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Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.—H. W. Shaw.

SHALL OREGON COME INTO HER OWN?

STATES ARE NOT built by accident. They do not happen. Their population mostly promotes or retards growth. That this is true is proven abundantly by the history of Oregon. If magnificent resources were the real and only test of growth, Oregon's population would be counted by millions. In these particulars she has few rivals. Nature dealt with lavish hand when she laid the site for the Beaver state. Few if any states in the Union received so bountifully.

But almost every other state, comparatively speaking, has outstripped her in population building. The agency by which Washington has left her in the lurch has not been a matter of physical assets, but a more vigilant people. The only reason, for instance, that there is a Spokane in Washington and not in Oregon is that wide-awake, stirring, active men of affairs settled on a spot in eastern Washington instead of eastern Oregon. That magnificent city is a living example of what pushing people do. The falls of the Spokane alone did not build the place, as the Willamette falls, Idaho falls and a score of other notable northwest waterfalls silently testify.

If Oregon would take her proper place as to population, she can do so. It is a question of the will and the endeavor of her people. Nature did her part, and left the rest to Oregonians. The State Development League meets in Portland June 21 and 22. Then and there will be the opportunity for deepening and widening the plans for a proper Oregon, an Oregon as big and as numerous as nature planned for. It is the time to launch the movement for the state to come into her own. All it costs is effort, and the reward will be worth the cost. Who will demur, and what can be the possible reason when the building of a matchless state out of abundant materials on every hand is proposed for Oregon?

MURDEROUS GREED.

THE Railroad Gazette, a reliable publication whose specialty is indicated by its title, makes the following statements:

It is perhaps safe to say that there is no more striking example in this country of the dangerous and harmful possibilities of a great corporation than that which is now being afforded by the United States Steel corporation in its attitude toward demands for sound rails. There is no individual, or combination of individuals, which knows better how to make good rails than does the United States Steel corporation with its splendid array of experts. Nevertheless, it knowingly makes rails which break and kill people. The top of ingots are not being cropped off below the point where high phosphorus and impurities are found; specifications, as furnished by railroad companies, are totally disregarded, and rails, especially in the new and heavier sections, are furnished with spots in them so full of impurities and so brittle that they must of necessity break when subjected to the strain of traffic. The steel company knows this quite well. The railroad companies also know it quite well. The steel company declines to take cognizance of the fact, because this would mean considerable reduction of output, although no important loss of material. The railroad companies fail to take a firm stand because, in the interests of the tremendous traffic, which they derive directly and indirectly from the steel companies, they have not yet dared to do so.

These are startling statements, and are made by a publication that is not naturally unfriendly to the railroads or the steel corporation, and that undoubtedly knows what it is talking about. Is nothing to be done about this outrageous state of affairs? And what can be done? Are these corporations to go on killing and maiming thousands of people annually because the steel trust, whose net profits are \$100,000,000 a year or so, will not manufacture better rails, and because the railroads do not "dare" to refuse defective rails?

That the rails are growing poorer rapidly, or less able to stand the increased traffic, is also shown by the Railroad Gazette, which prints a

table of accidents due to bad rails during five years, one illustrative item of which is that whereas during three months in 1901, 29 rails broke in New York, 836 rails broke during the same period in 1907. This record, the Gazette mildly says, "may be directly characterized as disgraceful—a disgrace to the reputation of the rail manufacturers, who are fully able to remedy the known defects if they wish to do so." We should say it was more than disgraceful; it is cruelly criminal. In fact, the Gazette in another part of its article speaks of "the criminal willingness of the steel corporation and the companies allied with it to manufacture rails that cost human life," and of "the attitude, almost equally criminal, on the part of many high railroad officers, to ignore the plain truths that are being brought before them by their superintendents and chief engineers."

Experts have told how better and safe rails can be made; have pointed out just what the defects are and how to remedy them; but the process would cost more; there would not be quite so many millions of blood money to divide among the Corneys and Carnegies and Schwabs; and so the murder of the innocents goes on merrily. Again, is nothing, can nothing, be done about it?

PENSIONS AND DEATH.

THE SERVICE pension law passed last February provided for pensions graduated according to the age of the recipients for all soldiers and sailors who served at least 90 days in the United States army during the civil war and were honorably discharged. A veteran aged 62 was to receive \$12 a month, one 70, \$15; one 75 or over, \$20. It was thought that the extra amount needed to provide for such pensions would be \$15,000,000.

About 340,000 applications have been made under the provisions of this act, and the number is increasing at the rate of 3,000 a day, but 98 1/2 per cent of the applicants are already on the rolls, drawing a smaller amount than they will under the new law. It is now estimated that the amount required for these additional pensions will not amount to more than \$13,000,000 the first year, and will decrease thereafter, owing to the increased thinning of the ranks of the old soldiers by death. In April, while 882 new names were added to the pension roll, 3,016 old soldiers died, and this proportion will increase. The high mark of the pension roll was reached in January, 1905, when it numbered 1,094,196, but the average death rate is now over 2,000 a month, and in April exceeded 3,000. It is over 42 years since Appomattox, and the veterans are rapidly answering the last roll call now, and will do so with accelerating rapidity as time goes on.

No patriotic American regrets the provision made for these veterans, or grudges the tax required to pay the pension bill, providing no frauds are practiced. The country would willingly continue to pay the \$140,000,000 a year if thereby the old soldiers' lives could be indefinitely prolonged, but as in the inevitable course of human events they must soon pass away, the nation can always remember its generosity with pride, and rejoice that in their old age the veterans of the great war could not charge their country with ingratitude.

TAFT AND BRYAN.

SECRETARY TAFT'S brother's paper, the Cincinnati Times-Star, in an editorial entitled "Mr. Bryan's Embarrassment" asks: "Would Mr. Bryan advocate the submission of a law passed by congress to the people?" The idea is an absurdity to Mr. Taft, as also is that of originating a federal law by a small percentage of the voters. He makes several objections, the first being the power it would give to colored voters to initiate legislation. Well, the law would have to be voted on by the whole people, and most negroes are not allowed to vote down south, anyway.

Mr. Taft also objects that large and small states would not have proportionate power as they have now. In this objection he is fighting the straw man of his own manufacture. The proposition which Mr. Bryan advocates is for the passage of a law directly by the people by a double majority only, of the several states and of the congressional districts. This is the system used in Switzerland.

We do not perceive that Mr. Bryan is at all "embarrassed" by his advocacy of direct legislation by the people. He is not urging the immediate adoption of this as a federal system, but rather as a state system first, perhaps to be extended to federal legislation. And we see no good reason why this club should not be held by the people over the head

of congress as well as over the heads of legislatures. Let the people rule.

Harry Lane succeeds himself as mayor of Portland. He fought a brave fight and won by a narrow margin. Mayor Lane deserves congratulation over his victory, for his burden was heavier than it need have been because of some of the friends he was so unfortunate as to have made. It is a remarkable thing he has accomplished in being successful over the Republican hosts with the Oregonian and its Evening Tail favoring his reelection, thus giving Mr. Devlin an advantage that Republican candidates have not heretofore enjoyed.

A traveling man writes to The Journal that 300 commercial men lose their votes every year in Portland because the polls are not open till 8 o'clock, and they have to leave the city at 8 or 8:30, and they want the polls opened hereafter at 7 o'clock "and give us a chance to be American citizens." We suppose it would be difficult to get judges and clerks together at 7 o'clock—it is at eleven 8—but the complaint is worthy of consideration.

The trouble with Mr. Bryan seems to be that he is always several years ahead of the people. They get around to his position all right, but by that time, without abandoning that ground, he has moved on and taken up a more advanced position with regard to the same or some other subject. He is a real leader, but apparently cannot be elected because the people, though following after, never catch up with him.

That very conservative paper, the New York Independent, says: "In our opinion the initiative and referendum is the most important 'next step' in political reform in this country. Its advent ought to do wonders in breaking up corrupt political machines and preventing the passage of vicious legislation, and under it real leaders of the people will find it easy to arise on live issues."

Only a little more than two thirds of the registered voters cast ballots Monday, showing that the great interest manifested by some in the election was not felt by all. It is not a very encouraging sign when so many voters don't care, though if all had voted the result would have been the same, except more so.

The street railway company should improve the service, at least provide better and more comfortable cars, on the Fifth street line to and from the depot, as soon as possible. The stranger coming to Portland gets an unfavorable first impression of both the city and the streetcar company—and that should not be.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the new council will not repeat the tactics of the present council in trying to act contrariwise to the mayor, but that both branches will work harmoniously for the city's interests. The people have endorsed the mayor and thereby to some extent instructed the new council.

The bond issues all carried by large majorities, showing that the people of Portland are willing and anxious to tax themselves for necessary improvements. Another election on these bond propositions may be necessary, but the people's will in the matter has been sufficiently ascertained.

Vice-President Fairbanks' attempt to keep Indiana people from knowing about Collier's story by buying up all the copies sent out there is only rivaled in history by the old lady's valiant attempt to sweep back the sea with a broom. Fairbanks must imagine he is living about 80 years ago.

Probably the lawyers in the Haywood case are no better satisfied with the jurors secured and in fact obtained no better ones, than if they had picked a jury out of the first 50 men subpoenaed and done it in half a day.

With two cents a pound added to the already high price of beef in the Windy City, it looks as if wealthy Chicagoans might yet throw away their diamonds and wear steaks for jewelry.

The next Republican candidate for mayor will be careful not to make friends of the mammoth of unrighteousness.

Where now is that hole that the council spent so much time and effort in digging for the mayor?

It is seldom nowadays that even a majority of the people can be fooled. The machine died a-borning.

Letters From the People

The Grange and the Referendum.

Albany, Or., June 1.—To the Editor of The Journal: Would you kindly allow me space to correct some mistakes which appeared in The Journal of the 31st. Your correspondent says, "The general sentiment of the state grange is against any curtailment of appropriations by the state for school purposes." Now, the exact opposite was the fact, as any unprejudiced person will say all the talks on educational lines were for the public school, and for the curtailment of these vast appropriations, and to apply the same to raise the grade up to the tenth, and in some cases including the twelfth grade. And the very decisive vote of censure for any state official who attempts to thwart the will of the people by refusing to file the referendum petitions speaks too plainly of the "feeling" entertained by the body of the state grange toward the Linn county grange movement, when it is known that the resolution was passed practically unanimously, there being only two dissenting votes—that, too, when championed by a Linn county man and opposed by Honorable W. S. U'Ren. Some weeks ago The Journal also stated by "special" that Blue Mountain grange, No. 345, had passed resolutions recommending the action taken by the Linn county council, P. of H., in referring the \$125,000 annual appropriation to the people. This I would also stamp as a misstatement, as I was informed by Honorable John W. McAllister, a member of that grange, and also of the state grange, at its last assembly.

I also note that your issue of the 31st in speaking of Sheriff Stevens' attorney's visit to Salem, says: "So zealous is the law that if there are, for instance, 24 names on a page, the last four are absolutely disregarded." This, too, in the very face of the statement made in Hood River at the state grange by Hon. W. S. U'Ren, the "father" of the referendum, that 50 or more could lawfully be placed on one sheet. It is not strange how great minds will differ, but fortunately for petitions for the U. of O. referendum none such were presented for filing, and as to the "warning clause," there can be no room for that on a sheet 7x10 inches, with 1 1/2 inches space for margin, the size required by law for the petitions, with lines for 20 names, residence and postoffice address, together with signatures, postoffice address, oath, residence for both affiant and the notary public and several other details.

EUGENE PALMER.

Sidewheel Tim.

By Wex Jones.
The kids all called him Sidewheel Tim—he'd lost an arm, you know. And in their rough-and-tumble games he didn't have a show. He'd sit upon a doorstep and watch the Terrors play. And when they licked the Toppies he'd just as wild as they. But sitting in the bleachers is a molly-coddish thing. When all one's friends are in the game and balls go zip! and zing! So Tim he kind of took it hard—he only had one arm—Till his trouble watching mother shipped him to his uncle's farm. Gee! what a time that youngster had, out of the dusty street Into the open Jersey air, to play and sleep and eat! With real grass to run on and easy trees to climb, And dogs and cows and horses—gee, what a bully time! And when Tim found his uncle had pitched his every curve ball, They practiced every league he had till Tim was next to them all. So when he left for home again his mother was in doubt That this could be her boy at all, so ruddy-faced and stout.

Red Patsy was in trouble; his pitcher wasn't there, And if the Toppies won this game they'd lead the league for fair. Yelled a feeble, lousy rooster: "Put in your Sidewheel Tim!" And Patsy, most despairingly, said: "Guess there's only him." That game—'twas just a slaughter, with Tim all there and fit; He struck the Toppies out like flies, And never gave a hit. And all throughout the Asphalt league, since that immortal game, It's Sidewheel Tim no longer, Young Mathewson's his name.

Facts About Bize.

The conclusion of the Bureau of statistics from the study of champagne production in the United States is that the quantity of genuine, fermented-in-the-bottle "champagne" wine produced in this country at present is nearly of the same general class; or, in other words, that about one third of the genuine champagne wine now consumed in this country is of domestic production, and the proportion which the home product forms of the total is rapidly increasing.

1,430-Mile Phone Talk.

The longest distance the human voice has been believed to be from Montreal to Winnipeg, 1,430 miles, over a special copper wire over the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad. This wire, which has intermediate connections only at North Bay and Port William, is installed by the railroad company for its telephone system, by means of which two messages, one by telephone and the other by telegraph, can be transmitted simultaneously over the wire.

Knows What's Coming.

From the Kansas City Star.
Senator Dick is said to be anxious to avoid a test of strength with the Taft forces in Ohio, and his anxiety on this subject can be readily understood. It is no particular manifestation of wisdom that one in Dick's position should attempt to see the flood which is certain to engulf his political fortunes when it finally breaks. Still Senator Dick must be given credit for knowing what is coming.

As to the Dandelion.

From the Yankton (S. D.) Herald.
The Sioux City Journal says the dandelion has its uses. We are inclined to the belief that if it has they are of the kind which a boy ascribed to the pin, when he said many people had their lives saved by not swallowing them. If the dandelion has any virtue it is the higher moral plane and freedom from temptation which a man enjoys who hasn't a lawn for them to burrow in.

Which?

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
Which brings the most money, a farm crop or a half or two thirds crop? A solution of this problem would be instructive to growers of grain and fruit.

Chalking Up the Score

By James J. Montague.

Toward close of day along Broadway the thronging thousands go To mingle with the multitude that eddies in Park Row. And some are bound for Brooklyn, though the world may wonder why. And some will haste to Harlem, when they have to, by and by. But all now pause with hopeful hearts and straining optics, for Across the street a silent man is chalking up the score.

Unmoved by cheers and plaudits that down an avenue run, Unswerving by threatening glances from ten thousand angry eyes, Contemptuous of the tumult that roars on behind his back Where miles of overburdened nerves are writhing on the rack, Recording New York's triumph, or its utter, abject shame, With line and goose-egg marks he up the story of the game.

For him stirs no temptation to put down an extra run, And herald forth a victory where one was never won. By one slight twist of that right wrist he might arouse the crowd To dance upon its myriad feet and shout its joys aloud, But it is not the glory of the fame that might full well be his. By chalking wrongly what is not, he chalks aright what is.

Though hearts are wrung and eyes are filled and souls are in despair, Though lamentations rend his ears and curses fill the air, Though many a stifled sob arises from many a parching throat, His duty done, he wipes his hands and dusts his chalky coat, And though his heart may echo to the crowd's despairing cries, He clambers down his ladder ere he blots his streaming eyes.

Oh! who would be a general and go sin for right for fame, Or who would prance about the stage to make a mighty name, Who be a statesman, orator, or yet McGraw himself, When greatness comes so easy to that man upon his pedestal, Who, scarcely with an effort, holds that unflinching horde Two hours every afternoon beside his chalky board?

Fake News About Bryan.

From the Commoner.
There seems to be an epidemic of fake news from the city of Lincoln, and it all comes from Mr. Bryan's "friends"—names not given. Several dispatches have been sent out lately purporting to state what Mr. Bryan thinks or what Mr. Bryan is going to do, and the information thus given out is usually selected from "Mr. Bryan's friends." One dispatch has "Mr. Bryan's friends" reporting that Mr. Bryan will not be a candidate in case President Roosevelt is nominated. This dispatch brought inquiries from different parts of the country. It would seem unnecessary to deny reports sent out to which no name was attached, and yet it has been necessary to send a number of telegrams to notify other papers that the report was unauthorised and that Mr. Bryan's friends do not attempt to speak for him on important questions.

As Mr. Bryan has a paper—the Commoner—through which he speaks every week, and as he is speaking often and giving out interviews so frequently, newspaper ought to view with suspicion any report sent out from Lincoln or anywhere else purporting to state what Mr. Bryan thinks or intends to do. Every reader of the Commoner knows that Mr. Bryan has indicated his good things done by President Roosevelt and has done so with satisfaction, but he has also pointed out the undemocratic things that the president has said and done. Mr. Bryan has indicated a desire to have Mr. Roosevelt elected for a third term. In fact, the third term idea has the same frankness that characterizes the discussion of other questions. Mr. Bryan has opposed a second term, having attempted while in congress to secure an amendment to the constitution making the president ineligible to a second term. During both of the campaigns in which he was a candidate he announced that he would not under any circumstances be a candidate for a second term. It is hardly to be expected that he would advocate the election of the president to a third term. When the president retires in March, 1909, he will have served about seven years and a half, and that is so near two full terms that no possible juggling with words can convert it into one term.

The third term issue would of itself rule the president out, and while he has indicated several Democratic measures, he has not carried these as far as the Democrats would have carried them, and has indicated only a portion of the platform of the party. The popularity which the president has won by carrying a few Democratic measures for a little way shows how popular a real Democrat would be who carried out all Democratic principles.

The Broken Bondage.

From the Fall Mail Gazette.
The breath of night clung whispering to the pines; The chains of silence clasped us in their keeping; The skies stood riddled with their gleaming stars, and faintly, faintly, When thy heart, love, and my heart took to leaping.

I plucked a glowing rose whose fire had quenched and twined it in thy dress; And looked into thine eyes that took their light From stars, and felt thy fingers' soft caresses.

Our lips were gathered to a fourfold bliss; I thought the garden's blooms to song were breaking; I thought, when flamed to life that I might kiss thee.

The sky, the woods, the envious hills were shaking. It was alone the rapture in our veins; The songs our souls were chanting; Of lips on lips, the magic that enchants The blood, then bids it leap beyond its measure.

Our hearts like two lone planets straggled lay Within the roads of life inert and darkened, Till at a touch they sprang to joyful day— Then nature sang and all her children harmonized.

Deposits in the Estacada bank amount to \$30,000.

Ghosts in Demand

From the London Leader.

Ghosts, when you come to look into them, are invariably hollow frauds. And a ghost, who haunts a workhouse must be a poor, miserable being, out of work in spirit-land—a famished, down-at-heel spectre who can't even make haunting easy. Such a one is supposed to have slipped into the casual ward at Hitchin workhouse when nobody was looking.

Hitchin has been talking about it for days past, and the fame of the workhouse ghost has spread to the local paper, which says, in the very finest melodramatic style: "This big, bare building, in which the poor of the Hitchin Union are housed is supposed to possess a ghost. Instead of a dull, prosaic domicile for paupers it is imagined by a few startled ladies to be the abode of goblins, spirits and ghosts. The common of garden ghost is a spectre in white drapery, with flaming eyeballs, clanking chains, and a crimson stain of gore on its shirt front. It is supposed to gibber a sort of vocal shorthand, and no really respectable family is complete without it."

"The extensive family lodged within the walls of the Hitchin poorhouse have no ghost of this class. Neither is it a miser with an empty cash box, a wild wicked, wallowing woman torn by the cruel fangs of unquenchable desire, a festive spirit, toasting hordes with an empty goblet, nor a grinning skeleton. "No, it is merely a respectable spectre who walks and is not seen, who makes strange noises without showing himself, to the great consternation of the nurses on night duty and the uneducated scepticism of most of the other people in the institution."

It is stated, further, that so alarming have these nocturnal visits been that the great army of tramps, passing from London to the north by the highway of Hitchin, "have given the casual ward a wide berth."

"I wish that were true," said Mr. Knight, the master, to a Morning Leader representative yesterday. "If I could only get a good scared ghost to frighten away the casuals, I'd pay him a decent salary, and provide him with a nice spectral uniform free. But, alas, the ghost hasn't been born who can scare our casuals away. We have an average of 300 a week, and there has been no falling off in the supply lately! The ghost is all bunkum."

"It's true that strange noises were heard at night in one of the wards—enough to frighten one or two of the hysterically-inclined nurses. It's true, also, that some of the nurses resigned—not because she had seen a ghost, but because she had seen a most material man. And she has now married him. "We soon found out what the ghostly knockings were; they were due to a loose skylight rattling in the wind. We laid it straight, and so laid whatever ghost there was."

"Still," added Mr. Knight, with a laugh, "if you can find me a good spectre for the casual ward, I am prepared to deal with him—on reasonable terms."

A Busy Day at the White House.

By James J. Montague.
Just sent word to Ohio, Loeb, to whom it up for Taft. Then get an artist and a horse, and have me photographed; Announce that any army man who can't jump twelve feet nine. Upon a horse may never more be officer of mine. Write Burroughs that his article on cowpals is mistaken—Cows never slip—then get my gun and have my picture taken. Just cable old King Edward, Loeb, to take no steps until I get a little time to draft a brand new Irish bill. Advise the Kaiser that the plans he's trying to get through To keep the people satisfied and happy will not do. Inform the czar that he's in bad—his government is tainted. Write chapter six of "I and Me," then get my portrait painted. Just tip off the mikado, Loeb, that he had better be A little careful, or the Chinks will have him up a tree. Apprise these senile scientists who seek To cancel the bug that they've not got their theories on straight. Who's at the door? Taft? Garfield? No! I can't see them today. You say it's a photographer? Admit him right away.

Letter From Senator Bourne.

Mr. H. R. Kinsaid, editor of the Oregon State Journal, published at Eugene last week received and printed in his paper the following personal letter from Senator Bourne: "Senator Bourne sailed for Japan December 18. He has been in Japan for 18 months. He and some English ladies, friends of ours, who have been great travelers for the past 10 years, will remain in Japan during the summer and fall, going on to India for the winter and then on to Europe. Her letters are full of interest and I am sure she is having a most interesting and enjoyable trip, and I am glad to say, apparently enjoying the best of health."

"I have been here continually since the first day of December, with the exception of four days spent in New York with my wife, from the 14th to the 18th of December. I have worked harder than ever before in my life. I am especially anxious to 'make good,' both on account of my realization of the great duties of a United States senator, and for the further fact that I feel sure that failure will be considerable bearing relative to the popularity of the Oregon primary election law from the fact that Senator Mulkey and I were the first to be selected under that law."

"I enclose herewith an interview of mine which appeared last Monday in about 40 of the leading newspapers of the east, giving my views as to the desirability, and I would say, necessity, of Roosevelt's renomination and reelection for the best interests of the country. I would be very grateful, if you concur with same, if you would republish in your paper. "I am not seeking any personal notoriety, but I am trying to give fixed in the minds of the electorate of the nation the fact that the president, regardless of his own personal desires, must inevitably obey the universal command of the people that he shall again serve the country, or else acknowledge himself to be a weak, timid man, instead of a true, ideal American citizen. My own judgment is that nothing but death will prevent the people renominating and reelecting him."

Hired to Listen.

The Youth's Companion tells of a busy doctor who had engaged a young assistant and was asked if he really intended to intrust him with his cases. "Oh, no," he replied. "He will listen to the patients, look sympathetic, and report to me in the fewest possible words. A sick woman has to talk just so much, and I haven't time to listen."

Small Change

Get in trim and tune for the fiesta.

But the number 13 was not the reason. We are tempted to say "we told you so." The roses are sufficiently ready now for the fiesta. Perhaps Mr. Devlin ran as well as anybody could. Senator Fulton never shed a tear over Lane's election.

Now for the reasons, with which everybody is loaded. San Francisco needs more brick laying and less brick throwing. Bryan and Beveridge are still making a lot of money debating politics. As ever, Portland will be one of the finest summer resorts in the country.

But in real life there is no such good Irish listener as Mr. Dooley's Hennessy. These green bugs must be tough critters, if they were not all frozen to death. Japan is a really rather little fellow trying to keep awailed out like a big one. Those old-fashioned children who are sorry to see the term of school close are scarce.

Some people are inclined to think Colonel Waterston's dark horse is only a nightmare. The last man with whom the president has quarreled seems bound to have the last word. There's many a sadder and poorer man on account of the election. But they would bet.

Let's push the work of street improvements right along regardless of who were elected. If anybody doubts that this is the Rose City, let him walk around through the residence districts. If no trust has been busted with seven years' effort, how long will it take to bust the many trusts?

Stand is still talking, but fortunately for Americans he is farther away and they don't have to listen. The number of married women bread-winners is steadily increasing. Yet a large proportion of married men are not entirely supported by their wives.

Oregon Sidelights

Great wheat prospects all over Morrow county. The alfalfa crop around Milton is first class. High water in the Columbia never troubles Rainier. A Bandon potato had a sprout originating in its center. Irrigation parties have a new launch that will carry 40 people.

The capacity of the Brownsville glove factory will be increased. School children in Marshfield district number 618—308 boys and 310 girls. A Newberg man has built a barge with which to supply the demand for gravel.

Drain against the world for fine vegetables, flowers, pretty women—and big babies, says the Nonpareil. A Condon wheat buyer offered to contract wheat for next fall at between 70 and 80 cents a bushel. Over 60,000 head of sheep have been dipped in the Heppner vats this spring, besides many thousands in private vats thereabouts.

The founder of Condon was in that town recently. He owned the townsite in the early 70s, and had to give it up because he could not pay a mortgage on it of \$1,100. With a whoop and a hurrah Athens', commercial organization has been revived, a publicity campaign was decided upon and more than \$500 was subscribed in five minutes for an annual carnival in September.

Corvallis correspondence of Philomath Review: The north end is all agog over the report that the good-natured stork is contemplating a visit to the home of a prominent county official. The other day F. M. Bryant established a new record at the Weston brickyard by moulding 6,000 brick in 4 hours and 48 minutes. The belt was previously held by Frank Pederson, who put out 6,000 brick in 4 hours and 59 minutes. There were three assistants.

You Should Lay By

A portion of your weekly or monthly earnings. Let us show you how a savings account will mount into big figures in a few years. We pay 4 per cent annually on time certificates and savings accounts, compounded semi-annually.

The Commercial Savings Bank

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J. S. BIRREL, Cashier