morgan's reply dated January 30, 1906. The letters were made public in the recent full disclosure by J. P. Morgan & Co. of their financial relations with the New Haven railroad system during the 20 years from 1894 to 1914.

Including 1222 shares of the South Bay and Terminal company (which at that time the New Haven was bargaining for) owned by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Cobb controlled 7500 shares out of a total of 12,387. In another part of Mr. Cobb's letter, he wrote:

"I have also stated to them (the committee of three appraisers of the Boston company's stock) that I control a majority of the stock of the company, which I would sell at any price they might fix. Other stockholders to have the opportunity to sell at the same price."

Here was a plain opportunity. Mr. Cobb was certainly "on the inside" of the South Bay Wharf and Terminal company's affairs. In his letter, he pointed out to Mr. Morgan a specific opportunity to make about $70 a share on from 1000 to 2000 shares of that company's stock which "might be purchased at or about par" ($100 a share). In other words, certain scattered stockholders, who had not the same knowledge as Mr. Cobb as to what price was likely to be put upon the shares by the committee of appraisers, might be induced to sell at par shares which would soon be worth $170.

Specifically, that's what it means to be "on the inside."

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

Many of Portland's pioneer residents will remember Captain William Tichenor, who used to be the master of vessels plying between Portland and San Francisco in the early days. His daughter lives in Portland as well as some of his grandchildren.

Captain Tichenor hails from Newark, N. J., where he was born on June 13, 1813. When he was 12 years old he went as cabin boy on the brig Martha to Europe. Coming back to the United States, he went to school and studied navigation.

In 1828 he went to Marseilles, France. In the fall of 1828 he shipped as mate on the steamer George Washington, in the New Orleans trade, plying on the Mississippi river, where he ran for some years.

Before he was 21 years old he was married to Elizabeth Brinkerhoff. He decided to quit the sea and settle down, so he went to Knox county, Indiana, where he stayed for the next eight years, but the call of the sea was too strong for him, and in 1842 he again went to sea.

One of his eldest brothers had been in Yerba Buena, now known as San Francisco, in 1828 as a mate on a brig from Boston. Of his six brothers, four followed the sea. In 1844 he decided to go out to the Pacific coast to Yerba Buena. However, he got into politics in Illinois, to which state he had removed, and delayed his departure. In 1845 he assisted Colonel E. D. Baker, later senator from Oregon, in raising troops for the Mexican war. Governor French, Judge Kitchell and other prominent politicians of Illinois urged him to run for senator, so he ran and was elected. After serving one term he resigned on February 19, 1849, and started for the California gold fields. He reached Hangtown, later called Placerville, on August 3, 1849. He located a claim, which became a good producer and which he sold out at a good figure.

After selling his claim he spent some weeks in prospecting the north and middle fork of the American river, where he struck rich diggings. The site of his discovery still bears the name of Tichenor's Gulch. Taking in three friends, he worked this gulch until late in October of '49. When the snow drove them out he went to Sutter's Mill, and at the store there he met a man by the name of Hudson, who had been mining in Oregon Gulch with other Oregonians, among them being R. R. Thompson. Hudson had 120 pounds of gold dust, while Captain Tichenor had 70. From Hangtown they went together to Sutter's Fort, and from there to San Francisco. All of the buildings in San Francisco were crowded to the doors, Captain Tichenor having to pay an ounce of dust for a place on the floor to lay his blankets. Next day he met A. Leonard, of New York, who offered to take him in in his newly built shanty.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Leonard spoke of having a schooner, the Jacob M. Ryerson, which he was trying to sell. It was a well built vessel, almost new, of 160 tons. Mr. Leonard offered it to Captain Tichenor at a reasonable price, so the sale was made. He was able to get a load of freight for Sacramento at a good figure, and, after discharging his freight there, he dropped down to the mouth of the San Joaquin, where he purchased 60 water casks and went to San Francisco with a ballast of fresh water. From San Francisco he sailed in the middle of December for the Gulf of California, where he spent the winter, trading between Lower California and Mexico. He returned to San Francisco on March 12, 1850, with a cargo of green turtle, the first cargo of this kind to be brought to San Francisco.

The Cynic.

By Henry Ward Beecher.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in the darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and inuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost pon the flowers. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: Yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: Certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: It is his trade. Such a man is generous of other men's money. This man is obliging: To lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: Because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented. It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellowmen without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief and whose errand is death. He who hunts for flowers will find flowers, and he who loves weeds may find weeds. Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

Strengthening.

"A clergyman," says DeWolf Hopper, "visited a tippler in his flock and cautioned him against drinking too much. The man answered that the doctor had prescribed liquor for him. 'Well,' inquired the minister, 'has it done you any good?' 'I fancy it has,' answered the bibber, 'for when I got that keg a week ago I could hardly lift it, and now I can carry it all about the room.'"

The Ragtime Muse

He's Haunted.

Everywhere I look I see
Something freakish, something strange!
Wonder what is wrong with me!
Possibly I need a change,
Yesterday, bent o'er a book
In the office, semi-dark,
My old pen became a hook
And I caught a dollar mark!

Through the window on the wall
Opposite, I see a lake.
I am crazy? Not at all!
Yes, and I am wide awake,
I am strong, my will is firm,
But I must confess to fear
When a ghostly angleworm
Comes and whispers in my ear!

Then a black bass, floating nigh
In the air, begins to sing,
And I see a dragon fly
Hover o'er a bubbling spring.
Bluebirds from the inkwell hop,
Round my head the pickerel swish—
If this haunting does not stop
I shall surely go—and fish!

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