

THE JOURNAL AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. C. B. JACKSON, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sundays) and every Sunday morning...

paper, the New York World, which is fighting the Ryan-Belmont street railroad monopoly in that city, saying: "Only one course remains open in the circumstances. Since the city must bear the cost of constructing new subways anyway, it should build such subways itself, independently of the merger, it can pay for the cost of constructing at least one independent subway out of the annual tax levy if necessary, and it can find an independent operator when the work is finished. The city and the public are one."

The World declaims lustily against Mr. Bryan's tentative proposition of public ownership, but when it comes to a case right under its high journalistic nose, it advocates the same thing.

The people are waking up and learning not only their rights but their power. Means of land transportation are going to be made public affairs and a public business—that is, conducted in the interest of the public—or else the public will acquire or build and own them, or enough to control them. The movement toward this end is irresistible.

VALE FORAKER. FORAKER is a type that must mostly disappear from prominent public life. With all his political acumen, he seems incapable of reading the signs of the times. He does not see that everybody knows that he has always stood for corporate and special interests as against those of the people at large, and for boss and machine rule, giving the masses of the people no real opportunity to exercise their honest choice or best judgment in the selection of their public servants.

Penetrating men have long ago and all along counted on Portland's position, its geographical situation, to make such a result probable if not inevitable. Here it sits, in the one only position that answers every demand for a great metropolis—an immense region of immediate tributary and fertile country; an inland fresh water harbor, with a big-ship channel to the sea; two great rivers reaching far inland; vast forests, ore beds, fertile valleys and plains, stock ranges and mild climate—everything needed.

Much must yet be done. The channel to the sea is not yet sufficient. The big rivers into the interior must be improved. The harbor of this city must be enlarged. And in other respects Portland must be vigilant, energetic, enterprising, balked at no obstacle, conscious of its great destiny. Then the million will come.

SALOONS VERSUS PEOPLE. WILLIAM REA, in a communication to the Oregonian, says: "Two years ago the saloon men took an active interest in the Republican primaries. We all know the result. It seems as if one lesson was not enough. This year they have repeated the dose. If the saloon men do not stop this business they will find themselves in a dry town before many years. I am a Republican, but none of this game for me. I believe in the honesty and purity of the ballot, the principles for which the Republican party stands."

THE PUBLIC CAN BUILD. HINTS AND suggestions of public construction of competing lines of transportation, by nation, state or city multiply. This may come to be a partial solution of an already great and still growing problem. Some months ago Mr. R. G. Smith of Grants Pass unfolded a scheme for construction of a railroad across Oregon from east to west by the state, to be leased to some transcontinental railroad company. About the same time Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia advocated the building of connecting state roads by several southern states. The Pacific Outlook recently suggested that, not only as a means of regulating freight rates but to ascertain by actual demonstration the percentage of cost of operating trains to capital invested, the government should build a railroad across the continent. And now comes that "conservative" news-

large local traffic from that point, appear fully to justify this request. The distance can be covered in seven or eight hours, there are no very heavy grades, and beyond Pendleton "le the Big" mountains, separating it by many miles from important traffic points farther inland. A local train would be of much advantage not only to Pendleton, but to all the surrounding country, and to Portland and all points between, and we hope the railroad authorities will conclude to grant the request.

SPINAL MENINGITIS. IT SEEMS strange to the laity, and to physicians themselves that in all the years that have passed since Esculapius acquired some reputation as a healer, no knowledge has been gained as to the causes or cure of such a frequent and fatal malady as spinal meningitis. How slowly knowledge of the human body, as affected by ailments, develops. It was only the other day, as we might say, that what for hundreds of years had been treated as "inflammation of the bowels"—an easy excuse for ignorance—was discovered to be "appendicitis." It was comparatively only a little while ago that it was found out that the blood circulated through the body—something that it would seem everybody would have known. Recent, too, is the prevention of contagion by inoculation. Up to less than 100 years ago bleeding was resorted to for almost every known disorder; how many millions must have been led to death by doctors. Even more recently a physician would not allow a person in a fever to swallow anything cold. The medical profession has made great progress in modern times, but there is very much yet for it to learn, as the best of physicians best know. What is needed now is a discoverer of the cause of and the cure for this dread destroyer called spinal meningitis.

HASTY BURIALS. UP IN THE Palouse country the other day a man died suddenly, with no apparent cause, and in accordance with the barbarous custom in America was buried the next day, though at the grave it was observed that the brow was beaded with perspiration and that the hands and ears were flexible and some of the most excitable contended, were warm. Two doctors, however, thought the man was probably dead, and so he was buried, his friends being assured that if not dead he would be soon after reviving in his coffin underground. There is entirely too much haste and carelessness in burying persons supposed to be dead. There is evidence of persons having come to life for a few unimaginably horrible moments in their coffins, and these are perhaps only a few of many such cases. There is no excuse for any chances on such a result being taken. Cremation is one sure preventive.

Baltimore held an election last week, and though it is a close and doubtful city as between the political parties, it elected the Democratic candidate for mayor by over 5,000 majority. Why? Because behind the Republican candidate, an excellent citizen, was a party machine, and he ran as a partisan. The Democratic candidate declared for good government and fearless and untrammelled performance of duty, with no subservience to a party machine and no promise of partisan preference in his administration. This result in Baltimore is a "straw" showing how the wind is blowing among the people, and indicating that they are far more concerned about good government than about party.

Ruef has given up the fight, so far as the case in which he is on trial is concerned, and though he says he is not guilty has pleaded guilty and asks for mercy. He seems to think that with some comparatively slight penalty imposed he will soon be permitted to resume his status as one of San Francisco's best and most influential citizens, such as he pictures himself to have been. But what about all that other muck of bribery and mire of political corruption in which he has been immersed for years? Ruef ought not to be let off easily—but it is up to the court to decide.

The Irishman and the Mule. From Harper's Weekly. General Phil Sheridan was once asked at what little incident he had laughed the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know; but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking up its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, be gorry, if you're goin' to git on I'll get off.'

The Apparition. From Judge. Little Rastus—Has yo' evah been a ghost, uncle? Uncle Eben—Ya-as, chill'; Ah suttainly has. Little Rastus—What did he look like, uncle? Uncle Eben—Wa-al, it was a coal-black nigger, an' it was de ghost of a coal-black nigger, an' so Ah couldn't see nuffin' 'cept two white children's 'spects. "Do you know what sister says about you?" demanded Ethel. "No. Something nice, I hope," said the young man. "Oh, yes; it's very nice," replied Ethel. "She says you are beautifully crocheted."

April Snows. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Perhaps the old saw should be amended to read, April snows: bring June roses."

Letters From the People

Approves The Journal's Report. Portland, May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In giving both sides of the trial at Boise you are doing what is expected of you by the enemies of The Journal and its friends, for both expect it. The attitude of the public toward the mine-workers is to give them a square deal, and hang them if guilty. The general working public, while suspicious of the mine-workers are attempting to use the law they despise and override whenever it suits them, are nevertheless of the opinion that Roosevelt must have had access to more evidence than has been made public in order to take the stand he has taken.

The Petitioners. Pray sometimes for the sinner that the mighty among us need; Pray for the kindness needed by the sinner and the one who lead; Pray when the day is ended and pray when the day begins; For the strength you need and the guidance and the pardoning of your sins; But know that the Lord who watches over peasants and priests and kings Blesses in fullest measure the men who are doing things.

A Valuable Find. From the San Francisco News. Some two weeks ago, M. P. Long, who owns a farm in Richardson Gap, was working in one of his fields. Seeing something bright on the ground he stooped to pick it up, thinking it was a brass gun cap box that he had dropped. Much to his surprise and delight, it proved to be a California gold \$20 piece. Mr. Long thinks the piece had been plowed up last year and the rains of the past winter had washed the dirt off it.

Nobody Wants the Pole. From the Portland Tribune. When the north pole becomes so feebly guarded, it is discovered that the little children of the country must be appealed to for contributions of nickels or pennies in order to provide the means, it seems time for a halt to be called. If there is no other source of funds to which to appeal for a great undertaking than this, the indication plainly to a lack of interest in scientific circles that marks the enterprise as one of secondary importance.

This Date in History. 1475—Alliance of Paris. 1793—Honore Balzac, French novelist born. 1811—Battle of Albuera, between French and British. 1832—Phillip D. Armour, pioneer Chicago packer, born. Died January 6, 1901. 1841—Fall of rotk from Cape Diamond, Quebec, killing 26 people. 1853—First railway train left Toronto. 1854—Republicans convention at Chicago nominated Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. 1895—Count Kalnoky, premier of Austria-Hungary, resigned. 1899—Edward Everett Hale resigned his pastorate of South Congregational church, Boston, after 42 years of service.

Fair to All Sides. From the Echo Register. Many people in Oregon are friends of The Oregon Journal because it is fair to all sides of a local or general issue. It aims to be a newspaper and comes naturally to its own in the confidence which the public has in its good intentions. For instance, though opposed to the proposed "free water" amendments to the Portland charter, it has repeatedly published articles from its advocates and supporters and cheerfully given information asked for concerning it.

My Lady's Hair. From Ridgway's. My lady has thick, wavy hair, soft, chestnut-colored, rich; The part is false, I do declare, You can't tell which is switch.

What an Irishman Did for Liberty. By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory. Just before sunset on the afternoon of the 18th of December, 1774, Paul Revere jumped from his room-covered steed in front of a house in Durham, New Hampshire, rushed in and informed its owner, Major John Sullivan, that two regiments of British regulars were about to march from Boston to occupy Portsmouth and the fort in its harbor. In an instant Sullivan made up his mind as to what it was his duty to do, and within less than two hours by the old grandfather's clock that stood in his hall he had gathered his force and was ready for business.

The Advantages of Incineration. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal-Examiner.) All my life I have believed incineration of the dead was the only decent, kind, sanitary, sensible method of disposing of the cast-off shell of humanity. If I had not believed it before, months of travel in the older countries and observation of the results of various other methods of burial would have converted me to cremation. The mummies exhibited in various European museums are horrible proofs of the futility of all effort to preserve the bodies of the dead.

Small Change. May is here for sure at last. Strawberries taste a little silvery yet. Young Fanny doesn't care about bull fights yet. It looks like a frosty summer in Ohio for Foraker. Fity the poor umpire—until you think of his salary. The people take no chances in re-electing Lane. That some "undesirable citizens" will vote can't be helped. What will Taft do? asks the Chicago News. Foraker, first. Scio has as good a half-mile race track as is in the state. And yet a good many will have to "sweat in" their votes. There has been a big snowstorm back east now for two or three days. What did the north pole ever do for the kids? It can't go even for a ball bat. It is also time for the Memorial day orators to be storing up their spontaneous eloquence. A girl who was reproved by her mother for kissing a young man quoted the golden rule. Mr. Devlin says he will make no promises. But a few honest, candid promises are in order. Tonopah is to celebrate Decoration day with a prizefight, which shows that Tonopah belongs down in Mexico. Now the sweet girl graduates soon-to-be are wrinkling their pretty brows thinking how best to point out man's duty and destiny. The timber lands have filled the pockets of Oregonians with cash—Albany Democrat. And taken cash, and more, from some. How the state and city have gone to the dogs, indeed, on account of the election of a couple of Democrats! Wouldn't such stuff jar you? Isaac Stephenson, who may be elected senator from Wisconsin, is 74 years old. But he can chum with Potts, Morgan, Whyte and Allison. The trouble is that most of the men who could refrain from registering with benefit to the city are the surest to register—if induced. The state press generally agrees with The Journal that the project of working the school children for a Peary fund should be discouraged. Boise has a natural hot-water supply. And the lawyers now there will furnish abundance of hot air for awhile. So it will be a hot old town this summer. A St. Louis woman asks a separation merely because her husband insists on chewing tobacco in bed and spitting the clean pillow slips. But that isn't as bad as smoking in bed and setting the house on fire.

Oregon Sidelights. Reports of damage to fruit in Grant county were also exaggerated. One stand of bees in Lewisville made 24 pounds of honey in three weeks. Myrtle Point people are enthusiastically in favor of the electric railroad from Roseburg to Coos bay. After 37 years' residence in Washington county, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lelay have moved to Portland to reside. "The present schedule of mail system in Walla-walla county is an outrage," declares the Enterprise-News-Record. Nine feet of water in a Pendleton well mysteriously disappeared one night, but nobody is suspected of stealing it. Central Point Herald: Every hotel in town is crowded to its capacity with the large number of strangers that throng the town. Farmers around Wasco are going to employ a ratmink from Los Angeles named Hatfield this summer. Some of them have seen his operations and have faith in them. Canby Tribune: If you want to get the best of your wife in the squabble tell her you have sent her pictures to the beauty contest, and that you feel sure she'll win it. A wedding ring was found in a rooster's craw in Washington county. Another resident of that county lost her wedding ring 11 years ago in Arkansas, where it was recently found, and was sent to her. Wasco News: Our great need is rain. We have the soil, the sunshine, the climate for large yields of wheat, but we lack the moisture. It does not fall to us naturally and there is little hope of irrigation by the usual methods. Yoncalla Courier: The "bristlers devil" was on a strike the last few weeks, hence the delay in getting out the Little Courier. Henceforth, dear reader, we will endeavor to get the paper out on time. Being a school boy editor, a little which one of our neighbor paper hurled at me, I have a reasonable excuse, for lack of experience. Seaside Signal: A gentleman walking along the street puffing a cigar was halted by a couple of 8- or 9-year-old youngsters, with "Say, mister, give us a cigar?" "Get out, you little rats!" he said. "What do you mean?" "Oh, that's all right, we smoke 'em, honest, we do." "Well, you don't get any cigar from me." "Well, then, give us a nickel!" they said. The gentleman, in relating the incident, remarked: "I would like to know what kind of parents those boys have." Burns Times-Herald: Think of the range horses which were sold in eastern Oregon 10 years ago for \$5 to \$7 per head, and then think of teams selling in this city at \$450. If the young man of 19 years ago had been wise enough to have kept his old mares until today the increase would have made him rich. The time to stay with a business is when everybody else is trying to get out of it. Such was the case with the horse business, the sheep business and cattle business.