

# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

# THE JOURNAL

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DAILY AND SUNDAY.

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God will understand even better than ourselves that life is very hard and difficult .-Beatrice Harraden.

HE INCREASE in political independence is noticeable, particularly among newspapers. Still more of it is desirable. We mean independence founded on conscientious intelligence and manifesting itself in telling the truth, re- real or imagined, would have been gardless of party. There are still served by having an opposite denewspapers and speakers not a few that in politics will not see the truth, or will not tell it, but will magnify, minify, exaggerate, belittle, distort, disguise or obscure the truth, in order to be in accord with and loval to "the party," but these are becoming less numerous. The spirit of it will not be appealed. This means independence is rife, and its tongues

not stand-patters at heart and in this city. In the general progress mind, who know well enough that of society, including with it an apthe present tariff law is wrong and injurious and vicious, and who would be glad to say so if their party few leaders, stands for it. They are courage. They don't dare tell the and demanded not only by church truth. So about other matters. It not a question of right or wrong, of benefit or injury to the people. but solely a question of adherence through thick and thin to "the willing to help make here a more reform in this city seem to enter-

But on the other hand, gratify-

other men with voices and auditors or readers, men who have some backbone and moral courage along with increasing intelligence, men who are others, men who dare to speak the truth, are increasing. Among the better class of papers the "hidebound" party organ is now rare. A paper worthy of large patronage cannot be politically a mere party organ any more. The people want the truth about all parties, and policies, and measures, and public men; not uniform and certain commendation and eulogy on one hand and censure and denunciation on the other. A man who would be satisfled with such an organ as the dependable source of his political information isn't fit to vote.

We don't say a man should adhere to no party or should find no choice among them; but he should read both sides, should remember that pronunciamentos of party leaders are prompted by self-interest, should think for himself and act intelligently and conscientiously.

## THE PORT OF COLUMBIA CASE

THE DECISION of Judge Cleland in the Port of Columbia case does not settle the matter, for our friends from Astoria will intervene and seek to convince the supreme court that the law is unconstitutional, and if they fail there say they will go into the federal courts and carry the case to the supreme court of the United States. This is of course their privilege, though we think the local color through which they view the case is spread on too thickly and so prevents a just consideration of it. We cannot perceive how the operation of the law would harm Astoria's interests except in so far as it took the pilotage and towage business out of the hands of those who have so long controlled it, and put it in the hands of those who handle the commerce of the river. The present Astoria men, and having their homes

ing of the constitution, because it is thing is little enough punishment.

Observe that this is another of windless, crazy and who hasn't even a heart! Never!"

is chiefly and primarily beneficial are occurring throughout the counto the region immediately tributary try almost daily. If this maniacal to it, including portions of Wash-incarnation of criminal selfishness portion of a political division of our the gun the state, if it does its duty, country can fall to affect beneficially must go to the expense and trouble the whole.

The higher courts, however, must INCREASING INDEPENDENCE. state courts have made a mistake.

### DRY SUNDAY "FOR KEEPS"

TUDGE CLELAND'S decision of the Sunday liquor selling case was probably expected, even by most of those whose interests, As The Journal stated week before last, the state supreme court has passed upon practically the same question, so that there was little room for doubt as to the result of this suit, and it is said that there is so little hope of its reversal that "dry" Sundays hereafter in Portland. for we do not believe any subsequent There are those, not a few, though officers will permit open saloons in preciable moral uplift throughout its the Sunday saloons will have to succumb to the pressure of public sentiment, and we believe that Portland's example will be followed ere long by other cities of this state and They have no moral region. This movement is supported are not openly and formally religious, in the popular sense of that term, but who desire to see and are

## THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

N THE Multnomah county

equities, may have its justice, may have its occasion when no other law will fit the crime, but whenever and wherever invoked it leaves its trail of bitterness and blight behind. If. indeed, it ever furthers justice, it is justice bought at an awful price.

## THE REVOLVER AGAIN.

TRAGEDY similar to many that have transpired occurred Frishe could not love him, and he men, and wishes them a pleasant imagined that he loved her so visit to the Rose City.
"madly"—the word is appropriate in such a case—that he could not live without her. Of course he did not Sunday in Portland yesterday, and really love the girl at all. What he the large majority of people were was "madly" in love with was his glad of it. nflots and pilot commissioners being depraved and murderous self. The unusual and additionally sad feature there, it is quite natural for their of this tragedy is the murder, not neighbors to stand by them, but if only of the young woman, but also the commerce of the river shall be of her little brother, whom she had well handled, instead of poorly caught up to try to save him from handled, as has sometimes seemed the assassin's bullets. Having killed fervently, chokingly—(for other adjecto be the case, Astoria as well as all these two innocents, he tried, or preother Columbia river ports would be tended to try, to kill himself, but benefited rather than injured by the falled, which is to be regretted only in case he is not convicted and duly Judge Cleland's decision is based hanged. A few weeks of mental sufan the broad ground that the law is fering before he is sent out of a not a special one; within the mean- world in which he is an intolerable

not one city or county or district, these revolver cases. Such tragedies but the whole state. This is mani- are almost always enacted by means festly true, for, while a benefit to of a revolver. We have had many the commerce of the Columbia river similar cases in Portland, and they had not had a revolver the crime would not have been committed. The heart-broken parents and the relatrict, it is indirectly and in a less tives and friends of these innocent

of trying and hanging the murderer. Crimes like this by the score, by decide the matter, and the sooner the hundred, occurring within a few it; and say that no well-bred woman the better. The state supreme court years, could be recalled and re-feelings of others in her efforts to can probably reach a decision in a counted-murders of innocents, of few weeks, and then we should sup- youth and beauty, filling homes with pose, if Judge Cleland's decision black woe, causing indescribable sufshould be affirmed, the law can go fering-committed because people into effect and be in operation while who cannot control themselves have our Astoria friends are trying to had a revolver. The more we read convince the federal courts that the of these crimes, and of the almost equally numerous accidents, the more we believe that the deadly little instrument of crime and death and misery ought to be outlawed.

> Upon the general proposition that the man who habitually carries a revolver is a coward, we have received confirmation in an abusive and insulting letter from an individual who vaingloriously signs himself "The Revolver Ex-Cowboy," but who prudently refrains from giving his name. This alleged "cowboy" asserts that he "has carried a revolver for nearly twenty years" and "has no fear of any one." If this cowardly braggart will either call in person at this office or send his name and address, we will take pains to see that he is arrested. falled and sent to the rock pile, where he belongs. Measured by the standards of personal bravery, the writer of anonymous letters does not habitually carries a gun, and it is not surprising to find both habits characteristic of the same individual.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." said the Trojan secress when she raised a voice of warning against the Greeks. Many of the gallant defenders of the citadel of municipal moral city and one rest day out of tain the same sentiment when called apparent? As in the case of Saul of Tarsus, a great light has dawned lic." magination that their conversion Portland husband whose may prove permanent. Is not their out of the rapid development of Amerihands are red with the blood of organ at last arrayed on the side of can prosperity, is becoming a little

better for the state and even for their own party.

The rain would probably have come just the same up in Sherman county without Rainmaker Hatfield's efforts, but since it did come farmers up there can afford to give him credit for it.

Portland is pleased to pay its re spects to Admiral Swinburne as a day in Spokane when a man distinguished representative of Uncle killed a young woman because Sam's navy, and to his officers and

It was a nice, quiet, decent, dry

# From Young's Magazine.

The unhappy male thing bent over and took the peerless one's little hand "Do you know," he began recklessly, tives, see dictionary)-"ever since you came into my life I have been crazy

with love for you?"
"You don't say so?" she exclaimed joyously, smilingly, coquettishly (for other adjectives, see dictionary.) "Indeed, yes; your beauty has blinded my cyas, set my brain awhiri, taken my breath away. I have quite lost my heart. Will you marry me?"

The peerless one laughed in the unhappy male thing's face.

What marry

## Letters From the People

A Theatre-Goer's Protest.

Portland, June 22 .- To the Editor the last act of a play. Can anything children have the revolver to thank to sit behind a great big cartwheel and for their murder. And because of try to see the last and always the most trying to see over a flower garden? would be so selfish as to forget the

> It not only shows extreme selfishness It not only shows extreme selfishness but decidedly vulgar manners to see two arms, two or three hat pins, and either an ostrich farm or a riower garden, in conjunction with a ribbon counter and a strawstack come into play during the best part of the performance. Cannot the theatre managers prohibit this as well as to compel them to be removed before the piay begins?
>
> I am sure I voice the sentiments of many, for if we wish to see a display of hats we can go to any shop which is kept for that purpose. We pay for the privilege of seeing the whole of the play and not for a part of it.
>
> One who enjoys a play, but not a millinery display.
>
> AT THE THEATRE.

## The Play

At the Baker theatre yesterday Zinn's musical comedy company began the second and last week of its engagement in this city with "The Telephone Exchange," a musical burlesque that pleased large audiences at both the afternoon and evening performances.

"The Telephone Exchange" is minus plot, minus pretentious effort and minus everything that is not needed for laugh-

everything that is not needed for laughproducing purposes. It provides a highity amusing entertainment and abounds
in pretty music and comical situations.

The piece is one of the best that Mr.
Zinn has produced in this city. The
specialties are of an unusually good
quality and the chorus, which Mr. Zinn
is featuring so prominently, shows excellent training.

Miss Frances Grey, who, by the way,
arranges the dances of the piece, demonstrates that she not only knows about
all that is worth knowing about musical
shows, but is a performer of considerable ability. J. W. Clifford, as Sam
Gay, manager of the telephone exchange, is also possessed of considerable
ability and appeared to excellent advantage in the specialties he introduced
yesterday.

For an evening's entertainment with
an abundance of fun and music, the
Zinn company is making an unusually
good offering. The piece will be the bill
for the rest of the week.

### "Swollen Wealth." From the Wall Street Journal. In his speech to the editors at Jame town vesterday President Rooseval

"The purpose I have in view to seven that shall be free from the upon to join hands with certain of of having the swellen fortunes of the ingly, the independent editors and evil influences that flow from the the latest recruits to the cause. But country bear in proportion to their size why doubt them, until treathery is a constantly increasing burden of taxation. These fortunes are a constant source of care and anxiety to the pub-

upon them and it is not beyond The president's repeated use of the great fortunes which have been created

a Portland husband whose hands are red with the blood of a fellow being. Another with the brand of murder on him lies in the head of murder on him lies in the Astoria jail, awaiting the determination of his case by the courts. If both or either escapes the gallows, a memory that must cling to each through life, asleep or waking, is a horror-stricken, appealing face, a reeling victim, smitten with bullets, shot to death. Two wives are disgraced, unoffending children are plunged into sorrow, and the public has been shocked and insulted.

Even if the surmise of faithlessness in each case was correct, even if the provocation was ample, ben-effit to many. A frenzied impulse, not reason, was acted upon, a rash hand seized the ever-ready revolver, and not benefit, but blight, descended.

Three being properly no politics whatever in the work of a state legislature any more, it would be well for people to quit electing nearly all the unwritten law may have its guitties, may have its justice, may the form the state and even for portland the Rose City.

Fortland husband may prove permanent. Is not their or an one hand and enforcement of the side of decency, good government and enforcement of the law? And who shall say that in this latest change of front it will not "stay put"? Give the law put"? Give the benefit of the doubt.

Healthy boys and girls who are half grown or more, turned out of school for the long summer vacation, will be better off now and during their lives if they spend most of the summer of school for the long summer vacation, will be better off now and during their lives if they spend most of the summer of school for the long summer vacation, will be better off now and the some solution, rather than in idleness. Work is the life lot of most of us, and the sooner clied with the fortune of \$100,000. If the fundamental upon the many in the school of the sc

Portland the Rose City. By Mrs. Thomas Moffett.

Rose City—Portland:

As rose is the queen

In the kingdom of Flora,

So it would seem

Most fitting cognomen

For this pride of the west, Which ever aspires
To the highest and best.

Rose City—Portland,
With thy rose 'broidered lawns,
Most beauteous to see
When the day early dawns,
And fair as a dream
When the sun goes down
With roses about thee
Like a fairy's crown,

With peace and with plenty
In reach of the hands
Willing to work for it,
Our Rose City stands
A monument ever
To our loved pioneers
Who wrought its foundation
In hardship and tears,

Who lived to see homes
Where forests they knew,
And roses galore
Where wild briers grew. This dream of a city Each kept in his heart; Theirs in its beginning Was the greater part.

Wanted to Fix the Engine.

From Young's Magazine.

From Young's Magazine.

Jack Barrymore, leading man in "The Boys of Company B," went a crowd of story-tellers in Browne's one better the other night with this:

"It was on a western trip and I rode across the prairies in a train that hardly went faster than a walk. Cattle, dogs and tramps passed us. Finally, in a desolate place the train stopped.

"The passengers began to fume and fuss. Why this stoppage? What could be the matter? "The passengers began to fume and fuss. Why this stoppage? What could be the matter?

"In the midst of the angry turmoil the conductor came slinking through the car. He bent over me and with a shamefaced air whispered:

"Say, have you got a piece of string about you? We want to fix the engine?"

## The. P. P. A.

"Oh," sighed Polly, "isn't this jus "I wish we could hit him with som

thing," said I. "I'd like to kee-ge-ee-eel him;" hissed olly, through pearly teeth. The man on the stage stopped playng "The Good Old Summer Time" the bottles.

"Joy! joy!" said Polly, "he's going." "Nothing doing on the go," said I. 'He hasn't played 'Annie Laurie' on hose bells yet."

"Ah!" groaned Polly, subsiding lessly into her chair as the bells began jingle out "Max-WELL-ton's-BRAES-are - BON - nee-tingle, tin

"Can't we do anything?" she aske A man sitting behind me noted Polly's listress. He leaned over and tapped me on the shoulder. "Don't worry," said the stranger,

I looked around, puzzled. The stranger was an athletic-looking man of powerful build and his eye was dark and

"That fellow will never annoy an aulience again," added the man, leaning back in his seat.
"Another member of thought to myself.

"Look here, Polly," said I, the next morning, at the breakfast table. "Isn't this strange: 'Mysterious disappearance of the Musical Musgins'—that's the chap you wanted to kill at the show last night. The papers say he's gons and not a trace of him left."

"I don't wish him any harm," said Polly, "but I hope he never comes back."

can't stand any more of t murmured, wearily closing

Polly murmured, wearily closing her eyes.

On the stage one comedian with red whiskers had just hit the other comedian with a slapstick and said, "That wasn't my wife you saw me with (biff!), that was a lady (bang!)"

"Not a brick in the house," said I. There was a tap on my shoulder. "Don't worry," said the prophet of the former evening, "there is a cross against each name."

Polly and I feat it.

"Jumping Rattlers!" said I. "I couldn't help it, Polly. See her Mysterious disappearance of Bloand Crocko, the Knockabout Cordinari"

dians."

"Hurrah!" cried Polly.

"I wonder," said I, "where that stranger got his advance information. Perhaps I should tell the police."

It was in thelobby of the Colony that I ran into the mysterious stranger. He was marking a cross in a black notebook.

"Here," said I, "you've got to do some explaining or I'll have to turn you over to the police."

"You refer, I presume, to my tip about the Musical Muggins and Blocko and Crocko."

"The very thing," said I.

"The very thing," said I.

"Is it possible " asked the stranger,"
"that you've never heard of the P. P.

"He is dippy," thought I.

"The Playgoers Protective association." he centinued, "the greatest humanitarian organization of the age. The hand that strikes for the long-suffering and impotent body of theatre-goers. Let me but put a cross against a performer's name in this little book and he's done. He disappears; no fuss; no excitement. You're with us, aren't you" "Er—in a way," I answered. "But

"Er-in a way," I answered. But disappear; what does that mean?"
"The P. P. A. doesn't approve of unnecessary violence," said the stranger.
"The poor creatures are hurried to an island owned by the association."
"But some of them have families."
"We let them return when they're cured," said the stranger, "and that doesn't take long with the association's

method."
"What's the method?" I asked.
"We make 'em listen to each o

# "We make 'em listen to each other's acts in rotation," said the stranger. I shook his hand. "Long live the P. P. A.," I said.

### Today in History. 1814-Bruce defeated the English at

Bannockburn. 1589—Spaniards defeated the Portuguese at Alcantara.

1834—Benjamin F. Butler of New York became attorney-general of the United States.

1850—siscount Kitches. 1859—Balloons used at battle of Sol-

ferino.
1891-Statue of Henry Ward Beecher nveiled in Brooklyh. 1894—President Carnot of France as-

1894—President Carnot of France assassinated at Lyons.
1895—Marquis of Salisbury accepted the British premiership.
1898—Norwegian Arctic expedition on the Fram salled from Christiania.
1900—Thirty-five lives lost in Southern railway wreck near McDonough, Georgia.
1902—King Edward VII operated on for appendicitis.

By Wex Jones.

In days of old the highwayman bold
Rode around on a jaded nag,
And froze his blood in the rain and mud
As he waited to fatten his bag.
He'd slyly approach the lumbering
coach, As it ploughed through the sludgy shallows,
To be met, perhaps, by some pistol-proud chaps,
And dance his last jig on the gallows.

The robber today has a pleasanter Pleasant, that is, for himself—
Of patrolling the roads and relieving of loads
Those burdened with plunder and pelf.
In a 50-horsepower the scoundrel will

Scour The country anear and afar,
And when he has cinched all the stuff
to be pinched,
Disappear in his comet-like car.

In the course of the year, no doubt, And the we'll sell in the air.

And his airship will swoop on our goods with a whoop,

And then we'll be helpless for fair.

The robber's reliance is based upon science;

But somehow we're slow to rejoics that

our dough Is copped in a civilized way.

## Certainly Cheap.

One lone student is enjoying the benefits of the school of bricklaying, one of the departments in the big Carnegie Technical institution at Pittsburg. His name is Daniel Chisholm Carnegie Technical institution at Pitts-burg. His name is Daniel Chisholm and he pays 10 cents a day for instruc-tion from a \$15 a day professor and a \$6 a day journeyman bricklayer. Oxford university has conferred upon Alexander Graham Bell the honorary degree of doctor of science. This recognition is given because of the scientist's work in teaching the deaf and dumb to speak, as well as in ac-knowledgement of his success in in-venting the telephone.

From the New York Herald.

President Roosevelt told all the orators at a Georgia celebration to "cut it short."

That settles it. Even John Temple Graves can't swing the Watermelon state for him after that.

From Harper's Weekly.

First Little Girl—When you grow up are you going to advertise for a husband?

Second little Girl—No, I am going to be a widow. They don't have to.

## What An Educated Horse Taught Me

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal

All last year I traveled in many kingoms, and made no effort to see a king But last week, here in my own counry, I met the most wonderful king of ils race the world has ever known, an

American king! There is no other monarch on earth. am very sure, who could give me such valuable information as this one gave ne during our half-hour association. The monarch was attired all in white with trimmings of golden brown, and he possessed the personal peculiarity of one pale blue and one deep brown eye. His beauty was as remarkable as his intellect, and his disposition was affectionate to a somewhat embarrassing degree. But one must make allowances

for the idiosyncrasies of the great. When the king's tutor presented There's a cross against that fellow's and a pretty young woman friend, who accompanied me, his royal highness proseded to rub our cheeks with his nose, and tweak our ears with his lip.

At this juncture it is wise to explain perhaps, that the King is a superb-horse, now on exhibition an hour's journey from Forty-second street. Here is the story as the tutor told it

to us.

He bought the horse when he was a yearling colt, suffering from distemper and a bad disposition. The young animal was called victous, and was inclined to kick and bite those who approached him.

Yet in four years time, patience, love and firmness have transformed the horse into the marvel of the age.

Only once during all these years was he obliged to use the whip. Well chastised for a specially victous act, and made to understand that it was unworthy of his intellect to indulge in such tempers, King became the most obedient and tractable of animals.

The tutor and the press representative placed cards bearing large figures in a rack and I asked King to bring me figure 7.

rack and I asked King to bring me figure 7.

He proceeded to select the card without the slightest hesitation.

Had the tutor made the request I might have suspected the number was always given to begin the entertainment; and that King was obeying the first request, with no real knowledge of what the figure indicated. But since I had made my own selection of a number, sand the tutor's part was simply to repeat my words in the tone of authority, there could be no explanation, save that King knew figure seven, by sight and sound.

Other numbers selected by my friend

and sound.

Other numbers selected by my friend and myself were invariably produced.

Then we were told that King knew how to read and spell. I wrote the word cat on the blackboard, and King gazed at it with a suspicion of contempt in his blue eye, if not in the brown one, also.

In his citie eye, if not in the brown one, also.

I have the idea that his highness thinks a cat an ignoble animal. But he went to the letter rack, tossed the cards bearing those letters on the floor; then turned and came to me and pulled my ear. The act seemed to say, "That is what I think of cats."

My friend asked if he could spell horse.

My friend asked if he could spell horse.

"Try him." replied the tutor.
Then he said, "King. go and spell horse, Hurry up, now."

King found the first three letters in one rack, and then yawned and came over and asked for a lump of sugar which he knew was waiting.

"Shame on you." said the tutor, "go back and finish up that word, and be quiek about it!" So back went King, and not finding the last two letters in the rack, he hunted in another at his left and produced them.

Upon introduction, King had been told to notice that I was dressed in brown, and my friend, Mrs. F. in blue. He had studied both costumes with the eye of a connoisseur, but with masculine taot he had given no idea which he thought the prettier.

a connoisseur, but with masculine tact he had given no idea which he thought the prettier,

Later the tutor said, "King, take this flag to the lady in the brown dress." King laid the American banner in my lap and then tried to open my shopping bas, where he smelled sugar.

I asked him to take a blue banner to Mrs. F. He obeyed instantily.

I asked him to take a blue banner to Mrs. F. He obeyed instantly.

Then the tutor gave another test of the animal's knowledge of colors. "Take the red cloth on the floor," he said. "to the lady who has red in her dress." It did not for an instant seem probable that the horse could obey this order. Nothing had been said to him on introduction about the glimpse of red vest in my friend's costume.

my friend's costume.

Yet he walked straight to her, as if anxious to compare the two shades of red. King also remembered our names and never once was obliged to beg our pardon for mixing or mispiacing them.

Now, these things occurred precisely as I state them.

Now, these things occurred precisely as I state them.

Just how the Smart Alecks and Doubting Thomases who are always ready to see a "trick" in anything out of the usual, will explain the actions of this horse I do not know. It is easier for me to see the possibility of awakened intellectuality in the horse than to find any "trick" in his achievements.

than to find any "trick" in his achievements.

Many other tests were resorted to, and in not one instance did King fail.

When we realize that such things can be accomplished with the brain of an animal, through patience and love, does it not give us hope that the most vicious, the most ignorant human beings on earth may be made intelligent, and amiable, and useful, if the same methods are employed. Ought it not to awaken the law-makers and educators and scientists and philanthropists of the world, to organized efforts at a better system of education than now exists? Ought it not to stir the religious teachers of the day to consider the possible immortality of animals, as well as of men?

of men?

Ought it not to make every civilized "Christian" land on earth ashamed of having one ignorant or victous child or young person in its limits? Instead of employing so many millions of money in building fashionable churches and in building fashionable churches and maintaining so many expensive colleges and filling so many idiot asylums, reform schools and prisons, and seeing the steady increase of crime in the land, why not organize a national institution for abnormal or homeless children, and employ trained teachers at good salaries to put rational methods into practice for the regeneration of the human race? into practice for the regeneration of the human race?
What can be done with a sick and vicious colt in four years can be done with sick or vicious children in 10.
Were the nation to establish and equip such an educational system it would soon be able to dispense with its penal institutions.

Sherlock Again.

Sherlock Again.

Sherlock Holmes languidly drained the bubbling, hissing prussic acii—his last most deadly habit.

"My dear Watson," he murmured, "my tie is crooked."

I started, as he knew I would.

"Now, Holmes," I said, "how can you be aware of that? You haven't put your hand to your tie for the last two hours, and there isn't a mirror in sight. You claim to have no supernatural gifts—in what way, then can you possibly know that your tie is crooked?"

"That man over there." said Sherlock Holmes calmly, "looked at my tie a moment ago, and then straightened his own tie with both hands."

"Wonderful!" I cried. "Amaxing! Only, Holmes, your tie isn't crooked."

How They Do It.

## Small Change

Summer seems to be playing peeks The open season for waists and stockings has arrived.

All quiet at The Hague yet. But the eather is still cool. Every additional dry Sunday will make it easier to keep dry.

At least some of the Russian people have a chance to vote quite often.

Sunday excursion accidents will now make regular Monday news for a few weeks.

At this rate it won't be long till the automobiles kill more people than the railroads.

The letters "T. D." are cut in Orchard's pipe—probably meaning "Total Deprayity."

One thing Orchard has not pleaded guilty to—he was never a member of the Colorado legislature.

Nature fixed up a good many things about right; the raspberies arrive just as the strawberries leave. With the river flowing through its midst, Portland's floating summer pop-

Strawberries have just begun temporarily to replace to a small extent prunes and beans in Boston.

The young man who loafs through the summer, calling it vacation, will never amount to anything worth men-tioning.

If potatoes are going to be too high for the common people to buy, won't the farmers please raise more ruta-bagas and carrots for us town folks?

Secretary Taft predicted a big crop of corn in lows, and all he has to do to be sure of the delegation from that state is to promise good prices for farm and dairy products.

The Dubuque authorities having pro-hibited spooning in the park, the Tele-graph of that city remarks: "Love laughs at locksmiths. If love cannot spoon in the park when the policeman is there, it can spoon when he is not there, and if he is there all the time is can spoon somewhere else."

## Oregon Sidelights

The other day there wasn't a hobe in

A Falls City 3-months-old calf dressed Many people are building log cabins on railroad land claims.

The prospect for a large yield of hops and fruits in general is good. Dallas is handicapped by a lack of arpenters and other builders. A Chehalem woman 91 years old has lately received her second eyesight.

John Day News: The valley is re-sounding to the merry music of mowers. Alfalfa is king. There ware 2,000 cases of measles in Pendieton during the spring, but nearly all were light and the fatalities were few.

Carlton has begun to grow and busi-ties is increasing. A busy hum has taken possesion of the town, and all be-cause of the establishment of the large

Enterprise News-Record: Enterprise News-Record: Frazier Craig drove fourteen head of hogs to market last week which weighed on an average 321 pounds. One of them tipped the beam at something over 400 pounds. As the price of hogs at present is 5½ cents per pound, he received for his 14 hogs \$247.17.

The Baker Irrigation company has fourteen miles of ditch completed over the large area of land which it is irrigating. A large force of men are at work deepening the main reservoir so that a sufficient body of water may be obtained for even greater extension of the network of ditches.

Everything is moving along in a way that indicates a real, lasting boom in Eugene by next fall, says the Guard, which predicts that Eugene and Springfield will have a combined population of 12,000 people within two years, and that they will be built so closely together by that time that they will get over being jealous of each other's prosperity.

Hillsboro Argus: A timber cruiser, who is estimating timber for a Hillsboro timber dealer, while in the woods the other day, heard a grouse clucking to her young. He was with a mountainer er at the time, and asked as to the sources of the noise. The mountaineer told him it was a bear fussing with her cubs. Just then a bluejay made a swirl through the brush and Mr. Timber Cruiser started to climb a tree that was six feet in diameter.

Inconsistent.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat,
The disposition of the Japanese people to get unduly excited over trifles
is hard to reconcile with their admitted
levelheadedness on the firing line.

"An Bast Side Bank for Most Side People."

## THE RIGHT WAY

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