EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. Jackson.....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning, at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONE—MAIN 7173.

All departments reached by this number. Tell the operator the department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; Tribune Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

DAILY.			
One year	$5.00	One month	$ .50
SUNDAY.			
One year	$2.50	One month	$ .25
DAILY AND SUNDAY.			
One year	$7.50	One month	$ .65

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—Carlyle.

RAILROADS PUBLIC PROPERTY.

SCARCELY anybody disputes any more the proposition that railroads are public rather than private property. Up to a certain point, or for certain purposes, they are private property, but in a broader sense, and viewed in connection with their principal function as common carriers, they are public affairs. The stocks and bonds which represent their cost or value are private and personal property, but in this respect they are clearly differentiated from the railroads themselves. These are public as the courts have seen and in a succession of cases have held for the past 65 years, though the decisions taking this view were not usually as important and significant in former times as lately. During the past generation a group of men have become railroad "kings," and have acted as if the railroads were strictly private property, as mills or factories are, but they are learning better lately, and though they realize the fact they find it difficult to conform to it.

These men, and all owners of railroad securities, especially those with controlling amounts, and their officers and managers, are properly trustees of a great public property. The people could at any time fix a value, through the courts, upon the property, raise money on bonds, and take over and operate the railroads, but this they do not wish to do unless it becomes unavoidable through intolerable misfeasance in office of their trustees, the railroad officials and managers. There are grave and weighty objections to public ownership, and the people are willing to allow these trustees very liberal salaries and large profits for running the business rather than burden themselves with ownership, but they do and will more and more insist that the roads must in the main fulfil their proper function as public property, and be run in the interest of the people rather than as heretofore in the interest of the "kings," the "magnates" and the high-finance stock gamblers.

The sooner the Harrimans, Goulds, Hills, Vanderbilts and others of this class realize this situation, and that the people have at last awakened to a realizing sense of their rights and of the true nature of railroads, and act accordingly, the sooner will the growing movement for public ownership or rigid control cease, or relax its pace. The people are really greater, in a final contest than all these "kings" put together, as they will eventually demonstrate unless they get somewhere near a square deal in the future.

THE NEW ENDOWMENT FOR ALBANY COLLEGE.

THE NEW endowment for Albany college has not yet been completed, but there is hope that the final sum may be secured by July 1. The citizens of Albany and friends of education, as well as friends of the institution everywhere, should rally to its support. The man who gives to education bestows his money wisely. He can put it in no better place, either, than in the small denominational college. The more of such institutions that are maintained the better for the country. They fill a field that the nonsectarian institutions and big universities cannot reach.

There cannot be too many gateways to knowledge, nor too many engines for assault on ignorance. The foremost agency for the preservation of self-government is a citizenship that can reason, analyze and intelligently plan. As the records disclose, the penitentiaries are mostly peopled with the ignorant, because when the mind is broadened and the mental apparatus quickened with a college education, thoughts and aspirations are loftier and crime more likely to be despised. The college young man, as a rule, has no occasion to resort to criminality, because his position in society leads him in another direction. Every educational institution draws its clientele of students, and the denominational college adds to the marching army of students by reaching a class that other institutions cannot reach.

There are a thousand reasons for Albany college and others of its kind to be generously supported, and it is to be hoped that the plans of its friends for the new endowment may not miscarry.

BRUTE FORCE DOES NOT MAKE RIGHT.

IT MUST be a source of gratification to all American citizens that our representatives at The Hague proposed that force shall not be employed in the collection of claims against a debtor nation that offers to arbitrate. It is as becoming in a nation as it is in an individual to be gentle-blooded. There is no more reason for a nation than there is for a citizen to be a swaggering swashbuckler. It has been the wont of Christendom to punish the citizen for playing the bully, but to condone, if not admire it, in a nation.

Brute force was a chief asset and characteristic of barbarism, and ought to have perished with it, but it didn't. From the beginning of time, the little weakling nations of this earth have been bullied, and many a one of them robbed, by the bigger ones, not because it was right, but because the latter had more and bigger ships and guns. Even with the advancing light of the twentieth century brilliant all around us, the international rule for collection of claims is the same law of might that was in force a thousand years ago when might was right, and license, law. Accordingly, when, last Saturday, General Horace Porter, representing the great republic, arose in his place and proposed arbitration as an alternative for the debtor nation, he put his country on record for the gentler life, and led the way for a new and nobler order. Even if it does no more than this, the conference will have done well.

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

AMONG other good opportunities for a summer change and partial outing at slight expense, and with profitable as well as pleasurable returns is that afforded by the Willamette Chautauqua, which will hold its annual assembly at Gladstone park from July 9 to 21 inclusive. Many are already familiar with the exceptionally fine and fitting grounds there for this purpose, and others on inspection, will find them so. There is ample room for tenters, in an extended and delightful grove, and "all the comforts of home" are at hand. The electric railroad will run directly to the park this summer, making the trip more convenient than heretofore. The program will be interesting, instructive and entertaining throughout, and will merit a large and attentive attendance. The association has been reorganized and will make a new start free of debt, and in a position to be more useful and entertaining than ever. The secretary, Mr. H. E. Cross of Oregon City, has labored long and faithfully, along with many others, to make the assembly successful not only financially but in all ways, and will be pleased to give all inquirers particulars. The Journal hopes the assembly may break all former records for success this summer.

SALMON DOCTORS DISAGREE.

ACCORDING to the statements of some people with many years of experience and who ought to know what they are talking about, most other people, who perhaps talk about as much on the same subject, know little or nothing about the habits of salmon. Having read all that everybody has said in print for many years on the subject, we know nearly if not quite as much, we believe, as we did before we read anything. The only thing we are sure of is that one kind of fishermen are always claiming that the other kinds are getting too many fish; that the lawmakers, instead of having enough moral courage to protect the industry, try to please all classes of fishers with votes; and that from the present outlook the salmon run will gradually dwindle and finally disappear. All of which being no news, is scarcely worth mentioning. We never eat a piece of a chinook salmon, the finest food fish ever created, without wishing its tribe had votes—on the salmon question—at least a part of the time.

Reform in Philadelphia was evidently short lived, and the plea for a return to former conditions—essentially the same plea that is being made by some G. O. P. organs in Oregon—was successful, concerning which the Philadelphia Telegraph says:

"They are all back. The Organization is regathered. It is reannealed. It is rejuvenescent. It is in the very flower of its primordial spirit. The day breaks glad over its vast host of possessions. The harvest is ripe. The laborers are in the field. The joy which suffuses the mind in contact with old acquaintants irradiates every soul in politics for something more than health. For they are all back.

Perhaps now, in response to the pressing invitation that is to be extended to him, Mr. Harriman will come to Oregon and will promise to build a railroad through central Oregon and—which is most important—will keep his promise. And then again, perhaps he won't. He is reputed to be a person who acts to please only one person—E. H. Harriman.

The principal Sunday excursion accident in this part of the world last Sunday was the drowning of several children and adults by the collapse of a wharf between Seattle and Tacoma. But the railroad collision will get in lots of deadly Sunday work before the summer is over.

No sooner is winter over in Chicago than people want to flee from the wrath of summer. How would it do to advertise Portland's weather daily in the Chicago papers?

Now that Dr. Wiley is out of the country perhaps we can eat a few monthfuls without being scared half to death of microbes.

On second thought, Japan has concluded to wait and grow awhile before licking the United States.

The Play

For the last week of its engagement in this city the San Francisco Opera company is offering "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the spectacular musical comedy of civil war times. It was given its initial production last night at the Marquam and created something of a sensation.

The piece is decidedly the most spectacular the company has yet offered, and there is little doubt but that it will prove the most popular. Its music is inspiring and there are several numbers which fairly take the audience by storm.

The opera served to introduce to Portland audiences Mr. Arthur Cunningham, the new baritone, and Mr. J. Francis Abbott, the new tenor. Mr. Cunningham, who has the part of Johnny, made a pronounced hit with the audience and his song, "My Own United States," caused an ovation. The ordinary handclapping applause failed to express what the audience thought, and they indulged in cheers and "bravos." So far as Portland audiences are concerned. Mr. Cunningham in this first performance established himself firmly and will likely be one of the most popular members of the company.

Miss Hemmi, whose pleasing soprano is one of the delightful features of all the company's offerings, appeared to unusually good advantage last night and was in excellent voice. Miss Maude Beatty, one of the most consistent performers of the company, also appeared to unusually good advantage, and was repeatedly encored.

A real disappointment was absence altogether from the first act of Teddy Webb, whose inimitable drollery has pleased Portland audiences for so many weeks. Mr. Webb takes no part in the comedy until the second act when he appears as Jonathan Phoenix, a ne'er-do-well, unable to decide with which forces to cast his lot. He has a song, "Insanity," that is immensely popular. One verse deals with Mr. Manning and his Sunday closing policy.

George Kunkel, whose ability as a comedian has aided greatly in the success of many of the company's productions here, appears as Uncle Tom, an old slave, and he does the part well. In the opening of the second act when, with the chorus he sings "My Honeysuckle Girl," he causes an uproar of applause.

The piece is elaborately staged through the efforts of Joseph Miller. The costumes are those of the army and of the hoop-skirt and pantaloon days of the civil war.

Among the musical numbers "My Own United States," by Mr. Cunningham, was the big hit of the piece. Another that was enthusiastically received was the quintette, "The Suwanee River," in which Mr. Stokes was heard to better advantage than in any of his previous efforts.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be the bill at the Marquam during the entire week. Its magnificent staging, inspiring music, marching soldiers, waving flags and other spectacular features will likely combine to make it the most popular offering of the San Francisco company during its engagement in this city.

Red Roses and White.

T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Love, I bring you red roses tonight,
For the heart of love quickened is red.
Though the rose of your favor is white
You must wear my red roses tonight,
For white is the rose of my dead.

In my heart that you hold in your keeping,
Sad memory sits at the door
Of a cell where my first love is sleeping
In thoughts of the roses she wore.
It is long since the day I beheld her,
Ah! many the years that have sped,
Since, a child in the arms of the elder,
I looked on this love that is dead.
'Twas my father, her lord and her lover,
Who mourned his sweet lady at rest;
But I smiled as he held me above her
And touched the white rose on her breast.
O my love, yield a place for this other;
And deep in my heart evermore
Let me cherish the love of my mother
In thoughts of the roses she wore.

So the roses I bring you tonight,
O my heart's living tenant, are red.
Though the rose of your favor is white
You must wear my red roses tonight,
For white is the rose of my dead.

Peanuts in Your Back Yard.

From Suburban Life.

A small bed of peanuts may be started in any back yard. Shell the raw and unroasted peanuts and plant them early in May. Cover the seeds with about an inch and a half of soil. One may gather a handful of the growing peanut stalks and pull up the mass with the underground stems and nuts, much the same as one would pull up a "hill" of potatoes with the tangle of underground stems and clinging tubers.

Letters From the People

An Attempt to Browbeat the Courts.

Portland, Or., June 22.—To the Editor of The Journal: In a recent issue of this paper [illegible] with interest the following dispatch:

"Lebanon, Or., June 19.—Harmony grange No. 23, at its last meeting adopted resolutions on the referendum situation, as follows:

"'Resolved, by Harmony grange No. 23, in regular session assembled, That we deprecate all attempts to muzzle the will of the people and view with alarm the refusal of our state officials to allow referendum petitions to be placed on file in the secretary of state's office where the intent and purpose of the signers are so plainly apparent, and the omission of a few words in the title of the act to be referred is all the excuse made, which in no way detracts from its merits or meaning, nor could in any manner mislead the signer. We believe these tactics will destroy the usefulness of our referendum law and cause great dissatisfaction to over 7,000 legal voters who signed these petitions and work an irreparable injury to our state. And we would respectfully urge the courts of this state, believing as we do that any measure can safely be intrusted to a popular vote of the people, and that any law that will not stand this test should be consigned to utter oblivion.'"

It seems to me that this resolution is altogether unwarranted and uncalled for, and is an insult to the judiciary of the state of Oregon. Our attorney general, our secretary of state, our circuit and supreme judges, are honorable, high-minded men and they will do their duty as they see it. If any of the referendum petitions are declared defective it will be because they are legally defective. I do not wish to enter into any discussion as to the referendum petitions or the alleged defects, but I cannot refrain from protesting against what I deem an attempt to "browbeat" our judiciary.

If there is one thing that should command respect, among all our American institutions, it is our judiciary. Such resolutions as the above are direct attempts to intimidate our state officials and our courts in the plain discharge of their duty. If the friends of the Oregon university or the members of the Oregon national guard attempted to gain a favorable decision for their side of the pending cases by passing threatening resolutions of this character they would incur the ill will of all fair-minded people — and well they should.

If an attorney undertook to address the court in this manner he would be fined for contempt.

THOS. B. OAKES.

Can Our Roses Be Utilized Commercially?

Portland, June 22.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In witnessing the "rose show" display I admired, wondered, and thought that with the bounteous kindness of nature the people of Portland are over-favored. We, as spoiled people, by nature's kindnesses naturally feel satisfied with the pleasure afforded by seeing banks of roses of colors that would laugh the rainbow to shame. Perhaps we ought to be satisfied, but I reflected—how shall we part with these beauties? The tons of roses displayed will in a few days be thrown away as rubbish; but, it seems to me that in this utilitarian age, we ought to be able to save the perfume of roses.

We live in a practical age, and whenever the intelligent people take notice, they quickly convert nature's products to the use of man, which then takes on a commercial value, and what is waste today, may tomorrow have a value nominated by the coin of the realm.

The rose contains the favorite perfume of the world, civilized and uncivilized; its petals yield what is called attar or essence of roses. It is prepared largely in Turkey in Europe, especially in the Balkan mountains, in Egypt, Persia, Cashmere, India and other countries of the east. In the south of France it is prepared by distilling the petals of the rose with water. In Macedonia by crushing the petals in mills expressing the fluid part, filtering and exposing to the sun in glass vessels. In Damascus and other parts of Asia Minor by dry distillation.

I presume our consuls to those countries in their reports explain the various processes employed there, but I have not handy access to their reports. I have seen it stated that 200 pounds of the rose petals will produce one ounce of the attar of roses. It cannot be bought, if pure, for less than $25 per ounce. It is largely adulterated with spermacetti and several volatile oils; it would be very interesting to know the best up-to-date process of extracting the oil. It is likely that growers of various flowers for the manufacture of perfumes gather them at certain stages of their development, but the attar of roses contains two oils, a liquid and concrete; so that though the petals may be faded and wilted, the perfume of the rose may linger still. While I am not prepared to give a formula for its manufacture, I desire by this communication, to call attention to some enterprising chemist or pharmacist who will give this subject practical attention.

E. J. HAIGHT.

Friendly Counsel for T. T.

Hemlock, June 21.—To the Editor of The Journal: I see by the papers that Tall Timothy from Waldo Hills is opposed to statement No. 1. Well, it was ever so. It is hard for the office holders and office seekers to let go. But the dear people are waking up and begin to realize that the "only just power to rule" is devised from the people, and the names "Republican," "Democrat" and "Socialist" fail to drive the herd as they did a few years ago, and with a little more education for all the professional politician will "go away back and sit down." The world is getting better fast and Timothy is naturally a good boy, or was when he used to raise oats 30 years ago, for I know him and have voted for him, but he will have to get on the side of the people and drop politics if he wants to win. I have voted the Republican ticket 40 years, but Chamberlain is away ahead of Geer for a governor and politics don't count.

PITHICUS.

Wants a Nuisance Abated.

Portland, Or., June 24.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Kindly advise me through the columns of your journal why it should be necessary to endure the nuisance bound to be connected with a grading camp in a gulch; a camp which does not recognize the importance of sanitation and at the present time is taking care of possibly 50 men and many more animals.

This camp is located between East Burnside and Couch streets and running through from Twenty-fourth to Twenty-Eighth, just a half block from the Twenty-eighth street school.

The city physician has been approached not only by private parties, but, I have been informed, by Mr. Bennett, of the Twenty-Eighth street improvement club, and one of our city fathers. They have made complaint but with no result. This evil should be corrected.

BURNSIDE STREET PROPERTY OWNER.

The People's Champion.

From the Silver Lake Central Oregonian.

The citizens of Portland did a good job when they elected Dr. Harry Lane mayor over Devlin, the machine candidate. Although Lane's majority was small it indicates that the voters who really have the city's welfare at heart are in the majority, which means a clean government for Oregon's metropolis, at least for a time. Much credit is due The Oregon Journal for the stand it took in this election and the people of the state are proud to know that they have such a fearless champion of right to help fight their battles.

Rails and Rascals

From Collier's.

Mr. Harriman, disregarding ethics for the moment, is a very good railroader. For his mastery of his business he deserves respect. Lately he delivered to the United States Steel corporation a severe scolding because they [illegible] him [illegible] for his roads. He cited the intolerably large number which had broken, after only a few weeks' use, and pointed out that, for so many railroad accidents as are due to this cause, the steel corporation is responsible. And as Mr. Harriman is not the man to let things stop with mere talk, he ordered his rails for the coming year from one of the corporation's few small competitors.

To this fervid scolding by Mr. Harriman add now a thoughtful utterance from another railroad man equally able: "The real reason for the present deplorable condition of rails furnished for use on American roads is the cupidity of the manufacturer (for 'manufacturer,' in this little sermon, read 'United States Steel Corporation') in placing quantity of output above quality. The lack of competition, and the desire of the manufacturer to make a good financial showing, entirely remove the incentive that formerly existed for one manufacturer to turn out as good material as his competitor." Lack of competition it seems to be. All those economies, efficiencies and blessings, which we were told would flow from the elimination of competition, are for the benefit, apparently, of dividends alone, and were not meant to promote good service. What of a few railroad wrecks, more or less, so long as dividends soar? But is it not possible to restore a little competition?

Read, now, the deposition of Charles M. Schwab, who knows the steel rail business as well as Mr. Harriman knows railroads. Mr. Schwab may feel a little hurt to have his words used in this connection; he wasn't writing about the tariff then; he was giving an expert opinion which was to be used for inducing certain men of wealth to buy the Carnegie Steel company (now a constituent company of the steel corporation) of which Mr. Schwab was, at the time, president: "I know, positively, that England can not produce pig iron at actual cost for less than $11.50 a ton, and can not put pig iron into a rail for less than $7.50 a ton. This would make rails at net cost to them of $19. * * * We can make rails for less than $12 a ton. * * * For the steel rails which are breaking so badly, and causing so many accidents, the steel corporation is charging, and has charged during its whole existence, $28 a ton. If on some of the occasions Mr. Schwab mentions, when England is making steel rails at $19 a ton, some enterprising Englishman should put a few thousand tons of well-made English rails (which do not break) aboard a vessel, bring them to New York, and offer to sell them for $20 a ton, plus freight, how many American voters would say he should be compelled to take them back again?

Two Ships to Japan's One.

From Collier's.

The Japanese are a sensitive, proud, and warlike people. "Look cross-eyed at thim, an' they're into ye'er hair," remarks Mr. Dooley. Their natural disposition to feel insult keenly and resent it quickly is increased by the consciousness of recent victory over a Caucasian race of five feet ten. If we avoid war with them for the next 10 years, it will be because we shall have treated them with an excess of studied courtesy never practiced toward any other nation, or have maintained a navy so obviously superior that they fear to fight us. Are we likely to escape by the former method? Is the San Francisco stevedore, on a Saturday night spree, collectively so potential of international insult, likely to learn the discriminating wisdom of the Sage of Archey Road: "Ye can bump anny foreigner ye meet but a Jap; don't touch him; he's a live wire."

Whatever respect may be practiced by the more enlightened and responsible, the feeling of the street crowd which makes international complications will be that of the Philippine army poet, when Governor Taft was preaching consideration and duty toward "our little brown brother":

"He may be a brother of William H. Taft,
But he ain't no brother of mine."

A Japanese general, wearing all the medals that he so rightly won at Mukden, carrying a Yale diploma in one hand and a Harvard degree in the other, would continue to be, to the American truck-driver, at the best, an amusing little brown man. This is, of course, utterly wrong, and disillusionment would partake of the nature of retribution; but for Japan's interest and our own, so long as this prejudice continues, with its big possibilities for casus belli, the best insulator for live wires on the Pacific ocean is two ships to Japan's one.

The Nautical Nature Faker.

By Wex Jones.

'Twas the bosun's mate who very sedate
Upended a glass of rum,
And proceeded to state what I now relate
In a manner despondent and glum.

I see by the papers (says he) that the capers
Of the sea serpent's now under way—
His head's like a cat's; his tail's like a rat's;
His whiskers are purple, they say;
There's trees on his back; his pajamas are slack;
His fins are enamelled in blue;
His eyes are pea-green, ears ultra-marine,
With horns like the wild caribou.

This is how them there swabs describes of his nobs,
Whose area's several acres;
And it's certain (says he) as certain can be
They're simply unqualified fakers.
Now, the serpents I seen have always been green,
With splashes of bootiful pink,
And every sharp fin was of white, shinin' tin,
While the whiskers was vi'let, I think;
They worked with a treadle the way that you pedal
A fast-running sewing machine,
While their elegant ears were bedimmed with salt tears
Because the bad sharks were so mean.
And it's easy to see that these fellows (says he)
Are nautical nature fakers,
For no serpent has been, of the thousands I seen,
Less in size than a plum thousand acres.
'Twas my constant fate that the bosun's mate
Should ever be gloomy and glum.
He muttered "A fake!" then "Thankee, I'll take—
You're so pressin'—a tot o' rum."

This Date in History.

1649—Richard Brandon, executioner of Charles I, died.

1744—Joshua Clayton, first governor of Delaware, born. Died August 11, 1798.

1760—Richard Wellesley, brother of the duke of Wellington and governor-general of India, born. Died September 26, 1842.

1796—Daniel McCook, first of the famous "Fighting McCooks," born in Pennsylvania. Died in Ohio July 21, 1863.

1836—Emanuel Joseph Sieyes, one of the chief political thinkers of the period of the French revolution, died. Born May 3, 1748.

1837—Hanover separated from Great Britain by the accession of Queen Victoria.

1838—James K. Paulding of New York became secretary of the navy.

1893—Lizzie Borden acquitted of the murder of her parents at Fall River, Massachusetts.

1897—Queen Victoria began the celebration of her jubilee.

1900—Baron von Ketteler, German minister to China, murdered by a mob in Pekin.

Keeping Cool at the Bottlecorks

By Wex Jones.

"Why, Tom Bottlecork, how flushed you look—have you been 'dropping into one or two places,' as you call it, with some of your friends again? Not that, eh? You're feeling the heat—and if you had to ride up in those—what?—oh, those jammed subway cars, I'd be hot, too.

"Oh, would I, indeed? And if you had the work to do that I've done today you'd be hotter than you are now. But you men haven't sense enough to keep cool. What's the sense of worrying in this weather?—sit by an open window and get the breeze. You could do that all day if you were a woman, you say. There you go, losing your temper and making yourself hotter than ever.

"Ugh, it makes me hot to have to show a hulking man how to keep cool. Here, Harold, run out and get me a bottle of ginger ale, and be sure it's cold! Tell them the last one was so warm it melted all my ice. Run along now.

"Mrs. Windopane says children are a nuisance, but I don't know what I'd do without my boy. Little blessings, I think they are.

"Baby, stop that squalling instantly or I'll spank you good and plenty.

"What's that, Ethel—you want to know what's the capital of Oklahoma for your geography lesson? Venice, isn't it? You don't think it is—do you dare to contradict your mother? Well, what is it, then? You sassy minx—you don't know, that's why you asked. Oh, you! Tom Bottlecork, isn't Venice the capital of Oklahoma? No; well, I never could remember those Italian places. It's not Italian? Well, what do I care? You can't get me into any argument. There's no room for argument, you say. Oh, isn't there, indeed?

"What is that baby crying for now?

"You think the heat bothers him? Ethel, leave that silly geography lesson—you'll never be in Oklahoma, anyway, I hope, out among buffaloes and men that shoot every stranger they see—and take baby and make him cool.

"How will you cool him?

"Girls nowadays are no good at all in a house with their heads full of Venice. Cool him the quickest way you can and stop his yelling.

[Exit Ethel with Baby.]

"Well, she's actually stopped his crying. I don't hear a sound.

"Here comes Harold. Well, where's my ginger ale? You fell and broke the bottle——you'll drive me crazy. What are children for, anyway?—little nuisances. What's that boy on the sidewalk waving his hand at us for?—he's shouting to you, Harold. He wants to know if you have any more ginger ale. You drank that bottleful!

"Oh, oh. Spank that boy instantly, Tom Bottlecork. Spank him, I say! Well, I never. You've given him another dime to get some more—he's only a boy, is he? I don't know what you are.

"Ethel, come here, miss.

[Enter Ethel.]

"What have you done with baby? Put him to cool—where?

"In the ice box?

"Mercy, I'm fainting.

"You think he's not hurt yet.

"Oh, but he'll have spoiled all the ice cream.

"Oh!"

Japan Unfurling Her Flag on Pacific

Adachi Kinnosuke n Harper's Weekly.

Japan will soon control the trade of the Pacific. Her merchant fleet is growing with great rapidity, not only in American traffic, but in the commerce of Corea, Formosa, China, India and the Far East generally. Certain American optimists declare that the Pacific will always be dominated by the United States. But it is only the optimists who have this faith. Shipping men, American men actually engaged in commerce with the far east, know that Japan is fast assuming command in that quarter of the globe.

If any one doubts the accuracy of this proposition, let me ask him to consider the organization of the Nippon Kisen Kaisha (Japan Steamship company), which is energetically carrying the Sunrise flag half-way around the world.

A group of the most noted bankers and steamship men of Nippon met on the second day of February of this year in the Bankers' assembly hall in Tokyo. This was the first public meeting of the promoters of the new steamship company. At this meeting it was christened the Nippon Kisen Kaisha. A large name. Yet the company has the consolation of knowing that amid the cheerful summer growth of mushroom enterprises since the war it is bigger than its name.

The company commands the capital—no watered stock, by your leave—an instantly available capital of 30,000,000 yen ($15,000,000 gold). Their financial program sets aside 10,000,000 yen for the purchase of about 100 vessels of 200,000 tons, which are, at this present moment, actually engaged in shipping business under the merchant flag of Nippon. The remainder of the sum, the 20,000,000 yen, is to be spent in the construction of new ships. They will have the speed, the improvements and other qualifications that would please the subsidy regulations of the country. This sum is also meant to cover the expenditure of establishing new lines of traffic.

From a copy of the company's financial estimate which is before us—a modern book of prophecy penned by scientific experts, and perhaps quite as true as any of the old-fashioned suttas—we learn that the company expects an income of 5,820,000 yen annually from freight handled by regular and established lines of the company; 1,884,597 yen from the freight carried by their vessels on irregular and special services; 213,211 yen and 25 sen from subsidies and bounties; and 100,000 yen through miscellaneous sources. The total expected income per annum amounts to 8,107,825 yen. Against this the total expenditure of the company is estimated at 4,614,265 yen and 7 sen.

You must admit that the showing is not at all bad. The estimate was drawn up by a very cautious set of people who have more than once before drawn up estimates; who have never disappointed their friends, especially in their predictions—not the worst showing, to say the least, for an enterprise which is as far from a get-rich-quick trap of this money-mad age as is the north pole from the equator.

The Survival of the Fittest.

By James J. Montague.

"If a baby is a weakling, kill it."—Boston Scientist.

When Dr. Osler long ago announced that any one
Who'd passed the turn of 40 years was just about all done,
We slugged our aged grandsire with an anvil in the chest,
And he amid our falling tears was laid away to rest.
We often miss the dear old man, but if the world's to thrive,
We know from modern science that the fittest must survive.

And now we learn from Boston that the little children who
Are not quite physically fit must be disposed of, too.
We've chloroformed the baby, we've poisoned little Jim;
As Willie was a weakling we took an axe to him.
Bedelia fell and broke her arm one afternoon at play,
And as we feared it would not knit we threw her in the bay.

The family's sort of shattered now, we broke it up a bit;
But those of us who still remain undoubtedly are fit.
And yet we read the daily press with pale and haunting fear,
And dread that some new scientist will presently appear
To prove that he's the only man who should remain alive,
And kill us all in order that the fittest may survive.

Small Change

Russia needs a Napoleon Bonaparte.

* *

Still five days to capture a June bride.

* *

Next is the only Fourth of July in the year.

* *

The fact is that no [illegible] notice to June.

* *

Cloud-buster Hatfield can do it, or else he was in luck.

* *

A man has a right to be idle, but not to bum or do mischief.

* *

Now come the cherries, to contradict the pessimistic prophets.

* *

Only the rich can put up fruit this summer for next winter's use.

* *

Now the auto racers all over the world have heard of Portland.

* *

The harvest of the favorite Chautauqua lecturers is also near at hand.

* *

We are loaded with advice about taking a vacation, but don't suppose anybody wants it.

* *

Nearly all congressmen are farmers every two years; don't they go about repairing fences?

* *

The summer resort hotel men are looking up—toward the country whence come the crowds.

* *

Governor Johnson of Minnesota has been made an LL. D. But that amounts to nothing any more.

* *

People should excuse Mr. Taft from circulatory campaigning; there's so much of him to suffer.

* *

It is suspected, though he didn't confess it, that Orchard is the man who struck Billy Patterson.

* *

Boston papers are making a crusade against bucket shops. But are they not necessary for stock watering purposes?

* *

People living along the sea coast and in the mountain regions can find a fine summer resort by coming to Portland.

* *

Two of the dangerous members of the douma, according to Mr. Stolypin, were named Dzhaharidze and Tzereteli. We wouldn't dispute him.

* *

Probably Seattle and Tacoma would chip in and pay Astoria's expense in fighting the Port of Columbia law, if they thought there was any chance to beat it.

* *

Mr. Appleyard, who went broke in consequence of following the sure system disclosed in Tom Lawson's novel, should come to Hood River, if he saved a little, and live up to his name.

Oregon Sidelights

Freewater will have a peach day.

* *

Albany is the horse-trading center of the valley, says the Democrat.

* *

Barley is now as high as fence posts on land near Pilot Rock on which a few years ago absolutely nothing could be grown.

* *

A 40-bushel-to-the-acre crop this year in Umatilla county will hardly be worthy of special mention, says the Pendleton Tribune.

* *

Salem Journal: The sun stood still just to see the Portland rose show, and it was about the prettiest thing Old Sol ever peeped at, too.

* *

The Albany condensed milk factory is assured. Nearly 4,000 cows to start with, 8,000 later have been listed, and the stock has been taken.

* *

A sample of beardless barley grown near Condon stands four feet high with plump, well-filled heads that measure four and a half inches in length.

* *

Grass Valley Journal: The potato crop promises an abundant yield this year and it is hoped that it will not be necessary for our merchants to ship in carload lots to supply the local demand.

* *

One hundred walnut trees will be planted on the Hillsboro public school building block by order of the board of directors. But won't they make too much fun for pupils and trouble for teachers of the next generation.

* *

Moro Observer: A man came all the way from Scio to pay A. C. Thompson $437.50 for a mare and colt. In condition she would tip the beam at 1,700 pounds and the buyer wanted her to mate with one at home, giving him a $1,000 work team.

* *

Gold Beach Globe: Last week the Tribune made one more faint effort to land a body blow at us as Sheriff, but the gossop like way he went at it rendered it harmless. * * * As to playing with babies, will say, that we cannot devote much of our time playing with other peoples, as we have so many of our own at home to play with.

* *

What The Dalles should be having right now is a cherry fiesta, says the Chronicle. It is impossible to see the wagons coming into town loaded with immense red and black cherries, women and men carrying huge basketfuls to market from gardens about the city without becoming enthusiastic. And if cherries are so much in evidence now, what will they be when all the orchards which have been set out within the past two years begin bearing?

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

BANKING DAY

Every person who earns money should have a regular banking day. On this day they should not fail to deposit a certain proportion of their earnings.

In our savings department hundreds of people carry accounts and deposit their savings regularly.

We invite accounts of $1.00 and up, on which we pay 4 per cent interest. Wouldn't you like to establish a banking day?

Call and see us.

THE COMMERCIAL SAVINGS BANK

KNOTT AND WILLIAMS AVE.

George W. Bates.....President
J. S. Birrel.....Cashier