

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED every evening (except Sunday) at 10 o'clock... CONFIDENCE imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor.

WEST WILL WIN

WEST WILL WIN. The campaign conducted for Bowerman would defeat not only Bowerman, but a much stronger man. It has been a campaign of mere wind.

At the Portland opening rally in Masonic temple last Saturday night, there were less than 300. Most of those present were old guard assemblies and many were women.

It takes facts to make votes. Windy stories are futile. The windy gobbler tale about Chamberlain and about Bourne has made votes against Bowerman.

JOINDER

M. BOWERMAN should explain to the public why the Thorburn Ross bank styled him "Joinder" in its cipher telegrams.

Whatever is practicable to be done to suppress and prevent this form of stealing should be done, not only in the interest of consumers, who are entitled to full weights and measures of what they buy, but also in justice to honest dealers who give such weights and measures.

PROHIBITION

IT WOULD be a mistake for Oregon to undertake statewide prohibition. The weakness of the plan lies in the known unwillingness of many districts to accept it.

After keeping the Jackson review bill in his committee two days, "Joinder" brought it out for the slaughter. He reported it back to the senate with the recommendation that "it do not pass."

It killed the bill and Mr. Bowerman was its slayer. That act shut off the last chance for Judge Marquam to get a judicial review of the suit by which the Thorburn Ross bank got the Marquam building.

The final decision in the well known Marquam case has been rendered. Marquam has lost the property and others have absorbed it. The supreme court holds that the methods and proceedings were legal.

As to this particular case, it is Oregonian will say no more at present than this, that a great property, under the manipulation and management to which it has been subjected, has gone to new owners at a cost to them of perhaps one third of its actual value.

NO LESS important than the political offices are the offices of the justices of the supreme court. The political offices, it is true, have to do with the enactment and execution of the laws and the promotion of public policies.

SHORT WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

A TRAVELING federal inspector of weights and measures will soon be in Portland and will inspect a few scales and measuring vessels. If he finds that any dealers are cheating their customers he will report to the state or local authorities.

This sort of pilfering on the part of here and there dishonest dealers cannot be entirely suppressed, but there should be a strict law against it, and a few convictions and heavy fines under such a law would go far to put a stop to it.

ANOTHER VICTORY

THE EXPECTED has happened. The Dunway suit against the Broadway bridge did not last long in the Oregon supreme court. In a decision this morning the court holds against every contention of Dunway.

THE BETTING

The Dalles, Or., Oct. 23.—To the Editor of the Journal—I am a new comer in the state, yet I understand that the Republican bettors are claiming only 5000 majority for Bowerman.

Oregonian's False Reports

From the Corvallis Gazette-Times. Exactly 225 people heard Bowerman and Hawley at the Republican rally at the opera house.

The March of Science

From the Los Angeles Times. Who shall stay the mighty march of science as it follows with intrepid feet the pathway of the shining stars? Who shall limit the achievements of her votaries?

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. November. One sixth of the year left. Election only a week off. Don't vote "No" on all the measures.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Springfield is to have a soap factory. Rapid development is taking place in Klamath county. Big schools of salmon trout running in the Necanicum.

November 1 in History—Earthquake in Lisbon

November, the last of the fall months, was styled by the ancient Saxons, Wintmonat, for the wind month, from the gales of wind which are so prevalent at this season of the year.

Veterans Do Not Want Hawley

Forest Grove, Or., Oct. 26.—To the Editor of the Journal—Mr. Garrison of Forest Grove, in his letter to the Oregonian of the 23rd inst., has no doubt that the public would not have had a bonus for volunteering, while the Indian war veterans did not receive a bonus.

The Oregonian's Slanders

From the Stayton Mail. In its feeble way The Mail has been trying to support the Republican ticket. However, this paper does not endorse the policy of the Oregonian.

The March of Science

From the Los Angeles Times. Who shall stay the mighty march of science as it follows with intrepid feet the pathway of the shining stars? Who shall limit the achievements of her votaries?

TANGLEFOOT

"WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED." "Needles and pins. Needles and pins. When you are married your trouble begins."—Lifted.

Needles and thread. Needles and thread. When you marry or family you wish you were dead.

Sewing machines. Sewing machines. Get out the rabbit and take pork and beans.

Hairpins and rats. Hairpins and rats. You ought to be happy to eat with the cats.

Biscuits and pies. Biscuits and pies. Don't let the woman who opened your eyes.

Get rag and hds. Get rag and hds. Get up at daylight and hump for the kids.

Labor and tan. Labor and tan. That's the proceeding that makes you a man.

SELDON HIT HIM. A woman lived at Clatskanie. She named her child "Seldom." And when I asked her woman why— "You see she lived in Swellwood."

"A barking dog will seldom bite." "Well, veel, Tacoma took deer count. Dea's too pad," remarked the rotund gent that conducts the oasis on our corner.

Roosevelt and Dix. From the New York Evening Post. Had Mr. Roosevelt not been so addicted to the custom of putting down all men as liars whom it was convenient for him to dispose of in that simple way, he would have waited till he knew something about the matter before declaring that Mr. Dix's first brief statement had been a cover for falsehood.

Civilization and Children. From the Philadelphia Telegraph. Succeeding generations must bear forward the burdens of our complex and progressive civilization. Hence one of its primary and essential functions is the sympathetic fostering and proper training of those that are to continue in the future the work and ideals of the past.

Fried Liver. (Contributed to the Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. His prose-poems are a regular feature of the column in The Daily Journal.) I sit to the groaning board and eat fried liver with a smile; my stomach's off a protest roared, for portentious is my style. My grins, my grins, my bent with care, and rather dotty now and then, is weary of the bill of fare, and kicks, and kicks, and kicks again.

"Great Caesar!" cries that worthy dame, when she beholds the liver fried, "this sort of grub is just a shame—why don't you cook a piece of hickory?" yearning for an oyster stew, a turkey stuffed the good old way; no loosen up, my lad—please do, and buy some decent grub today!" "Oh, granny, dear," I make reply, "I know that liver's pretty punk; I told you like an oyster fry, and see that kind of kindred junk; but while I keep a groaning board some grub I must be denied; I'll buy the grub I can afford and let the other virtuous slide. I'd rather chew a cobblestone than o'er the grocer's dufflet fry; I'd rather gnaw a marrowbone than eat a piece of liver, too many people, granny mine, are buying oysters in this town with mortgages on their tree and vine, and turning good old liver down. And maybe, granny, by and by, when things have turned and changed about, we'll eat the oysters, you and I, and they'll be on the liver route."

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