

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. P. B. Jackson, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at the Journal Building, 517 and 519 Broadway, New York.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico. DAILY. One year, \$3.00. Six months, \$1.75. Three months, \$1.00.

Foreign Advertising Representatives. Foreland-Bendish Special Advertising Agency, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.

What is a Democrat? has been worked until it has done overtime. It has reached the borderland of the silly. It never was a brilliant conception. Those who have most exploited it, including the New York World, have no concern as to what is a Democrat.

On both occasions the New York World, which arrogates to itself a special dispensation for determining "what is a Democrat" thought differently. It, and the handful of so-called Democrats who went Republican with it, thought themselves orthodox, and the several millions wrong.

Neither a Democrat nor his political opponent are created or classified by man-made recipes. Each is the product of fixed sociological laws for the working out of human destiny.

At any rate, Rockefeller is worth studying. He is interesting psychologically. He is a law-breaker, a public enemy, a towering menace to the republic; but he cannot see this at all; he feels no guilt; he smiles, and chatters, and charitably forgives his persecutors, saying: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

THE NEW YORK WORLD asks: "What can be done about the cost of living? Are present conditions to continue? Will they grow worse? Can government help solve the problems of the housewife? If high prices have come to stay, how can plain people best meet them?"

These are pertinent and pressing questions, in spite of "unexampled prosperity." The prosperity of the wage-earner and small property-owner is absorbed by these constantly rising prices. And to high prices are added, in a multitude of cases, short weights and measures.

protection of the habeas corpus and trials by jury impartially selected. These principles should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction."—Thomas Jefferson, March 4, 1801.

ROCKEFELLER.

EVERY EDITOR writes about Rockefeller, of course. He is a perennial topic, and will be for 25 years yet, if his physician's prediction comes true. He is indeed an interesting character. The richest man in the world is bound to be so.

As we remarked recently, Rockefeller has good streaks in him. He may not be very well understood. The ideal that most of us think had perhaps honestly thinks good. He is monstrously perverted, ethically, but he may mean well, and honestly believe that he is serving God and humanity.

It is not easy for us to put ourselves in one-another's places, mentally and morally. Rockefeller seems lately to want to placate the world, not because he has done anything wrong, but because the people in their ignorance and blindness cannot appreciate or understand him.

Rockefeller is a sublimated Pickens; his hypocrisy is so colossal that the vice of it assumes a shape of monumental virtue. He believes he is a prodigy that is entitled to rise above mere human laws; that he is not to be governed like common men, whom he pities for not being able to comprehend his great mission.

Ownership and chauffeurship of an automobile seems to give some people a speed mania, under the influence of which they lose their common sense and good character, and become reckless and utterly selfish. A writer in the Saturday Evening Post tells of a ride with a man in his automobile whom he had known for many years as a kindly-disposed, considerate gentleman, but who on this occasion seemed to be transformed into a rushing demon of the road.

John D. Rockefeller is in reality a criminal, with the injuries of millions on his soul; he is a law-breaker, a public enemy, a towering menace to the republic; but he cannot see this at all; he feels no guilt; he smiles, and chatters, and charitably forgives his persecutors, saying: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

NOT A DEMAGOGUE.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON of Minnesota is getting some apparently deserved credit for his action in the case of the recent Mesaba range miners' strike, which was ended in short order, perhaps through the early and firm stand he took. The strike was promoted by the Western Federation of Miners, but from all accounts was foredoomed to failure, as there was no serious complaint of conditions on the part of the miners, who were not really in sympathy with the

strike order. Under these circumstances trouble was threatened, and Governor Johnson went to the mines and investigated, serving notice at the outset that no violence or law-breaking would be tolerated; and that everybody would be protected by the state in either working or declining to work.

to do about it? Answering its own question—the question of millions—how to reduce the cost of living without reducing wages or the returns of the farmer, the World says:

- 1. By lowering the tariff; 2. By further development of machine production and farming science; 3. By the graduated income tax and graduated inheritance tax to shift a part of the burden of taxation from weak shoulders to strong ones, and by local tax reform in cities; 4. By enforcing the "square deal" against monopolistic trusts; 5. By economical government, especially in cities; 6. By waging relentless war on "graft" in politics; 7. By enforcing honest measure upon retailers; 8. By a broad and intelligent forestry policy; 9. By enforcing the laws upon railroads; 10. By better and cheaper rapid transit in cities.

AUTOMOBILE "MANIACS."

MANY COMPLAINTS are made by people living along country roads, especially those not far from a large city, both east and west, of automobile racing along these rural highways. Among other complaints made is that these heavy, swiftly moving machines wear out roads very rapidly, as wagons do not. Macadam roads, it is said, are adapted either to swiftly-moving light vehicles or to heavy ones that move slowly, but are quickly ruined by heavy vehicles that run fast.

Perhaps cheaper concrete, materials for which appear to be plentiful, will grow in favor as building material, and help to break up the lumber trust—but we suppose that as soon as concrete becomes popular as a building material there will be a concrete trust, if there isn't one already. The hobo is the only man who isn't robbed.

A Buffalo preacher says that hell is full of peek-a-boo walts, but why the innocent, insensate things should be sent there, or how they escape destruction by the flames, he does not say. Nor does he tell us what their former wearers are wearing now in the other place. Perhaps he can't get a look-in there.

Farmers of New York state want help. No further away than Tioga \$1.50 a day and "found" awaits the laborer in the fields.—New York World. Is that all? And about 16 hours a day work, too. Come to Oregon, young man, and get from \$2.50 to \$5 a day in our harvest fields.

A Chicago university professor is finding fault with Walter Scott's grammar. But Walter Scott knew more, and could tell it a thousand times better, than a million such fellows as this professor rolled into one.

Dog Day Inventions.

We have purchased a wonderful dog-telephone. That barks in the dead of night; Guaranteed to guard any house alone and drive away intruders. We have also a curious cat-graph. For scaring the mice and rats. A patented thing that would make you But a jewel for catless flats. We've a new breeze-cola for dusting. A warranted thing, of course. That does away with our rags and brooms. We've an autohaker for mixing drinks. And a cracker machine for ice. A scrub-o-motor for cleaning sinks.—But these by no means suffice. We're in need of a psycho-electric cheer. And a galvanic-panic maid. In the kitchen and once a week. A chance at an anti-trust laundry brig. Is a thing that our souls bespeak. A wireless mail would make less to do. And an aeroplane bed. Would let us out hot boundaries eschew. And sleep in the air instead. In fact we'd consider a copyright scheme. For a way to take this way into. Or indulge in a non-chemico ice cream. Should it happen to come our way.—L. S. Waterhouse.

Motoring Over the Simplon.

From the Ladies' Pictorial. The Swiss passes are gradually being opened to motor traffic. The latest to abandon prejudiced ways is the Simplon, but coupled with this concession to progress the authorities of the Wallis Canton make certain stipulations, in including that no means agreeable one that is a pedestrian way into the horse drawn vehicles the man at the wheel must steer toward the outer edge of the road away from the protection of the inner curve toward the usually unprotected side bordering on the precipice.

Watermelon.

The directors are cutting a melon. "Indeed? Surplus earnings, I suppose." "No, the proceeds of a new stock issue." "Oh, a watermelon."

There isn't anything unusual about that. Monkeys are interesting. Children are dull.

There isn't anything unusual about that. Monkeys are interesting. Children are dull. There isn't anything unusual about that. Monkeys are interesting. Children are dull.

Dinkelspiel on Looey's Birthday.

Home, Dis Veek. Mein Lieber Looey—Ve haf received your letter from Vinnipeg and ve vas glad to hear it dot your healt' continuous free and independent der same in Canada as it does unter der Stars and Stripes.

Your mother and me ve remembered dot last Tuesday vas your birthday, Looey, and ve vas mit you in der spirits. Your Uncle Rudolph dropped in and he vas also mit you in der spirits—mostly viskey and lemons.

Den he vas off der road steps and he vas offer der lawn mitout spillin' nuddings. Ven I come home py night times, yet, Und sit down py a chair. Und small, vee, leedle hants dey make me pullin' mit my hair!

Prinze Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William, was born on August 14, 1862, in Potsdam. He was at one destined for the naval career, to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, the first German admiral, Prince Adalbert, to whom the organization and spirit of the German navy are in a large measure due.

Not So Bad.

From the Astoria Budget. The dry has been heard that this has been a poor fishing season and so it has from many points of view, but so far as its effect on the city at large in a commercial way is concerned it is a good one.

Her Letters.

Yearly by the lake or mountain, Yearly by stream or shore, She shows in her dreamal dalliance Till the redhot days are o'er; And daily by mail her letter Comes with its wall of care: "Oh, look in the dressin' locker, And send me that 'rat of hair!'"

This Date in History.

1893—Five persons executed for murder at San Mateo, Cal. 1733—Capitulation of St. Sebastian. 1788—British warship Royal George sunk near Spain. 1870—Steamship Teutonic broke the trans-Atlantic record. Time, 5 days 16 hours and 31 minutes. 1892—British expedition in a hotel at Denver, Colorado, killed 25 persons.

Six Hours for Monkey, Twelve Hours for Child.

There isn't anything unusual about that. Monkeys are interesting. Children are dull.

There isn't anything unusual about that. Monkeys are interesting. Children are dull. There isn't anything unusual about that. Monkeys are interesting. Children are dull.

What Do You Laugh At?

Tell me what amuses you and I'll tell you what you are.—Victor Hugo. Man is the only animal that laughs—at least, man says so, and we are inclined to think that he tells the truth.

The higher form of intellect enjoys the higher wit of a Mollere or a Swift—wit without method, or a man who is not more violently pleased when the hatbox enters the vaudeville artist's cork skull.

Small Change.

If in a hurry, don't wire, write. Buy a good milk cow and get rich. Fryer's dashes to the pole are slow affairs.

Oregon Sidelights.

Vale will have a new bank, hotel and hardware store. Hop picking will begin in some localities next week. A freshwater man sold four 7-month-old pigs for \$83.10.

An East Side Bank for East Side People.

The Commercial Savings Bank.

INVITES THE ACCOUNTS of Corporations and individuals desiring reliable banking connections. INTEREST AT 4%.

George W. Bates, President.

J. S. Birrell, Cashier.