

THE JOURNAL

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Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar. —William Wordsworth.

GOVERNOR FOLK

HIS NAME means something. It typifies an idea. It does not merely mean that he was governor of Missouri. It does not simply signify that he is prominently mentioned for the presidency of the United States.

The name of this citizen of the republic, whenever or wherever it is mentioned, invariably and unconsciously carries to the mind that graft is a vice and must be put down. No matter who the citizen, no matter what that citizen's political faith, the mention of Governor Folk's name to him instantly conveys the idea that graft is to be abhorred.

The fact that Folk was governor is a mere incident. The fact that he is presidential timber is only an episode. It is the preeminent fact that he is the embodiment of a transcendent principle that he, more than any other man of his time has accentuated that principle, that makes him illustrious.

THE SLATE

WITH TWO exceptions, the remainder of the legislative ticket slated by "the interests" was rammed through the convention Monday night. It was in utter fulfillment that the opposition of many delegates was interposed by their support of other candidates except in the instances of E. L. Rayburn and Peter Hobkirk.

But this cold fact remains. Long before the convention began to ballot for its legislative candidates, The Journal was on the street carrying the story of the secret conferences.

ROOSEVELT

FORMER President Roosevelt will take two quite extended trips in the near future, one through the middle west and another later through the south, making many speeches. In these performances he will present all the appearance of a candidate during a campaign.

Mr. Roosevelt is only a private citizen, albeit the most eminent one in the country, and he breaks another precedent by thus putting himself forward as a free lecturer and campaigner. He probably thinks that no other man in the country is so capable of advising the American people as he, and that there is no one whose advice they would listen to and heed so well.

MR. McARTHUR'S CHALLENGE

ON THE floor of Monday night's adjourned convention C. N. McArthur challenged The Journal "to prove" that he was O. K.-ed for senator at the three corporation conferences. That is the way they all do. Mr. McArthur has inside information that The Journal was not present at the three secret conferences. Only "good friends" attended those "representative" assemblies of the people.

of the gas, electric light, railway and other corporations.

But, it is Mr. McArthur who must now produce the proof. Let him prove that his name was not on the typewritten list handed around in the convention. Let him prove that a typewritten list thus determined upon beforehand and handed around among the delegates for them to approve, is not a slate. Let him prove that The Journal did not, before the typewritten ticket was passed around appear on the streets of Portland giving the exact names with the exception of C. B. Moore's that appeared on the typewritten list given to the delegates to vote for.

It is not up to The Journal to produce further proof. The evidence is sufficient. The great public which Mr. McArthur and his colleagues think hasn't sense enough to select a good candidate, perfectly understands Mr. McArthur was nominated by the flat of corporate interests in secret conclave.

THE WATER FAMINE

THE PRESENT condition of the water supply in Portland is unfortunate. There is a water famine in several suburbs. In the Ivanhoe district householders are reported as wholly without water during the day and until about midnight. During the night they fill bathtubs and other receptacles with water for use during the waterless periods.

Meantime, the old time truth still stands. Where there is no meter, there is waste. The history of every city in the world proves it. If today, Portland were universally metered, there would be abundant water. It is the waste that is robbing many a suburb of its rightful supply.

Statistics prove that unmetered cities use about three times as much per capita as do metered cities. This means that two gallons of water on a flat basis is wasted to every gallon consumed. This is a chief reason why there is water famine in many Portland suburbs.

But this cold fact remains. Long before the convention began to ballot for its legislative candidates, The Journal was on the street carrying the story of the secret conferences. It gave the names of corporation managers who were there. It gave the names of the legislative candidates slated at those conferences.

HIS FRIGET

RICH HUNGARIAN has just crossed the United States from west to east on a trip around the world. He had heard that this country is a land of brigands and in crossing it he assumed a disguise. On the train he refused to allow the sleeping car porters to make up his berth.

An Ohio law, under which Governor Harmon acted promptly, makes local authorities responsible for such outbreaks as recently occurred in Newark, where a young prisoner, with no resistance on the part of the officers, was taken from jail and lynched.

Mr. Scott of the Oregonian is the champion of the railroad, the public enemy, and he is always against the common people, as he always is. It is a wonder that the people who are within the sound of his voice, the Oregonian do not wake up to the fact that they are being hoodwinked, that they are being duped, and while in the trap are being led to the slaughter.

But, it is contended, the crying need is for farm homes for the homeless who are moneyless as well. It is this identical class of people which Governor Hoyt proposes to secure. But not all who come are eligible. Millions may apply but only thousands can be accepted.

To Help the Deserving Poor.

From the Technical World Magazine. "It is generally recognized among business men," asserts Governor Haley, "that the present high cost of living is directly traceable to the fact that production has not kept pace with the demand."

for a closed evening period be denied. After a long day's work, home is pretty attractive, and waiting for a car and then standing up in it or hanging onto the sides of it is rather dreary. But let us be thankful for the other half after a while.

In northeastern Washington a man set fire to his slashing Saturday, the flames spread to adjacent timber and the consequence has been the loss of several lives—at this writing six are known to have been burned to death, and millions upon millions of feet of timber have been destroyed.

Letters From the People

Socialist's View of Equal Suffrage. Portland, July 19.—To the Editor of The Journal.—We note in the morning Oregonian of the 19th, inst., that a blunder in framing the bill for the equal suffrage amendment was not made until November, makes its provisions to extend the right of franchise indiscriminately to all women.

Some automobilists seem to try to make all the startling noises possible, especially when some most decent people want to go to sleep. Emperor William has been writing doggerel to some pretty girl visitors. It has long been suspected that he was cracked a little in the upper story.

Belshazzar.

From the Oregon City Courier. The question at issue in this state now is, shall the primary law be abolished and the power thrown out of the hands of the voters and turned over to the assembly? This is the question. The assembly movement is simply the combination of all the railroads, the banks, and public service corporations and old political grafters and politicians to re-establish an intimate personal control of state office away from the people and put it in their own individual hands.

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COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGES. The favorite color just now is green. The state needs rain far more than an assembly.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS. Medford has ordered 16 miles of pavement. New state bank of Hubbard opened last week.

There is 23 feet of water on the Coquille bar. Coos county will spend \$200,000 on good roads.

Echo scouring mills are at work; employ 25 men. Considerable building is going on in Myrtle Point.

Forest Grove has a rest room for country people. One hundred Union county goats sold at \$2.94 a head.

River business at Astoria has increased much lately. Through a hole in a pocket a Stayton man lost a \$25 ring.

Second good crop of alfalfa cut in Polk county last week. A large amount of fine cherries was picked around Mayger.

Sixty bushels of barley an acre was threshed near Sheridan. Many merchants of San Francisco will visit Klamath Falls.

Fruit display at The Dalles pleases and astonishes all visitors. Automobile trade is growing into a large business in Klamath Falls.

Resources of the First National bank of McMinnville are over \$700,000. The coming of the Oregon Electric will cause Eugene to grow faster than ever.

Probably no county in Oregon will turn off better crops this year than Washington. Montgomery correspondence of Dallas itemizes: Precious Irvine visited the Stow girls Saturday and Sunday.

A resident of that place reports Toledo to be booming. Forty buildings are to be erected there as soon as the lumber mill and sawmill of the barlick and the factory will commence operation in a very few days.

There is not a better location in southern Oregon for a fine building than Central Point, claims the Herald. Commercially she has the advantage of any other point in the Rogue river valley, and is destined to grow into a place of great commercial importance.

A native of Sweden who had been away from home and had not written back for 28 years, and who for some years past had been a mill worker in the St. Louis Republic, was very wealthy was dead, and that he had a large inheritance coming to him.

July 20 in History—Benjamin Franklin

It was on July 20, 1747, that Benjamin Franklin made his first experiments with the kite in his attempt to draw electricity from the clouds. Two years previous to this Peter Collinson, of the Royal society, sent a Leyden jar to the Library society of Philadelphia, with instructions how to use it. This fell into the hands of Franklin, who at once began his series of experiments.

On March 24, 1747, Franklin began his famous letters to Collinson. Meantime, numerous experiments with the Leyden jar had convinced him of the identity of lightning and electricity, and he set about the demonstration of the fact. The string which was used to take the control of state office away from the people and put it in their own individual hands.

The plan which he had originally proposed was to erect on some high tower, or other elevated place, a sentry-box, from which should rise a pointed iron rod, insulated by being fixed to a cake of resin. Electrified clouds, passing over this would, he conceived, impart to it a portion of their electricity. Philadelphia, at this time, offered no opportunity of trying an experiment of this kind.

Whist Franklin was waiting for the erection of a spire, it occurred to him that he might use more readily to the region of clouds by means of a common kite. He prepared one by attaching two cross-sticks to a silk handkerchief, which would not suffer so much from the rain as paper. To his upright stick was fixed an iron rod, the string was coated with wax, except the lower end, which was attached to the key.

Where the hemp string terminated, a key was fastened. With this apparatus, on the appearance of a thunder squall approaching, he went into the Common, accompanied by his son, to whom alone he communicated his intentions, well knowing the ridicule which would befall the interest of science, awaiting unsuccessful experiments in philosophy. He placed himself under a shed to avoid the rain. His kite was raised. A thunderbolt passed over it. No sign of electricity appeared. He almost despaired of success when suddenly he observed the loose fibers of his string move towards an erect position. He now pressed his knuckle to the key, and received a strong spark. How exquisite must have been his sensations at this moment! On his experiment depended the fate of his theory. Doubt and despondency were banished. He had discovered the identity of lightning and electricity was proved. Franklin's proposition to erect lightning rods which would convey the lightning to the ground, and so protect the buildings to which they were attached, found abundant opponents. Nevertheless, public opinion became settled in his favor. He protected buildings. Then the philosophers raised a new controversy as to whether the conductors should be blunt or pointed; Franklin, Cavendish, and Watson advocated points, and Wilson blunt ends. The logic of experiment, however, showed the advantage of pointed conductors, and people persisted in preferring them in that form as they have done ever since.

July 20, 1775, was the day set aside for fasting and humiliation by the patriots. It is the date the Confederate states met in Richmond in 1862 and the first of Shays' rebellion in Massachusetts, in 1846. It is the birthday of Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin (1766); of Eliza Dyer, the Rhode Island philanthropist (1811); Augustin Daly, the dramatist (1833); and Frederick J. Stimson, the writer of law books and statesman (1843). It is the date of the death of Robert the Wise, king of France (1031), and Caroline Anne Southey, poetess and novelist (1854).

It must be especially pledged to disregard the mandate of the people. This honest avowal of the Oregonian for its prime objective the destruction of the primary law, which is the right of a majority of the people to express their wishes at the polls and bind the men elected to office to carry them out, will tend very much to clarify the issues in the coming primary election.

The question to be passed upon by the voters, according to the Oregonian, is, shall the people of the political rights? The "assembly" represents the politicians, who are making a desperate effort to regain the power they lost when the direct primary law went into effect.

Fallacies of Protection.

From the Boston Globe. We may hope that the high tariff advocates will have enough respect for the intelligence of the voters not to repeat the assertions, so familiar in previous campaigns, that high prices mean high wages, that the foreigner pays the tariff tax, that a cheap coat worksman is "protected" by the tariff, etc. For all that is plainly repudiated by President Taft's simple statement, and is contradicted by too many notorious facts.

The fallacies of protection are all the worse because they are covered with the nauseous slime of a pretended altruism," said Dr. Eliot, two years ago. He believes we have been hoodwinked and hypnotized by the word "protection." There are many signs that the hypnotic spell is being broken, but Mr. Cockran is certainly rather optimistic in his hope that in the next campaign free trade may be adopted as an issue by the Democrats.

The Burns postoffice still continues to indicate a large, healthy growth in the population and business of the community. Its receipts for the office for the month of June, 1919, showed an increase of 48 per cent over June, 1917.

Are Oregon People "Barbarians"?

From the Eugene Guard. The Oregonian, which is the leading "assembly" advocate of Oregon, says people who want to govern themselves are "barbarians." A second editorial is strongly in line with the first, and shows that the "assembly" movement is aimed directly at the primary law, because the rule by the people is held to be rule by "barbarians." Statement No. 1 simply pledges a candidate to vote for the choice of the people as expressed at the polls for United States senator—and, as the Oregonian declares, every "assembly" candidate

TANGLEFOOT

By Miles Overholt

leaves hang to the leaves. Blowing snow fierce from the north. Winter comes staggering forth. Frost on the fences and trees. Thermometer down to the ground. Turn to the right or you freeze. Don't face the wind; turn around.

Skaters whirl forth on the ice. Sleighbells ring out gladness chimed. With the wind, a truce. Children snowballing bottoms. Read this again and once more. Discard the heavy hot weather rills. Sip cooling drinks by the score. Read it aloud—and keep cool.

MY WANDERING BOY. Where is my wandering boy tonight? The child of my tenderest care? His gone, and things don't seem just tonight.

And I don't have to swear. He wanders every minute or two. He wanders when the moonlight light. He wonders why the night is here. And why the night is here.

O, where is my boy tonight? O, where is my boy tonight? His voice overflows. He would tell him to know. O, where is my boy tonight?

Once he was quiet and kept his tongue. But this winter before he could talk. Now I fear he has cracked a lung. Before he can hardly walk. He wanders why the ocean rolls. He wonders if cows and sheep have souls. And what a trillion is worth.

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Harmony and the Republican Party. Senator Moses E. Clapp in Washington. (Washington, D. C., weekly). Harmony will not come to the Republican party by the agreement of a few men in congress. The Republican party does not and never did reside in the White House except in a representative capacity. The Republican party does not and never did reside in congress, except in a representative capacity. It lives in the hearts and purposes of the American people, and harmony will come whenever we return to the old theory of recognizing the voice of the people as the voice of the party.

The trouble is that we have come upon a time when we need a second Lincoln's success. Not alone Lincoln's greatness but his desire to wait that he might reflect the purpose of the people. We forget that we have come to a point when the time-honored policy, the very life of the nation, is being violated; when the policies of that party are proposed to be handed down instead of being received from the party itself. There is the secret of our misfortune; there is the secret of our disaster; and it ever to a political party that had a dead level of intellectuality, and which was never ruffled by independent thought. We must have differences. It is right that we should have. In differences and debates there is the life of the nation. There is the reason why honest differences should result in bitterness.

We stand today at the parting of the ways. Not the parting within and among those who may feel themselves the self-appointed leaders of the Republican party, but between us as a party and the people will come the parting, unless we heed what we know to be the will of the people.

That does not involve the idea that senators should blindly follow every popular opinion, and that every approval that blows across the fields, but it means that on great questions the best and the wisest judgment is not that of us who are in the senate, somewhat accentuated in debate, but it is the wise and settled judgment of a great people. So it is wise and just that we accept it and unless we heed it we reach the parting of the ways—the people will part from us. But if we return to the basic principle upon which our party was founded, and which enabled us to solve the problems of the past 50 years, namely, the principle of representation, we will not only retain the confidence of the people, but the details of legislation will follow as a sequence. The American people are not content with the Republican party because the people recognize that in the autonomy of the Republic party—if its principles are lived up to—is to be found the correct party, the agency for the solution of the problems of the future. We will still stand fast to that tradition of the past; the people will be with us!

Good Advice

(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.) You are wasting your lives! Like the bees in their hives; you work for the large silver wheel; and you stick to the job till your nerves are a-throw, and then you run down the road, with your mulling have done. Get out in the sun and talk from Dame Nature's fall; if your future seems dark, chase yourself to the park, and look at the fellows play ball. I used to be tied to a desk, weary-eyed and longed for release from life's ills; I anchored my nose to the horse-douche dope, and filled up my inwards with pills. Then a friend came along—he was forceful and strong, and he carried me off, grouch and all, and I sat on a board and I howled and I roared as the boys on the diamond played ball. Now I'd think it a shame if I should miss a game and go at it alone with my nerves all raw, and my nerves all raw, and my nerves all raw, and my nerves all raw.

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