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

Education is a life-work and not a matter to be crowded into a few early years.—Tourgee.

WHICH IS BETTER OFF?

THE DALLES has 29 saloons, while Salem has only about half as many, observes the Statesman. Besides, Salem has somewhere about twice the population of The Dalles, making the number of saloons per capita something like four times in one town what it is in the other. Which is the better off? Or is there no appreciable difference on this account? The Dalles gets more revenue; has Salem less crime and expense, or anything else to show to offset the lack of revenue? It would seem that people in and around Salem must spend less money for wet goods than those in and around The Dalles, but perhaps the latter have more money to spend, and so, as a whole, don't miss what is squandered.

Then there is Albany with about as many people as The Dalles, and a far greater population in the surrounding country, that for a year has had no saloon at all. The revenue formerly derived from saloons has to be raised in other ways. Yet Albany does not appear to be suffering from poverty or business paralysis. It appears, on the contrary, to be waking up to greater activity and enterprise than ever before.

We mention these three towns as typical; others could as well be selected. The interesting question is: Which town is better off, the one with many saloons, the one with few, or the one with none? So far as an answer from experience is concerned, more time is required. But it may at least be said that those who predicted that prohibition would kill a town were mistaken. Corvallis, as well as Albany, is proof of that.

A GENUINE AND VITAL ISSUE.

WHY, ON most subjects, a great people will be extremely discriminating, but on a certain other subject be conspicuously gullible, is difficult to understand. Here are the American people, sound and sane to the core on everything else, but duped and swindled relentlessly by the tariff. For years they have submitted uncomplainingly to a condition that is their undoing. The tariff as in vogue in this country is the most unconscionable graft known to any age. It is not protective, but graft, pursued and practiced as a fine art. It has built up a great, irresistible machine for plucking the public on manifold pretenses—a machine by which predatory wealth is amassed by the few and the masses kept comparatively poor. It is a most extraordinary spectacle for the people to vote over and over again for the plutocrats, and not for themselves, the more so because in doing it they contribute to the impoverishment not only of themselves, but of their children.

The reflection makes interesting a dispatch from New York, hinting that the next congress will be asked to create a commission with powers and character like the interstate commerce commission whose purpose shall be to adjust the tariff, just as the interstate commission adjusts the railroads. The plan is perhaps too meritorious for its consummation to be early expected. The battering rams and other destructive enginery of billions of aggregated wealth will be hurled against it. Every diabolical implement available to predatory plutocrats will be loosed for its demolishment, and its enactment by congress can hardly be hoped for.

Yet it is a plan of notable excellence. Politicians, men actively in politics, should not revise the tariff. They would revise, not for the public weal, but for the effect on their political fortunes, and, as it has always been, it would be a revision that would not revise. Nor should revision be entrusted to the foes, nor to the friends of the trusts. A great, dignified, authoritative, wise and non-partisan tribunal, hating special privilege, and seeking equal justice for all, would be a safe and sane means for tariff adjustment, and one that would bring to the American people a fruitage of blessings beyond belief.

If the Democratic party seeks an issue, here is one on which to go into next year's battle, thrice armed because armed with justice, wisdom and sanity.

THEY WANT PROTECTION.

A GANG of well known horse thieves in Clackatilla, Crooker, Bakiam, Lanerow and other counties are going to appeal to the several sheriffs, county and circuit judges, legislators and the governor to protect them against threatened or rumored assaults upon their ancient and dishonorable prerogatives and business. They have very large and important interests at stake. They steal not only horses, but sometimes cattle, and incidentally they might occasionally shoot, since they cannot well steal, lead, carry and drive them away, a lot of sheep. They have been in this business a long time. They employ quite a large number of men to whom, being duly sensible of the dignity of American industry, they desire to pay good wages. They expect the authorities will consider all this and see to it that the oppressive and vicious laws are not enforced against them, and it is expected that all the sheriffs, judges, legislators and the governor will listen deferentially to their plea and withhold any adverse action.

Or, which amounts to much the same thing:

The officers and leading spirits of the American Protective Tariff league, fearing that some little halfway reciprocity arrangement may be made with Germany, and that somewhere, somehow, a stone might be knocked off the protective tariff wall, are preparing to make appeals to the president, cabinet officers and leading members of congress, protesting against any such action. These men and those for whom they speak and act have been robbing the American people so long, in clear violation of the foundation principle of the republic, "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none," that they have the assurance to appeal to the authorities to protect them henceforth as heretofore in these robberies.

A CONTEMPTIBLE EFFORT.

WE ARE not informed as to all the facts in the case in which Commissioner of Pensions Warner has brought out the alleged circumstance that his stepmother has a small fraction, perhaps one sixteenth, of negro blood in her veins; but if, as seems to be the case, he pushed forward this fact to create prejudice against her, intending to deprive her of property or rights which she would otherwise have, he is about the smallest and most contemptible specimen of humanity, so far as has been discovered, who ever gained a prominent and important office. Warner, apparently to deprive the woman of her proper share of her husband's, Warner's father's, estate, proposes to prove that her father had a strain of negro blood and curly black hair, and that some generations back one of his ancestors was a negro. This case comes up in Illinois, and however it may be in the southern states, we do not believe any northern state has a law disinheriting a wife or other natural heir on account of being a mixed-blood, at least not down to the third or fourth generation. But even if such be the law, it does not relieve this fellow Warner from the obloquy that attaches to an act of despicable meanness. He admits that he is an enemy of his stepmother and never spoke to her, but he offers no proof that she is a bad woman in any way, only that her father was known as "Curly Robinson," because his great grandmother had been a negro or a mulatto. We think that people of all colors would join in approving the president if he would kick this fellow out of office.

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION

THERE IS accumulating evidence that a railroad commission for Oregon is wise. Multiplying incidents contribute to this belief. The sanitation at railroad stations, which was wretched, is better and being constantly bettered. More locomotives are coming into the state in response to the commission's demand for more trains and better time. A new train has been put on in western Oregon to aid passenger schedules and the commission's campaign in this direction is only begun. More and better passenger equipment is supplied, and by that token coaches are less crowded and traveling more comfortable. Better equipped and more convenient passenger stations are being ordered to the end that the public may be better accommodated, and life more safe. Influences are afoot for more terminal facilities of multiplied capacity and convenience, whereby a chief factor in the car shortage will be eliminated. Greater, perhaps, than all, however, the railroads have already made appropriations for longer and more numerous sidings, to the end that overtaxed tracks and overcongested traffic may have room for overflow, and long trains facilities for passing.

Quietly, and without the clash of cymbals or blare of trumpets, the commission is accomplishing these and other reforms. The progress is slow, which means that it is not rash but wise. The policy of the commission is not that of a bull in a china shop, but of careful, conservative consideration of all the interests involved.

For years Oregon has been helpless in the hands of apostles of high finance who managed the railroad concerns from the standpoint of Wall street. This helplessness was so complete that there was no legal arm to be raised in defense of the public, no means of redress from wrong or relief from oppression. The railroad owners were great kings, ruling their kingdom of Oregon. The public took what it could get, and had to lick the hand that cuffed it. But it is otherwise now, and it is—progress.

A woman who married an Alabama man named Birdsong, being disappointed in him because his conversation did not correspond with his name, but on the contrary was as she alleged insulting to her, she up and killed him. A jury convicted her of murder in the second degree, and a court sentenced her to life or long imprisonment, but the chivalrous Governor Vardeman immediately pardoned her. Let Mississippi husbands take warning; if they don't speak pleasantly to their wives, the offended dames may kill them, and shall go free, while Vardeman is governor, by gad, sah.

Two paragraphs in Ex-Governor Geer's Pendleton Tribune read as follows: "Of course the Fulton-Cake program (which one of the Cakes had not been arranged, but it will be one of them) includes a delegation from Oregon for Fairbanks." * * * "As arranged, either Harry or Billy Cake is to be either governor or congressman. The details are not quite complete, Ellis not having yet been satisfactorily located." From which it may be gathered that the ex-governor is really sincere as yet in his support, except in one important particular, of the primary nomination law.

Preparations are already well under way for the annual state fair, which it is intended to make superior to any preceding event of the same kind. The state fair should be annually more and more what its name shows that it is intended to be, and should receive the cordial cooperation of people from all parts of the state. This will be a very prosperous year in Oregon, and The Journal hopes to see the state fair next fall a record-breaking success.

Not out of any individual self-conceit, but in zealous interest for the development of the state, The Journal is pleased to see so many of the state papers copying its articles on small farms and other topics relating to agricultural development, and to read articles of their own along the same line. If the press of Oregon will "keep everlastingly at" this subject, in all its phases, good results cannot fail to materialize.

It is reported that Mr. Harriman will make a tour of the Pacific coast in the near future. Portland people will be glad to see and talk to him, even if nothing is gained thereby. He may have some more promises to make. Wasn't it about four years ago that he made some, never yet fulfilled?

The emperor of Korea, in trying to tell how it happened, wept, which a hard-hearted and unsympathizing world will say is proof that it was high time Japan kicked him down and out.

Fairbanks was near by when a waitress was pulled out of a pond; Bryan helped a damsel out of a wrecked automobile; it's up to Taft and the rest to do a chivalrous stunt.

The presidential booms seem to have all gone off on a summer vacation.

The Only Cure.

From the Indianapolis News.

President Woodrow Wilson is right. One trust-maker or stock-waterer in the penitentiary would accomplish more to break up trust rascality and stock jobbery than a thousand fines. Condemning a system while on all of the acts of social life and public expression, you commend those that profit by the system in the exploitation of their fellow-citizens will never accomplish much.

Letters From the People

How to Check Plumbers' Trust.

Portland, July 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—Knowing your paper to be devoted to the upbuilding of Portland, I take occasion to call the attention of your numerous readers to the plumbing monopoly now existing in this city. The reason of its existence is through the appointment of a plumbing inspector, and the issuing of licenses to all plumbers. All newcomers to this city, who desire to engage in the plumbing business, have first to be examined by the plumbing inspector, and it is optional with that official whether they pass or not. This power should be removed from these autocrats, and their business should be only to see that all plumbing was done according to sanitary laws. The inspector should not have the right to say who should do the work, so long as the work is done according to law.

Doing away with the plumbing license and making Portland an open town would be the means of breaking up the monopoly that now exists and which compels people to pay 40 per cent higher for their plumbing that they should. The licensing of plumbers creates one of the worst kinds of monopolies. The large buildings on the principle streets have their work done, perhaps as cheaply as it could be done any place else in the northwest, as the combine knows that should they ask an undue amount for this work it would be taken out of their hands and given to eastern competitors. Therefore, they let these people off reasonably easy, and get in their graft on the small householders, who in turn protect themselves by not having as many conveniences as they would were plumbing done here at reasonable prices.

At the wholesale houses in Chicago, one can have put in his home a porcelain bath tub, lavatory, closet and accessories finished in nickel plate and with all piping complete, for $50 and finished in such a manner that any ordinary workman can put it together. This material if bought in this city and handled by the monopoly would cost from $200 to $300 and would be no better material than that furnished by the Chicago house.

The duty of a plumbing inspector is to see that the health of the city is protected from diseases which arise from defective plumbing. Such being the case it is his duty to see that all catch basins on the corners of streets were properly trapped, but I doubt if there is a trap on a single one of them and the odor which arises from them in warm weather is almost intolerable. Unless traps are put over these basins, then the sanitary law now existing in this city is a mere farce, used simply for the purpose of creating and maintaining a monopoly and not as a protection for the public against contagious diseases. This shows gross negligence on the part of the plumbing inspector and the health officer and proves conclusively that these positions are a mere sinecure and of no material benefit for the public. Were it not for the remarkable purity of the air in this city, the majority of the people would be sickening with typhoid fever, as there is no sanitary protection for them whatever.

THOMAS GUINEAN.

Again the Suffrage Issue.

Baker City, Or., July 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—Hear ye; hear ye! The woman suffragist has sat at home in sack cloth and ashes long enough—at last she is going to don war paint and feathers, get up on her hind legs as it were, and fight to a finish.

She is just going to walk right straight up to the bold bad man on the "anti" side and shake her little pink fist under his nose and simply demand the ballot—and as his hald rises on end, he will tremble in his boots and say, "Take it, it is yours."

Oh, it is going to be easy—taking candy from an infant will be nothing compared to it.

At least that is what Ida Husted Harper says.

Oh, Ida, Ida, what a dear little anarchist you are, to be sure.

But tell me, why does any woman want to meddle with politics? Why does she want to increase her cares and responsibilities? Does she imagine she would be happier on election day if she could come home tired and cross, her hat on one side, her hair hanging in strings, her waist and skirt parting company at the belt line, her face red and swollen with anger at being pushed and jostled around in a crowd of men, tobacco spit and smoke, and all kinds of "cuss" words.

Yes, she imagines she would be happy then—but she wouldn't. Why, she would be lots happier at home, rocking a little curly-headed baby to sleep, while she listens attentively to Mrs. Jones tell how Jimmy cut his first front tooth, and how poor John Henry had to walk the floor all night with him—and how poor John Hen was so tired, for he had worked so hard all day electioneering for a friend who didn't get elected.

Yes, those are the happy days for a woman, but unfortunately she doesn't know it. A woman does not become a disturbing element until her children are grown, or, if single, until she has reached the age when she has given up all hopes of matrimony and in a spirit of revenge takes up "woman suffrage."

The married woman does not take any interest in politics until she has passed the age of cards, dancing and such pleasures—church work is too slow and the W. C. T. U. is too tame, so she rushes madly around and finds several women, dissatisfied like herself, and tries to get into politics—and she talks of voting and making laws and "governing herself."

Why, I would not be afraid to wager that she does not govern her own children—I will wager that when she tells Tommy to carry in an armful of wood, that Tommy winks the other eye and goes out and climbs over the back fence—and after waiting half an hour she sneaks out and gets the wood herself, while she is thinking she is a poor, down-trodden creature what can't vote nor have no rights nor nothin'.

I saw seven little boys on the street the other day, not one was over ten years old, all were smoking cigarettes except two and one of these was pouring tobacco out of a little sack into the outstretched hand of the other one.

I wondered what kind of mothers they had.

I suppose though they were at some suffrage meeting, talking till they were black in the face about "the wrongs, insults and humiliation that has been thrust upon them, because they want a voice in their own government." The idea—it is ridiculous.

Why there were seven little boys, tough and uncared for, although they were well-dressed. Those boys will be men some day and they will vote and help make laws and possibly some of them will be bad enough to be members of congress. Whose fault will it be if they make dishonest and corrupt men? Let the women put the "ginger" Ida Husted Harper talks about, into the government of her own home and twenty-five years from now we will have better men.

In governing the boys of today, woman is governing the men of the future.

"ROSAY."

No Admission Charge.

Portland, July 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—A local paper of recent date published an editorial stating that letters had been received complaining of an admission fee being charged to enter Council Crest. This is denied by the management of the Council Crest Amusement company, which has authorized me to make known to the public that Council Crest is free daily until 7:30 p. m., after which a charge of 10 cents will be made at the entrance gate for an open-air exhibition of moving pictures and illustrated songs.

A. DUCHAMP.

"WOMAN MAN'S EQUAL" SAYS JUDGE

He Means Equal as a Beast of Burden to Be Exploited

By Arthur Brisbane.

The state of New York passed a law protecting women from night work. The object of the law was to prevent working women all night long in factories. Those interested took the case up to the court of appeals—on the usual grounds of unconstitutionality. The court of appeals now declares that the law is unconstitutional.

What a very sensitive thing a state or national constitution is!

You can work women all night, and all day. You can work children of any age, that doesn't hurt the feelings of the constitution.

You can underpay men, you can run sweatshops, poison the food of all the people, you can cheat them in all of life's necessities, that doesn't offend the constitution.

Gas companies can swindle the people, overcharge, kill some and poison others with bad gas—that doesn't offend the constitution.

But let the legislature try to limit the work of children, or protect women from rapacity, or regulate the extortions of the gas trust, and the constitution roars and howls with grief most pitifully.

This court of appeals decision, written by Judge Gray, is a fine display of the constitution's tender nervous system.

The learned and valuable judge, speaking on behalf of the highly cherished constitution of the state of New York, is shocked that women should be protected from night work in factories. He says about woman—in his learned opinion:

"Considerations of her physical differences are sentimental and find no proper place in the discussion of the constitutionality of the act."

That opinion has the constitution as interpreted by the court of appeals back of it.

We wonder what this learned judge would say if he saw one of his daughters working in a factory at 2 o'clock in the morning, perhaps a few weeks before or a few weeks after the birth of a child!

How would he have liked to see his mother, with gray hair, going to her work at night and staying there long after daybreak? Would he have called any objection to that "sentimental, with no proper place in the discussion"?

If it would not be "sentimental" to object to the mother or the daughter of Judge Gray working in a factory all night in case poverty made her helpless, why is it sentimental in the case of any woman whose father or son helps to pay Judge Gray's salary?

Judge Gray says further in his admirable and learned effort to protect the constitution:

"It is certainly discriminating against female citizens in denying to them equal rights with men in the same pursuits."

Is it indeed? What a very tender-hearted attempt this is to protect women in their "rights."

Since when has it been settled that the law cannot legislate as regards the pursuits of women or the hours in which they work?

Would Judge Gray refuse to sanction a law forbidding women to act as barkeepers? Does not the law forbid that now? Why does the law prevent it? Is it not because it is thoroughly understood that men may properly do things that women ought not to do? Would public opinion or law approve women acting as policemen and fighting with burglars in the dead of night?

Would even Judge Gray or the state constitution insist that women should work in the stoke hole with men?

Judge Gray says again in his tender-hearted desire to protect woman in her "rights":

"Woman has come to possess all the responsibilities of the man, and she is entitled to be placed on an equality of right with the man."

Is it not a little strange that the law and the judges that talk about woman's "equality of right with man" will forbid her to vote to protect herself, and at the same time say that the legislature shall not vote to protect her?

Naturally the wisdom of a learned judge, such as Mr. Gray of the court of appeals, is far beyond the conception of the ordinary citizen who pays Judge Gray's salary. But perhaps the judge, secure as he is on the bench, might like to know what the unlearned, ordinary people think and what they would like to have their constitution and their judges permit.

The people believe that it is an outrageous thing for any employer, except in case of absolute public necessity, to put a woman to work in a factory all through the long dark hours of the night.

The people believe that woman, upon whom rests the burden, the exhausting demands of motherhood, should be protected from the harder, more unhealthful kinds of labor.

The people believe that a man who does not realize the rights of woman, her moral right to physical protection, is a pretty poor example of a human being.

The people know that in England and elsewhere the working of women at night, working them in the mines, and compelling their children to work too young, has resulted in absolute deterioration of the British race.

The people know, if Judge Gray in his wisdom does not, that the woman who gives her vitality to some factory machine in the night hours cannot give that vitality to a child, and the people know that to deprive a child of its chance in life in order to enrich an employer is a disgrace.

The people believe also that the constitution of the state ought to represent them, that it ought to be possible for the judges to represent them, and that it ought to be impossible to tie a woman to a factory at midnight in the name of the law or the constitution.

The men that want to rob the people through the gas trust, that want to work women all night long, that want to exploit the young lives of children, ought to be deeply grateful to the constitution of the state and to some of our judges. They ought to get on their knees every night and pray for both. Some of their fattest profits would be gone were it not for that convenient constitution and those learned judges, in whose eyes the spectacle of a tired, wornout woman, slaving at midnight, is eminently edifying and constitutional.

Selfishness

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

(Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal-Examiner)

Here is a delightful little allegory from the old, old literature of far-off India. I found it in a little compilation made by Paul Carus, called "Karma."

There was a terrible robber and marauder, who died and went into torment. After suffering there for what seemed an interminable time, he began to pray to Buddha to have mercy upon him. Now, it is the law of Karma that evil deeds lead to destruction, but good deeds lead to eternal life. The least act of goodness bears fruit containing new seeds of goodness, and they grow until the soul reaches its final perfection. When the Lord heard the cry of the robber, he said, "Kandata, did you ever perform one kind act? If so, it will now return and help you to rise again. But you cannot be rescued unless this intense suffering has dispelled the conceit of selfishness, and purified your soul from lust, envy and vanity."

Kandata remained silent for a time trying to think of one good deed in his very selfish, wicked life. Finally he said, "Once upon a time I saw a spider crawling on the ground, and I stepped aside so not to crush its life."

"Very well," replied the Lord, who straightway sent down a spider on a cobweb and bade Kandata take hold of the web and climb up. The web was so strong that the poor sinner was enabled to climb out of the flames, higher and higher. But suddenly he looked below him and saw a vast throng of his fellow sufferers also hanging to the thread. "How can this thread hold the weight of so many?" he thought, and straightway cried out, "Let go the web; it is mine." At once the web broke, and he fell back into hell. The illusion of Self was still upon Kandata. He did not know the miraculous power of an unselfish desire to rise upward. It is thin like a cobweb, and yet it will carry millions of people. The more who climb the easier will be the efforts of all. But as soon as in a heart the thought arises, "This is mine; let no one else partake of it," the thread breaks, and he falls back into the old selfhood, and selfhood is hell.

Hell is only selfishness and egotism. Every time you allow an envious or selfish thought to dominate you, every time you begrudge another the chance to rise, you are endangering your own happiness and lessening your own security. We are all hanging upon the spider's thread. Look up and climb, and say, "God, strengthen those below."

There is room for all to climb to heaven.

This Date in History.

1214—French defeated the Germans at Bouvines.
1643—Cromwell victorious at Gainsborough.
1675—Turenne killed at Sassbach.
1689—Battle of Killiecrankie.
1694—Bank of England chartered.
1794—Fall of Robespierre and end of the reign of terror.
1799—Ferdinand IV of Naples restored.
1609—Battle of Talavera.
1830—Paris declared in a state of siege.
1866—Atlantic telegraph cable completed.
1889—Princess Louise of Wales married to the Duke of Fife.
1894—War declared between Japan and China.
1901—New battleship Maine launched at Philadelphia.

Tell the Awful Truth, William.

From the Chicago Tribune.

It is William Allen White, author of "What's the Matter with Kansas," who broadly insinuates that he has heard President Roosevelt use stronger language than "By George!" If the president, under great provocation, sometimes exclaims "Dog-on it!" Mr. White ought to come squarely out and say so.

Crossing the Herring Pond.

The liner was rolling frightfully.

"Jack," moaned the pale green but still lovely girl, "promise me that you will send my remains to the old home for burial."

He promised, and the motion grew gradually worse.

"Jack," she moaned again.

"Well, dear?"

"You needn't bother about my remains. There won't be any."

Tribute to Captain Doran

[The following commentary upon the character of Captain Doran and his heroic death is contributed by one who was a passenger on the Columbia on her last trip from this port to San Francisco.]

"God bless you,"—the last words of the brave Captain Doran of the lost steamship Columbia.

As a passenger having had the pleasure of several little talks with Captain Doran on the last trip of the Columbia down to San Francisco, such words and manner of farewell do not come as a surprise to me. In one of these conversations the talk naturally drifted to the perils of the sea and the experiences of those who master them. The captain made several premonitory remarks which in the light of following events showed that they were not of the moment but his innermost conviction, although to hear him utter them you knew that you were face to face with a brave and true man.

Among many of the things he said was that on his trips he never slept more than two hours in the night and that if he ever had an accident or lost a ship it would not be from carelessness on his part but from some unreckoned force. As different sea disasters were mentioned he calmly and emphatically declared that any captain was a coward who would leave his ship until every soul was off—it was his duty to go down at his post.

When asked if he ever thought, as all must who sail upon the sea, that his end would come by drowning, he hesitated, then answered, that he did not know had no feeling within himself concerning it, but this he did know, however his end befell, his final grave would be the ocean.

Nearly Saved by Mr. Fairbanks.

(A New and Popular Topical Song, Now Enjoying Immense Vogue in Washington and Indianapolis.)

I'm the girl was nearly saved by Mr. Fairbanks
When I fell into the lake at Yellowstone,
When I gurgled in the water in a way I hadn't ought to
And I screamed out in a loud and piercing tone.
Mr. Fairbanks, he was sitting on the piazza,
Reading articles on "How to Grow the Hair,"
I was saved from being saved by Mr. Fairbanks
By the fact that Mr. Fairbanks wasn't there.

I'm the girl was nearly saved by Mr. Fairbanks
From the waters of the icy inland sea.
'Twas a cruel trick of fate he was half an hour late,
But Mr. Fairbanks nearly rescued me.

When you read the advertisements in the papers,
Please remember I'm the only one there is
Who can furnish up the pageant for an up-to-date press agent,
Provided that he understands his biz;
Though it's true that all the wet on Mr. Fairbanks
Was the perspiration running down his face,
He's not less a hero, is he, if he happens to be busy
Saving all the nation at some other place?

I'm the girl was nearly saved by Mr. Fairbanks,
Had it only happened he was there to see,
But the thing that was the worst was that others saw me first,
So he only almost nearly rescued me.

—Stuart MacLean.

Some little while ago a popular writer visited a jail in order to take notes for a magazine article on prison life. On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter Mary. The writer and his offspring, a week later, were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked: "What place is that?" "The county jail," another answered, promptly. Whereupon Mary embarrassed her father, and aroused the suspicion of the other occupants of the carriage, by asking in a loud, shrill voice: "Is that the jail you were in, father?"

Small Change

Some men rest so much that they are tired.

• •

How much will that new Albany depot have cost the taxpayers of the state?

• •

Oyster Bay reporters have apparently been silenced by a whack of the Big Stick.

• •

It is reported that the bathers down at the beaches are having quite a swell time.

• •

The average voter cannot be interested by a plea for preserving the constitution.

• •

A scientist thinks hogs also have souls. But he was not speaking of endseat hogs.

• •

Butter has gone up. If this happens in midsummer, where will butter be next winter?

• •

It takes about a thousand false stories toward railroad building for every mile of road in Oregon.

• •

"Learn how to shoot," said the president to a lot of school children. They'd a deal better learn how to raise spuds.

• •

A blonde female is causing trouble in the Seattle courts. There is nothing strange about this except that she is a cow.

• •

Would-be United States senators are not paying so much attention to possible members of the legislature as they used to.

• •

A Seattle woman was divorced from two husbands at once, while another male creature was waiting to sacrifice himself.

• •

The invention of the typewriter has given employment to 1,000,000 women, not to mention the jobs it has given to divorce lawyers.

• •

Portland is nicely situated for beach visitors; they can run up here easily and quickly, and rest up and take a little recreation frequently.

• •

Railroad item, July 24, 1919: It is rumored around Sheepskin settlement that Harriman is going to build a railroad through central Oregon.

• •

Mr. Rockefeller is disappointed with the product of Chicago university, but if it is any consolation he can reflect that its freak professors have added considerably to the gaiety of the country.

• •

A Seattle poetess alludes to Mount Rainier as a "beauteous maiden," and calls on her to "wake." Well, Rainier may be like a Boston maiden for chilliness, but if she should wake she might be too hot.

Oregon Sidelights

Carpenters and lumber haulers are very busy in Lakeview.

• •

A Mill Creek man brought to The Dalles a 24-pound pumpkin.

• •

Thieves stole 88 bottles of beer and whiskey from Monument saloons.

• •

Gold Hill is to have a park and will be otherwise improved and beautified.

• •

Four crops of alfalfa will be cut from some fields around Echo and Hermiston.

• •

From only a part of a blackberry patch near Milton 100 crates were picked in one day.

• •

The peach crop in Lane county and southern Oregon will be light, and prices out of sight.

• •

A Malheur county couple, on separating, divided their six girl children equally, each taking three.

• •

The Grande Ronde valley cherry crop will be good and prices high, causing more orchards to be planted.

• •

Sufficient stock, over $53,000, has been subscribed to insure the construction of a condensed milk factory at Albany.

• •

It is a lucky thing for the side streets of Burns that a few Piute Indians get hold of a little fire water now and then, says the News.

• •

To repair his broken wagon a Linn county man cut and used a long piece of telephone wire along the highway, saying afterward that he did not know it was wrong.

• •

The Wedderburn Radium (monthly) for July says: "Sheep shearing begins on the 16th at the Hume ranch. Four clipping machines have been installed and will be driven by a gasoline engine."

• •

A man near Echo has threshed a field of barley of 160 acres from which he will receive from 60 to 70 bushels to the acre. Wheat is running from 25 to 40 bushels to the acre and some is making more.

• •

Condon Times: The stray cow is no respector of persons. One of these infernal nuisances ate up the editor's garden on Monday night. The labor of months gone into a worthless beast in an hour. Let us hope the stuff disagreed with her.

• •

There are men today in the vicinity of Pilot Rock, worth from $50,000 to $100,000 working in the hay field because they cannot find help, says the Record, while able-bodied men walk the streets of every town in the country that could not get trusted at one of the stores for $5 worth of merchandise.

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