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THE SUPREME COURT'S "MAGNA CARTA."

THE supreme court of Oregon was the first to pass upon a minimum wage law, and its findings are worthy of commendation and a subject of pride for all Oregonians. It is something to be in the van for the betterment of humanity, and the minimum wage law is such a step in the lead toward ideal conditions. Those opposing took the ground that it was an unconstitutional law, because it interfered with the right of contracts and denied the employer the right to make such terms with those he employed he saw fit. Their position was the ancient and threadbare one, the remnant of the dark ages that placed property above human rights. The court applied the law and judged the rights of citizens, as such, rather than the rights of property. It said that the first and highest duty of the state is to its citizens, and their health and welfare are a sacred trust which it devolves on the state to protect. It said that the state had an interest in each and every citizen, that it was its duty to give that citizen a chance to obtain an education, to earn a living under decent and wholesome conditions, to have a portion of the things its labor produced at least large enough to permit the citizens to live decently and above the fear of dire want. It recognized that the citizen was entitled not only to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but that he was also entitled to the latter under such circumstances as would make it possible of attainment.

There is no such thing as the right of property. Men have rights over property and to its possession, but the property has no rights itself, in spite of the fact that this old cry of "the rights of property" has been made so many years that property owners believed there was something sacred about it. The man's right to own and control property is sacred, but it is a human right, not a property one. What inherent rights has a dollar? What is there divine about pulseless stones and fleshless mortar? What is there sacred about a sidewalk or a sewer? Man has the right to own and be protected in the ownership of property, but what rights has the inanimate of nature?

The supreme court has said thus far the employer may go in the employment of labor, but beyond that all is forbidden. It has said the employe must, in order to live decently and morally, have a wage of not less than a stated sum. It has said that the state has an interest in all of its citizens, and to such an extent that it is bound to protect each and every one of them against the grasping of greed or the selfishness of avarice. It has left mankind free to act, but has fixed the lowest limit at which one person may take the time and labor of another. In doing so the supreme court of Oregon has risen above the ruts of precedents and has broken the chains of privilege. In deciding the minimum wage law it has written another "magna carta," and one that will be pointed to as the one great precedent, the charter of labor's liberty; and at the same time it has laid the foundation stone on which will be erected the faultless structure of a purer and a nobler American womanhood. The people of the state may well feel proud of the splendid action of its supreme court. Truly Oregon flies with her own wings, and she flies high.

The American Economist is out with a fierce demand for free tolls for American vessels at Panama. If there was any doubt of the correctness of President Wilson's position on this question, the action of the Economist removes it. That paper has always been the advocate of all the special interests, and was never known to back or indorse any movement that was not dishonest, and for the interest of some person or class and against whatever was beneficial to the people. It has been the mouth-piece of the protectionists, and by its unswerving fidelity to the interests has done some good work for the country at large, for it has made the things it worked for a stench in the nostrils of decency.

Some one has extracted one of Victor Hugo's teeth from the national museum at Paris, and the French are raising lots of noise about it. It strikes us that is about the right way to extract teeth without pain, and the only one. It didn't hurt Victor half as much as if the tooth had been extracted from his mouth by a dentist, and, besides, it didn't cost a cent.

The Oregonian, backing its course on the Mexican situation, takes Governor West as an authority. We did not think that even a war with our southern neighbor could make it come to this.

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LEANING TOWARD MEN'S ACCESSORIES IS MARKED

No Lady's Coat Is Complete in These Days Without Swagger White Waistcoat, Says Margaret Dixon.

SLIT IN SKIRT OF MOMENT GRADUALLY FADING AWAY.

Platinum for Wedding Rings, Instead of Gold, Is Latest Freak of Fashion in Up-to-Minute Circles.

BY MARGARET MASON.
(Written for the United Press.)

Mere man has seen Dame Fashion From his wardrobe fine points seek— To placate fickle females

Always new styles she must eke— His walking stick she's seized on And evolved those skirts unique That ape his nether garments—

In a manner very chic; Pockets, Gladstone collars, shirts.

She's adopted with much cheek And now his pique waistcoats— Do you wonder he feels pique?

New York, March 23.—In spite of the fussy femininity of frills, puffs and ruffles so prevalent on all the silk and lingerie frocks and even on the suits of moire, taffeta and serge the leaning toward masculine accessories is becoming more and more marked.

No coat suit is complete or smart these days without its swagger white waistcoat of pique or linen with a flaring collar attached. Of course all of the waistcoats are not of washable materials but those that are promise to have the sanction of popularity.

More and more you see the walking stick, slightly longer than its masculine prototype, being taken in girlish and matronly hands. Indeed at many of the dancings you see some of the most modishly gotten up dancers tripping the light fantastic and tripping literally thus encumbered.

You have long applied the adjectives modest and shrinking to the sky violet but the modern violet shade, now affected so universally by the 1914 belle, is as violent and blatant and unshrinking as a guaranteed dye will make it. There is a great run on all the shades from royal purple to tender lavender with the fruity effects of grape, prune and plum to boot.

While it has not yet quite vanished from sight the slit in the skirt of the moment is gradually fading in a passe stage. The very latest skirt is the bustled one pulled up shorter behind and thus allowing room to step which was formerly granted by the slit. The skirts are raised well above the heels in the rear and afford ample room for walking. Where slits are still seen their regulation length is 12 inches—just a foot for two feet.

Nothing seems safe from the fickle fingers of fashion. Now it's the wedding ring that is having the changes rung. Not content with restricting its change of style to its width as heretofore fashion has decreed that gold is no longer the chic material. Hence the nuptial band of platinum will encircle the third left finger of all fashionable 1914 brides if the bridegroom knows what's what.

The tiny little summer coats and wraps for wear over the lacy film of lingerie frocks are almost too adorable to be adequately described in cold words.

They are as limp and shabby as rags but they are royal rags indeed. The most delectable ones are built of gaily dyed and flowered silk crepe and are lined with a contrasting shade of chiffon. They are all reversible and when worn with the chiffon side out the flowered glories of the crepe glow through seductively. One exquisite crepe of old gold patterned in white, pink and blue blossoms is shirred in a loose puff around the neck and kimono sleeves and hangs like a little loose sack to the waist line where it is again finished with a shirred puffing.

It is lined in old blue chiffon. Two dolman-like wraps, one of shimmering silver grey, the other of peach blow, are fashioned from that alluring fabric, called peau de poche, which in common or garden American means peach skin. Needless to mention, these airy little wrap trifles are worth more than their weight in gold. The chiffon and crepe ones actually weigh not more than a bit of down while their price ranges from \$30 to \$50. Given a length of chiffon and flowered crepe, however, and she is a stupid feminine who cannot fashion for herself a Parisian creation that defies detection.

Since it is now a case of "The tango in dead, long live the Maxima," the erstwhile tango frock has been christened up to date by the name of "airs en sept." Translated this reads, "five to seven" meaning these golden two hours sacred to tea and toes.

HANDING PORTLAND WILDCAT EXPLOITERS MILD CAT

Mrs. Minnie Kabats invested \$3,000 in the Kings Heights Addition to Portland.

"CASCARETS" ALWAYS STRAIGHTEN YOU UP

If Costive, Headachy, Bilious, Stomach Sour, Breath Bad—Clean Your Liver and Bowels.

Get a 10-cent bottle now. You men and women who can't get seated right—who have headache, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath, dizziness, can't sleep, are bilious, nervous and upset, bothered with a sick, gassy, disordered stomach, or have backache and feel worn out.

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The money was the savings of a lifetime. In the kitchen of one of the big department stores, where she has toiled for years, she is daily at the tasks that come to those who must work, work, work.

The Kings Heights Company is composed of some of the best known men in Portland. It was their names that induced this work woman to put her \$3,000 into the stock of the company. Their names gave her confidence that the investment was safe.

Recently, she paid another \$100 into the company as a small payment on two heavy assessments that have been levied on her stock. It was only a drop in the bucket in meeting the amount of the assessments, but it was all the money she could spare.

This is but one case. It is merely typical. The dismal fruit of money-mad speculation in Portland lots is everywhere. The kitchen woman with her \$3,000, almost if not wholly lost because she had faith in some of Portland's great captains of wealth, is a sacrifice to the craze for buying land at one price and selling it to somebody else for more.

The generalissimos of finance set the example. They lead the way. Dedicating by the hope of gain, the kitchen maids, the widows and others of slender savings invest their all, and lose it.

The big operators in the Kings Heights balloon are also losers, it is said. Yet, they could finance the property and save it from wreck. If they do not do it, will the history of it not be full of odium?

Can they afford to be answerable for the sorrows of the Minnie Kabats? —Portland Journal.

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MUCH OF INTEREST IN APRIL MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

In its series of full book length novels published complete in a single issue, Munsey's Magazine for April contains a book of more than ordinary interest to the literary world—"You Never



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Know Your Luck by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Not only is this Sir Gilbert Parker's newest novel, but is the first long book of his that has ever been published in a single issue of a periodical. In obtaining publication for Munsey's Magazine, Mr. Munsey has indeed scored a literary triumph, and hot upon the heels of this achievement comes the additional announcement that The Munsey company has secured contracts from Arnold Bennett, Anthony Hope, A. E. W. Mason, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Joseph Conrad, G. K. Chesterton, Beatrice Harraden, S. E. Crockett, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Baroness Orczy, Maurice Drake, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Tom Gallen and Ralph Connor for forthcoming novels, each of them to be published complete in future issues.

In addition to the Sir Gilbert Parker novel, which would normally sell for \$1.50 in book stores in cloth covers, the April issue is replete with other telling features.

Edward Hungerford contributes an informative and thoroughly painstaking article under "The Feminist Movement," illustrated with intimate portraits of women who have made good in the world of business.

George Nicol contributes "America's Failure in the World of Sport as an Englishman See It;" and Winthrop Biddle is responsible for a most timely and engrossing article on "The Men Who Put Greece Back on the Map."

Probably one of the most forceful contributions to the literature of modern problems of capital is contributed by Mr. Munsey himself in the shape of a paper entitled "Starve the Railroads and We Starve Ourselves." In this article Mr. Munsey takes an entirely new stand in defense of the railroads, and by his clear perception and clean cut reasoning he has probably, in this article, given expression to the position of the railroads better than any writer who has thus far attempted the task.

The issue is replete with the usual number of special articles, short stories and poetry, and is, taken from every standpoint, the best rounded and interesting magazine that has come to our desk this month.

"Speaking of this sword," said Brown, as he tenderly took the carving tool from the wall, "never will I forget the day I drew it the first time." "I thought that blade had a history," remarked a guest, eagerly. "Where did you draw it, Mr. Brown?" "At a 22-cent raffle," was the happy rejoinder of Mr. Brown.

COULDN'T BE DONE. A New Yorker tells of his sojourn at a certain hotel in the Carolina mountains, says Lippincott's Magazine. At about 8 in the morning he was aroused from a sound slumber by a knocking on his door.

"What is it?" he shouted. "Telegram to you, boss," replied the darky on the other side of the door. "Will you open the door?" "The New Yorker was angered by this. 'I will not!' he yelled back. 'Can't you slip it under the door?'" "No boss," was the response; "it's on a tray."

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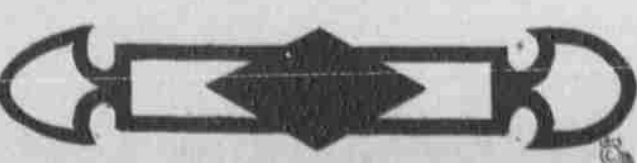


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