EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. Jackson.....Publisher

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

STATEMENT NO. 1.

STILL, says the morning paper, candidates for the legislature are under no obligation to subscribe to statement No. 1, or any other statement. The law does not require them to do so and they need make no "statement" of any kind unless they choose. All of which is no news, and is, like most of the rest of that paper's utterances on this subject, aside from the question, perhaps, as the Pendleton Tribune urges with iteration, most of the people don't care whether candidates make or subscribe to this statement No. 1, but perhaps, on the other hand, a large proportion of the people do care, and will show next spring that they care. The point at issue in this statement simply is whether a member of the legislature will obey the instructions of the people and vote for the people's choice for United States senator, or whether he will refuse to be so bound and will regard himself as at liberty to vote for anybody he pleases. It is reasonable to suppose that since the people go to the trouble of voting for candidates for the senate in the primaries, and for the nominees of the primaries in the general election, they do care about how the members of the legislature vote, and do wish them to vote according to the people's vote in the June election. This most members of the last legislature, even those who did not subscribe to statement No. 1, did. They recognized, with but very few exceptions, the binding force of the people's expressed will. That was right, and it being so, what harm is there in making this statement in advance, so that the people will know just what to depend on?

We think that there will be a general popular demand among the people next spring that candidates for the legislature do this, and that as between candidates who do make this statement and those who do not, the former on this account will have and should have by far the better prospect of election. The people want to choose their own senator, and to render the action of the legislature a mere formal, official confirmation of their choice. This is what they have been long desiring and striving for—the election of senators by direct vote of the people—and now that this can be accomplished, without changing the constitution of the United States, the people should insist that it be done, that the plan be carried out, as it will be if all candidates for the legislature make statement No. 1 and adhere to it. We all know that they are not legally obliged to do this, but by voting against those who do not and defeating them, the people can bring to pass what they have so long desired. The man who won't obey the clearly and formally expressed will of the people should not be elected.

HUMIDITY.

HUMIDITY is blamed for most of the heat prostrations, deaths and suffering in eastern cities. Humidity is the relative amount of moisture suspended in the atmosphere. It varies from 30 odd per cent in cold, dry areas to 85 per cent in warm, wet areas, and when the percentage of humidity is high it affects people unpleasantly or even disastrously, especially when they are in just the right condition to "stand it off," as it were. The Boston Globe thus explains:

There is in every human organism a complicated heat-regulating function—a sort of automatic thermostat—the location of which is supposed to be near the base of the brain. It is due to the activity of this force that a man may go from the equator, where the mean temperature is well above the hundred mark, to the region of eternal snow, where again the temperature is as far the other way, and yet the internal heat register of his body will not vary a fraction of a degree, if he is in good health. It is the healthy working of this regulator that insures the health of the individual within practical limitations. This force acts chiefly through millions of sweat glands that are located in every part of the body, and by a well-arranged scheme of nature they are so situated that the most profuse action takes places.

If the air is already saturated with moisture, it does not readily take up the moisture from the body, and the perspiration remains on the skin, clogging up the pores, and producing internal congestions and collapses. And even where the percentage of humidity is rather high, it may be relieved by winds from a dryer region. All of which perhaps everybody knew, but the restatement of even the well-known fact may serve to renew our gratefulness for the privilege of living in a climate that even in the warmest days is not dangerous and scarcely disagreeable on account of humidity.

RAILROAD'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

THERE is some seeming confirmation of the reported change of attitude of the Southern Pacific with reference to the land grant. The corporation's high-handed policy of non-sale is said to have been abandoned as untenable. Several sales have been reported, and it is asserted that others are under negotiation. It is not impossible that it is the purpose of the corporation to dispose of the whole 3,000,000 acres of this magnificent domain before the meeting of congress.

Convinced that its position is weak and that forfeiture is imminent, the corporation is apparently putting the lands out of its hands, as far as possible. It may be that the transactions are bona fide, or it may be that in part they are bogus sales to sequester the lands. In either event, the purpose is to embarrass the courts and congress; and by every means barricade the way to forfeiture. It is one of the most arrogant notes of defiance a corporation ever hurled at a country and its people. Its pledge to sell the lands at $2.50 per acre is answered by sales at two, ten or twenty times that sum. Its pledge to sell to actual settlers is answered by sales, not to settlers, but to syndicates and over-rich corporations. The command of the law to sell the lands was answered by a stolid refusal to sell at any price or to anybody. It is a spectacle wherein the corporation seems bound by no pledge, subject to no authority, privileged to confiscate and plunder to please its fancy.

The fact, if it be a fact, that the corporation is now disposing of its lands with all haste is a plea of guilty, pure and simple, to all that is charged, and the best sign in the world that justice has been outraged and that forfeiture is long overdue. What are Senator Fulton, Senator Bourne, Mr. Hawley and Mr. Ellis going to do about it? Is this public plundering of Oregon to go on unchecked and unpunished?

THE OREGON CITY LOCKS.

ONE of the most interesting and important matters for Oregon that will be brought before the present congress, which convenes next December—18 months after its representatives from Oregon were elected—will be the project for freeing the Willamette river at Oregon City. The subject will be presented in an entirely new aspect, in which the conditional appropriation by the state of $300,000, providing congress will appropriate the necessary balance, is expected to be an influential factor. Without this appropriation on the part of the state, it is improbable that congress would consider the subject, and it is not at all certain that this action on Oregon's part will induce congress to depart from its policy of not improving rivers under similar conditions. Yet since Oregon has shown its willingness to assume so large a share of the expense, it is not improbable that congress may be induced to take the desired action.

Representative Hawley may of course be depended on to do everything in his power to win congress over to this action; in fact, this, next possibly to the Southern Pacific land grant forfeiture question, will be his principal task; and we believe he will prove to be a strong man for this work. Of course he will be ably seconded by Senators Fulton and Bourne, but he and they should have all the assistance that can possibly be rendered them by the commercial organizations and influential citizens of Portland. Though so near together, the Oregon City locks are in one congressional district and Portland in another, but Portland, as well as all the Willamette valley above the locks, has a deep and vital interest in this matter. Let everybody who can help get ready to pull for free locks at Oregon City.

A government official has formally informed the country that the Standard Oil corporation sells its product in Europe a good deal cheaper than it does to American consumers, but this is no news to most people. In Europe Standard Oil encounters some competition; here it has practically a monopoly. As no oil is imported, it doesn't need protection by a duty on oil, but of course would be given such protection to any extent asked if there were danger of any importations.

GIVE HIM THE FACTS.

MR. ALBERT PHENIS is a visitor to Portland to whom its commercial organizations should show every convenient courtesy. He is here to "write up" this city and region, from a manufacturing, commercial and general industrial point of view, and will do so thoroughly and impartially. He represents the Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, the leading periodical of its kind in the country, and one that recognizes and is much interested in the great opportunities of the Pacific coast.

The Journal some weeks ago quoted from the Manufacturers' Record its opinion of this coast, and will reprint a few sentences of an article in that very excellent periodical, published on May 16 last. It said:

Within the last 10 or 15 years the development of the Pacific coast, Washington, Oregon and California has come to be ranked as one of the wonders of the age. Since the days when the gold discoveries of California revolutionized the business interests of the world and turned to the Pacific coast a mighty stream of most active, virile people of America there has been continued and rapid expansion on the other side of the Rocky mountains. But within the last decade that whole region has moved forward with a marvelous progress known of in general, but only slightly comprehended in the east and elsewhere.

* * * Wall street, which sets the pace for much of the east, knows comparatively little of the real foundations on which American development is founded and knows but little of the mighty changes which are taking place in the south, in the west and on the Pacific coast. But Wall street is not alone in this ignorance. The great mass of people east of the Rockies have but a dim realization of that marvelous energy and activity which have created the empire of the Pacific coast.

Thus interested in the Pacific coast, the Record sent Mr. Phenis, an experienced investigator, hither, and after visiting Los Angeles and San Francisco has come to Portland, to obtain facts and impressions for use in articles written for that paper. He is not here to boom or exaggerate, or to color anything, but to ascertain and present the truth, and Portland is interested in having him fully informed, and supplied with all the data he may desire. The truth is good enough for Portland, and its presentation in the Record will be of much advantage to this city.

Mr. H. A. Dillard of Burns, Oregon, in a letter published Saturday, says that The Journal in a former issue said that "Nome, Alaska, is a fine ground for socialists and anarchists," and then he proceeds to argue that socialists and anarchists are not the same thing. The expression criticised was "anarchy or socialism," and was used in a news headline indicating the result of an interview. The Journal has never editorially confounded socialism and anarchy, and is aware that they are politico-economic opposites, yet the old saying that "extremes meet" may to some extent find verification here. At least these extremes are frequently found in company or contiguity, although the objects aimed at are opposite. Indeed, one kind of socialism finds expression in terms of active anarchy—as in Russia.

The father of the Rockefellers, real or imaginary, will do for a news story any time when sources of real news run low. Whether there is any such person living, and if so whether he has been robbed and left in squalid poverty and isolation, as has been frequently reported, is not known to the public; but the fact that John D. Rockefeller makes no explanations seems negatively confirmatory of the rumors, especially since he is garrulous lately about almost everything else.

The man with a small productive farm is the most independent man on earth. He fears no strike, he cares not for bulls and bears, he need worry about nothing; for one year with another he has enough and to spare, and with a conscience void of offense can look everyone in the eye.

The Manila Cablenews is booming General Luke E. Wright, ex-governor of the Philippines, for president. But the general does not loom up so large in the United States as he did in the Philippines.

There will be no hops. There will be as many hops as ever, or more. Don't believe either statement, or anything else said about hops.

Wall street is panicky again. But this does not affect the big wheat crop being harvested in the Inland Empire.

The Play

"Are You a Mason?" If so, you enjoyed with intense enthusiasm the play by that name at the Marquam last night. If not, you enjoyed it just as much, for it needs no acquaintance with the fine points of lodge membership to insure the appreciation of this farce.

The Americanized version of Ditrichstein's farce is what is called by the "profesh" a scream from beginning to end. It is one of the best known of the time-worn comedies and succeeds in convulsing the audience with annual regularity at stock company theaters. Considering the fact that the Stockwell-MacGregor company has no professional comedians among its members the play is very well produced and the laughs are forthcoming with encouraging regularity. The audience forgets all cares of business and thoughts of home and leans back and shakes during the scenes and between the scenes.

Franklyn Underwood shows his possibilities as a comedian, which are by no means small. His hearty, unaffected though rather boisterous laugh, is one of the best features of the play, and his female impersonation, in spite of his surplus bulk for a coy demoiselle, is a testimonial to his versatility and his sense of humor. Norval MacGregor, Edward Emery and Joseph Dailey, who carry the other three imporant male parts in what is signally a men's play, do creditable work. The women's work is light but well done. Georgie Woodthorpe in a character bit as an Irish maid, is excellent. Gynne Sterling as the country woman and Frances Slosson as Mara, Frank Perry, are clever, and Fred Hearn as an ambitous and gullible provincial, is funny.

"Overdoneness" is hardly a criticism against farce-comedy, for the plot is first a strain on the imagination and unreality may be exaggerated as one wishes. The play is one that appeals anywhere to the average summer audience because no troublesome thoughts follow it and a couple of hours spent in such continuous laughter are aids to the digestion and build up an after-the-ater appetite.

AT THE STOCK THEATRES

Star.

The thrills of a frontier play are reproduced in big sweeps at the Star this week in "The Scout's Revenge," and the cheers of a breathless audience greet the triumph of virtue against villainy. All the accepted and necessary figures in a rousing play of frontier life are depicted on the stage and Buck Hanshawe, the brave scout, brings to rout the treachery, scheming and cunning of Indians and white outlaws in the satisfactory finish of the play.

This week's offering at the Star is one of the most exciting of the plays presented there. Earl Dwire plays the part of the scout with enthusiasm and endears himself and his principles to his audience. Claudia Colonna, who plays opposite him, makes a sweetheart worth fighting for. Tom the waif, played by Lillian Field, is a pretty mixture of humor and pathos, and the juvenile roles of Eunice Murdock and Charles Connor are amusing. Frank De Camp's Indian is good enough to draw enthusiasm and the character work of William Diel and Cleo Bernard is real comedy.

Lyric.

A play that never loses its popularity is "The Two Orphans," being played at the Lyric this week. The role of Louise, the blind girl, played with pathetic sweetness by Verna Felton, has been essayed by almost every stock leading woman in the country and never fails to enlist the sympathy of the audience. Miss Felton plays the part with skill and assumes the make-up in a charming manner. Forest Seabury as the cripple comes in for his share of the honors, and Ralph Belmont, as Chevalier de Vaudrey, portrays a noble character with convincing truth. Charlotte Mundorf, as Henrietta, is most satisfactory, as is the rest of the support. A large crowd attended the opening performance of the play yesterday and the applause was generous.

The play will run throughout the week with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRES

A splendid bill of vaudeville attractions is offered this week at the Grand. The theater was crowded to the doors yesterday for the changed bill and there was much enthusiasm over many numbers.

A musical act by the Columbia County Four was received with storms of applause and encore followed encore. This quartet combines some excellently blended voices and offers serious or mirth-producing music with equal skill. Their comedy is exceedingly good.

William H. Macart, monologist, vies with Ezra Kendall, whom he copies, in his laugh-provoking scene. His jokes are funny and new, and are hit off with engaging humor. Harlan and Robinson have an especially good number in a musical feature which they have brought from the London music halls and which takes the audience immediately. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Powers in a comedy sketch, "The Players," keep up their end of the interest all the time they are on the stage. Hawley and Leslie do good impersonation work. Joe Thompson's song, "Snuggle Up Closer," meets with the sympathy of the audience. There are some good balancing stunts by Harry Tsuda.

Who Are Against It?

From the Echo Register.

Then let those eminent statesmen who don't like Statement No. 1 get out on the hustings and speak against its adoption. If some such declaration was adopted by the people of Oregon by a three fourths vote, how many statesmen would advocate auctioning off senatorial togas in Salem like old clothes at a Cheap John sale? Or do certain and sundry Oregon statesmen of various degrees and sapiency really think that they can win out better on a people-be-damned plank of their own which will do away with the direct primary and Statement No. 1 altogether? Any statesman who tries it will find lined up against him the power and influence of one United States senator plus some 75,000 common citizens accustomed to working for a living and prejudiced against the "good old way" of selling a seat in the United States senate to the corporation agent whacking up the most plunder with the members of the legislature.

Pheasants a Pest.

From the Albany Herald.

China pheasants in Linn county are causing farmers no end of trouble. They are literally taking the gardens. Farmers are beginning to get rid of the pests. They say they will not endure the restrictions of the game law, which was framed by the influence of city sports and "rod and gun clubs" to protect the Chinese bird. The farmers argue that they have to raise the birds and they will hunt and destroy them when they so desire. They are beginning to regard them as domestic fowls, as they are getting so tame as to come and eat with their poultry.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of grain and garden stuff is destroyed every year by the pheasants.

Can We "Make People Admire and Love Us?"

Our Reader Asks a Question That Has Been Asked Ten Million Times

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

By Arthur Brisbane.

A gentleman in Chicago who doesn't wish his name published sends in this question:

Can we make people admire and love us who are indifferent to us or who dislike or hate us?

That's the question that Cleopatra asked when, as a good looking young girl of seventeen, she tried to conquer Caesar in Rome. Caesar was polite to her and attentive. But she could not make him love her. She did better with Antony, and that was unlucky for Antony.

They say that the father of Frederick the Great walked about with a big stick in his hand, and was very angry when the children seemed afraid of him. He caught one youngster and beat him, explaining wrathfully, "I'll make you love me!"

If this anecdote is true, Frederick was the son of a very foolish old man.

The world is full of men and women who worry because they want to make somebody admire or love them, and because they find it can't be done.

Since the world began more money than Rockefeller ever saw has been spent on "love philters." These philters were intended to make some reluctant person love some other person. But they have never worked. Shakespeare and all the other old story-tellers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Old colored ladies in the south have love powders for sale even now, and white ladies in the north—less excusable in their fraud because less ignorant—also have the love powders for sale.

It is hopeless. Just why it is hopeless we don't know. But we state the fact on high authority of Beatrice Fairfax, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Dorothy Dix and all our other experts to whom the question has been submitted.

These wise women and others tell us that even where a little affection exists, palpable, plain effort to increase it usually kills off. Perhaps they will write on the subject more fully. We shall ask them to.

Meanwhile we advise our friend to remember that, although you can't make another person love you, you can make that person respect you. That isn't much comfort, but is some comfort. The way to make the person respect you is to leave him or her severely alone. That is also the quickest way of curing your infatuation.

There is an exception to everything, even to the statements above. You could make a person love you if you could take that person and go off to a desert island with no hope of a ship ever landing there. Every human being must love something. If he can't get what he wants he will ultimately love what he can get.

If you take two birds and lock them up in a cage together for a sufficient length of time they mate, simply because they don't want to spend their lives and waste their time in frigid isolation.

But each individual in the world meets dozens of others, and there is no possibility of compulsory affection by isolated propinquity.

Our reader will please remember that even if he should persuade the object of his affections to think that she loved and admired him, something inside of us tells us how we really feel. We can't deceive that "something" for long, and the deceit is always bad for us.

We advise our reader to look around him and see if he cannot find something "equally as good," as the conscienceless drug store man says when he tries to make you take rough salt in place of a good tooth powder.

Dinkelspiel on Steamboat Travel

By George V. Hobart.

Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal-Examiner.

Home. Now. Mein Lieber Looey—Ve haf receifed your letter from der Thousand islands und ve vas glat dot your commercial trafelling pitsness gifs you such a nice opportunities to drop in on dose places vich luffing Nature has prowided for summer resorts—if ve haf der price.

You say in der letter, Looey, dot your intention to vent to Chicago by der lakes on vun of dose big vale-backers, und could I gif you some adwice abould der ettyket of steamboats.

I ain'd no out'ority on such, Looey, but votefer is loose in my mind you vas welcome mit it, my son.

I had made ould a few rules abould vot you should not do on a big ocean steamboat, vich can also be used for fresh vater, und you should paste dese in your hat.

You should commital dem to memory in case der hat falls ofer der larboard vatch ahoy und leaves you ettyketless, yet.

Dese is dem, Looey.

RULES OF DER SEA.

Rule Fairst—Ven in doubt lead trump.

Rule Second—In case of sea-sickness go back home und begin all ofer.

Rule Next—A passenger should nefer fall oferboard eggscept at his own eggspense.

Rule Fort'—Remember dot all der high tides ain'd in der ocean, vich any bartender can prove.

Rule Fift'—If you dona'd see vot you vant ask der second mate und you vill get it—good und hart.

Rule Sigs—Passengers vich desire to svim in der ocean vill haf to furnish deir own beach.

Rule Sefen—If dare vas no sharks in der ocean yust sit in a poker game und you vill see dem.

Rule Eight—If your friends refusal to buy you a drink go up on der hurricane deck and get blown off.

Rule Nine—Der rubber-neck vagons chenerally leave der foot of der stairs efery half hour to go slumming in der steerage.

Rule Ten—Passengers should not tease der boiler, because it is liable to get sore und make a few scalding remarks, mebbe.

Rule Elefen—Passengers on der large ocean steamboats vill find der golf links yust forward und a leedle to der starboard of der place vare you splice der main brace.

Rule Tweif—In case of a storm at sea you vill find der life preserfers in der captain's safe, und you should put on der preserfers in dis way: Fairst you take your life in your hand und introduce it to der preserfer. Den took both ends of der leather strap und remoof der buckle mit you teet'. Now borrow a match und see vot time it is. If it is later den you eggspected, lift der life preserfer ofer der left shoulder so dot der eggstreme southern end of der crossection is supmerged. Now unbutton der cosmopolitan und ignite der gasoline, being eggstremely careful to keep der face pointed at der north. Valk backvards five paces und fall overboard. If you float you vas aces up. Udderwise you must haf put der life preserfer on wrong side ouid.

Mebbe dare is better rules of ettyket, Looey, but dese is all I haf to help you ofer der stormy vaters today.

Yours mit luff,

D. DINKELSPIEL,
per George V. Hobart.

Flitting Time.

From the Denver Republican.

We are rushing about at our house, as busy as busy can be;
For some of us head for the mountains and some of us head for the sea;
We have filled up the big Saratogas for Molly and Amy and Lou,
They're stuffed to the brim with creations—and every one of 'em new!—
Pa wanted to cut down expenses, but Mother, dear Mother, said nit,
For the call of the summer is on us—we must flit, flit, flit!

The dressmaker's working her head off to get the last ruffles all done,
For without the glad clothes in midseason there's ne'er an engagement won;
We are fussing and fretting and fuming—the tradesmen are kept on the go—
There's cutting and slashing and snipping, and trouble and worry and woe;
Pa says it ain't worth what it's costing—in fact doesn't like it a bit—
But the call of the summer is on us—we must flit, flit, flit!

There's a mountain of baggage all ready and soon we'll be speeding away;
It's something to show those old neighbors when your trunks more than fill up a dray!
But the smile that Pa gives is sickly, and I think he just muttered "By heck!"
When Mother said: "Now you be sure, dear, to send us each day a large check."
He'll be toiling away in the city, meeting bills that will give him a fit,
But the call of the summer is on us—we must flit, flit, flit!

He Must and He Is.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

"Must a boss be an ass?" asks the New York World apropos Murphy's action in calling Tammany together to approve Bourke Cockran's plan of making the government a partner in all public corporations. We are inclined to agree with the Hartford Times that the answer to the World's inquiry is: "Yes, he must; also, he is." We say this with apologies to all the tribe of asses, for notwithstanding their apparent stupidity, the ass, and particularly his left-handed progeny, the mule, is far superior to the political boss, and particularly to the Democratic boss.

Art Versus Love

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Is human love the growth of human will?

A number of young women artists of this city believe it to be so, or at least they believe that they can control that elusive and particularly mischievous young god, Cupid.

They are going to form an Adamless Eden down on Long island, and woe to the marauding Adam who pokes his inquisitive nose into that enchanted Eden without a most particular invitation.

The young women declare that art and love cannot travel hand in hand; that the latter seriously handicaps the former.

And so with one sweep of the brush they are going to wipe the magic word "love" out of their lives for the next three years.

Each member of the club must solemnly promise to forswear the society of man except on very rare occasions.

Man may be disposed of in this cavalier manner, but the young women reckon without their host if they imagine that they can take such a high-handed course with Master Cupid.

To him, forbidden ground is just where he loves best to trespass.

Coax him, and he will not come, repel him, and he comes with hurrying feet.

There is really no sense in a girl's pledging herself to spinsterhood.

If the right man comes along it is better that she should marry and become a good wife than waste her time in learning to be a mediocre artist.

If a girl has in her the sublime spark that will make of her a real artist she will do good work without forswearing the society of men.

To enjoy a little social life, to go out occasionlly and have some fun, is good for every branch of work. The girl who sees nothing of men, who shuts herself up as a recluse, is likely to become narrow and prim.

If she is interested in her work and bound to succeed, of course she cannot spend all her time gadding about.

But there is reason in everything, and in forming a colony where the word man is tabooed I think the young women artists are going to extremes.

The best thing for every young girl to do is to get married if she is sought by a worthy man.

Where there is genius or even great talent I can quite see that the cares of married life might interefere with a woman's Godgiven gift.

But in the ordinary case where a girl merely has an aptitude for drawing pretty little sketches it seems the height of folly to waste the best years of her life in daubing paints when she would be so much better occupied in rearing babies.

Remember this, my girls, that few of you may be fitted for public careers or to paint great pictures or sing great songs, but every one is most probably capable of being a most excellent wife and mother. Don't try to drive love out of your lives, for no woman can live happily without it.

Keep Cool.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Is there any deep-seated opposition between Japan and the United States sufficient to cause war? The most important conflict of interests is commercial. There is a trade war in sight for the control of oriental markets, but the situation is not of the kind that can be settled by force of arms. It will be fought out on trade lines.

Another conflict will concern the admission of Japanese laborers to this country after the present treaty expires. There is no doubt that the United States offers a tempting field for such laborers, and there is also no doubt that very strong interests in this country will object to their immigration in large numbers. Suppose we establish a policy of exclusion, would Japan have sufficient motive for fighting? It is hardly conceivable. What is conceivable is that she may adopt retaliatory commercial measures against us, but that is all. And even that is a matter of several years' delay.

We have no motive to fight. Japan has no motive to fight. If Japan had a motive it would have sense enough to refrain because of lack of funds. The best thing our jingoes can do is to pack ice on their heads till the cool weather comes.

No Menace to Peace.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

This movement from the Atlantic to the Pacific is not intended as a menace to Japan or any other power. It is simply an effort to find out whether the navy can do what it might be required to do in case of war. It is a demonstration whose success will help prevent war.

It will also be a spectacle giving to every American a greater sense of security. No matter how averse any man may be to war, evidence that his country is well prepared to defend itself and him is comforting.

The spectacle of power, always ready to uphold the flag and protect the life and property of every citizen, strengthens confidence throughout the nation.

The proposed cruise is to be commended on every round. It will help to remove possibilities of war, and from a purely mercantile point of view the assurance that it gives is of enormous value.

A Serious Automobile Accident.

From Puck.

Galey—That auto accident in the park in which De Roxton figured turned out more serious than was anticipated.

Gadsby—Why, what's the latest?

Galey—The reporters discovered his real name and his wife is suing for divorce.

Small Change

Now maybe we'll have some sum'mer.

* *

Why not tax the billboard advertising space?

* *

A professional gambler is an undesirable citizen.

* *

All weddings are still either pretty or very pretty.

* *

Judge Landis appears to take trust busting seriously.

* *

Now is a good time to buy winter clothes—also fuel.

* *

If dogs delight in dog days, they have some growls coming.

* *

Most people have to labor on Labor day the same as on others.

* *

But could a man absorb a beer tablet on Sunday or after 1 o'clock a. m.?

* *

Uncle Joe Cannon seems to have his boom safely concealed. He's a foxy old guy.

* *

Vacation is a good thing; it makes people contented for a long time afterward with home.

* *

Louisville, Kentucky, can't attract ex-Governor Taylor back by any old home week attractions.

* *

An eastern paper has an article on "A Rare $100 Bill." Any old $100 bill is rare to most of us.

* *

Is any waitress planning to tumble in the river when Taft is here? No, it should be some new scheme.

* *

"Best thing in the house—Bull Run water." How would this do for placards in all public places?

* *

If, as Governor Buchtel claims, Colorado is Eden, the story must be revised, the snake was the one that stayed in.

* *

Slowly, with difficulty, some railroad presidents are beginning to get a correct idea of the real nature of railroads.

* *

Now that Champ Clark in addition to Jimy K. Jones has predicted Bryan's election, there seems to be no hope for him.

* *

The Sultan of Morocco is named Abdul Asiz. But it looks as if this last name might be changed to As-Was before long.

* *

It is said that cucumbers are 95 per cent water, but it is hard to believe that only 5 per cent of them is internal ache material.

* *

Vardaman's visits to the mourner's bench seemed to have no more effect on the Mississippi voters than Orchard's conversion did on the Haywood jury.

Oregon Sidelights

Many 50, 55 and 60-bushel yields of wheat around Weston.

* *

Powder river valley offers good opportunities for small farmers.

* *

Several barley fields around Athena yielded 80 bushels an acre.

* *

A dry-land farm near Burns will yield 30 bushels an acre of wheat.

* *

Corvallis sidewalks are in a badly dilapidated condition, says the Times.

* *

La Grande is very dull, admits the Star; but lots of work is being done in the country.

* *

Probably 3,000 crates of loganberries went to waste in the Lake Labish neighborhood for lack of help to care for them.

* *

An Astoria policeman bought a stolen launch worth several hundred dollars for $15, and now may lose his job as well as the money.

* *

So far the year 1907 has been the busiest Brownsville has ever had, and the prospects are very bright for an unprecedented continuance throughout the fall and winter season, says the Times.

* *

Charles Adams, who is fishing for crawfish in the Tualatin, last week sent in to Seattle, Washington, his best market, 150 dozen. He makes two shipments per week, and get 18 cents per dozen, above express charges.

* *

A number of farmers living midway between Sherwood and Butteville have recently sold the timber on their farms to a Portland syndicate for a little above $16 per acre, in all above 500 acres. Ten years is given for the removal of the same.

* *

A Roseburg man tells the News that never before since he had been in business in this city had he seen the prosperity that now exists within its borders. Everything is on the boom, building is forging ahead at a wondrous rate, mercantile business was never as good.

* *

Editor S. A. Thomas of the Lexington Wheatfield, according to the Heppner Times, is loading header boxes in the harvest field at $3.50 per in the daytime. At night he goes to Lexington, gets out his paper, runs the electric light plant, the creamery, and his leisure time is occupied by the duties of town marshal.

* *

Tillamook Herald: The "bull pup" editor of the Headlight is taking his annual vacation at the beach this week. By way of reminder, two years ago this summer, while taking our outing at Netarts, Baker borrowed a dozen bottles of beer and has never returned them yet. The fact is we have no beer to loan—especially to our brother editor.

* *

Last year W. D. DeVarney was hunting in the Coast range about 60 miles from Roseburg, when he fell and slid 40 or 50 feet down a canyon. On reaching camp he discovered the loss of a valuable Swiss alarm watch. It could not be found. While out hunting this summer a companion suddenly shouted: "Here's the watch you lost last year." And it was.

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