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THE WORLD WILL MOVE ON STILL

Secretary of War Garrison had his own ideas as to just how the preparedness business of the United States was to be brought about, and at the same time insisted he was the only person who knew what steps to take to bring it about. The president's ideas were wrong, so were those of General Wood and all others.

This shows the supreme egotism of the man, and at the same time shows his unfitness for the place he held. He could not recognize the fact that he was as liable to mistake as anyone else, or admit that there might be more than one way of reaching a result.

He was little, and being so thought the affairs of the country would go to the dogs if he was not on the job, and just to "show them," in a fit of childish temper, resigned.

He is probably already sorry for his hasty action, but so far as the people of this country are concerned, he is probably alone in that feeling. The country will wag along just the same as it always has; the church bells will ring on Sundays as of yore, while on week days the unregenerate will pursue the elusive dollar, buy and sell stocks, cinch their friends and carry on the business of the country forgetful of the fact that Garrison has resigned. Four pecks will still make a bushel, water will continue to seek its level and taxes will become due and delinquent just the same as before the peppery secretary threw up his job.

And while he is in voluntary retirement, the steps for preparedness will be taken along the lines he did not indorse, unless the peace advocates get in their work hard enough to upset the fat and drop it in the fire.

The retiring secretary shows just one faint glimmer of hard horse sense, and that is in declaring he will not take the stump to oppose Wilson. To do so would be to double the measure of his foolishness and childishness.

A correspondent in the Oregonian says in defending the robin that in the east the return of these little birds was always welcome and there was no complaint about their hogging the fruit. It is added that "we always left some cherries on the trees for his especial benefit." Out this way it is different. Here sometimes the robins leave a few cherries for the owners of the trees, but not often and then only when they are overlooked or the crop is too heavy for the birds to harvest.

It is really pathetic the way the English press gets worked up over any act of the Teuton allies that touches the United States, and grows so fearful lest our national honor be smirched if we don't get in and have a row with Germany. She knows Uncle Sam has a long arm and is anxious he should reach in and rake out some of England's chestnuts. Every move the Kaiser makes, the Britishers want Uncle Samuel to "swat him."

The senate committee examining into the fitness of Brandeis for a place on the supreme bench, has discovered that you can't please all the people even part of the time no more than you can fool them all the time. One to capital and the other that he is too unfriendly toward to capital and the other that he is to ounfriendly toward it. Must be a pretty independent sort of a chap to have made both sides sore.

Albert Baker, a citizen of Sacramento, California, and veteran of the civil war, was left a fortune of $100,000 by a relative in Philadelphia. Unfortunately for him he died three weeks before the money was left him. And yet some folks say there is no such a thing as luck.

It is the farmers living in the lowlands of the "Beautiful Willamette" who are blue just now instead of the river. They will not remain that way more than a day or so, for most Oregonians are used to plenty of water.

Secretary of War Garrison has resigned—and so is the country.

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LINCOLN'S DAY

Today the 107th anniversary of the birth of Lincoln is being celebrated throughout the land. From Machias to San Diego, from the straits of Fuca to Boca Chica, East and West, North and South alike honor the name of the one American who ranks in greatness along with Washington, and in the hearts of the masses, even above him.

The uprightness of his life, the purity of his motives, the grandeur of his character, to which the South was blinded in the heat of desperate conflict, are fully recognized now by those who most condemned him but half a century ago.

Nowhere is he held in higher honor than in the Southland where today the gray haired and uniformed veterans who won immortal renown as soldiers, meet today to pay honor to the memory of him whom they but a few years ago considered their greatest enemy.

"Honest old Abe." That was the title the soldiers of the North had for him. Not a high sounding title but fitting the man, who rising from the humblest paths of life to the proudest and most glorious position in the world, was untouched by pride of place but remained until the tragic end came, one of the common, everyday people.

Love and reverence for the nobility and grandeur of his character increases as the years go by, and history a thousand years hence will brighten its pages with the story of one of the world's greatest, and perhaps its grandest man.

Mount Hood showed itself yesterday as white as "Lots wife done in salt." Jefferson also peeped over the snowy ridges, its ragged top looking much like a generous dish of ice cream. It was too bad that ex-President Taft was not in Portland at the time to remove any lingering doubts he may have as to the existence of those peaks. He said he had heard of them on his two trips to Oregon but had never seen them, so had to take their existence on faith.

Judge Donahue of Oakland, California, in a trial Thursday, held that the witness, a woman, need not tell the especial brand of punishment she expected to receive in the next world, if she committed perjury. One of the probable punishments might be to be cross-questioned by a bevy of just such lawyers as the one who asked the question.

Just why a man who has served in solitary confinement for four years as vice-president of the United States should seek to be resentenced to another four year term is one of the things that will never be known. Not since the days of Calhoun has a vice president been reelected, and so far as we know none has desired to be.

It surely is just one blamed thing after another in Portland. That inland seaport has had ice, snow, sleet, rain and devastation following on each others heels for six weeks or more, and now it is floods and still more floods. It can console itself with the Arabian fatalist consolation: "Even this will pass away."

Another flood is reported on its way down from Eugene or some place up that way, and this adds to the uneasy feeling in Portland as the Columbia is also reported rising. The long drouth yesterday may check the flood and prevent damage to the village down the creek.

All the saloons in Guernville, California, closed their doors Wednesday while the owners and bartenders went to church to take part in fostering the town's development along religious and business lines. What next?

UNAPPRECIATED

The young man labors hard at home, and writes a story or a pome, and, hoping to receive long green, he sends it to a magazine, or maybe to some daily sheet, which wants hot stuff that's keen and sweet. Then back it comes, by early mail, and how that writer makes his wail! The editors are all combined to bar that great and fertile mind! Or else they didn't read his stuff, but calmly set it down as guff, and shipped it back with his own stamps—what wonder tears are in his lamps? I used to talk that way myself, when viewing bundles on the shelf of tales and other gems of thought, which editors returned as rot. But, friend, the editors were right! The editors are mostly white, and if they see in man or dame a symptom of the genius flame, they do not douse the glowing spark with bitter sneer or cold remark, but try to fan it to a blaze, and nourish it with smile and praise. (These metaphors, or course, are mixed, but when I've time I'll have them fixed.) The editors, all o'er this sphere, are looking, looking, year by year, to find the writers who can write, and finding one brings keen delight. So, if you cannot sell your junk, it is because the junk is punk.

Most of Loot Recovered When Gang Is Arrested

Chicago, Feb. 12.—In the arrests of three men and three women here, federal authorities have recovered most of th $575,000 worth of revenue stamps taken in a robbery of the St. Paul collector's office recently, and they believed today they may have a clue to the big robbery of a New Westminster, B. C., bank several years ago.

Those arrested were Edward Leonard, alias Lutowsky, John Zeek, a motorman, and Hiehael Flannigan, a saloonkeeper, with their wives. Mrs. Leonard is said to be the "brains" of the gang, and part of the stolen stamps were found under her floor.

Letters taken from the prisoners mentioned the New Westminster case which in many respects, was like the St. Paul affair.

The similarity of the two, indeed, caused authorities to suspect Flannigan who had cleared himself in the Westminster case, though detectives still believed he had some part in passing the funds taken there.

OPEN FORUM

The County Agriculturist.

Fifty years ago an eighth grade education was considered very good for the average farmboy, but today the parents that do not give their boy a high school education, if he will take it, are looked upon as delinquent in their filial duty.

The requirements for an education are becoming greater every day, and more and more is being added to the long list of things to be learned, till it is becoming a grave question, "what is the best method to follow to acquire the greatest amount of knowledge in a given time?"

It used to be thought that when one graduated from high school they had completed their education, but now a farmer is up against it if he does not study continuously. There is no end to our education. For every new thing we learn 10 more are brought to our notice that we feel we ought to know.

It is just as important for the farmer to study out the proper methods to follow by which to learn as it is to become inspired with the incentive to learn. It is just as possible to learn what you want to know in half the time, if you go at it in the proper manner, as it is for one man to split up two blocks of wood while another is splitting one because he knows the better how to go about it.

One day I went through a poultry show with a certain farmer. We looked at every coop of birds in the building and made casual remarks about a great many of the birds on exhibit. There was a caponizing clinic but we didn't stop for that.

The next day I went through the same show with another farmer. At the very first coops we met the owner, and the farmer began asking all manner of questions. "Were they hatched in an incubator? What did he feed them when they were small? What did it cost to raise them from the time they were hatched toill they began to lay? Did it pay to breed to two-year-old roosters?" Etc., etc.

We came upon four coops of Barred Rocks that had no cards or ribbons upon them. The farmer was very curious to know why. When we had gone all the way around the farmer said: "Let us go back and see if we can find out anything about those four coops of Barred Rocks." We found the owner in front of them. "What is the reason your coops aren't tagged?" inquired the farmer. "Well! These hens are bred to lay and will not score high enough to compete with these show birds," replied the owner. "Can't a hen lay eggs and be a show bird at the same time?" cried the farmer. "No sir!" replied the owner. "You might just as well try to raise dairy cows by breeding them to the standard intended for a beef show as to try to raise laying hens by breeding to the standard intended for these fancy show birds." "Say! I wish I had that five dollars back I paid out for a fancy rooster last spring," cried the farmer. "How do you go about it to produce these laying hens?" "Well," the owner began, "I'll tell you how I have been doing it." "Three years ago I had one hundred and twenty-five laying hens. All through January they didn't average me over six eggs a day. I marked the ones that were laying and found I had nine that were doing the most of the winter laying. I put them in a separate coop the next spring and raised my next year's chickens from them. Last winter I culled out the drones again, and this winter I am getting an average of five dozen eggs a day from one hundred hens."

The farmer looked at him intently for a few moments and said, "I'm going to begin culling out my hens, and I'll cut the darn heads off the drones living off me. My hens have free range. I haven't time to fool with no second pen." And he looked like he was hankering to start at it when he pronounced his ultimatum.

As we turned away we noticed the caponizing demonstration was about to begin. The farmer tried to get a chance to see without crowding too much. He couldn't do it so he secured a box and stood upon that. That didn't help much. He looked around nervously. Seeing another box he seized it quickly. Placing it upon the other one he climbed on top. Everybody laughed, so did he, but he had a fine view of the demonstration. As we parted that evening he said, "Come over Sunday and we'll have a chicken dinner."

You will all agree that the second farmer will make his way through the world alright. He learned as much from his visit to the show as six of the average farmers put together. If you ask him how he liked the poultry show he will exclaim, "It was fine, it was great!" If you ask the ordinary farmer how he liked the poultry show, he will answer in a disinterested manner, "O, it was the same old thing they had last year."

"You ask the second farmer what he thinks about the county agriculturist and he will say, "O: He isn't worrying me any. He'd have to be a pretty poor stick if I couldn't pump 25 cents worth of information out of him in a year. Why he told me last spring of a trick another farmer was turning that will be worth his keep to me for the next 25 years."

"Get busy and use him," is my advice. "Make him work for you. Then you won't look on him as an expense. Anything is an expense if you let it lay around and never use it." I've never heard of his turning a man down yet when he wanted him to do something for him."

"What we farmers need is someone to spend his whole time sorting out the things we ought to know — that is knowledge that will advance our financial welfare."

"Then the next thing we ought to do is to spur ourselves out of the little old grooves we have snuggled ourselves into and followed all our lives, and begin to follow these new methods and make use of these new discoveries which have been sufficiently tried to prove their superiority over the old methods and utilities.

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