

THE JOURNAL

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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.—Charles Elliot Norton.

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. Both are the result of an inevitable and never-ending struggle between human forces.

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.

This writer tells of other incidents and instances, and says the citizen who isn't in an automobile "has all the worst of it"; that "his rights are not even thought of by the average man in a car," and that therefore strict laws are necessary and should be enforced regarding automobiles.

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

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 walrus, 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 to bark at thieves away in front. 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-eola for dusting. A warranted thing, of course. That does away with our rags and brooms. In a way one might call perfume. 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-maid. For the daily racket would make one deaf. And a cook does not share our joys. We could use a galvanic-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 our hot boundaries eschew. And sleep in the air instead. In fact we'd consider a copyright scheme. For a new July today. 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 the by no means agreeable one that the pedestrian way into the motor 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. Considering the dangerous nature of mountain motoring at its best, one may well be excused if this rule does not tend to excite the indignation of the Italian, more especially as non-observance of this regulation is punishable by the infliction of fines varying from 20 to 500 francs on the first conviction and double that amount thereafter. The permit of 5 francs (thirty Swiss) can be obtained from the German consulate at Grando, on either side of the pass.

A Watermelon.

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

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.

A small politician would have kept still and silent for fear of offending somebody, and then there might have been much damage and lawlessness, when he might have interfered; but Governor Johnson did not wait for a crisis; he prevented it by notifying all parties that they must strictly mind their own business and let other people do the same; that the state laws would be enforced against all alike, on the first provocation, the militia being ready at call if needed. The consequence was that the unpopular attempt to force a strike was given up, nobody was hurt, and the work went ahead. A demagogue would have done differently; Governor Johnson is evidently no demagogue.

The interstate commerce law, as amended in 1889, provided that an officer or director of a corporation convicted of a violation of the law could be imprisoned, in addition to imposing a fine on the corporation. As amended by the Elkins act of 1903 the penalty of imprisonment was abolished, and the minimum limit of fines was eliminated. The rate law of 1906 reestablished the imprisonment penalty, but contained the "immunity bath" joker. After a few more years it may be possible to send a big thief to jail.

Home, Dis Veek. Mein Lieber Looey—Ve had received your letter from Vinnipeg and ve was glad to hear it dot your heart' 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 was your birthday, Looey, and ve was mit you in der spirits.

Your Uncle Rudolph dropped in and he ve also mit good in der spirits—mostly viskey and lemons. If you get all der heat dot your Uncle Rudolph drunk to you, Looey, den you will make out Meuselum's record look like der work of a dyspeptic piker. Every time dere was recess in der conversationing you Uncle Rudolph would fill der flowing bowl and after vialing you der complimentaries of der beer, den he would take a quick vorch der grocery store and vial your mother keeps for cooking.

Und ven der shades of evening fell over our scene, you Uncle Rudolph started to zigzag homevard, he vialpered by your mother, "Katrina, if any mistake has been made about der date to Looey's first day send me quick word and I am here again mit louder wishes for his health and a longer tirat!" Den he vial rolled off der steps and hen vial offer der lawn mitout spilling nuddings. P. Cheyve, Looey and you was now treading der yearling der grass.

It seems like it was only yesterday dot you was a leddy baby, und here it is you was now old earning your own lifting and always goot son to your oil father and mother. We ain't got any presents to gif you, Looey, mit der egception dot your mother has bought you about eight dollars worth of necessities, vial vial send a shiver of egagement through your system from pit to dome ven you see der colors.

I am sending you just a copy of der leddy wares dot I made for you ven you was only ven year old. Mebbe it is dot you would like to read der dem, but den I set it den I set it now, Looey, and I hope it is dot some day you vial say der same idea to your own children.

Dese is der leddy verses, Looey, und I haf made dem der in my own hand-writing like dis, yet: Ven I come home py night times, yet, Und sit down py a chair, Und smell, ve, leddy hants dey make me pulling mit my hair; Und ven a voice mitout some words "To my voice has replied, I vial say, "Ach, I know you!" A smile just femp' festa vied!

Ven ve, small, leddy hants dey grasp me, Und der pink-vite toes; Und leddy eyes dey blink at me, Und vial say, "Ach, I know you!" I vunder vy I get some smiles, Dot breaks my face in two?

Ven leddy eyes was closed in sleep, Und his ve, chuppy hant, It holds my finger tight so he vial say, "I vunder vy I get some smiles, I vunder vy from out my eyes I brush away der tears, Und ask der good Lord, "If you please, Be kind through der years" Yours mit luff, D. DINKELSPIEL, per George V. Hobart.

Prince Henry of Prussia.

Prince 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. Prince Henry's love for the sea and his adventurous spirit were thoroughly gratified, when a youth, by several long cruises around the world. It was in 1884 that he was appointed to the rank of lieutenant-captain, and in 1888 he attained the rank of captain. He was promoted to the rank of rear admiral on September 15, 1895, that of rear admiral on June 24, 1898, to Princess Irene of the Netherlands, and in 1901 Queen Victoria and a sister of the present Czarina of Russia. In 1903 Prince Henry made an extended tour of the United States and was everywhere accorded a most enthusiastic reception.

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 not so bad as it is made out to be. The first place the great majority of the catch has been taken by the gillnetters and fully 75 per cent of the salmon caught have been large fish which brought not less than 7 cents per pound. This means the distribution of a large sum of money among the working classes who purchase the supplies at home and patronize the local people whenever they buy anything. They are the beneficiaries of the money which goes to the gillnetters is distributed among a large number, much of it is certain to finally find its way into the commercial channels.

Six Hours for Monkey, Twelve Hours for Child

There isn't Anything Unusual About That Monkeys Are Interesting. Children Are Dull.

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

Out in Nebraska the Humane society is excited about monkeys. It seems that monkeys employed on the surface of hand organs, with little red coats, and cocked hats, and chains around their waists, are overworked. The laborious Italian artists sometimes keep them out all day long. The hand organ monkey doesn't know the joys of the eight-hour day, and the good humane people are excited.

In Omaha, a kind-hearted, deeply moved gentleman appeared before the city council representing the cruelty to animals' society and demanded justice. Said he: "I have seen some monkeys working for as many as 10 and 12 hours daily. Six hours is long enough for the little creatures to be on duty." A good many of our friends have sent us this clipping, and have asked what we thought about it. The queries are based upon the fact that out in the fair land where the monkey finds a defender there are lots of children working ten to fourteen hours a day for messenger companies, and some working as long at more painful occupations.

Dinkelspiel on Looey's Birthday

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

Man is the only animal that laughs—at least, man says so, and we are inclined to think that he tells the truth. The Dogs, monkeys and other animals look happy, they show their teeth and let their lips hang down in a funny fashion. But they do not laugh.

Man laughs, and his laughter betrays his character. Victor Hugo says: "Tell me what amuse you and I'll tell you what you are."—Victor Hugo.

Laughter indicates amusement, in one of its phases. The ordinary laughter simply indicates a moment, combined with surprise. The laugh is caused by some kind of explosion that occurs in the brain, which sends out the nerves. When events follow the natural course there may be amusement and pleasure, but there is no laughter. There are all kinds of human beings, and all kinds of laughter in the world, just as there are all kinds of human beings. The primitive mind of a child laughs merrily when a friend falls on the ice or falls downstairs.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are thoroughly good and kind, and the artist burles a hatched in the cork wig of his vaudeville associate, or squirts seltzer water in his face in the barber shop. The higher form of intellect enjoys the higher wit of a Mollere or a Swift—wit without meanness, and without the who is most violently pleased when the hatched enters the vaudeville artist's cork skull.

Laughter is only a mode of expression, it can express brutality or gentle kindness. You may see an ignorant, stupid face cracked with laughter, and the child in the sight of a drunken woman. How far removed that is from the beautiful, mirthful smile of an old man answer to the ingenious questions of some little child.

All of laughter, one-half is brutal, noisy and meaningless, one-quarter is malicious, and one-quarter is developed characters are betrayed by our laughing at the misfortunes of others. One-quarter, perhaps, is a kind of laughter called forth by wit or harmless humor. The most depressing kind of laughter is not that of the fool, as described by Burns—'I get it, but it is simply business with them. If hop raising does not pay, there are other crops that will.

Seavey's Point, on the Kennebec river, has long been famous as the home of reptiles, the people living near there claiming it is the greatest rattlesnake producing community in the Willamette valley. It is also said that the Gila monsters are there, the lizard-like creature whose very breath is said to be poisonous.

Burns Times-Herald: The steady influx of new people hunting homes in the Harney county continues and there is no falling off. Few people are every day and but few leave. They see at once its possibilities and the question of a market no longer has any weight, as all are convinced that by the time they have the land properly prepared and ready for a crop the railroad will be here to take the products to market.

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 dress I love, And send me that 'rat of hair!'"

Fond in her beautiful patience, When resting by lake or sea, She turns from her latest novel, With ever a thought for me; And so she writes me every day, Her postal is handed in; "Look on the bureau, darling, And send me that green hatpin!"

Ever from where she wanders, Lake, or valley, or hill, She shows in her dreamal dalliance She knows I am living still; For, morning, and noon, and evening, Faithful, her letters pour; "Oh, look in the dress I love, And send me that 'rat of hair!'"

This Date in History. 1892—Five persons executed for murder at San Francisco. 1778—Capitulation of St. Sebastian. 1823—British warship Royal George sunk near Spain. 1870—Steamship Teutonic broke the trans-Atlantic record. Time, 5 days 16 hours and 31 minutes. 1871—British expedition in a hotel at Denver, Colorado, killed 25 persons.

Small Change

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

Nobody objects to useful and necessary noises. Everything is as quiet at Oyster Bay as an oyster. A man can take a vacation trip on a hog—or a hog's price.

The Taff boom seems to be the only one left in sight. An English lord has partly reformed; he has become a tramp.

It is a good time to strike; the hog will soon be ready to pick. But we suppose the talked-of soulies has no microbes in it. Hop men think a greatly needed reform is more beer drinking.

It looks as if the big would-be panemakers got beat at their own game. Golden butter, sure enough; it will soon take gold to buy a roll of it.

It wasn't much of a job, after all, to make a Portland lid that fitted. There are 30,000 Johnsons in Chicago, but how many of them are Johnsons is not stated.

The country has no objection to Captain Hobson going to war on his private account. If the government breaks up the corner trust, it will only be by a tight squeeze.

Wall street is about the only part of the country that is discouraged and unhappy. Dr. Hillis says there are 44 roads to hell. He is a young man to have traveled so much.

Perhaps Uncle Sam will get that \$10,400,000 in time to finish the Panama canal with it. Mr. Rockefeller says he works for the people. But he slipped in the word "for" by mistake.

A lot of men have made a good deal of money in consequence of the strike, or saved it, because they couldn't buy by wire. Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees not a complete victory by both sides won.

A year or so ago an Oklahoma woman stumbled over her husband's feet as he was kneeling in prayer in their darkened parlor, and broke his neck. The other night the husband fell backward in his chair off a veranda and broke his neck. What we would like some psychologist to consider is the proposition that she came back and tipped him over to get even. Or, perhaps, because she longed for his company.

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 \$88.10. There is an unusual demand for houses in Ashland.

All the hop yards around Corvallis will yield good crops. A Harvey county woman gave birth last week to triplets.

A haystacker used in Grant county will put up 40 tons an hour. An alleged new kind of trout has been found in Meacham Creek.

Eugene's population will double within three years, predicts the Guard. Sixteen regular trains arrive at Eugene daily—occasionally one on time.

A large number of families have settled in northern Lake county within the past few months. Extensive preparations are being made in the Malheur oil field, and the world will hear from the Vale oil fields before many months pass by.

Sterry Bullis, a little Corvallis boy, is still bedfast and suffering from a Fourth of July accident, in which his clothing caught fire. Nearly all the skin on his back was burned off, and it is only very slowly and with difficulty that nature is supplying new skin.

Woodburn Independent: It is a dead certainty that there will be a large number of hopyards plowed up if the growers do not receive a fair price for this season's crop. It is simply business with them. If hop raising does not pay, there are other crops that will.

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