

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Borrowers are nearly all ill spenders.—Rushin.

YOUNG ROWDIES.

WHAT is to do with young vicious hoodlums, whose mischief runs into assaults, thievery and other forms of criminality, and includes all sorts of vice, in a constant problem in all American cities.

Even Senator Beveridge, who seems to wish people to understand that he is an especial mouthpiece of the administration, said in a speech in Chicago: "When these managers (of railroads) treat their trusts as their private affairs to be conducted for independent profit alone, government regulation is needed, but no government ownership, unless government regulation fails."

Mr. Bryan's Commoner, quoting these expressions of eminent Republicans, says: "Very well. We will all be for government regulation, and will give it a fair test; and then when it fails Senator Beveridge must help bring about government ownership."

Mr. Bryan has also shown from the president's own language that he regards ownership as an ultimate and last resort remedy, if regulation fails. As to whether it fails or not there will be a difference of opinion later. That will be a question of fact on which there will be disagreement. No doubt the great majority of American people are against government ownership if it can be avoided.

Mr. Bryan has but little confidence in the success of regulation under the Republican party, hence declares that ownership may be ultimately necessary. And though Republican leaders assail him for mentioning government ownership as a possible necessity they do the same thing themselves.

The Oregonian, ever wise in its day and generation, remarks: "Another result of the 'year after the fair' is that the croakers and kickers are all, or nearly all, dead, or otherwise silenced. Who would have thought it, two years ago?" We are pleased to hear this news, but it creates just a little mistrust when it comes from the same source that declares that the population of Portland is only slightly more than it was before the fair and that the present population is far under 150,000.

The moss on the Oregonian's back is too thick to be raked off at one time; it is still traveling the turtle's pace, although Portland and Oregon increased their gait several years ago.

It is not only in Oregon and in the west that development is "in the air." The old state of Kentucky has a state development league, and the Louisville Post asks: "What is Kentucky going to do in the next 25 years? How is it going to deal with the great issues of the hour? What of taxation? What of transportation? What of education? What will Kentucky have to say concerning good roads? Concerning better agriculture? Concerning a fair ballot and a fair court and purer politics?" All same Oregon, except that our first consideration is immigration, more people, more power.

With the Philippine islands reported to be as quiet and peaceful as a long-forgotten graveyard, the demand of General Wood for more fighting men and guns of greater killing capacity comes as a distinct shock. But two reasons can be assigned for the desire to add to the 20,000 soldiers in our insular possessions, and one suggests that General Wood must have been misinformed when he was told the islands were peaceful; the other obtrudes the grisly thought that the government fears intervention from some bullying power, and wants to be prepared for it.

The New York Evening Post is supposed to be an anti-Hearst paper to the limit, and yet it says that the president's Harrisburg speech delivered in New York would make a Hearst campaign document. The Post is so safe and sane that it has gone crazy.

Ex-President Palma supposed the American government would suppress the rebellion and maintain him safely in his seat. On the contrary Taft rather sided with the rebels, and Palma and the rest of the government had to resign. Now the ex-rebels want the offices and a pull at the treasury right off, and will soon be

selfish opponent of such actions. This has been especially the case when corporations were the petitioners. Thus "government by injunction" has become a real evil, and there is need of a return to the old idea and practice in the use of this legal procedure.

IF REGULATION FAILS.

GOVERNOR DENEEN of Illinois, addressing the Bankers' association of that state recently, said: "The opposition of those whose business is properly subject to government supervision and control to legislative regulation plays into the hands of the extremists. Persistence in this opposition can have but one result—a tendency to substitute for the idea of government supervision and regulation the idea of government ownership."

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A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

A Shooting Gallery Secret.

The beach was empty. The boardwalk was quiet. The shooting-gallery man was packing to go south for the winter.

"Do you see this glass ball?" he said. "It was a ball of hollow glass, an airy glass globe, that had swung at summer at the end of a thread in the foreground of the clay pipes, bells and what-not that had made up the gallery's targets, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"This glass ball," the man went on, "is my great money-maker. All summer long people tried to hit this ball—it was bigger and nearer than any other target—and everybody failed. Thousands of bullets were fired at the ball, thousands of nickels were spent on it; yet here it is, still untouched, my best breadwinner.

"All winter shooting-gallery men have a glass ball like this. It makes such a tempting target, yet it is never hit. It is never hit because the air that precedes a gun charge is sufficient to blow the ball aside on the way. You might fire a hundred shots at it, but, like a living thing, like a timid soldier, for instance, it would dodge each shot."

Nature Notes.

Camels cannot swim.

The spider eats daily 14 times his own weight.

The catfish, a mollusk, has 11,000 separate eyes.

A bee visits 3,500,000 flowers in gathering one pound of honey.

The grasshopper is the first bird to get up in the morning. His hour is 1:30.

The skin of the whalebone whale, boiled to a jelly, is a favorite dish of Danish spiders.

The boa constrictor, Buckland, the naturalist, declares, tastes like veal, only finer and sweeter.

The highest leap ever made by a horse was 7 feet 3 inches—a leap made in 1793 in London by Black Bear, a thoroughbred.

The South Sea island fisherman throws into the water a poison extract from a certain bark. The fish,

come restive if they can't have their way. The prospect is that Uncle Sam will not get out of Cuba very soon, nor stay out very long after leaving it.

Letters From the People

Not Ingersoll's Nephew.

New York, Oct. 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Journal of September 27 had an article entitled, "Peeping Tom Says He Is Ingersoll's Nephew." As a member of Colonel Ingersoll's family, I beg that you will kindly allow me to say that Colonel Ingersoll had but three nephews bearing the name of Ingersoll, one of whom recently died, and John and Burton Ingersoll, now living in Wisconsin. Yours truly, SUB H. FARRELL.

Household Hints.

By West Jones.

The best way to get old clothes: Throw them away and buy new.

Some people are very fond of canaries. So are some cats. This should be remembered: If you want your little feathered alarm clock to wake you in the morning, hissing and snoring inside a cage than inside a cat.

Try to be different. Get out of the rut. For instance, most people can make a stab at playing the piano with their hands, but how many can play with their feet? Practice this on your piano and surprise your friends. Novelty is the eternal cry. Even in small, everyday things, don't get into a mechanical groove. Instead, sweep the carpet with the same end of the broom—of course you do. Be different next time; sweep with the handle. Vary the monotony of cooking occasionally by taking the soup and boiling the roast. Wear your shoes on your head sometimes. Get off a trolley car backward once or twice. Don't be a mug.

Fire the cook by phone from your husband's office. Then stay away from home until she's gone. This method is a great preservative of beauty.

To remove wrinkles from the face, and to acquire a method. You always induce an uncle to die and leave you \$100,000.

Now that the "R" months are here, a bouquet of oysters makes a charming decoration for the dinner table. Arrange them artistically in a tall vase, the stems inward, and keep them supplied with fresh water. Of all flowers, the oyster is the loveliest, and matches any kind of wall paper.

In chasing a burglar out of the house, it is best to keep in front of him, as otherwise he is likely to trip over obstacles with which you are familiar. Do not make the mistake of going through a second-story window, as you are likely to break your leg, and besides the burglar may not follow you. Duck out of a ground floor door or window and run the burglar till you come to the street.

A few small lobsters kept in the tub will give the morning bath all the delightful excitement of an ocean bath. Sharp cinders and gravel on the floor will complete the illusion.

Leprosy as Recruit.

Great excitement has been caused throughout Switzerland by the discovery of several alleged cases of leprosy in the Valais Canton. The federal government sent three medical experts to make the fullest inquiries into the disease, which is believed to affect three families.

Attention was first drawn to the matter during the annual examination of new recruits at Sierre, in the Valais Canton. One of the men showed unmistakable signs of leprosy in the opinion of the medical officer. He was questioned closely, and acknowledged that he knew he was leprosy. He stated further that in his village there were many more like him.

The government is also causing investigation to be made at the isolated village of Jutiel, where several cases of skin complaint that have the appearance of leprosy have been reported.

The newspapers blame the cantonal authorities, and state that the disease is known to have existed for 15 years in the Canton of Valais and has been spread by intermarriage.

Is This the Reason?

From the Newberg Graphic.

It is stated that the Oregonian has an exclusive franchise on the Associated Press news service, the same to hold until the population of Portland reaches a certain figure. As the Oregonian is striving to hold the figures down, it begins to look like the population might be crawling up pretty close to the danger line for the Oregonian.

Laughter Best Sauce For Meals

No matter how strong the digestion may be naturally, it is no very difficult matter to weaken it, and no matter how feeble it may be it is always possible to do something to strengthen it.

The subject is therefore worth some consideration and of interest to every one, the eupptic and the dyspeptic alike, for if there is one thing more certain than another it is that a vast amount of the comfort and the discomfort of life depends upon the prosaic art of digestion.

A good digestion resembles many of the other blessings of life in this—it is seldom really valued until it is lost. When people have years adopted the foolish practice of boiling their food, without taking any trouble as to the proper mastication, they can hardly wonder that a new condition of things arises which cannot be cured in a few weeks. If you subject your stomach to a long course of ill usage, you can but expect that it will resent such treatment, and not be easily mollified. If we treat our acquaintances kindly, we quickly turn them into enemies and if our ill treatment in long continued they become implacable, and it may be impossible, by the best of treatment, to regain their friendship. It is much the same with the digestive apparatus. If we wish to be in its good graces we must treat it with consideration.

We must not expect it to do work it was never meant to do. The stomach is not provided with teeth; but it is provided, and so are the intestines, with certain juices whose action converts food into conditions which will nourish and repair the tissues and renovate the blood and increase its quantity; but—an important but—in order to do this the food, when it reaches the stomach, must be in a "pulp state"; it must be in a soft, pulpy condition, so that the digestive juices can have a chance of reaching it. This they cannot do properly if such things as meat, for instance, are swallowed in lumps.

For this reason those whose teeth are defective will find artificial teeth an immense help—indeed, a very important factor in the prevention of dyspepsia. It is hardly necessary to say that they must fit properly, so that mastication can be comfortably performed. Worry at meal times and hurry direct to the stomach, and the result is weakening the digestion.

An old physiologist, writing seventy years ago, said some words which are as true today as they were then.

"Laughter is the one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted, and the custom prevalent among our forefathers of exciting it at table by jests and burlesques, is a factor of the most important principle. In a word, endeavor to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals."

High Noon.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Time's finger on the dial of my life Points to high noon and yet the half-day's day is half remaining, for the dark, Black shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candle to the stick, The sputtering socket leaves but little light; Long life is sadder than an early death.

We cannot count on raveled threads of age Whereof to weave a fabric. We must use The warp and woof of ready present yields And toll while daylight lasts. When I bethink Of brief the past, the future, still I feel well assured and booted for the strife. That ends not till Nirvana is attained. Battling with fate, with men and with myself, Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon. Three things I learned, three things of precious worth. To guide and help me down the western slope. I have learned how to pray, and toll, and save; To pray for courage, to receive what comes, Knowing what comes to be divinely sent; To toil for universal good, since thus, And only thus, can good come unto me; To save, by giving what—or I have To those who have not—this alone is gain.

When Men Lost Will Power.

Between 55 and 62 men lose their will-power, their judgment in a moment of crisis. The loss is only temporary, marking a psychological change between the meridian and the commencement of age, says the London Mail.

Dr. Dabbs contributes the above explanation of the Grantham disaster, citing the parallel case at Stroud some years ago. He says he has collected data to substantiate his point, and asks the age of the Salisbury and Grantham drivers to see whether they fit in with his theory. He is inclined to rule that no man between 55 and 62 should be allowed to drive an express train, as not "master of that uncloaked will which makes the greatest emergency his obedient slave."

Grave errors of commanders in the field and of captains at sea he explains in the same way, hinting at a recent national experience—apparently the South African war. Business men show similar signs of weakness, irresolution, suspicion, and irritability at a certain time of middle life. A little older, and they again become reliable, tractable, and wiser in counsel. With rest and patience all comes right again.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

Taft won't stay long; the lid isn't his size.

As soon as Cuba quieted down then Domingo will be heard from again.

But as a Havann filler Secretary Taft has not been a very great success.

The weather gods are beginning to open the winter campaign back east.

Chicago can't get municipal ownership of street railroads, but it can play ball.

There is always some consolation; the big fuel and ice bills don't come together.

The S. P. has won Albany's love; several trains have arrived there nearly on time.

Several eastern cities are having food fairs. Women go home staggering with samples.

Not even Senator Beveridge has had a word to say about the spelling reform issue.

What is wanted is for hops to rise to a sense of their duty as construed by their owners.

Abel Ruef says he is a real good, honest, unselfish, non-grafting, patriotic man. There, now.

O well, if Emperor William had not become angry about that it would have been about something else.

Young Joe Mead Patterson would be taken more seriously if he would practice what he preaches more, and talk less.

That United States Express company also needs a rearing; think of paying poor old Senator Platt only \$30,000 a year.

The men over 55 will soon have to organize and demand pensions, since there is nothing they can do and they cannot be legally executed.

We really are not greatly concerned about the character of the Endor woman. She was probably no worse than some modern fortune-tellers.

"Reform, thy name is Poppycock!" exclaims a Washington (D. C.) administration paper. This is no doubt a common opinion among politicians.

Palma will scarcely go down in history as the father of the republic of Cuba, if the republic shall endure, but he may be considered a stepfather.

Now it is asserted that General Pike was not the original discoverer and climber of Pike's Peak. Being a Missourian, he had to be shown first.

So far the Republicans, except for Hearst in New York and Bell in California, have been doing all the campaigning during the Democratic campaign. It seems to be doing even any campaign.

Nooks and Corners of History

OUR FIRST TRAITOR.

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

On a close door in an old mansion that stands at the corner of Brattle and Hawthorn streets, Boston, one may read this legend:

"B. CHURCH JR."

The name was cut into the door with a pen-knife in the hand of a traitor compared with whom Benedict Arnold himself was as white as an angel.

Dr. Benjamin Church came of excellent stock and was one from whom the nation's best patriots and patriesses were finely endowed by nature, a Harvard graduate, a fine physician and a surgeon of extraordinary skill, gifted with eloquence and with true poetic fancy; of splendid social graces and professedly a patriot of the true-blue stamp, his friends figured on his making for himself a fair name in his country's annals.

But it turned out that like the "white sepulchre," he was fair without and foul within, a lover of his country in his pretensions but a foul traitor in his heart.

Benedict Arnold betrayed his country, but Benedict Arnold was avowedly tried; a few more have been tried in this world. He was a traitor and for his treachery he paid the terrible price that he ought to have paid; but he was provoked to do what he did by the rank injustice at the hands of those from whom he had the right to expect better things.

But Benjamin Church was not provoked and it cannot be said that anybody had done him any wrong. He turned traitor from the lowest and basest motive that could possibly have actuated a man—the love of money.

Tramps Resemble Apes.

There is a striking resemblance between tramps and apes, according to Dr. J. Milson Rhodes, chairman of the central committee of poor-law conference.

Dr. Rhodes made this interesting and original comparison at the northwestern poor-law conference at Chester on Saturday, says the London Express.

"If," he said, "you walk with an unemployed procession for about half a mile and study the tramps you will see that a great many of them are of the degenerate type.

"They have a peculiar walk with them and it is like that of an anthropoid ape. I have watched the tramps in England, on the continent and in America, and all the world over there is a great similarity between them."

"I have walked with tramps," he said, "and have studied their habits. The greater number of them are degenerate, morally or physically or mentally.

"If you study the gait of the habitual tramp you will be startled how closely it resembles that of the ape. It is indeed the ape shuffle, and the resemblance to the ape is further borne out by the hands and a fine place for wolves. I never thought much about the danger, though, and used to go many miles away on a hunting expedition without seeing a wolf or thinking about one.

"One day I went on a trip and stayed out a little later than usual. It was getting dark and as I got near home the air was cold and if wolves ever are hungry they would have been hungry that night. I hurried along trying to get in the house before night, and I began to wonder if there were any wolves near.

"I happened to look back and saw a big patch of black moving toward me. I hurried faster and just got inside the door when the patch reached the house.

I bared the door and kept clear out of sight, but on the outside I could hear the animals howling and scratching around. They must have stayed an hour or more, but I did not try to shoot them and I think they lost the scent of me. Anyway, they turned suddenly and ran off down the road and I never saw them after that time."

Pursued by Wolves in Indiana.

From the Indianapolis Star.

Samuel Johnson, an Indianapolis man, 51 years old, who was one of the most enthusiastic old settlers at the reunion at White City last week, tells of an experience with wolves on Buck creek that nearly ended disastrously for him.

"I was out on a hunting trip about 12 miles from Indianapolis on Buck creek," said Mr. Johnson. "There were thick woods all around that part of the country and few people near. I was living in a house made of logs in the midst of the woods and a fine place for wolves. I never thought much about the danger, though, and used to go many miles away on a hunting expedition without seeing a wolf or thinking about one.

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