

THE JOURNAL

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Truth is as impossible to be sold by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

THE VILLAINS

LAS AND slack, such discouragements are falling on the tall tower. Hear it!

"Candidates who are against the assembly are beginning to announce themselves. They will offer themselves to the Republican primary without the aid, consent, sanction, advice or judgment of any individual or body on earth, except themselves. They have consulted only themselves. They are looking out only for themselves. They don't care what becomes of anybody or anything except themselves."

The villains. Not a single one of them went around and asked the tower's consent to run. Not one offered to whip up a dollar or let the assembly name the deputies. They ignored Chairman George, ignored the committee, and ignored everybody. They threw away the last chance of "the boys" for getting \$15,000 of Simon money and \$20,000 of Lotan money in a fight to secure control of some future Multnomah county convention. They are breaking into the arrangement by which the higher-ups were going to fix the ticket. If they go on with their foolishness, they will keep the assembly from winning out, and none of the federal office holders will ever have another chance to "quietly whisper the figure 4 and three ciphers in a legislator's ear" and nobody will ever get a chance to "get \$100 and be given whiskey every time he votes for a certain senatorial candidate." Truly, "they don't care what becomes of anybody or anything except themselves." The villains!

THE COMING TOURISTS

THERE is confirmation of the judgment of those who have advised the accentuation of scenic Oregon. Railroad passenger agents say the crowd of tourists now heading for the coast is, with the exception of last year, the greatest ever known. It is only on account of the A-Y-P explosion, doubtless, that last year's crowd is greater than the caravan that is now moving westward. The statement of the companies is that the travelers are coming westward over the Canadian, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, and that they will return via the southern routes.

Many valuable results come from the visits of tourists. Europe gets \$400,000,000 a year out of American travelers. Figures some years ago placed the money spent by them in California at \$20,000,000. But it is not only the money they spend, but the things they carry away, the investments they make and the other assets they are for the development of states and communities. Oregon has scenic attractions that can be turned into a wonderful enhancement of tourist travel. There is but one Columbia in the world. There is but one Crater Lake on the planet. There are a hundred splendid scenic wonders to attract the traveler. When Oregon roads are what they should be, and Oregon scenes made as accessible as they ought to be, the state will be the pleasure quest of many an added wanderer.

THE TERRIBLE DEMOCRATS

THE TOWER gives warning that the Democrats are again up to mischief. Oregon might be happy and prosperous but for the terrible Democrats. Apparently there ought to be a new constitution so framed that all the Democrats would be disfranchised. It should specifically provide that no Democrat could hold office, especially an office in which there is emolument. They should be herded off to themselves as non-eligibles along with the women, the criminals and the Indians not taxed. Indeed, for the peace of mind and nightly dreams of the journalistic haymaker up aloft, the whole pestiferous tribe ought to be regularly jalled about election time.

The complaint is that there are more than 30,000 Democrats in the state and that only a small portion of them have registered as yet. The villains. True, the law does not make registration at all compulsory; but, since the editorial autocrit in the high loft wants them to, ought they not to do it? And if they refuse are they not traitors and agents of the devil?

But until the registering is done, how does an editor in a high tower know how many Democrats there are in Oregon? Maybe the Democrats have all reformed and become assemblymen. Maybe the dullest-phrased descriptions of the wonders and beauties of assembly government as given us by the Oregonian and Wal-

ter Toose have converted Democracy, en masse. If any voters who have been Democrats off and on are registering as Republicans may it not be that they are going to become steadfast members of the Oregonian's own hollow band?

There is a strong suspicion that Mr. Simon, in the good old convention days, trained sometimes with Democrats. There is, too, a mighty surmise that down in Astoria some of the Republicans on certain occasions voted for Democrats. Was that unconstitutional? Was the fusion of the Mitchell Republicans with the Portland Democrats and Populists high treason? Should a citizen be hanged for voting for a Republican one year and for a Democrat the next, or for voting a part of each ticket? Millions of Democrats did not vote for Mr. Bryan; millions of Republicans would not vote for Cannon; was the one unconstitutional and the other a reason for calling out the militia?

Half a dozen Democrats, or more, voted for Mitchell the last time he was elected senator. Thousands of Republicans voted for Chamberlain when, under the convention system, he ran against and was elected over Furnish. But there is in neither instance record that the heavens fell, the earth quaked, ghosts danced, or graveyards yawned. If there were only 700 of the terrible Democrats in the state, the tower would still be shrieking it out that the villains are registering as Republicans and going to elect a governor. It will have no peace until the last one of the scoundrels is deported or sent to the penitentiary for life.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH STATE

NEW MEXICO will be the forty-eighth state. It has an area of 122,460 square miles, of which two thirds are yet public lands. Its population is about 350,000, mostly of Mexican birth or descent. New Mexico is a vast plateau, its greatest elevation being in its northern and western portions; from these elevations the land slopes southward and eastward, and embraces the western portion of the Llano Estacado, that boy's read about 50 years ago.

The altitude of Santa Fe, the capital, is 6998 feet; but Albuquerque is only 5008 feet, and Carlsbad 3122 feet, above the sea level.

From the vast table land both east and west of the Rio Grande, rise numerous Sierras. And among them mountain peaks. Some of the mountain ranges are covered with timber—pine, oak, juniper, cedar, birch, maple, and other trees. Pine and cedar are abundant in the foothills throughout the territory; in other portions are growths of mesquite, scrub oak and walnut. Along all the numerous watercourses are also cottonwood, sycamores and willows. Yucca, the roots of which are made into soap, are everywhere abundant.

In many of the valley and mountain ranges nutritious grasses grow—14 varieties. Bear, deer, mountain lions, wildcats and other game abound in the mountain regions.

There are three government irrigation projects under way in this new state; the projects are, Carlsbad, 20,000 acres; Leesburg, 20,000 acres; Hondo, 10,000 acres. Besides these, many thousands of acres can be irrigated, which will become immensely fertile.

New Mexico is resourceful agriculturally rather than minerally, so far as known, and thus differs somewhat from her sister state, Arizona. New Mexico's agricultural surplus crops already amount to over \$4,000,000 a year, and this can be multiplied several times. Writing in the American, F. W. Hodge of the Smithsonian Institution, from whom some of these details were obtained, says further:

"New Mexico has nearly 3000 miles of steam railroad; electric lighting in practically all of its cities and towns; more than 400 postoffices; some 75 daily, weekly and monthly periodicals; first class banking facilities and resources; a large internal and external trade; a great wealth in timber and coal yet to be realized; and a spirit among its educated and ruling citizens, New Mexican as well as American, which will carry it forward to much further progress and achievement as soon as its ship of state sets sail."

A TYPE

TWO years ago W. B. Jennings was a landless man. He was one of that unnumbered multitude without a home of his own and dependent on his hands and the mood of employers for a living. His case should be interesting to the thousands who find living hard, who find payment of the monthly bills difficult and who frequently hang almost over the brink of discouragement.

Briefly, as recounted by the Coos Bay Harbor, "Mr. Jennings went to Coos Bay two years ago, homesteaded 40 acres and started in without any money with which to make improvements." In the two years he has established a home, has made a good living and is out of debt. A acre of overbearing strawberries yields him a snug income, the vegetable garden, the cows and poultry yield abundantly for the dining table. The land increases in value as the owner sleeps, its fruitful acres are gradually widening in expanse and productiveness, a small orchard is doubtless nearing the day when it will come into bearing, the improvements are bettered with each added day's work, and the transformation of the wild into a pretty home is in swift process. If there are children in the home there are meadows and woods for them to play

in, and the great outdoors with its fresh air to make them robust and ruddy. The housewife is haunted at the end of the month by no gas man, no groceryman, no telephone collector, no plumber, no coal man, no laundryman and by none of the great collecting host that take the heart out of salary and absorb the substance of wages. The high cost of living does not count with the pure milk and rich cream in this household, adds nothing to the cost of the vegetables from the garden and counts only in the minimum in the life of this rapidly developing home. Above the door, figuratively speaking, there is carved the legend, "Independence, comfort and prosperity," and from the faces of those inside beam the same pleasing symbols.

It is a home harmonious with nature and one that must appeal mightily to the crowded and crowding thousands who see stony streets instead of wild flowers, granite walls instead of grassy meadow and hear the trundle of the truck and the crash of the street cars instead of the songs of birds and babble of brooks. Many another Jennings should hearken to the call of the country.

BEATEN

EVEN a modified direct primary could not be driven through the New York legislature. The plan failed yesterday at the special session, and is now dead in that state. Concession after concession was made by Governor Hughes. Conscious of the hold the bosses had on affairs, he gave up one provision after another, but even the remnant measure that he offered has been beaten. The mixed population of the state, the vast number of non-English speaking residents in Greater New York, the power that the organized boss system of the state wields over them, and the ignorance and illiteracy of voters in the congested tenement districts were problems that Governor Hughes had to deal with. Members of the legislature, relying on their ability to control their mongrel constituencies in many of the districts re-elected with a vigor that beat the governor even in his effort to get a half loaf of direct nominations reform. Even the appeal of Roosevelt, who insisted that "the people demand" a direct primary and ought to have it, was futile, so determined were the powers of bossism.

Meantime, in this same legislature recently, there was sworn testimony of how a "yellow dog fund" prevented the passage of legislation that insurance companies did not want. There was sworn testimony that the passage of a certain bill was "bought through the senate." And in this same legislature, the leader of the senate was convicted of taking a bribe for preventing the passage of a bill that the bridge trust of the state did not want. Leading up to his conviction it was proven that one legislator was paid \$1000, another \$1000 and still another \$4000 by the bridge trust agents for defeat of the bill. Thus, opposition to the direct primary and bribery and corruption go hand in hand in the New York legislature just as they used to in the Oregon legislature when "a federal office holder quietly whispered the figure 4 in a legislator's ear," and when "a certain legislator got \$100 and was given whiskey every time he voted for a certain senatorial candidate." Is it not interesting that such a primary measure as it was hoped might be driven through the rotten New York legislature should be held up as a model for intelligent and civically pure Oregon to copy?

ITS LOGIC

EVEN IF the new rate decision should not be made permanent, it is full of suggestion for the commercial and manufacturing interests of Portland. It has disclosed to us some things that are in the minds of members of the interstate commerce commission. The considerable reduction in the Spokane terminal rate is not fully offset in the equal per cent of reduction in the back haul rate, and the position of interior jobbers is strengthened to that extent. Every interior distributor point halts the decision as at least a concession. What further concessions in the same direction may eventuate is a question that time alone can answer.

In the meantime, and for all time, there is one certain, perfectly possible, and absolutely effective way to make Portland's position supreme. The sea route is the factor that has always made her position better than that of the interior distributing centers. We should never have had lower terminal rates but for the sea. The way to clinch Portland's supremacy forever is to bring the sea route to its highest state of perfection. We must have terminals for the sea route that are of the highest efficiency for the economical and speedy handling of cargo and for the quick dispatch of vessels. We must have docks and dock equipment that will give the biggest linery the highest and best service to be had. We must have deep channels to the sea, and inland rivers deepened to their sources. This is the inexorable logic of new rate decision and the more firmly Portlanders seize it, retain it and act on it, the better will be their position, now and hereafter.

"The story is an absolute, unqualified fact," Roosevelt is reported to have said about a report that he had asked or would urge Governor Hughes to resign the judgeship for the purpose of becoming governor of New York again. The Ananias club has become too numerous to count. The only safe thing is to keep abso-

lutely still, not say a word, and let only the colonel talk, when he is ready.

KIERNAN'S OATH

FRANK KIERNAN tells The Journal that he is hastening his appeal in his Broadway bridge suit. He cannot afford to do anything else in view of his oath in court that his purposes in the suit are "honorable." Those who waited 32 minutes the other night to get across the Burnside bridge, and those who waited at the same time on street corners for cars to come said many an unkind thing about Mr. Kiernan and his lawyer. These delayed people and the other thousands who are daily halted and harassed at the bridges will pass judgment upon the Kiernan suit according as the appeal is expedited or postponed. But a brief space of time will be required to put it before the supreme court. There need not be expenditure of much time in the preparation for there is not the slightest chance in the world for Kiernan to win. The four judges who have already passed on the issues have definitely settled that fact. If, as he swears he is, Kiernan is "honorable," there will be expedition with this appeal. If, on the other hand, there shall be delay, the public will then have a perfectly clear understanding of Frank Kiernan, and will give him a place in the public estimation that will make his court oath that he is "honorable" look like 30 cents.

Governor Hughes cannot come to the Oregon assembly, nor Roosevelt. Possibly Boss Cox or Larry Sullivan could be induced to come.

Senator Hale's son is beaten for nomination for congress. So the revolution progresses.

Roosevelt's Napoleonic Democracy

From the Public.

Theodore Roosevelt talks of democracy as if he were a Democrat. Probably he thinks he is one. But his democracy, like the democracy of Napoleon Bonaparte whom he ominously resembles in personal characteristics and unaccountable popularity, is of that spurious kind which evolves empires and breeds despots. It is the exact reverse of the American ideal. His speech in Egypt, and his supplementary one at Guildhall, London, which have been attributed to shrewdness, are really demagogic. They are rightly derided by the world everywhere and are a disgrace to the name of American. The Bee can't be "blatant" upon the lips of an American citizen, for stultifying the "elemental" and primary declaration of America's great proclamation of universal liberty, that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. And so interpreted, those speeches are now justified by the Outlook, a magazine with which Mr. Roosevelt is editorially connected and which faithfully reflects his Napoleonic democracy.

Following its assertion of the falsity of the Declaration of Independence in so far as that document assigns to just powers of government to the consent of the governed, the Outlook adopts an "always, everywhere and eternally true," the "principle embodied in the declaration that governments exist for the benefit of the governed." Accordingly it reasons that "whether the Philippines consent or do not consent to the government exercised over them is not the fundamental question; whether that government is exercised over them for their benefit." Although the particular application is to the Philippines, the principle is generalized by the Outlook as "always, everywhere and eternally true." Manifestly, then, with reference to American citizens themselves, the democracy of Roosevelt, as expounded by the Outlook and evident from his own recent speeches, rests fundamentally on the government's power to govern without the consent of the governed. Whether the American people "do or do not consent to the government exercised over them is not the fundamental question," but "the fundamental question is whether that government is exercised over them for their benefit." This is Roosevelt's democracy, as it is the Outlook's, as it is the Emperor William's, as it was Napoleon's.

The subtle assumption of Roosevelt's assumption in this respect would surpass belief in the man himself had he not been a demagogue. But it is the prime consideration. Declaring that he will lead his country to higher levels of democracy, and in his superlative egotism believing it no doubt, he beckons it on toward the potter's field of the future. But the potter's field is the influence of a personage like himself. He would tear away the very basis of this republic, the rock-bottom principle it rests upon, which is not that a British monarch might not govern us better than our own best men could govern ourselves, but that it is our right to govern ourselves. He would twist the principle of government to which the founders of this republic appealed for the sympathy of mankind, into a hollow and false excuse for revolt and anarchy. He would have our republic do with weaker peoples, the logic of his position would justify his doing with us if he had the opportunity that the historic wreckers of republics have had.

But if a Napoleonic character like Roosevelt once seized the government to administer it according to his own notions of what is for "the benefit of the governed," the damage would be irreparable. No doctrine more dangerous to popular liberty has ever been formulated than this of the Roosevelt cult, that "just governments exist for the benefit of the governed," when that otherwise true doctrine is isolated from the balancing principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The Passion Flower.

The annexed interpretation of this justly celebrated and much admired flower will be found interesting:

"The passion flower is the symbol of the Savior's side; the tendrils are the cords that bound his hands, or the whips that scourged him; the ten petals—the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillar in the center—the cross; the stamens—the hammer; the style—the nail; the inner circles around the center pillar—the crown of thorns; the radiance—the glory; the white in the flower—the emblem of purity; and the blue—the type of heaven; the whole, the passion of the Savior, under drops of blood, upon the cross of the tree. This flower continues three days open, and then disappears, denoting the resurrection."

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Let not burdock go to seed.

Splendid weather to go fishing.

Too many proposed new counties.

Very comfortable haying weather.

Oregon must maintain a people's government.

There will be no more June brides this year.

The Chautauque assemblies; better than dance halls.

Millions will be glad when the Fourth and the Fifth are over.

Oregon's popular government is the best advertisement it ever had.

Everybody must endure one of two tragedies: dying young or growing old.

If he will stick to the ax and the pitchfork, Roosevelt need not be feared.

A Coos county couple were married in an automobile. That was a joy ride.

Over native how much legal argument is piffle.

After all, a lot of imperfect people will get into heaven—if there is any heaven. Most people are so.

It is curious that we hear or read nothing of our friend Dr. Brounger down in Los Angeles. Isn't he stirring the angels up at all?

"Would not destruction of Oregon Republicanism put Oregon Democracy in control?" asks the "regular" Eugene Register. Well, what then, and what of it? Would the birds quit singing and the grass quit growing? What is "Republicanism" and "Democracy"—what is the difference in Oregon, anyway?

July 1 in History—Dominion Day in Canada

July was originally the fifth month of the Roman year and hence designated "Quintilis." In the Alban calendar it had a complement of 30 days. Romulus reduced it to 31 and Numa to 30 days, and it stood thus for many centuries. At length it was reformed to 31 by Julius Caesar. Julius felt a personal interest in it as his natal month. After the death of this great reformer of the calendar, Mark Antony changed the name to July in honor of the family name of Caesar. Regarding this change, Brady says: "This month he selected for such honorary distinction, was the sun was generally most potent, the more effectively to denote that Julius was the emperor of the world, and therefore the appropriate leader of one-half of the year."

Our Saxon ancestors called July "Hay Month" because therein they usually mowed and made their hay; and also "Maed Month" from the meads being then in their bloom.

Today is one that has been particularly noted in history. It was on the first of July 1801 that the London newspapers contained the following simple announcement: "An experiment took place today on the river Thames for the purpose of working a barge or any other heavy craft against tide by means of steam engine on wheels by simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly; and she made way against a strong current at the rate of two miles and a half an hour."

This was the first serious trial of steam craft in England, although as early as October, 1788, similar experiments were conducted in Scotland and about the same time in America. This experiment of 1801 was so successful that, by the following year, steam navigation was established on the Thames.

Today is a holiday in Canada and is known as "Dominion Day." Before 1867 the term Canada was used to designate

the region of about 1400 by 200 to 400 miles from Labrador to the western end of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was then Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the great western and northern regions once the property of the Hudson Bay company. The causes which led to the union were many and the British colonies many years to see the way out of the political and religious questions which entered into the consideration of the uniting of all their possessions under one name, the Dominion of Canada. These, however, they could not solve. The leaders conceived the idea of the union, agreed upon the articles of confederation, and were then given the authority by an imperial act of parliament, which is known technically as "the British North American Act, 1867."

This act went into effect on July 1, 1867, and Sir John Macdonald formed the first Dominion government, oddly enough carrying out a plan originally suggested by Benjamin Franklin.

July 1 marked the beginning of the battle of Gettysburg in 1863. It is the date of the famous battle of the Boyne in Ireland, in 1690. On which the battle of Lucknow was fought in 1857, and the battle of El Caney, Cuba, was fought in 1898. It is the date of the landing of Napoleon in Egypt in 1798, on which the first toll was collected on the Erie canal in 1820; the first overland mail route was established between Missouri and San Francisco in 1861; and the United States established the international copyright law in 1891. It is the birthday of Jean Baptiste Rochambeau, the French soldier (1735); Gideon Welles, secretary of the navy under Lincoln (1802); William J. Boone, first missionary bishop of China (1811); George B.ump for mines (1837); and Harry L. Koopman, poet (1860). It is the date of the death of Governor James Edward Ogilthorpe in 1785.

A National League to Fight Graft.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Under the direction of Rudolph Spreckels, whose millions will be used to finance the movement, an organization has been formed to make a national fight against graft. August Belmont, Norman Hapgood and a number of active students of political affairs have enlisted their activities in the work, and the plan of action is now being outlined. The league proposes to open its headquarters at Washington, which may not be considered as a very high compliment to the national lawmakers and expects to extend its work into every state in the union.

Much good may be expected to result from this concerted effort, but it is not the fact that anti-graft leagues are quite common and very active these days. While not many of them have been incorporated and equipped with fine office quarters and the like, there is a widespread feeling that something like a majority of the voters of the nation now have membership in anti-graft leagues. The progressives in congress, the organizations and individuals that are protesting against the Payne tariff law, the voters who are overthrowing the tariff public servants in all parts of the country, the men who are smashing political machines in states and cities and all of the men and women who are engaged in bringing officials to an accounting for their deeds and misdeeds, with ample financial support, may be in position to accomplish much by investigations and research that individuals or smaller organizations could not afford to undertake. Congressional investigations are almost invariably influenced to some extent by politics, and it generally is impossible to secure an unbiased report on any subject of inquiry.

In the Ballinger case, for instance, the country would welcome a report by a non-partisan committee of inquiry instead of being compelled to draw its own conclusions from two or three reports which it is likely to regard as influenced more or less by the political affiliations of the members of the committee. At every session of congress questions arise demanding thorough investigation and a report of the exact facts, such as it is impossible to obtain from a committee composed of partisans. In that field there are big opportunities for the new national anti-graft league, and the people will rejoice in any efforts of the league calculated to make government more representative, efficient and honest.

Been There Himself.

From the Fliegende Blaetter.

Wife—And you will promise to water the flowers regularly while I am away?

Husband—Don't you worry about that. I know what thirst is.

Ought to Be.

From the New York Press.

"I suppose anything must be frozen at this time of year."

"I guess a pole?"

"At any rate, some pretty stiff stories are brought back."

Farmers' Summer Work.

The farmer rises with the sun.

Because there's work to be done.

Upon the dear old farm.

While summer-headers in his shack

Are slumbering at the noon case.

The nice fresh eggs he must unpack

Likewise uncan the peas.

—New York Telegram.

TANGLEFOOT

By Miles Overholt

ST KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

"What dye want to take a trout along for on a little trip of a day or two, St?" inquired the village postmaster, "stiff suitcase ought to be enough for ya."

"Cause, by gad, I'm goin' on a troutin' trip," said St.

That being a matter the postmaster had overlooked, he had nothing new to say about it.

AND BILL KNOWS.

"Children," said the teacher, "Who'll first to tell me this?"

"What feat did Alexander do? I have seen a cat kill a mouse."

"He was a stove," said William Speed for Bill was up-to-date.

"What's a cat's tail called?" "Sure," said Bill, "Alexander, the Grate."

IT WASN'T HIM.

"Heave ho, there," bawled the second mate.

The old gentleman who had just said his hogs and was taking a trip abroad on the proceeds painfully raised his head from the ship's railing and looked in the mate's direction.

"Heave ho?" I didn't swallow no hog. That was my tongue hangin' out you saw."

Then he went over the rail once more and gazed sadly into the moist and moping sea.

THEY HAD PERMITS.

"Are you the constable?" inquired the well dressed individual of the woodchuck, "limb of the limb, what is?"

"Come over to the depot quick as you can, will you. There's a bunch of Indians over there on the warpath."

"Impossible; they've cut that out."

"No they haven't. They're all prepared. Each one of 'em has a scalper's tickler."

Then the constable shot him to keep him from laughing himself to death.

Gaynor's Solution of Question.

From the World's Work.

"Some have come to the conclusion that government should take the railroads and run them in order to end the abuse, the same as Bismarck had to do in Germany. It is very certain that if the abuse can be ended in no other way the people will compel government to take the roads. They do not intend that their legislatures shall be corrupted and their government controlled by those who control the railroads. The country and government of ours are great enough to do anything. There is nothing radical or startling about government owning and running railroads, when one-half or more of the railroads of the world are owned and operated by government."

"For my part I would rather not see government do it. Private enterprise is too valuable to be eliminated from railroad building and management if it can be avoided. My own view, which I express with diffidence, is that the government should control the railroads. The country and government of ours are great enough to do anything. There is nothing radical or startling about government owning and running railroads, when one-half or more of the railroads of the world are owned and operated by government."

"But at any rate, and in some way or other, this wrong will be righted. The men of the people are awake and we may trust the result. I am an enemy of honestly acquired wealth, but I have been the life long enemy of moral wrong. Neither do the people hate the rich; they hate only injustice. Even the rich, when they understand the things, tore down the Bastille, but did not touch the Bank of France."

Texans in Congress.

From the Washington Times.

Texas can boast of more lawyers in the congress of the United States than any other state in the union.

Whenever the delegation from the Lone Star state gets together, there are two very lonesome individuals. They are John Matthew Moore of Richmond and James L. Slayden of San Antonio. Mr. Moore is a cattle raiser and planter, and Mr. Slayden is a college graduate from Texas in a college graduate and a lawyer. Incidentally they are good lawyers, and when a Texan gets into the debate it is dollars to doughnuts that the galleries are going to hear some real oratory that is worth listening to.

Texas sends the cream of the country to represent it in congress. There are few states anywhere near so large as Texas, for instance, which is represented in congress by a delegation every member of which is a college graduate. Each of the 18 members of the congress from Texas is a college graduate and a lawyer. Incidentally they are good lawyers, and when a Texan gets into the debate it is dollars to doughnuts that the galleries are going to hear some real oratory that is worth listening to.

So, when you see a Texan wearing a big slouch hat and walking along as though he was more accustomed to saddle than to a street car, or a member of Washington, do not get the impression that he is a cowboy sent to Washington to enjoy himself. The chances are that the wearer of the slouch hat has a string of degrees as long as those enjoyed by Mark Twain.

The Sturdy Yeoman

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

If I could sing as Austin sings, and strike his master lyre, I would give to queens and kings my words of living fire. For folks who loaf around in the city, and the men of the city, they're weary of his throbbing tones, and wish he'd go away. I'd sing about the man who rules his kingdom with a plow; who daily whacks his dusty mules, and milks the spotted cow. I'd sing about the sturdy yeoman, who, with plow and thingumbob, would be a place for him if he should jump his job. The men that we call great, the rich, the men of fame, the mighty pillars of the state—these might quit the game, and the old earth would go along, and never throw a fit; but things would soon be going wrong if all the farmers quit, and so I sing the yeoman's lay. I'd sing about the rich, the men of fame, the mighty pillars of the state—these might quit the game, and the old earth would go along, and never throw a fit; but things would soon be going wrong if all the farmers quit, and so I sing the yeoman's lay. I'd sing about the rich, the men of fame, the mighty pillars of the state—these might quit the game, and the old earth would go along, and never throw a fit; but things would soon be going wrong if all the farmers quit, and so I sing the yeoman's lay.

George Matthew Adams, Kansas Poet.