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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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When You Go Away
Have The Journal sent to your Summer address.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There is nothing in it, but it eases the jolt wonderfully.—Selected.

NO QUESTION FOR MR. BOOTH'S NEIGHBORS

THE Oregonian tells the Albany Democrat that it should ask, not Mr. Booth, but Mr. Booth's neighbors, where he got his timber. It says:

> Possibly the little Albany paper which has been demanding of Mr. Booth that he tell "where he got it"—his timber and his fortune—and which is face to face with the certainty that he is going to answer, can spring a little diversion from its obvious predicament by shifting the inquiry from Mr. Booth to Mr. Booth's neighbors. They know where he got it and what he has been doing with it. The Albany editor might begin at Springfield. The Booth-Kelly sawmill resumed operations there yesterday.

But the Albany Democrat doesn't want hearsay information. Nobody wants hearsay information on a question so tremendously important as that propounded by the "little Albany paper." It is a question of vital importance because the next senator elected from Oregon will, as a member of Congress, have something to say about what is to be done with the 2,300,000 acres of Oregon timber land almost certain to be forfeited under the Oregon & California land grant. In asking the people of this state to commission him to go back to Washington to help dispose of these millions of acres of Oregon timber, it is due from Mr. Booth that he fully and satisfactorily answer the very civil and appropriate question of how and where he got his timber.

And there are other most pertinent questions that Mr. Booth's neighbors cannot be expected to answer. Nobody can answer them but Mr. Booth himself.

Thus, why did Mr. Booth, as a state senator, vote against the direct primary at the legislative session of 1903? (See Senate Journal of 1903, page 406.)

The bill was beaten by only one vote. If Mr. Booth had cast his ballot for the bill, it would have passed the senate. Why was Mr. Booth's influence and vote cast against a direct primary and in favor of the old convention plan with its rotten system of political bosses and corrupt politics?

Why did Mr. Booth, as a state senator, in 1905 vote against a bill to limit the hours of railway employes to nine hours on and nine hours off? (See Senate Journal 1905, page 295.) As a measure of safety to the traveling public and as a prevention of railroad accidents, why did not Mr. Booth support a bill to save locomotive engineers, firemen and other railroad employes who, after sixteen or more hours at their post of duty were so sleepy and wearied as to be unfit for safe service to the public?

Why did Mr. Booth, as a state senator, vote against a bill at the 1907 session to tax timber lands? (See Senate Journal 1907, page 836.) Why did Mr. Booth, as a representative of the people in the state senate, demand that his timber lands should go untaxed, while fields, pastures and other farm lands, the homes and all other property should bear all the burdens of taxation for support of government?

These are a few questions that Mr. Booth's neighbors cannot advisedly answer. Mr. Booth only is in position to explain them.

And while Mr. Booth is explaining these queries, and the great question by the Albany Democrat of where and how he got his timber, there are other remarkable acts in his public career as state senator that will ask for an elucidation, not by Mr. Booth's neighbors, but by Mr. Booth himself.

LIKE PRIVATE BUSINESS

STEERED by "the advisers," Dr. Withycombe's discussion of state issues is now limited strictly to his well known canned speech, "A Greater Oregon." He tells us something like this:

> O, my friends, Oregon is a great state. Its rivers teem with fish. Its fireland hills are yet untouched, and only the beginning has been made in agriculture. Soon, my good friends, its mines will be but holes in the ground.

Then, whe.e, oh where, will the daisies grow!

Meanwhile, his opponent, Dr. C. J. Smith is asking the people of Oregon why the same principle which we have all found it necessary to apply in our private affairs cannot be applied to the public's affairs. In a recent address, Dr. Smith said:

> When at the beginning of a business year, I come to consider my personal wants and the improvements I would like to make, I find myself compelled to discriminate. I cannot this year build this barn or fence that field, because my means will not permit me to do everything at once.
>
> But the state's business is run on an entirely different plan. Ninety men go to the legislature, each charged with getting an appropriation for his particular district. Members do not realize that the general public cannot stand all these demands at once. All of the demands are pushed through and the next year we have a tax levy which makes us all wonder where the end is to be.
>
> That is why I favor the single item veto. It is why I favor a frequent and fearless use of the veto by a governor. There is no reason in my opinion why the same principles that we apply in our private affairs can not be applied to the public's affairs.

Many a practical farmer and many a practical business man in Oregon is thinking of the same thing. It is the thought that comes to every man who, like Dr. Smith, is accustomed to look at the business side of things in conducting his own affairs.

Dr. Smith's analysis of why the state's business is not conducted like a private business is accurate. The power to see what can be afforded and what cannot be afforded in state affairs is a splendid quality to have in the governor's office.

Before any governor can be effective in lowering taxes, he must have a business perspective. A strictly business administration by a proven business man, like Dr. Smith, is a matter of momentous importance to the taxpayers of this state.

JUDICIAL RECORD WORSHIP

THE National Economic League has issued a pamphlet on delays and miscarriages of justice. The pamphlet was prepared by a committee including Louis D. Brandeis and Charles W. Elliot, indicating that it is the product of thorough investigation and careful consideration.

The pamphlet says that the main causes for delays and denial of justice is that American appellate courts try the records instead of trying the cases, and the recommendation is that judicial procedure be so changed that superior courts will go into the merits of appealed litigation rather than order new trials in subordinate courts. The pamphlet says:

> There is too much of what may be called record worship: too much attention to the common-law record as an end in itself. The function of a judicial record should be to preserve a permanent memorial of what has been done in a cause; the court should be able at all stages to try the case, not the record.

Anybody who has had anything to do with courts will realize that this criticism is justified. The committee gives the history of several cases that were in the courts for years. One was a simple ejectment case that went to the United States supreme court three times and was under consideration thirteen years before a final decision was given. In the meantime most of the litigants had died and the costs had mounted to many times more than the value of property involved.

The committee argues for appointive rather than elective judges, insisting that the latter are more conservative and reactionary than those who hold office permanently. As to this method of reform there may be some question, but the fact remains that the committee has pointed to the judges themselves as the source of reform.

There is no reason why courts, both trial and appellate, should not be tribunals of essential justice. Our judicial system does not contemplate denial of justice through either greater physical or financial staying power.

A GOVERNMENT ENDEAVOR

SENSIBLE advice has been given by the department of agriculture to farmers and bankers in close touch with farm credits. This advice has been summarized as follows:

> Keep calm; use the nation's credit and stanchness to the fullest extent. Withhold cotton from the market for the time being. Give careful attention to warehouse and elevator facilities for grain which have not been utilized heretofore. Bankers should assist both owners and tenant farmers to hold cotton until the situation clears. The wheat situation is not nearly so acute.

Cotton exports have been practically suspended. Alsace-Lorraine and adjacent regions, the largest continental manufacturing district, are out of the market and may not get back for a year or more. But American cotton growers will not suffer in the end if bankers use the nation's credit to finance them. Ultimately there will be plenty of demand for cotton. It may be that the European war will result in a much larger proportion of that crop being manufactured at home.

Whether wheat is shipped abroad now or in the future, it is certain to command a higher price. Europe must be fed, even though she keeps on fighting. Last year the United States exported 142,000,000 bushels, for which $89,000,000 was received. This year we have a surplus of 300,000,000 bushels. The probabilities are that this surplus will be sold to Europe at a price in excess of $1 a bushel. It will mean much added wealth in the hands of producers if they keep calm and the bankers use the nation's credit to finance the farmers.

The Wilson administration is doing excellent service in the war crisis. The purpose is to place whatever benefit America receives in the hands of the people themselves, rather than allow it to be absorbed by speculators and manipulators.

THEY CALL IT ECONOMY

WHY, at a time when the world looks to the United States for food and clothing, when the seven oceans have been abandoned to us for the spread of our commerce, must there be a striking down of every project on every river and harbor of the United States?

Why at such a time, must so-called "economy" make its beginning by refusing to open up the channels and deepen the harbors to the larger and larger ships that are entering our commerce and our ports?

Has anybody heard one single senator now fighting the rivers and harbors bill ever, in the name of "economy" oppose appropriations for federal buildings at cross-roads postoffices in his state?

Has anybody ever heard one of these "economy" senators protest against larger and larger appropriations for the enlargement or establishment of army posts in his state?

In no department of the government is there a more prodigal waste of public funds than in the extravagance with which money is spent on federal buildings so-called. Regardless of requirements and oblivious to proprieties and "economy" money by millions is recklessly spent on public buildings, not to help the commerce, the transportation or the industry of the country, but to aid the political fortunes of just such gentlemen as are now fighting the rivers and harbors bill.

The maintenance of army posts in the interior is another great leak that entirely escapes the notice of the "economy" senators. There is no earthly reason for keeping up army posts in the interior states except to spend money in certain communities, and it is done to the detriment of the country's defense and injury of the service.

Yet we have in the senate a fireworks fight on the country's waterways in spite of the fact that the waterway projects are a splendid constructive endeavor by government to cheapen transportation, to open up territory, to increase commerce, to advance agriculture, to benefit industry, to forward the national life, to strengthen the national defense and to increase the prosperity of all our people.

And, to the shame of those who make the fight, the rivers and harbors bill is opposed in the name of "economy."

THE PASSING SHOW

THE Goddess of Liberty, holding aloft her torch and looking out over New York harbor, has beheld many thrilling scenes. Perhaps she has never been more deeply touched than by the manifestations of joy at the sight of her on the part of several hundred American citizens who returned yesterday on the steamship Potsdam from the burning European shore. She felt upon her cheek the warmth of the kisses that were wafted and her soul was stirred by the notes of "America" as they spread in ever growing concentric waves over the water.

Her feelings were far different from those of a few days before when the La Lorraine sailed out of the harbor with her passengers, French reservists, singing the "Marseilaise."

In sadness she heard the words:

> The avenging sword unsheathe;
> March on! March on! All hearts resolved
> On victory or death.

Behind them she knew lay dead dreams and ambitions cherished long.

May she not yet see another sight, a newer, greater democracy in Europe. May she not see:

> The young republic, like a sun,
> Rise from these crimson seas of war.

FACILITATING PROGRESS

THE people of Arkansas will vote in the general election next September on an amendment to the state constitution providing for the use of public credit.

Under the carpet bag regime after the Civil war the state was loaded down with debts. Bonds had been issued for various purposes and much of the money had been misappropriated. When the government was restored to "home people" a clause was put in the constitution prohibiting towns, cities and counties from issuing bonds.

Under present conditions the people have realized that in tying the hands of possible oppressors they also tied their own hands and can do nothing in the way of public improvements.

As a result progress has been retarded. The need of water works, electric lights and street improvements has grown imperative. The proposed amendment does not throw the bars down altogether but enables communities to issue bonds in a limited amount.

Practically the same amendment was adopted at the last general election when for the first time the initiative and referendum were tried. It was nullified by the supreme court on account of a technical mistake in procedure.

According to recent German estimates the cost of fighting a year's campaign with only 3,000,000 men will be $1,750,000,000. The cost to the French is estimated at $1,200,000,000. These sums include only the cost of military operations. They do not take in the losses caused by the paralysis of business.

If the merchant marine is to be reestablished Congress should not refuse to pass the rivers and harbors' bill. How can foreign trade be developed if the great ports of the country are not opened to sea-going ships?

HOO'S HOO

By John W. Carey.

Who does today for Chitown's Cubs the well known backstop stint that Michael Kelly did of yore—and likewise Silver Flint?

Who makes so good that Bresnahan—the time-tried one and wise—has naught to do but grace the bench and bat up practice flies?

Who works right close behind the plate in spite of swinging stick, and makes opposing Mercuries who'd steal the sacks look sick?

Who shoots the ball the while he squats — with lightning right wing snap — and nabs the guy on first or third who's wont to take a nap?

Who does all this except when he himself on doghouse pad is doomed to sit with arm in sling? That Jimmy Archer lad.

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.

Capitalism Accused.

Kennewick, Wash., Aug. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—In this twentieth century the governments of Europe have thrown sense and civilization to the winds, and to settle their petty differences have appealed to the sword. The earth is shaken with the tread of armies and the air rent by the discharge of murderous guns.

At bottom there is a worldwide cause for this sanguinary conflict. Capitalism shrieks for blood. Driven to the last ditch and seeking refuge in her last fortress, she has let slip the dogs of war.

Are great ships shattered and sunk? Capitalism has destroyed them. Are there an hundred millions of women and children in tears? Capitalism has caused their woes. Are there trampled fields of grain, and smoking villages, and happy homes destroyed? Capitalism has wrought the desolation. Are there countless cripples upon the streets of European cities? Capitalism has maimed the brightest and best. Are there millions of people in tattered clothes whose bodies are pinched with hunger? Capitalism has despoiled them. Are the battlefields heaped with dead? Capitalism has sent sons and brothers to be ruthlessly slaughtered on the roaring firing line.

When the war fever has spent itself, when the thundering cannon have become silent, and the rifle fire has died away; when men become sane again and the reaction against war sets in, and every producer feels the war debt crushing him into the dust, then will revolution stalk among the nations, shaking kings from their thrones, overturning parliaments and rewriting constitutions.

In these acres all soaked with blood, in these thousands maimed or slain, in these devastated fields and darkened, cheerless homes—in these, behold you, capitalism's last great offering upon her altar of greed and gain.

LOWELL M. SHOEMAKER.

In a Local Option Campaign.

Sacramento, Cal., Aug. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—Now that Mrs. Duniway is endeavoring to persuade the women of Oregon they should vote wet, for the reason that she has championed the cause of woman suffrage, it may interest the latter to know the effect her championship of both causes once had upon a number of men, each at the time of which I write opposed prohibition.

I was in Tacoma, in 1887, I believe, and there was a local option campaign on. It was the Saturday evening, if my memory serves me correctly, before the day of election, and the prohibitionists were to hold a meeting in a Baptist church. Herself, or someone for her, made a request that Mrs. Duniway, the well known woman suffragist, then in the city, be permitted to "say a few words" at the beginning, as she had a suffrage meeting of her own to address. Of course the management would be glad of the "assistance" of the noted speaker, and, to their indescribable astonishment they found the church half packed with saloonkeepers and bartenders, and for an hour or thereabouts she "roasted prohibition to the queen's taste." She scornfully spoke of the temperance women present as "you temperance cranks, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves," etc., and at the close of her address left the church.

"That beats me," ejaculated a gentleman at my elbow. "I had intended to vote for women suffrage, though I take my drink whenever I feel like it, but if women are to be given the ballot to perpetuate and strengthen the saloon industry I will hereafter 'crack it' to women suffrage every time I get a chance." That night and the week followng I heard as many as 50 men make similar declarations. Woman suffrage was defeated. I am therefore under the impression that Mrs. Duniway has taken herself too seriously in arrogating to herself the distinction of being principally responsible for the enfranchisement of women in Oregon.

W. S. HARCOURT.

Calls the Traffic All Evil.

Newport, Or., Aug. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mr. Linscott admits "there is a tremendous evil in the liquor traffic." Truth, but it is not all of the truth. The beverage liquor traffic, as carried on through the open licensed saloon or the blind pig saloon, is evil, and nothing but evil. It never did humanity the least degree of good. Peter Emerck of Portland says, "If war is hell, it ain't a circumstance to the booze business." His statement is founded upon solid facts. But Mr. Linscott asks, "Is it possible that prohibition will do away with the evil of the liquor traffic?" It is possible, and more. It will do away with all the evils growing out of it. As evidence, listen again to Mr. Emerick: "Several years ago I was fighting prohibition in Kansas, for I was running a booze joint, and honestly believed myself unfit for any other business." But prohibition prohibited, and Mr. Emerick rejoices. "I am so glad the drys made a man of me," he says. A wife, a son, two daughters and two sons-in-law, a family of seven, happy prohibition voters. See how prohibition does away with the evils of the liquor traffic?

I drop to Mr. Linscott's closing paragrap:

"When you find a prosperous, thriving city, full of commercial activity, you will find in it everyting God created." There are some things in Portland that God never created, to its discredit. God created man in his own image, but he never created a brewer, distiller, saloonkeeper or bartender to fill men with rum.

Let us stand with Peter Emerick, using good, plain, hard, common horse sense, and vote Oregon dry with men in office that will keep it dry.

E. W. DURKEE.

Liquor Law Enforcement.

Portland, Aug. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mr. Bishop seems to be unduly exercised over the fact of the "importation" by the Anti-Saloon league of a few speakers from other states. I can scarcely recall an important campaign in which speakers from other states were not called in to advise the people how to vote. And besides, the wets have the same privilege, if they so desire, though they usually prefer to work in a different way. And it would be quite interesting to know how much money the Liquor Dealers' association is expending to defeat prohibition in this state, and just how they are applying it.

Mr. Bishop says the reason for the existence of the disreputable saloon is the laxity of the authorities. Right, so far. But why are they lax? Officials are politicians, depending upon the public for their tenure of office, and they know from experience that if they stand for strict enforcement of the law the votes of the liquor advocates will be massed against them, regardless of their political affiliations, and not many of them are independent enough to place duty above policy. But why don't the liquor advocates take some interest in enforcing the law against the so called disreputable saloon, and thus save the credit of the business? The trouble is that dealers are in the business strictly for the money there is in it, and not for health, pleasure or glory, and are opposed to all law enforcement that in any way restricts their sales, and as a rule will put every possible obstacle in the way of enforcement. I have seen juries acquit, or disagree, in liquor cases, where they would vote to hang a man on less positive testimony, thus making a farce of attempts at law enforcement. That answers Mr. Bishop's query as to why the Anti-Saloon league does not try to enforce the law in wet territory.

J. G. GARRETSON.

A Question of Equity.

Pleasant Home, Or., Aug. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—Will you please inform me through your paper, whether after a party buys a piece of property, paying for it on the installment plan, and through sickness and lack of employment can not continue payments, if he has to lose all he has paid and all the improvements he has put on the place?

G. M. M.

[This will depend on the terms of the contract between buyer and seller. The question is too broad for any answer not based on knowledge of the particular contract.]

A Question of Citizenship.

Forest Grove, Or., Aug. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—An acquaintance of mine came to this country from Switzerland 25 years ago, being then one year of age. In case of a "call to arms," does a 24 years' residence make him an American citizen, or will he have to take out naturalization papers?

A SUBSCRIBER.

[The person is a citizen if his father took out naturalization papers before the person in question was 21 years of age; otherwise he is still a citizen of Switzerland, and no mere residence of any length will change his status.]

Accent on the "Mc."

Dufur, Or., Aug. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please give in your columns the correct pronunciation of "McAdoo," the name of our present secretary of the treasury.

JOHN C. BURNER.

Belgium's Foresight.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It is lucky for France and lucky for the Belgians themselves that they did not take at its face value the guarantees of neutrality given them by the powers, but kept up their military establishment. If they had allowed themselves to be lulled into a sense of security, if they had let their fortifications fall into ruins, if they had permitted their army to disintegrate, if they had emptied their arsenals—in short, if they had disarmed, their country today would be nothing more than a mere tramping ground for the German armies, to be ultimately absorbed into the empire if the empire should hold its own.

But Belgium, like Holland and Switzerland, knew just about how much reliance was to be placed on the faith of its big neighbors, and valuing its independence and self-respect, it took precautions. As matters stand the little kingdom has become for the moment a very important factor in European affairs. Many of the dispatches from the other side of the Atlantic may be colored, but there can be no doubt that, despite the exhibition of most desperate valor, the German advance army has been halted in its course, and has suffered a delay which may interfere considerably with the Teutonic plan of campaign. In fact, it is easy to imagine some very far-reaching and permanent results of this stoppage round about Liege.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Men who get married for a joke deserve their finish.

A wise man knows all he tells, but he never tells all he knows.

This world is an iron ring on which every one cuts his eye teeth.

No man can be really happy unless he is on good terms with his stomach.

It is far easier to live within your income than it is to live without it.

When it comes to making a fool of himself no man has occasion to work overtime.

Remember that there is always a wrong side to a question as well as your side.

Insomnia is one thing and a nightmare is another. Eat lobster and take your choice.

A few weeks after marriage love is apt to soar away in the hot-air balloon built during courtship.

Every man has an excuse for wanting the earth, but his excuse is never satisfactory to his neighbors.

As a rule women have poor heads for mathematics, but they know how to make their own figures count.

It is said that distance lends enchantment to the view—but not to a man's view of the almighty dollar.

Only a married man will deliberately kiss a helpless girl baby. A bachelor always takes a female nearer his own size.

Lots of people who come into the world with neither wealth nor intelligence manage to leave it in the same condition.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

After four years at the helm of the Stanfield Standard, G. L. Hurd has leased the paper to Charles E. Miller.

The Boy Scouts of Klamath Falls are raising money to establish a library in the hall in which they hold their weekly meetings.

Tests of Eugene's new well show an abundance of the best water, and the Willamette river source will be abandoned as soon as pipe connetions with the well can be installed.

The Coos Bay Concert band, composed of the pick of musicians from all Coos county, will start on a tour September 1, and will boost Coos county en route. They will go as far east as The Dalles.

Coburg, six miles north of Eugene, now owns its water works. There has been filed for record at the Lane county clerk's office a deed conveying the plant owned by Herbert F. Bucknum, to the municipality.

Burns Times-Herald: Parties who visited Juntura this week state that it is taken for granted there that the railroad is to be extended right on to this valley. It is generally understood that contractors are assembling equipment as rapidly as possible in the vicinity of Riverside.

Port Orford Tribune: Last Thursday evening the neighbors from far and near, with their wives, sisters and sweethearts, gathered at the home of Delmer Colegrove at Mountain ranch in a good old fashioned country dance, celebrating the close of the sheep shearing season. This is an annual affair at the Colegrove ranch, and is attended by many for 15 and 20 miles round about.

THE PRESIDENT'S BEREAVEMENT

From the Detroit News.

Scarcely was the nation made aware that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was entering the Valley of the Shadow, than the saddening intelligence came that she had laid down the load of suffering which she had borne hourly for five months. Even the hoarse turmoil of war, billowing back and forth across the world, is powerless to intervene between the American people and their feeling of intense sympathy with the president whose shoulders have been doubly bowed with burdens since first he raised his hand in solemn acceptance of his office.

More than most public men, President Wilson has refrained from permitting the affairs of his family to become known. For weeks and months, unknown to the general public, he has been dividing his days and nights between his executive duties and the bedside of his wife, whose life he knew to be of short duration. All of us will remember the little things which did not mean much to us, as we read of them at the time, but which are significant now—how, the last time he was able to take his wife away, he dismissed his guards, while they two walked to a common bench beneath the trees and talked long and absorbedly, with many restrained expressions of endearment; how he had missed his daily outing to be by her side; how almost boyishly happy he was the day she was able to sit out in the garden and direct the planting of some flowers.

Tucked away here and there in the corners of the papers were these trifling items telling the story of how love played against death for the life of a wife. But in more prominent places were detailed the story of the president's political actions; his wise and skillful direction of legislation; his constant effort for peace without bloodshed in Mexico; his conservative and winning program for a secure financial system and policy for this nation; his almost single handed fight for his austere conception of what the national honor demanded, not in things taken but in things given; his settlement of a threatened industrial outbreak which at this time of the year would be almost as disastrous to us as a war—we read of all these. We read, also, of his offer to be the medium of peace for Europe—a message written on a pad on his knees at his wife's bedside.

But little did the general public know of that inner White House, where the president and his wife were keeping—alone—the vigil of death.

They criticised him viciously at times—even as they did Lincoln—but they didn't know.

When he came up from Washington to speak the funeral words over the dead of Vera Cruz, and broke into words of lamentation which some construed to be a personal reference, they criticised him—but they didn't know.

When he forebore to order our men to butcher the innocent people of Mexico, when he desired to patiently wait and trust what time would bring, they said he had a woman's heart—but they didn't know. A woman's heart!—yes, he had a woman's heart, one woman's heart loosely twined against his own, and both a-bleeding.

And so they tore him. They lampooned him. They cartooned him as coward and traitor. They smirked and they sneered. The woman lying on the bed heard the echoes of it. She patted him on the arm as he sat there, and she often said: "Don't mind, Woodrow, do as you think right."

But the critics didn't know.

They knew nothing of night watches. They said: "The president has canceled some engagements—what's up?" They said: "The president has refused to attend our dinner. Why?"

They didn't know.

But we know now. We know that no duty was left undone by the president, indeed that keen wisdom has been his more than at first. We know that as he sat by his wife's bedside he made arrangements for the war impounded Americans touring Europe. We know that he asked the heads of his cabinet to hasten to grant his wife's dying wish—her wish that no baby in Washington should ever be compelled to live in a slum home. We know—but it's heartbreak all the way. We know that one man and one woman both faced the dread separation, and faced it bravely.

Emerson said long ago: "The president pays dearly for his White House." Woodrow Wilson knows the bitter truth of that. His wife was his companion more than is ordinarily given a wedded pair to be. Mrs. Wilson was her husband's consort in scholarship, art and politics. What he owes to her he alone could tell. They knew each other from childhood years. Their tastes were common. Through long years of the most fruitful service to the world they remained poor in the world's pelf, but marvelously rich in intellect and heart. With what seemed to the world to be suddenness, they entered the White House—a place neither of them had ever entered before, even as visitors. In how brief a time two weddings—and then a death!

The White House is a place of tragedy and devotion—and the president pays, sometimes with his life, sometimes with the life which is dearer to him than his own.

BUYING BONDS HELP TO WORLD CREDIT

By John M. Oskison.

On the second day of the crisis, after Austria and Servia had opened the war and while Germany and Russia were sending their demands and replies as to the why of mobilization, a Wall street paper printed a table showing that 25 representative American railroad bonds were lower in price than at any time since January, 1908.

The table showed that these bonds were within two points ($2 a hundred) of the low record made during the worst of the panic period of 1907. Since the first of the year they have dropped nearly six points, and within the month the decline had been nearly three and a half points.

This drop during the last month was a perfectly natural result of the growing tension in Europe. It meant that foreign investors in American railroad bonds had withdrawn from the market and not enough American capital remained to keep the railroad bonds (which represent the credit of the roads) from falling.

There's no need to say that the war crisis price of good railroad bonds is not a normal price. In spite of the pessimism of the railroad managers concerning the rate decisions, wage increases, and the stopping of expansion and improvement work, there is no doubt in the world that the bonds referred to in the Wall street paper's list are real investments.

There is hardly more reason for saying that in spite of war or threatenings of war American railroads have got to raise more and more money on bonds. If foreign capital isn't available to take care of the bonds the roads must sell, then American investors must take them. The price will be made so low that the money to buy them will be drawn out of the pockets of Americans.

Corporations that sell bonds are, in effect, borrowing money from the buyers. The steadily falling price of standard railroad bonds, until you could buy a representative 4 per cent railroad bond of a face value of $1000 for $811.80, meant that the borrower found it more and more difficult to get help.

Here, then, is an opportunity for the thrifty savers who have billions in the savings banks of the United States. It is an opportunity not only to buy something valuable cheap, but also to assist in the stiffening of the credit structure of the world.

While Germany, Russia and France are storing their war chests by calling in hundreds of millions of gold, while the savers of those countries are hurrying to draw off from the channels of circulation their myriad individual hoardings, it is up to the American owner of capital to put it to work.

Do you believe that the British government is going to survive this crisis? Of course you do. Then consider the price of British consols that pay 2½ per cent. On the day after Austria began hostilities these government obligations sold for 75, and British 2 per cents dropped below 70. Surely such a price is not normal. Yet with every point lost the credit of what has come to be regarded as the strongest nation on earth is affected adversely.

The European turmoil can have very little real effect upon the actual value of American railroads. Their earning power will not suffer more than a little even at the worst. And American owners of capital who are frightened away from the bond market because foreign investors no longer show the way are missing a golden opportunity.

Our "Pitiable" Condition.

From the Coquille Sentinel.

"The United States is, of course, a distressed onlooker at the world's tragedy. It is pitiable that it must merely watch and wait, but it must."—Oregonian.

This is one of those Delphic utterances that needs a diagram. The tragedy we of the United States have to which is pitiable enough, heaven knows. And so the mental plight of the writer who regrets that we must "merely watch and wait," instead of having a finger in that pie and seeing our own brothers butchered and our own coasts devastated, also seems to us pitiable—if that is what is meant. But what went before in the same article really seems to preclude such an interpretation; and we might almost be warranted in concluding that the Oregonian's lament is that we must stand still and do nothing to prevent the butchery and waste it has been deprecating. And yet for doing something to stop the war in Mexico without imbruing our own hands in blood, our national administration has been mercilessly lampooned by the Oregonian. But of course consistency need hardly be expected from a bitterly partisan organ which acts as if under bond to discredit everything our national and state executives do, because they do not bear its own political brand.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"My father, George Carson, was a master hand at getting ahead," said Mrs. William Edris, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. W. G. Espee, at East Fifty-third and East Morrison streets. When my father left Iowa in the spring of 1853 he owned over 1400 acres of good farming land. He traded for most of it though he bought some of it, paying from $3 to $5 an acre. He sold some as high as $15 an acre and one farm of 700 acres joining Oskaloosa he got $35 an acre for, but that was some years after we had come to Oregon.

"Father started for Oregon with five wagons, over 100 head of cattle, two Percheron stallions, seven Percheron mares and some mules. He brought out several thousand dollars in cash. He changed all his money into $10 or $20 gold pieces. He bored hundreds of holes in some planks and used them for a false bottom in one of our wagons. He filled the augur holes with the gold pieces and stocked the wagon bed full of bacon. It made a perfectly safe bank, as no one, not even we children, knew about it until we got to Oregon. I think the only ones who knew of it were mother and father. We children had seen the false bottom put in but we thought the augur holes were to let the air in to the bacon to keep it from spoiling.

"There were 52 in our company and we had 23 wagons. We started in April and the night we started it snowed and we found six inches of snow on the ground next morning. We went on to Marshalltown where mother's sister lived. We visited with her family for 10 days till the snow went away. From Marshalltown to Council Bluffs the roads were deep with mud and water. We mired down many times each day in spite of having four yoke of oxen to each wagon. We crossed the river on a ferry at Council Bluffs. The regular camping places were more like bogs than anything else so we pulled off of the road on to the prairie where we could get good spring water to drink and cook with and where we could pasture our animals. The Crow Indians had fought with some other tribe the day before we got there and some Indians had been killed. My father had hired an Irishman to drive one of our wagons. He and another man went out to stand guard over our stock. He came in as white as a clean sheet. His eyes were big and he could hardly talk. My father asked him what was the matter. He said: 'Sure, Mr. Carson, the whole prairie is covered with dead Indians. I'm thinking I'll throw up my job and go back to New Orleans where I came from.' My father said: 'Mike, how many dead Indians did you see?' 'Sure and I saw three without looking, no telling how many I would have seen if I had looked for the murthering creatures. The ones I saw had no hair at all, at all. The tops of their heads were all bloody where their hair should have been. Sure, it made my hair ache to look at them.' Father said: 'Why, I thought an Irishman loved a fight. You surely aren't afraid, are you?' 'An Irishman don't mind fighting,' Mike said. 'He likes it—but an Irishman wants to fight with his fists or a shillalah, not with a scalping knife. I would look awful bad without any hair. I guess I'll be going back where people fight in a civilized way.'

"He started back afoot with his bundle on a stick and that was the last we ever saw of him.

"We all went to the Crow Indian camp that night and watched them as they danced the scalp dance. They had the fresh, bloody scalps tied to spears which they waved around as they danced. I was only 12 years old and their wild music and strange singing and the sight of the fresh scalps made me sick. I had to go back to our wagons.

"I remember the incidents of our trip as clearly as if I had made the trip across the plains last summer in place of more than 60 years ago. I can shut my eyes now 60 years after the things have happened and see them as though they were the happenings of yesterday. I remember with particular vividness our crossing Loop Fork, a tributary of the Platte river. We reached the stream in the midst of a violent storm. The lightning was vivid and almost incessant while the crash of the thunder seemed continuous. We camped among the big cottonwood trees along the river bottom. For fear there might be a cloudburst that would make the stream a torrent father chained our wagons to the trees so they would not be washed away. The stream rose rapidly. We swam our stock across the stream so we would not be delayed by the high water. Near us was a company of four young men from Lee county, Iowa. Their cattle were frightened by the blinding glare of the lightning. As two of the young men were unhitching the oxen from the wagon a bolt of lighting struck them both. The lightning struck one of the young men on the head and ran down his left side. It killed him instantly. He had 20 $10 gold pieces in his money belt. The upper edge of each of the gold pieces was melted where the lightning ran across them. The other man was so badly hurt that he had to stay in the wagon. He never walked a step clear across. They stopped at Salt Lake to see if bathing in the salt water would help him. I never heard of them again."

The Ragtime Muse

Viewing With Alarm.

We reprobate now and we view with alarm
The petticoat era and feminine rules
That threaten to rob a boy's life of all charm—
Consider the things that they teach in the schools!
Our William comes home—he no longer is "Bill"—
With needles and thread—he has fallen so low!
He shamelessly boasts of his needlework skill,
Oh, woe is me! Billy is learning to sew.

He will grow up a "sissy," we know he will yet;
He will sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And marry, we reckon, some bold suffragette;
At the sight of a mouse he will probably scream.
He will learn to make salads and powder his face
And gossip and talk of his aches and his woes,
And, last crowning act of our Billy's disgrace,
He will wear high heeled slippers and open work hose!

A nation of Willies impends on our view,
We blush for the future and sigh for the girls
Who will have to make "mollies" like those fellows do,
And marry with guys that wear frizzes and curls!
Alas for the nation! Alas for the men!
We are glad we shan't witness the worst of their shame.
Just one generation of seamsters and then—
Well, croquet will be hailed as the national game!