

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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GET RID OF THE GRAFT CURSE.

GRAFT is the rank curse of American official life—national, state and municipal—particularly the latter. With a man like Roosevelt at the head of national affairs, graft has doubt greatly decreased and become less profitable. Some large grafters are even in jail, and others are perhaps on the road there. In some states, including Oregon, grafting is not such an offensive burden as it has been. The state printing graft is the principal one in Oregon, since a Democratic administration turned a search-light on the big land frauds that had been going on under official noses for nearly 40 years—and it will not be many years till the state printer's graft will be cut off. In this city the grafters have thriven merrily ever since municipal affairs were mostly settled in the old Oro Fino saloon, from a third to half a century ago; and a great many old-timers, and many newer citizens, cannot yet understand that grafting is not properly and necessarily the main feature of and reason for municipal government. But there has been an awakening, and grafting in the city's affairs will be gradually exterminated. That is, it will if the people insist upon it strongly and constantly enough. Mr. Darymple, who came over from Glasgow to advise Mayor Dunne about municipal ownership of street railways in Chicago, said that although public ownership was a success in his home city it would not be so in Chicago unless grafting could be eliminated. But why cannot an American city free itself from grafting in the public service as well as a Scotch or a German or a Swiss city? Grafting must be made odious in American cities, if their people are ever to have reasonable taxes and a fair return for the money expended in public affairs and improvements. The time is passing when men will seek and get office for grafting purposes, or when a man in a responsible executive position will tolerate any grafting whatever among his subordinates. Public morality is undoubtedly improving, along with a higher degree of intelligence among the common people in regard to public affairs, and it can be reasonably hoped that the time is approaching when an American as well as a British or German city can take over and operate its public utilities without fear of being "stolen blind" by men elected and paid to serve the people. Grafting in office is essentially treason, and must be so regarded in the future. No punishment is too severe for it. The grafter is nothing less than a traitor. Graft is the great national curse, and must be done away with if this nation is to be truly respected abroad, or be able to respect itself. Hunt out the grafters and show them no mercy.

TWO YOUTHS AND A BABE.

TWO YOUNG MEN who are likely to be heard from later in the world in important ways are the crown prince and heir apparent to the throne of the German empire, who was married last week, and the young king of Spain, who is helping to educate himself by visiting different European countries. There is a wide-spread impression, that is not dispelled by any number of denials, that the German emperor is not likely to live to an old age, that he has an inherited ailment that will cut his life short as it did his father's, and though this may not be the case, and though William II may live many years yet, the new bridegroom is now ready, as nearly as a youth like him can be, to assume the burdens of rulership if fate should throw them upon him. He is reputed to be a young man of considerable pugnacity and independence of character—a "chip of the old block"—who will try to stand for the divine rights of royalty as he has been taught, and yet if he should live to be an old man he will doubtless learn much, and may very likely moderate his views on this subject, for the trend of thought and action in Germany is toward democracy, or a mild and limited phase of socialism. The Germans are a very intelligent and progressive people, and while they may not in the near future desire to throw off the burden of monarchy, they are pretty sure to maintain in most essentials a really democratic form of government, and to rule rather than be ruled by their royal house. The young Spanish king, now only 20 years old, if he lives out the Scriptural allotment of time, may witness great changes in ancient Andalusia. He appears to be an ingenious youth, honestly seeking to learn, and not above being friendly and social with the common people; and if he grows in wisdom with time, he may be the greatest power for good that has occupied the Spanish throne for many generations. Perhaps his career as king will depend to some extent on the wife whom he may choose or who may be chosen for him, for it often happens that the queen consort is "the power behind the throne." At any rate, even the republican and democratic world, that is inclined to sneer at royalty, must acknowledge that these two young men, if they shall live long, may be potent factors in the world's current history, and if they truly learn as they accumulate age may be influential in leaving their countries and the world somewhat better than they found them. Over in St. Petersburg or vicinity is another possible figure of note in the future, a babe but a few months old, as yet all unconscious of the heavy burdens which his hereditary position may thrust upon him. But the future of Russia assumes now a chaotic appearance, and it seems an even chance that when he grows up there will

Big Eastern Oregon County.

From the Echo News. In a few brief words we want to say to our friends and correspondents, who are many, in fact too numerous to pay attention to personally, that old Umatilla county is "it," she is a hummer, the widest, broadest and longest county in the state of Oregon. She could put Union, Morrow and Gilliam counties in her war bag with ease. She can drink the waters of the Umatilla and Columbia, and could digest the same without ever having a single spasmodic contraction of the illness or descending colon. Umatilla county is the empire county of the state, without any Kaiser Bill William to rule. She is the chief and altogether the liveliest, she is the pebble on the beach, the blossom on the peach, she is one of the old saltier hair's chicksens, she is cock of the walk and demost of the world, she is a coyote and this is her year to howl. Hear our gentle voice, partner! Umatilla county is bounded on the north by the great state of Washington, on the east by the great and grand Grand Ronde valley, on the south by Grant county, and on the west by the county of Morrow; a fair daughter, which will grow and grow after the fashion of her mamma until it will compare favorably, but not compete, on the north lies the great Columbia, which will be turned upon the desert plains at an early date, and by the efforts of Umatilla county's citizens succed in making the upper Columbia valley an empire to be envied by a king. As we said in the beginning, Umatilla county is a whopper, a hot tamale, some pumpkins. We are on the map to stay, we are growing greater, both in population and wealth, we have something to give to those who may desire to become one of us, but don't mix us up, don't rile us, don't treat us gingerly; we are kind and gentle, docile, broad-headed and of a watchful eye, but don't turn on a coyote fight, don't mix us. The handsomest women, the bravest men. Fortunes are made from one old hen. Our grain, the best that can be found. Our fruit excels the country round. With lands galore, for all who will. We ask you come, join and till! Want and care we never know. The poor man here will have a show.

Men With Hoes Needed.

From the Corvallis Times. It was a man with a hoe. The sun shone warm. With infinite patience and considerable force of perspiration he was applying the hoe in an effort to clear away the weeds and grass in the street next to the sidewalk. It all looked good to passersby and they remarked that the example ought to be followed. "What if everybody in town would do the same thing?" they remarked as they passed on. In a little while by such means what a transformation could be wrought in the appearance of things!

he no real seat of autocratic power for this infant to fill. He may yet be nominally a czar, but it certainly is doubtful if he will be much more than a czar in name. He will have an immense amount to learn; but will he be permitted to learn it?

RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE.

IT MAY BE worth the space to reprint and the while to re-read the language of the Willamette Valley Development league, as formally expressed in a resolution adopted by that body at Independence, as follows: We believe that railway corporations are creatures of the state, possessing valuable franchises which have come from the people, as well as vast grants of public lands always becoming more valuable by action of congress, and that they owe a duty to the people which they have not fully performed. A duty to the state of Oregon is incumbent upon them, which grows out of their occupancy of its territory under priceless franchises bestowed and inalienable, and such duty can only be performed to the people of the state by assumption on the part of the companies of their full share in the development of this territory. This can be done by expending a portion of their earnings within the state in the construction of such new lines and extensions as will not only meet the needs of the people, but assist in the development of the latent resources of this commonwealth, to the end that acting together this state may advance to that status in population and material wealth which its great resources entitle it. The first fact stated as the belief of the league is one that is being more and better understood and appreciated by the people, and even by many far-sighted and progressive railroad men. The railroads are not mere private corporations, but are rather and necessarily public institutions, which for convenience sake the people permit private corporations to operate; but the owners of these practically public concerns must operate them in accordance with the people's needs and demands, or else the people will take the business into their own hands, though they do not wish to do so. If the railroad people will treat the public fairly. The rest of the statement quoted is also importantly true. The railroads that have traversed Oregon and made a great deal of money here for New York magnates, or at least have acquired properties of vast value now, have not on the whole treated this state right, have not aided in its development as they should—though some of the managers sent here have done what they could in this direction. The time is nearly over in Oregon when a New York railway magnate can "hold up" this state as has been done, can charge "all the traffic will bear," divert traffic to unnatural terminals, and refuse to build extensions or new lines into regions that are rich in natural resources and awaiting the development that only a railroad can bring about. The railroad men will have to help develop Oregon more than they have done, or the people of Oregon will make times very interesting if not so very pleasant for the New York railroad owners. The Lewiston incident so far as it has developed, is only one of like ones that will occur. Where railroads are urgently needed they must be built, they must be built along natural routes, and freight rates on them must be reasonable. The people are just beginning to find out that they are bigger than the railroads, after all.

EVERYBODY PLEASSED WITH THE FAIR.

NO VISITORS have been more thoroughly impressed or are giving heartier praise to the Lewis and Clark exposition than the Californians. The promotion committee forms a body of picked representative men who have done much in the line of exploitation themselves and therefore may be regarded as connoisseurs. It is evident that they did not set their expectations too high when they came here. The exposition has been advertised as a fair and an amplification of the state fair idea is doubtless what most of them expected. As a matter of fact what they found was a genuine exposition which, in the character of the buildings erected, compare favorably, on the scale projected, with other great expositions and in the matter of natural attractions surpasses them all. While it is compactly built and the buildings are not scattered all over creation there is nevertheless so much to see and interest that it cannot be skimmed over in a day. The government building alone contains material enough to satisfy the sight and meet the cravings of the mind for several days in succession and even then it would be left with regret. And this is only one of many features that interest and instruct. The Californians came in at a very opportune time and the praises which they will sing on their return home, and none know the gentle art so well, will bear rich fruit in the immediate future. The matter of providing special entertainment adapted to the occasion and the day at the fair grounds on Sunday should receive immediate attention. That should be one of the great days for then more people are at leisure than at any other time and they are looking for such entertainment as the city, suburbs or the fair may afford. A simple band concert does not fill the full measure of expectation. Therefore the program should be strengthened in any way it reasonably can.

False Prophets.

From the Echo News. The man who has been predicting a dry year all this spring has gone to his hole, until another opportunity. It will not work this year. The man who knew the fruit crop was a "goner" is dead. The man who told the newcomers that the Umatilla river would be as dry as a powder-horn by the first of June was seen crossing the river last evening with a big spring wagon and his feet on the dashboard. Of course, he is a liar. Christ was a prophet, and the only recognized one that we have any account of, all others may carry their evil predictions to the devil, who is the only one who will lend a listening ear. Good times, big crops, lots of fruit, plenty of work at good wages, that is the outlook here.

The Man, Not Party.

From the Athena Press. The time has come when large cities as well as small look not on the partisan candidate for municipal office as one to which is due support because of party affiliations. The source of the strength of the candidate for municipal office hereafter lies in his qualifications as a business man and his integrity to conduct the office to which he aspires. Because a city is overwhelmingly Republican or Democratic is no reason why a candidate put before the people by machine manipulation of the dominant party should receive their support simply because he is the partisan candidate.

SMALL CHANGE

"People want the man and not the politics," sagely remarks the Clatskanie Chief.

There will be plenty of grub and bedrooms in Portland all summer at moderate prices.

The Californians always know and like a good thing when they see it, and so are in love with Oregon.

To the average layman there is a lot of humbug about some of the law's processes in trials.

Nearly all Salem is here today, of course, and everybody is glad to welcome the good people of the capital city of Oregon.

And still explanations of the Portland election keep appearing, but they are all pretty much like some samples that The Journal has published.

The Chinese exclusion law may injure trade to some extent, but the United States cannot afford to repeal the law and let in millions of Chinese laborers.

It may develop into a close and interesting race between George B. Cortez and Paul Morton as to which one can hold the greater number of offices and draw down the larger salaries in a given time.

As a rule it may be best for women public school teachers to be and remain single, yet the rule should in practice be subject to exceptions. Some married women are doubtless among the best teachers. And if a first-class teacher chooses to marry and thus increase her pay, she has no fault to find.

Now there is, or soon to be, according to the Clatskanie paper, an "order" trust, and they are calling on the people of Maryland to stand up tall, straight and brave in opposition to the threatened octopus that would grasp in greedy clutches the Chesapeake beds of the country sayeth amen. Let no trust get its fins on the Maryland oyster.

The Buffalo Times of June 7, under the head, "The Ministers Active," said: "The Rev. Dr. Hunter in the course of an address at the meeting of ministers yesterday said: 'If the Republican party is to be dominated at the present time by the trust as at present we will have to continue to fight vice in Buffalo. We need somebody for mayor, men for police commissioners and for the other offices, who will enforce the law and see that the trust has quite a familiar sound."

"It is a tremendous gain," says the Philadelphia Ledger, "to get rid of the gang and to place it where it can't rob the city with its jobbing contracts and deals and chicanery; but there is a greater gain and benefit from the overturn which Philadelphia is now enjoying. The voters of this city will be able at the next and all following elections held within the city confines to cast their votes and have their say in the selection of somebody to be put in Philadelphia. We have been a long time getting to this point even out here in the wide-awake west."

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Prospects in Baker county brighter, than for 10 years.

Frost did less damage to fruit in Harney county than was thought—the usual outcome.

An Ine woman has a three-legged chicken that is an object of interest in that burg.

The More opera house has disappeared and the lumber will be used in construction of buildings in Kent.

Dayton wishes to extend and improve its water system, and for that purpose has asked for bids on water bonds to the amount of \$3,000 per valve.

Dayton Herald: There is not an average of the cherries that have already ripened are of fine quality. Rain has damaged some varieties of cherries by cracking them open.

Roseburg Review: Portland Republicans are bombing Judge Lionel Webster for governor. He is the man Chamberlain defeated for attorney-general several years ago, and every other Republican on the state ticket was elected.

An eastern man who married an Albany woman three months ago has just returned to join his other wife and two children, having been sent for upon learning the situation. Both parties were experiencing their third marriage.

Springfield News: An honest Lane county farmer whose potato patch is on a side hill told us the other day that he kicked into a potato hill a few days ago and eleven bushels rolled up and down the hillside and he could get the hole plugged up again.

One Proclaimer: For a time it was feared that the hail storm last week had damaged some of the wheat, but even those who were hardest hit now say that the storm was a benefit to their growing wheat, as that which was battered down threw up strong and thrifty suckers.

The Jefferson council declined to provide for an election to vote on bonding the town for improvements, as requested to do by a mass meeting, and the Review complains in no uncertain terms of this non-action of the council, which it says will cause Jefferson to stand still for another year.

Day's Creek Correspondence Canyonville Echo: We wish to correct an item published last week wherein it was stated that Mrs. Mary Detch and George Jackson attended Sunday school at Padue schoolhouse last Sunday. It should have been Mary Detch and George Zackary.

The McKinville Telephone-Register thinks that Portland makes a serious mistake in taking her visitors out to view the scenic attractions of the Columbia. Instead of showing them the valuable and attractive agricultural lands in the valley, immigrants do not invest in "scenic attractions."

Tillamook Headlight: N. Hanson has about 25 acres of land and is milking 14 cows and two strippers, from which he took in April 15,462 pounds of milk to the Tillamook creamery, which netted \$58.46 pounds of butter fat. His check for April was \$184.72 for the 15 cows, with the addition of butter and milk for his family. He did not buy any feed for the cows, for that was raised on the place.

EDWARD BOK AT CLOSE RANGE

From the Chicago Tribune.

Hammered by the spring winds to the brown and flame of a freshwater sailor, nose, mouth and chin large; each an outward sign of enterprise and decision, dark blue eyes and brown hair, a smooth and angular face, broken by lines which deeply cut the cheeks, gaunt as a hard riding cavalryman, alert, energetic, resolute, Edward Bok is not the man for a business. Another mental picture had gone to pieces.

Editor of a woman's magazine: The title is feminine. Salary \$25,000 a year! That sounds like business. But the magazine is not his imagination. His is the story of romance rather than of hard reality. It is more often found in books than in actual life. A rattling good novel could be built on Bok's adventures. He is a Dutchman—a strange land—clothes Dutch, language Dutch, and nothing Dutch, Dutch. At 42 rich, living on a fine estate, and wedded to his employer's daughter.

I came to Philadelphia to talk with Bok. Women had talked with him, but few men. He is one of the masters of a business. He is a man of letters. There was the reticent but remarkable individuality behind him—Cyrus Herman Katzshmar Curtis, a Maine Yankee, who has given the world many lessons in publishing business. Curtis peddled newspapers in Portland, and printed calling cards for his playmates. The process of evolution did the rest. Curtis has violated many respected traditions. He can double the selling price of his product and thus increase his customers, and prosperity. His principle he has established. He declines to distribute sample copies; instead he pays the newspapers to give him publicity. He is opposed to "free" and "free" things; demanding pay, he is willing to give it. Cash on the spot is the basis of all his bargains—he gets the discount.

"I saw one of his office boys cutting old envelopes in two for scratch paper. He is advertising today in nearly every important newspaper in the country, not only in dollars but in kind. He has more of other men's advertisements than he print in either of his publications. 'So I came to ask Bok about it and to make several other inquiries. Bok is really an extraordinary personality; so is Cyrus Curtis."

"The Ladies' Home Journal," I said, "was started 22 years ago. Three hundred dollars was spent in one campaign for advertising. How much money have you paid to advertise in the Saturday Evening Post?" "At least \$100,000," Edward Bok replied. "The managers have received their share, but the large part of the money has gone to daily newspapers. We want to impress the man and woman each morning when they eat breakfast."

"Yes, you continue to advertise advertising matter for each; more is offered to us than we can print. At this time we are addressing ourselves in the newspapers to advertise themselves. We are advertising for advertising when we have no present need for it. But we are working for the future and are creating business, which is intangible, but which will come to us after awhile."

"We want to make manufacturers think and then to remember. That is our purpose. By and by when these makers of things decide to advertise to the city with us, we will be glad to do so. The money we are spending now is an investment against the future, and is sure to be profitable. All that we have to do is to wait."

"You charge for a page advertisement in the Ladies' Home Journal?" "Four thousand dollars, or \$5 a line. The rate is \$6 a line when the space is small. Labor is 15 per cent higher. The advertisement for us, it is talked about, and that is what we want. The man who says it is not ashamed to tell his friends what he is doing; nor does he hesitate to let his competitors know the sign of his own prosperity. So the price helps us in more ways than one."

"You have increased the price of the Ladies' Home Journal from 25 cents to 50 cents a year, and then to \$1. Each copy has been advanced from 10 to 15 cents a copy. What has been your experience?" "We got to a point where the Ladies' Home Journal was costing more than we received for it. The advertisers, therefore, had to pay the difference, whatever it was, as well as the profits we made on our investment. The cost of labor in printing was going up, and the principle, as a matter of business, was bad. When we fixed the price at 10 cents the size of the Journal was 36 pages; now it contains from 72 to 84 pages. Labor is 15 per cent higher. The salaries of artists and engravers have increased from 50 to 150 per cent. In earlier days I paid Charles Dana Gibson \$35 for a picture; now, in exceptional cases, I pay him \$100. The cost of stories, which cost from \$200 to \$250 have increased in price fourfold. So we raised the price of the Journal, and spent more money, and instead of losing subscribers we actually gained them."

"Over and over again, on that made for the purpose, we have found the public to be immediately responsive to money expended to improve our publications. That is a trade fact that ought to be grasped upon the notice of every manufacturer. No matter what is made, if it is the best to be obtained, the public will buy and pay for it. But no man should ever stand still. Keep on improving; if you don't, competition will overtake and destroy you."

"With nothing but an idea, Mr. Curtis in 22 years has created properties worth in the rough how much?" "We have been too busy to think about the money value of what has been created. Neither publication is for sale. I can't say how much they are worth, but \$5,000,000 would be little enough for them."

"For writing pay?" "Yes; a few men are living by their writing alone and are making money—men like Richard Harding Davis. That was not so a few years ago. Then authors had to write and necessary to get a review. Longfellow, Lowell and men of their rank didn't live by writing. Once it was thought if a story was printed as a serial—that is, in a magazine from month to month—that it would be lessened as a book. However, that mistake has been put away long since with others. Nowadays a writer has four ways to make money. He sells his story for serial publication and gets a big price for it. Then he has it put into a book and receives a royalty on every copy sold. Next he gives readings from the story or his lectures. Finally he works his plot into a play."

"What is the highest price you ever paid for a story or an article?" "I have paid \$5,000 for stories. Mr. Cleveland receives \$1,000 apiece for his articles. He, Howells, Benjamin Harrison, Hopkinson Smith and Senator

Beveridge has been our highest paid contributor."

The Boks were aristocratic Dutchmen for a long time. The great grandfather of Edward was chief admiral of Holland's navy, and his grandfather was chief justice of Holland's supreme court. His father was a minister to William III, whose daughter, Wilhelmina, is now queen of the Netherlands. But the Boks lost their money, and William, the minister, came to America with his wife and two boys. Edward Bok left school when a lad and went to work. I asked about his first employment.

"We were extremely poor," he said, "and I used to gather wood in the vacant lots for our fire. I helped my mother wash dishes, and do other household duties. But the first money I earned was in selling water. Persons in New York then went to Coney Island in street cars which ran through Brooklyn. I carried a bucket of ice water on my arm and when the cars stopped I sold it to the passengers for a penny a glass. Then I carried a lemon in my bucket and got 3 cents a glass. Another time I carried sugar and lemon juice and raised the price to 5 cents. That is where I learned that the public will always pay the best price for the best thing. I sold more lemon juice than 1-cent water and made more money."

"In winter when no one went to Coney Island, I carried a newspaper route on Saturdays and worked in a bakery. I sold newspapers on the street, and ran errands, for 50 cents a week. When I was 13 years old I left school forever, going to the Western Union Telegraph company as an office boy. At night I studied stenography. I sold newspapers in Philadelphia, and into one of his literary societies. We printed a little paper for the society, and I took it up and developed it into the Brooklyn Magazine. My brother helped me. We published Mr. Beecher's sermon in full, and then I got a beautiful opportunity for the sermons of Dr. Talmage. Curiously enough, some of the best writers of the day became our contributors."

"I was 15 years old, and in the meantime had been employed by the telegraph company as a stenographer. A man conspicuous in the Standard Oil company wanted to buy our magazine for his son, and as it was not profitable, we sold it. The magazine was carried on the same trade principles—that the methods employed to produce a gallon of refined oil would print and sell a single copy of a magazine. I told him if that was his belief, he would lose a lot of money."

"Did he?" "He did. I left the telegraph company and went to Henry Holt & Co., the publishers, also as a stenographer. Heaven alone knows what the result was. I started a syndicate and supplied newspapers with high class material of interest to the female sex, obtaining what I called 40 articles by 40 famous women. Some of the women were Mrs. Wm. Brewster, Mrs. Wood and Keadlerwork. No man should attempt to meddle with such things. I might say that I am the father of the woman's page in the newspapers, but I am not proud of the relationship."

"From Holt's," Mr. Bok said, "I went to Charles Scribner's Sons, with whom I remained until I was employed by Mr. Curtis. In 1900 a year, it is said."

"Anyway I got my price. I became advertising manager at Scribner's and undertook to develop the Book Buyer, one of their magazines. While thus employed, I was persuaded to come to Philadelphia and the Ladies' Home Journal."

"You said you wanted to succeed in the first place because of your mother?" "That is so. She had been the wife of a wealthy man, but she was in no way dishonorable, she was reduced to poverty. I wanted to make money and send her back to Holland, her home, where she could live in the manner to which she had been accustomed."

"Yes, my wife is Mr. Curtis' daughter. We were married seven years after I took the editorship of the Journal. We have two boys—one of them an infant—and live at Merion, a few miles out of Philadelphia, in a house which I own. I passed out of Mr. Bok's office I saw a little white card on the wall. Printed on it was this bit of helpful and heroic philosophy: 'Something difficult is simply something to overcome.'"

LEWIS AND CLARK

En route up the Missouri river from Fort Mandan, near the site of Bismarck, North Dakota. The party is now nearing the Rocky mountains. June 14—This morning one of the men went to Captain Clark with account of the discovery of the falls, and after employing the rest in preserving the meat which had been killed yesterday, Captain Lewis proceeded to examine the rapids above. From the falls he directed his course southward, and after passing one continued rapid and three small cascades, each three or four feet high, he reached at the distance of five miles, a second fall. The water is about 400 yards wide. From the southern shore it extends obliquely upward about 150 yards, and then forms an acute angle downward nearly to the commencement of four small islands perpendicular to these islands, a distance of more than 100 yards, the water glides down a sloping rock with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall. Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward, and here the late Captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and crossing the point of a hill for a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the whole Missouri suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile. Over this it precipitates itself in an even uninterrupted sheet to the perpendicular depth of 50 feet, whence, dashing against the rocky bottom, it rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a spray of the purest foam across the river.

Only Good for Fighting.

From the Chicago Tribune. Japanese soldiers, it is said, do not keep step, and have no more style about them, when on the march, than a herd of buffaloes. In fact, all they appear to be good for as soldiers is to do—

DISCRIMINATION AND MANUFACTORIES

Webster City (Iowa) Telegram in the New York Herald.

F. T. Campbell, former state railroad commissioner, has filed with the interstate commerce committee of the senate an extended argument in favor of violating the interstate-commerce commission by giving it power to adjust railroad rates and enforce its orders, subject to appeal to the courts. Mr. Campbell discusses the freight rate question from a national and Iowa point of view. He names several factories which, he declares, have been driven out of this state by unfair railroad rates. He refers to the closing of 25 packing-houses, annually.

"One by one have valuable manufacturing industries been forced from us to seek locations where rates are more favorable. He is a partial list of plants that have gone from us: Hoelder works, from Grinnell to Chicago; Baker barbed wire factory, from Des Moines to Chicago; Palmer wagon factory, from Marshalltown to Chicago; oil mills at Boone, in Kansas City; wheel scraper works, from Mount Pleasant; starch plant, from Des Moines and Ottumwa; oatmeal mills, from Iowa City; oil mills and other industries, from Iowa City; cotton lumber mill, from Chicago; Ottumwa millinery and clothing company; Sioux City stove works; Barbed wire factories, Cedar Falls, Marshalltown and Grinnell.

"Add to this catalogue of lost industries with their thousands of employes, a list of silent factories to the number of nearly 100, reported by the last census, and you have discovered why the Iowa population has fallen off since the census of 1900. That census of 1900 shows 79 idle factories in Iowa, with a capital of \$1,232,203, that emphasize the testimony of western jobbers of Sioux City and lumbermen of Des Moines to Chicago, Baker barbed wire factory, in this state in present conditions. If we all had the special favors these witnesses enjoy, we would probably think so, too.

"While this testimony was being given before a committee, a former member of the Iowa railroad commission was in consultation with the lumbermen over the discrimination of \$30 a car in lumber rates from the Pacific coast to St. Paul, by which Minnesota lumber merchants are enabled to undersell Iowa dealers and are flooding the northern half of our state with the product of St. Paul yards."

Mr. Campbell asserted that railroad rates have been advanced materially, instead of reduced, as stated by the railroad magnates. He shows that not only have the incomes of railroads increased enormously, but that the rates on the products of the country where the country has remained high, while the cost of hauling freight has enormously decreased. On this subject Mr. Campbell says:

"President J. H. Hill, in his argument before the committee, boasted of the great things done by the railroads in reducing rates from 3 cents a ton a mile on an average in 1882 to three quarters of a cent a ton a mile in 1904-5. But he neglected to explain that the cost of moving a ton of freight has been reduced 3 1/2 miles a ton a mile, and much of it is moved at 3 miles and even less; and that present rates are more extortionate than at any time in the history of our country. I was invited to inform your committee that the low average is caused largely by low rates on mineral, coal, salt, ice, iron and other similar articles of shipment and on exports of wheat, which was in no way dishonorable, she was reduced to poverty. I wanted to make money and send her back to Holland, her home, where she could live in the manner to which she had been accustomed."

"As affecting our producers of the great exports, cotton, wool, wheat, oats, corn and flour, have been raised from 20,000 to 30,000 pounds to 25,000 pounds, together with similar advances on hundreds of other articles of shipment. In addition to this wrong classification from a lower to a higher class, in many instances advancing the cost of the haul some 20 per cent."

The theory of the railroads that only rate experts are capable of making rates is declared by Mr. Campbell ridiculous, for the reason that every one knows that the financial heads of the roads and not the traffic managers make the rates. This theory of the railroads that employees will be thrown out of work if the proposed scheme is carried out of giving the commission power is scoffed at by the former railroad commissioner, who shows that the same has been done in Iowa when a 40 per cent reduction in rates was made in that state. Reports of the state commission show that the number of employes increased instead of diminished.

Hymn Before the Tower. (With apologies to Kipling.) The tower is filled with wrath, The plutoes in their harness Go up against our path; Ere yet they loose their jerres Let us stamp on their heads, Jeholooks of the thunders, Save us from such a fate.

From plutoes shaft and error, The tower is full of horror, At just two cents per cop; O, ye Lord's appointed, Make calm thy shadow's quake At the hands of progress pointed To the Copypus wake.

Even now their hirings gather, Even now they face the fray, As thou did help our fathers, Save us, thyself today; Puffed of signs and wonders, Jeholooks of the thunders, Doe Oeler's coming here.

Chinese Telephones. From the Japan (Kobe) Chronicle. The latest enterprise in America is that of the Japanese Telephone company, which is reported to be progressing well with its enterprise. The poles are all up, strong and durable-looking, as though they were made by hand. The rumor that the victorious Japanese were going to annex this province of Fukien at the close of the war was a fiction likely to be realized, and the company were looking to long years of service. The wires, too, have been placed in position and a most fascinating home look they have about them. They wind their way through villages along quiet roads, and up the rising ground, as though they were the work of centuries. Certain kinds of machinery are still wanting to enable the company to begin work, but when these have arrived the whole will be in perfect working order.

Only Good for Fighting. Japanese soldiers, it is said, do not keep step, and have no more style about them, when on the march, than a herd of buffaloes. In fact, all they appear to be good for as soldiers is to do—