

THE JOURNAL

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THE NEW RATE DECISION

CONSIDERABLE significance undoubtedly attaches to the new decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It orders a 20 per cent decrease in the Spokane commodity rate and a similar decrease in the back-haul from coast terminals.

A SPECTACLE

IN PORTLAND we have the strange spectacle of the mayor of the city appealing to citizens to buy bridge bonds, leading women of the city canvassing in the same interest.

THE COLUMBIA ENTRANCE

A GREATLY widened channel and 2 1/2 feet depth at low water at the Columbia river entrance are announced as a result of the latest survey by government engineers.

MEXICANIZING JOURNALISM

IAZ HAS been elected to another six years term as president of Mexico. At the same moment, John Kenneth Turner, formerly of Portland, is charging in a series of articles that the perpetual president, through gifts and through American connections, is controlling newspapers and magazines in this country.

building Portland. The facility with which trade may flow up and down the river and through the entrance is a big factor in inviting transcontinental railroads to Portland.

IT KILLED COCK ROBIN

THE OREGONIAN tells us it was a devoted advocate of free locks. The statement is a thriller. If true, it convinces us that it was the Oregonian that struck Billy Patterson, and also that it killed Cock Robin.

The truth is that the freeing of the Oregon City locks was achieved in spite of the Oregonian. It never after the Journal took up the agitation four years ago, once lifted its voice for them.

IMPOSSIBLE IN OREGON

THE eastern press is vigorous in denouncing the huge campaign expenditure by Joseph C. Sibley that brought him a nomination for congress in the twenty-eighth Pennsylvania district.

DEAD, THEN

WE ARE proudly told that Coos and Polk counties have held assemblies and that the "direct primary still lives."

A Politician's Dream of a City.

From Everybody's Magazine. "The union of voters is needed just now more than anything else in sight," said the politician.

and near the border line of the United States, one publisher owns a ranch, a ranch that has been frequently spoken of as the finest in all Mexico.

Japanese Bar Washington.

From the Washington Post. George Washington, once a favorite hero among the Japanese, has been banished from many schools of the empire as a rebel whose example might be imitated to the loyalty of young Japan.

Masses Are Opposed to the Assembly

From McMinnville Telephone-Register. Ex-Senator Brownell, in his recent discourse at Milwaukie, Or., had some very appropriate things to say regarding the proposed Republican assembly.

THEIR ABSURD CLAIM

THE head of the Portland street car system declares that there is no intention by his company to advance rates. There should not be. Nor is there attempt by traction systems in any part of the country to increase rates.

SOMETHING CONGRESS DID NOT DO

THERE IS one thing the late congress did not do. It failed to pass a parcels post. In the meantime, investigation has shown that the railroads own \$200,000,000 of the capital stock of the express companies.

Senator Bourne's newspaper in Portland

says he received \$25,000 for delivering legislative notes for United States senator in 1903. Yet that organ upholds him as a paragon of political purity.

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on wanting more and more of the above-aided swiftly cheapening riches of the earth.

"Of the people, by the people, for the people."

SMALL CHANGE

New reap, and gain. Oregon must and shall produce oil.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

New homes building about town begin to assume finished proportions, and add impetus to the boom in Ontario, says the Optimist.

June 30 in History—King Philip's War

During the early part of the seventeenth century in New England, the relations of the colonists to the Indians were threefold: They traded with the Indians, they fought with them and they preached the Gospel to them.

Letters From the People

The "Condon Brawler" Talks Back. Condon, Or., June 28.—To the Editor of the Journal—Comes now the "noisy patriot of Condon, whose vanity the Oregonian could gain by changing political front when removing to another Republican state.

Girl as a Farmer

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. A young woman in Massachusetts, who was not worried by any surplus of this world's goods, resolved to become a farmer.

Faith in the Courts

From the New York World. If there is any criticism of "government by injunction" just now it does not proceed from the leaders of organized labor.

O, the Election

From the Albany Democrat. Twenty-three counties have been whipped into line for an assembly. That is easy.

The Honest Auctioneer

From the Chicago Tribune. Self analytical auctioneers, meeting in Chicago in convention and subjecting their souls to the cruel searchlight of their consciences, disturbed their peace of mind with the query: "Can an auctioneer get busy with a few scores of abandoned farm."

Tiresome

He—I think your family name is such a fine one. She—Do you? I get dreadfully tired of it.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

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TANGLEFOOT



The tramp had tapped a man for two bits. "You say you have a profession and you can't get work. May I inquire your profession?"

"Sure, pal. I'm an aeroplane train brakeman."

"VAUDEVILLE LESSON No. 1. Two characters, Hugh and Hewed. Fisherman with rubber inflated fish that grows smaller as he talks."

"You're mistaken, as usual. I used a safety pin."

"Can't Glette me tell this story? Because it was a close shave to catch him."

"That's so! I tried a real hook and reel."

"Very good, Hugh. Now, if I had been doing it I would have taken a real reel and a real hook and a real line and reeled down to the creek. Really, I—"

"No. Did you?"

"As I was saying, I baited the hook with a hook worm."

"Why didn't you use a real worm?"

"I didn't. A hook worm and trawled it along in the water."

"No! Not in the water?"

"Until suddenly there was a glide."

"Cubanola?"

"And I felt a tug."

"And like a flash the line darted away and I began to reel."

"Drumk again."

"To reel out the line and frolic with the fish. Down the stream he went at lightning pace."

"He was a pacer, eh?"

"But I played out the line."

"Sure; if it takes all summer."

"And followed the line."

"That's right. Always Hugh to the line."

"And in a short time I brought him to shore dead."

"You're dead shore of that, eh?"

"And here we are, fish and fisher."

"And fisher."

By this time the gas had leaked out of the fish until it is about the size of a minnow. As soon as the audience goes into convulsions so that it is safe, the characters should fly before it is over-astoundingly too late.

He was a lying fisherman; he told a lurid tale. No other lying man was in his class. He talked so fast and so long that he said he killed a fish.

And he did it with the jaw-jone of a bass.

At Last We Understand the Reason

From the Iron Trade Review. The absence in the daily press dispatches from Washington, of any reports of the progress of the Merchant Marine league investigation has been often and widely commented on during the two months since these hearings began.

And now we understand the reason. Testimony was produced a few days ago before the committee to the effect that Jerome J. Wilbur, representative of the Associated Press, is a regular salaried representative of the great foreign shipping trusts, the Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd Steamship company, which lines control the world's American trade not only to the continent of Europe, but also to South America—with their ships running into every Atlantic and Gulf seaport having control of terminals and ability to dictate terms to all other lines.

The spectacle of one of the Associated Press managers, on duty each day at the state, war and navy departments of the capital of the United States, reluctantly admitting, under cross-examination, that he is likewise a salaried employe of Germany's great merchant marine, is something that should startle every true American citizen. Let it be remembered that the German empire believes that the hundreds of great steel ships constituting its gigantic merchant marine are as great a source of strength to the empire, if not greater, than all its battleships—to say nothing of the value as a source of profit and as a controller of the world's commerce.

And to think that we have come to this, emboldened by years of conquest and power over all American opposition, these great foreign shipping interests, with all that is behind them, were able to one stroke to chain to the chariot lines of their never-ending ambition the most influential news agency in our country, with an office located in the same building with three of the most important departments of the nation's strength and power at home and abroad.

The Vanished Layer

Within the hollow of a lute. Fell once a wandering lute. That, buzzing, made its prison mute. Resounding with music, from the strings. Melodious, hearing, thither springs: "Who's now my troubadour?" But lo! the bee had found; the strings were silent as before.

Proof

From Puck. "How did you know that the great mammoth was so ill?" "I saw it denied in the papers."

Kipling's Latest

(Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose-poems are a regular feature of this column in The Daily Journal.)

"They talk of Kipling's latest rhyme; my friends, come round and quote it, and all agree that it's a crime. I don't believe he wrote it. The man who used to beat the drum with lots of brains and gristle—do you suppose he'd ever come to blowing on a whistle? I've heard a desert lion's roar, that sent the beasts retreating; you cannot fool me on that score—I know when sheep are bleating. I've read my Kipling pretty well; I like his blooming phrases; his verses have a noble swell, and reek of smoke and brass. And he who wrote them was a man, a man whose voice was thunder; his harp was fashioned on a plan that made the people wonder. And how there comes a pipe absurd from some milk-nurtured stripling, and remarks: 'The voice you've heard is all that's left of Kipling! Come off, my friends! Away and scold!' It was true fire that warmed him! He couldn't write such dope as that, unless you chloroformed him!"

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