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Righteousness is a straight line, and is always the shortest distance between two points—W. H. Howe.

LET THE STATE ACT.

IT IS STATED that the railroad companies in this state are refusing to furnish equipment for interstate shipments except when they desire to do so. The business of this state is being placed at the mercy of lawbreakers, for that is what they are. The interstate law, the state law and the common law require cars to be furnished by carriers for the business they hold themselves out to perform or should perform. There is not a railroad in this state but what holds itself out, by its tariffs, by its notices and in every way it can, as engaged in interstate business. These lawbreakers and law defiers should be treated as any other lawbreaker would be treated under like circumstances.

For years not a railroad doing business in this state has had sufficient equipment. The Oregon & California does not average one car to the mile of road, the Astoria road but little better and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company has but a trifle over two cars to the mile. Compared with other western roads the lack of equipment is ridiculous. To add to the difficulty, the Union Pacific system, in its efforts to secure the long haul over its own roads and to monopolize the traffic, has shut out the opportunity to get cars from other roads.

This condition must be met with a firm hand and with all the power of the state. The fight must not be cast upon the individual shipper. The railroads will not furnish equipment and they treat the laws with contempt. The governor of this state and the railroad commission should at once take steps to compel obedience to the law, to compel the carrier to do its duty. The resentment of the railroad to the slightest control, the spirit of retaliation apparent in every move that is made, is bearing fruit. It seems that they have not yet learned the lesson that the law is supreme. The issue is plain. Let the state act and at once and with firmness and vigor.

NATIONAL AND CITY POLITICS.

THE ADMINISTRATION, according to reports, is going to make a tremendous effort to beat Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland and elect Representative Burton for mayor of that city. There is no disguise of the fact that this is a purely partisan movement, designed to help the Republican party in Ohio and solidify it in the interest of Secretary Taft for president. What is done in Cleveland may with as good an excuse, on principle, be done in every other Ohio city. But Cleveland and Johnson are selected because it is a large and important city and Johnson is a noted man and mayor.

But looking beyond mere partisanship, looking at the matter from the broad point of view of municipal government in the interests of the people, why should this tremendous effort be made to defeat Johnson? He has been twice elected mayor of that city, the last time by some 7,000 majority, and the people seem to like his style of public service. He is a Democrat, but entirely aside from politics he has fought some notable battles for the people of that city. He has defied the traction companies and battled like the giant he is for years for 3-cent fares on street railways and for other reforms. If he has been a notably good mayor; if he has done and can do more for the people of that city as mayor than any other man, as a majority of them think, is it not a wrong thing for the national administration, in pursuance of a partisan purpose that properly has nothing to do with the local affairs of Cleveland, to bring all its possible pressure to bear to defeat this man, peculiarly a people-serving man?

It may be said that the proposed Republican candidate is also an exceptionally good and capable man.

for the position, one whom the people of Cleveland can thoroughly trust. This is probably true. Mr. Burton has gained a fine national reputation. But could and should not such a man, if he desires to be mayor of Cleveland, run for that office on his own merits and record, without being thus backed and loudly heralded as the candidate of the national administration, used thus for purposes foreign to the local interests of Cleveland?

The policy or practice of injecting national or even state politics into municipal affairs is injurious and vicious for reasons which The Journal has fully stated during campaigns in this city. Summed up in a word, it means machine municipal government and this is inevitably government in which the interests of the people as a whole are a secondary consideration; the interests of expensive and undesirable if not actually corrupt politicians come first.

Such being the case, the people of Cleveland would teach the administration a proper lesson, however good a man Mr. Burton may be, by electing Tom Johnson, providing he is the man they would prefer if the administration had taken no hand in the affair. It would be well for them to say to the government at Washington: "You attend to your affairs and we will attend to ours."

HARRIMAN WAITING FOR BETTER TIMES.

MR. HARRIMAN says when times become better he may build into central Oregon. He means, we suppose, when times become better for himself and men like him; further, when there shall be a pliant president, a subservient congress and legislatures that will supinely or corruptly let the railroad magnates have absolutely their own way about everything, even to the extent of violating the laws as much as they please, and when the courts will always decide in the railroad's favor; in a word, when the people entirely surrender and acknowledge that they have no rights which Harriman, Ryan, Rockefeller, et al. are bound to respect.

We are driven to this conclusion because we have been informed daily for several years past by almost every one in authority who has spoken, that times were good, increasingly good, better, best; that there were never before such good times; that everybody was phenomenally prosperous; and the only question has been whether the present tide of prosperity could be wholly or nearly maintained, whether there must not be a reaction, a slump, for awhile. Yet Mr. Harriman is still going to leave a great region—one unhappily fallen into his tyrannical power—without a railroad indefinitely, waiting for better times.

Whom are we to believe? Every Republican statesman and politician, from President Roosevelt down, says times are good, better, best; that therefore the people should all greatly rejoice, and we can see on all hands evidences that what they say is at least partly, superficially true. Yet Mr. Harriman is waiting for better times. What he means needs definition, analysis, elucidation. If these are the best times that ever were seen on earth, why can't such a genius and mighty man of business build a railroad? And when and why should we expect better times?

Mr. Harriman boasts on every possible occasion of what he did in reorganizing and building up the Union Pacific and after that other railroads, and so building up a great, sound system out of apparent ruins. Mr. Harriman did that; but just how he does not say. We know, however. He did that in bad times, when things looked gloomy. He boasts of the hundreds of millions he expended in those bad times, yet he cannot build a strip of road during these best of times through a country that would make a road pay big interest on the investment from the day it was completed.

This is a mystery, unless it may be explained as we suggested in the first paragraph of this article. It seems to shape up as a fight of the people of this country against men of the Harriman type, and of the people of Oregon against him in particular. The people don't want such a fight, but they can't become object slaves to the Harrimans. He has a barb wire fence around central Oregon, nearly all Oregon, and sneers at us by saying that in these phenomenally good times he is hard up and cannot build roads in this region. At the same time he can spend millions to "buck against Hill" by building to Seattle.

We think the legislature of Oregon will have some very important propositions to consider a year from next winter along the line of a state railroad across Oregon unless some-

thing very definite and certain is done by Mr. Harriman, or unless he is dethroned in the meantime.

If these be good times, Mr. Harriman and men like him—great capitalists of industry, and not common laboring men—are getting the cream of them. If a man controlling billions cannot build a little piece of railroad because times are so bad, how can the common, tolling, producing people be rolling in clover and reveling in milk and honey?

WORKINGMEN'S INSURANCE.

ACTING UNDER authority of the last Massachusetts legislature, Governor Guild recently appointed a commission to consider the project of old age pensions for workingmen. The commission is directed to investigate the subject fully, to estimate the cost of such a system and report in 1909. While Massachusetts legislatures have been censurable for various things, and have not been free from corruption, Massachusetts leads every other state in its watchfulness of labor and education and in legislating in their interest. It is also foremost in its care for the public health, treatment of the unfortunate, improvement of highways, care of forests and beach resorts, protection of the people's savings and ballot reform. So when Massachusetts takes up this subject of workingmen's pensions, or insurance, her action is worthy of notice.

We believe no state has passed any law on this subject, but such a system as is proposed has been in operation in Germany for a quarter of a century. The German workingman is insured against every untoward contingency of normal life, against every sort of accident, even if it be caused by his own carelessness. In case of his death from accident his family receives at once 15 per cent of his year's wages and thereafter 50 per cent of it, until the widow remarries and the children are 16 years old. The pension fund is provided by means of mutual accident insurance associations compulsorily formed and maintained by employers of labor, under government supervision. Every wage earner must take out sick insurance, he paying two thirds, the employer one third of the premiums; hence no workingman's family can become helplessly in want. A workingman may also be insured against involuntary lack of employment. If he is out of work through no fault of his, though not sick, he can get support. If a German workingman lives to be 70 he gets a sufficient pension to live on thereafter without work. Thus there is no danger of a German workingman or his wife or babies going to the poorhouse.

It is supposed that it is with a view to establishing a system somewhat along these lines that the Massachusetts commission will investigate, and it is probable that a law for workingmen's insurance or at least old age pensions will result. And if it proves to be "constitutional" and otherwise good in Massachusetts it should be so in other states.

MR. HARRIMAN'S EXCUSES.

ONE OF MR. HARRIMAN'S excuses for not building more railroads in Oregon at this time is that it is difficult to get money for that purpose. Even at a high rate of interest, he pleads, he cannot secure funds necessary for building a railroad through central Oregon. Some well known facts render this representation of doubtful validity and little force, if they do not serve to dispute it altogether and put it in the light of an insult to the intelligence of the people of this state.

The reports of the O. R. & N. company, the section of Mr. Harriman's road between Portland and Huntington, show that its surplus earnings since he came into control of it amount to over \$24,000,000. It would take not more than one third of this amount to build a road across eastern Oregon from Vale to Detroit, or an equal amount along other routes. This money was earned in Oregon; it is profits poured into Mr. Harriman's coffers by the people of this state, that he has so shamefully neglected; and yet he says he hasn't and can't get the money to build a railroad through central Oregon. Even if this be true he thus confesses a grievous moral breach of trust. What right has a Wall Street financier so to conduct a public business in this state that he makes \$24,000,000 net profits out of our people and then refuses to accede to their just and urgent demands for an enlargement of that business on the ground that he has spent the money elsewhere? This is not robbery as defined by any statute, but it is a species of robbery nevertheless.

We know where some of the money that Mr. Harriman made in Oregon and that ought to be spent here in building more roads has gone and is going. He is spending it, or its equivalent, in building a railroad from Portland to Puget sound, that Oregon cares little or nothing about, so as to rival Mr. Hill in "his territory." Even before any grading had been done on this road, before a foot of track had been laid, Mr. Harriman had loaned to the company building it \$10,000,000 of O. R. & N. money, which in plain equity should have been spent in Oregon. Mr. Harriman spent millions in purchasing terminal grounds at exorbitant prices in Puget sound cities, leaving Oregon, that furnished him the money, without the railroads it so badly needed and justly deserved. And no doubt he will spend many millions more in carrying on this war against Hill, in which Oregon has not a particle of interest, millions of which he has assiduously "milked" Oregon. If this is not a species of robbery what milder term shall we invent for it?

Neither of Mr. Harriman's excuses is sufficient. Each is an affront. He wants eastern Oregon filled up with people before building a railroad there, when everybody knows that the bulk of people must follow and not precede a railroad into a new region. And he says he has no money when he is spending millions of Oregon money in an enterprise in which Oregon has no interest. But we suppose a baron of the feudal ages did not have to make true or logical excuses to his serfs for anything he did or declined to do.

CORRESPONDENTS' NIGHTMARES.

SOME Washington correspondents seem to have formed an administration bureau, in the operation of which they have frequent journalistic nightmares over slight occasions. Recently the New York World printed a story setting forth in detail the contributions made to the special emergency Republican campaign fund of 1904 in New York, which was the occasion of a sensational clash between the president and Mr. Harriman some weeks ago. There was nothing startling or surprising, and scarcely anything new in the World's story. It gave the names of the contributors to that fund and the amounts contributed, about as the facts were already understood, only a little more in detail. In all this particular emergency fund amounted according to the World, to \$250,000, of which Mr. Harriman gave \$50,000, and various other high financiers and corporations gave like or smaller amounts. Mr. Bliss collected the money, added \$10,000 to it, and turned it over to Mr. Cortelyou. Mr. Harriman, at least, supposed that in consideration of this timely aid some things would happen which did not, and other things would not happen which did. So he asked, "Where am I at?" The president called him a prevaricator and an undesirable citizen, and "the incident was closed."

But because the World has published the names of the contributors and the amounts, the administration syndicate had one of its nightmares, and the other day sent out the following as "special" news: It is believed here that Oyster Bay, which thus far has treated in silence the revived stories of corruption participation in the 1904 campaign, sees in them unmistakable indications that the financial interests most bitterly arrayed against the present administration are endeavoring to poison the public mind so as to arouse sentiment in favor of a successor to President Roosevelt, who will be more in harmony with the "interests" than any one recognized as having the Roosevelt backing. It is significant that the alleged exposure of the \$250,000 Harriman fund came from newspaper sources that have been particularly energetic recently in assailing the president. There is a belief that the information on which the alleged exposures are based was supplied by some big financiers whose motive can scarcely be questioned.

Well, if so, what is the occasion of all this "special" spread about it, and other trifling incidents of similar character? Can't a newspaper republish a few names and figures without arousing a tempest in the headquarters of these syndicated "special" correspondents? And is it anything wonderful or worth a column or so of "special" stuff (by mail), if there are "some big financiers" who are sore at the president, especially when they did not get the value received that they had bargained for, as they supposed?

These exhibitions of excitement, bordering on terror, on the part of these "specials," every time there is a hint that "some big financier" does not approve the president's "policies," and the conclusion jumped at and heralded over the country that therefore a great fund is being raised to defeat him and his "policies," have passed the ludicrous stage and become stale.

If there is to be a journalistic nightmare every time there is a hint that a high financier would like to contribute to elect Fairbanks or Cannon instead of Roosevelt or his choice, the "specials" will wear out the public's patience, if not themselves, before next summer.

TELL MOTHER.

IT WAS a message brought back by the sea after the Columbia went down. It came in a bottle, cast up on the beach, and on the paper inside was this tale of a tragedy: "Lost Raft. Columbia. Tell mother at—street, St. Louis."

When the sea yawned for the life on the drifting raft, and as death hovered near, the thought was "Tell mother." When the lurid glow of the conflict is on, when shot and shell, destruction and death are all around, the message that comes from the battlefield is always "Tell mother." With the besotted wreck of a once fair manhood in his last extremity, with the blackest hearted criminal on the scaffold, with man ever when a pall of inextinguishable hopelessness is all around, the inevitable message that is whispered is "Tell mother."

Our mothers may feel sometimes that their sphere is narrowed. They may cherish longings for a life of broader scope, with more of the privileges that are given to men. But when the last great balance is struck and the ledger closed; when the figures of individual influence are totaled and the question finally determined of who it is in this world that is given privilege to exercise the widest and deepest of all influence and to be queen majestic in the affairs of human life, the answer will be "mother."

The policy of railroad regulation is to encourage competition, not stifle it. But when this runs counter to the plans of the railroads but little attention is paid to it. Although the Hill and Harriman systems are far from friendly in many directions, when it comes to rates they have no difficulty in reaching an agreement so long as it is an agreement for a raise. A recent raise in rates was most harmoniously arranged. We are bound to assume this was not the result of any concert of action or price arrangement, but one of those curious coincidences which are so hard to explain, but with which we are all familiar.

A Democratic exchange says the most of Roosevelt's praised policies are Democratic policies. That is right. But the Democrats did not grasp them until the Republicans had advocated them. The Democratic party is always right—about four years later—Irrigon Irrigator.

Now, are you quite sure of all that? Are not several of President Roosevelt's boasted and be-heralded "policies" just what prominent and leading Democrats have been advocating for years? And were they ever before, if now, Republican policies?

It ought not to be difficult to convince Admiral Evans that it is perfectly feasible and safe to bring some of the battleships to Portland harbor. This ought to be brought about if possible in order to contradict to the world the persistent, malicious, systematic lying about this city and its harbor.

"Taft will not be president," flatly declares the Los Angeles Examiner. Just think; Taft, far out in the ocean, can't learn this till he gets within wireless distance of the other side. And then perhaps nobody will tell him, and perhaps if some one does he won't believe it.

Already predictions are plentiful of a coal famine worse than that of last winter. A coal famine would be a great blessing if it could be arranged so that the people responsible for it would be the ones to suffer from it.

Whoever is responsible for bringing those Hindus over to this inhospitable and unchristian coast ought to be made to provide them food and shelter and carry them back.

Wellman is a lucky fellow; the storms drove him back before he got so far that he couldn't get back. Now he is safe for another year.

Perhaps Lipton thought he would change his luck by announcing his decision to try again for the cup on a Friday and a 13th of the month.

Reassured. From the Wall Street Journal. Wall street should not forget that it is really the president's candidate for the presidential succession, and that he is the inheritor of the president's policy. Nevertheless Taft is Taft, and not Roosevelt, and his treatment of the Roosevelt policies will be Taft-wise, and not Roosevelt-wise. That is the only difference.

Hymns to Know

The Mercy Seat.
By Hugh Howell.
[The Rev. Hugh Howell, (Douglas, Iowa, December 3, 1799—Salford, England, October 8, 1885) was a popular and useful minister of the Church of England and the author of many religious poems. No other work, however, from his pen approaches this in the universality of its use. It keeps the author's name and memory green, though his general popularity is now forgotten. It was published in 1831.]

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place that all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friends hold fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
From tempter, defiler, slanderer;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?
There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.
Pain is the parent of power.
Self-conceit is the child of self-deceit.
Marking time leaves no mark on time.
The proof of love is loving the unlovely.
Truth never is found by twisting the facts.
We possess no knowledge until we impart it.
Wings come not to those who refuse to walk.
An ideal usually is what we want the other man to be.
There is no righteousness without some self-respect.
You cannot lead men to the divine by crawling in the dust.
The real saints have no time to write their autobiographies.
When a man boils over quickly you soon find out what is in him.
True elixir simply is the prosperity of the needy things in a man.
The best way to say "don't" to a child is to give him something to do.
The world will never be won from the love of evil until we make the good lovely.
When a good man gets down in the dirt some one is sure to stumble over him.
You will have no business in religion until you have some religion in your business.
Many a man who would make a first-class lighthouse is wasting his life trying to be a foghorn.
When a man thinks of nothing but his sins and failures he will have nothing else to think of.
No man is more blind than he who pronounces the world bad after looking in his own heart.
Many a man is waiting for an inspiration who would find success at once if he was not so afraid of a little perspiration.

The Staple Food Supply Limited.
Dr. Woods Hutchinson in McClure's for September.
Certain great food staples have proved themselves within the age-long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility and other good qualities and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of good in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few there are of them, when we come to consider them broadly the flesh and milk of three or four domesticated animals, the flesh of three or four, and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds, three great grains—wheat, rice and maize—and a half dozen smaller and much less frequent ones, i. e., or so species of fishes and shellfish, two sugars, a dozen or so starch-containing roots and tubers, only two of which—the potato and the manioc—have a real international importance, 20 or 30 fruits, 40 or 50 vegetables, make up two thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Instead of wondering at the variety and profusion of the human food supply, the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: "Nothink but beef mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef—Fin my opinion, it's a time some new animal was invented."

Summer Over.

From the Baltimore Sun.
Summer is over, so singeth the clover:
The wind of the south, on the wing, the sweet rover,
Whispers it unto the boughs of the trees
And then by the birds and the bloom
Softly and sadly, by vale and by stream
Love leaves to my ear with the song of her dream:
Over, 'tis over! The rose that was May
Has faded, the lips of the thistle-bloom
Over, 'tis over! A voice of the rill,
A horn in the woods and a song on the hill
Repeat and re-echo the word as a doom
One utters when life at the portal of gloom
Loiters and lingers till soft through the gate
We step and go forward with face to our fate
Summer is over; ah, summer has fled;
Farewell to the lily, the roses of red;
"But," saith Love, and we look of a girl,
Green spring, with its rose in her blue
Eyes of glee,
And summer, a shadow of song and of rest,
Reborn in the glory and warmth of her breast!

Asleep.

Edwin L. Sabin in the Metropolitan.
Speak softly summer's name, oh questing tree,
O'er meadows brown,
Among the pensive throng of list'ning breeze,
Or through the curtain:
Behind the purple curtains of the fall,
In golden gown,
Yielding to Nature's tender mother-call
She lays her down.

A Joke in Philadelphia.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"A man must think only of the public welfare when he is in office," says Governor Hughes in Philadelphia this week, regarded as the most serious bit of real humor ever credited to a politician.

A Sermon for Today

By Henry F. Cope.
"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" (John viii, 32).
HIS is the age of the dominance of science. When a man asks, "What shall I believe?" only one answer can be returned: Believe the things that are. An age now past found it is easy to believe that it believed what it was told, even the things that it knew were not so. But today at least has the merit of finding no merit in that form of self-deception.

The passion for absolute truth and righteousness is one of the noblest that can spring up in any breast; it is a ripe fruit of religion. The scientist, by his devotion to exact facts, to pure truth, is the religious man of our day, and the schools become religious educators in their power to lead a primary love for truth and to lift up ideals of exactness and equity.

When we translate religion into terms of fact, we begin to discover the necessity for foundations deeper than logic and more solid than science. Our religion consisted in what he might picture on the canvas of fancy about his past or future he did not need to take his designs from facts. But when religion becomes the science of right living, the process of securing right social relationships and character as the expression of ideal personal and individual character, it is evident that in such a work of relation to the world, ascertained, indisputable verities.

We may be satisfied with myths as to the ordering of the first family, and we may leave to the poets the specifications of an ideal heaven; but when we begin to order our own families and adjust our social and civic affairs we are compelled to wait for principles based on facts, for truth. Religion thus becomes a science.

Much eloquence was spilled over the conflict between religion and science. It was only a conflict between the old religion and its new form, between the gray dawn and the growing day. Our fathers were not wilfully false, holding us on to darkness when the light came; but they were too long held back by pictures seen in twilight that were loath to give them up for those of the full day's printing. The most damaging infidelity is the lack of faith in truth, the fear that it might not be safe to allow the facts to be known. He who in the name of religion seeks to prevent our seeing and accepting the full facts is religion's greatest foe. Only the full truth can set us free, free, intellectually, spiritually, morally.

Why should we fear the light of investigation on the things of religion? The light of knowledge is a blessing, not a curse. It is better to be lost forever seeking truth than saved by sophistry. How foolish to attempt to adjust our lives by laws built out of speculation, to attempt to steer by a compass when there is no pole of truth.

In today's changing tides of thought, when the old faiths seem slipping away, when we wonder why we have lost the simple faith of our own fathers, looking for some firm ground for our feet, we do well to set them down on the sands of time and the alluvial deposits of tradition till we find the rock of truth.

But when the facts we find everywhere one writ large, over all one great principle of unchanging law, one great purpose, glowing through all nature and all history, and when we are attested by the impressive array of the witnesses of science.

Truth always is safe. The holiest error must be born of hell. We can make mistakes in refusing to go beyond truth, and we will find that she leads us to the light. We are attested to eternal laws, to the doing of duties and finding of sweet joys as old as the hills and as unchanging; she will lead us to the path of righteousness.

Some day our race will know all the alphabet of nature and be able to read the story of the unchanging goodness; some day we shall comprehend the meaning of the harmony of love and religion; shall know things as they are and be what we should be.

One Oregon Girl.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian.
There is one girl in Umatilla county who deserves praise for her persistence, courage and common sense. She passed through Pendleton this morning on her way to the Western Normal school, where she will finish the course and graduate this term.

She has been working for a crew of men during vacation at \$5 per week. She has arisen at 4 o'clock in the morning, has expected to work and did not finish her work until 10 o'clock. There were no "picture hats," no gaudy hair ribbons, no peekaboo waltzes, no white or pink slippers for this girl. She has saved every cent to buy clothes and books for her school term. She has worked four months in the kitchen and denied herself every little luxury which so delights the heart of a girl.

But next year she will teach school and is promised a school already at \$8 per month. She is going on from one good position to another, up the highest place, if she desires. She has the right kind of pluck, the right kind of a mind and character to insure her success.

Oregon is proud of such girls. There is a place for them in every honorable and useful walk in life.

The Other Standpoint.

From Life.
First Mosquito—Don't you think these human beings are too numerous?
Second Mosquito—Altogether so! Some effort ought to be made to exterminate them.

Never Satisfied.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark university says posterity is crying out for birth control. He says as it gets that it will howl for a bottle.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

The Self Denial
That is developed by regular saving develops strength of character.

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