

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning. The Journal Building, 225 Fifth Street, Portland, Ore.

Subscription Terms by mail or in any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico: DAILY. One year, \$5.00; One month, \$0.50. SUNDAY. One year, \$2.50; One month, \$0.25. DAILY AND SUNDAY. One year, \$7.50; One month, \$0.75.

A man without a wife is but half a man.—Franklin.

TO INVESTIGATE THE EXPRESS COMPANIES

THE Interstate Commerce commission, it is announced from Washington, is about to enter upon a thorough investigation of the express companies of the country, with a view to determining the reasonableness of their rates, considered in connection with the investments involved in establishing and maintaining their business.

A presumably reliable estimate of the net capital invested in their business by the four leading express companies is a little less than \$12,000,000, yet their net earnings are said to be about \$7,715,000, or more than 55 per cent. More detailed complaints state that the returns from the capital actually employed range from 43 to 115 per cent, or more. Through less than \$12,000,000 is invested in the business the capital of these four companies aggregates \$36,000,000, and their gross assets are given as \$119,534,053.

It is high time that the rapacity of these companies was curbed, and that they were required to serve the public at reasonable rates, that would yield them a fair and liberal income, which would be perhaps one-third or one-fourth the amounts that they are now requiring patrons to pay. Not only have these companies charged extravagant rates during many years, but they have been principal influence at Washington in opposition to a parcels post law, such as all other civilized countries have. This may have been a heavy expense for them, but it was not a legitimate one, and they are not entitled to charge it up as such.

THE KEY TO THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

PRESIDENT TART'S thirty thousand word message deserves more study than the average man will give to it. It shows the conscientiousness of a most competent and painstaking judge, who finds it his duty to master every detail of the case before him—and then, and not till then, does he deliver himself of his conclusions.

His anxiety to lead all who read to share his convictions, and to do, each of them, his part when the time to act arrives, is responsible for the mass of detail and the labored statement of facts which make the message but dull reading.

But it is clear that a policy has been applied, bit by bit, to each and all the departments of the government of this great nation. The message reveals his success. Dealing in turn with the treasury department, the Philadelphia mint, the collections at the port of New York, the post office, the navy department and others in less degree, the expenses of government are reduced by \$53,000,000 below the appropriations for 1910.

acquire exact knowledge of facts. If facts disclose defects and demand remedies, apply the tests. See if the administration of the law rather than its essence be in fault. Use the best tools in the best hands and industriously and patiently apply the laws we have before discarding the old and inventing new.

If this policy wants brilliancy, surely it is reasonable. And it belongs to President Taft and can be most clearly read in this long message.

OREGON FARMS AND FARMERS

CHILD'S among us taking notes, and faith, he'll print it! Oregon's farms and farmers are to be brought into the lime light of the Saturday Evening Post, and in order to get the most readable story, that million and a half circulation paper has sent Emerson Hough to get material.

It is to be hoped that he will get all sides of the conditions. The interviewer, being interviewed, tells us a little of his advance impressions, for which we are thankful. He warns us first by the examples of Kansas and Nebraska against the land owners who bring the settler out west on any conditions, land him there and get out leaving him to do the best he can.

The tale of the Oregon pioneers appeals to our visitor, and rightly. They have a friendly critic; and for them he cannot say too much to please us. But now about the "new class of settlers" he describes? Are they "brought out by the land booming people in a Pullman car, and dumped down in a sage brush desert?" The "land booming people" that do most of that work are the already settled settlers. The back tide of correspondence that fills the mails with the stories of families who have come, have seen the fair Oregon lands, who have breathed her healthy air, who are tilling her fertile soil, who have received the grasp of neighborly friendship—those letters are our best "boomers."

Our visitor will find yet another answer to his "land booming" and then "get out" idea, when he sees large farms cut up into small ones, and these smaller ones taken over by immigrants, he will naturally ask, what has become of the land-poor owner of the section? Rarely has he left Oregon, generally he has replanted his family tree in the same neighborhood in which he and his family have grown up. If he has been stock-raising or farming on a large scale, it has pleased many a land settler to buy ten or twenty acres near a city or a college town, not to enjoy the fruits of idleness, but to have more enjoyment of life than the routine and continuous employment of the ranch or dairy farm allowed.

Oregon has nothing to fear from, nor will the tide of settlement to her borders be turned by the comments of any fair and unprejudiced observer—but let Mr. Hough beware—Oregon has many attractions for such as he—and the delegated "spy" may return to become the settler himself in the "Promised Land."

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT IS GROWING

AMONG the fast growing cities during the past decade were Birmingham, Ala., that increased in population from 33,415 to 132,655, and Oakland, Cal., which grew from 66,960 in 1900 to 150,174 in 1910. Both these cities, by an overwhelming popular vote have recently decided to adopt the commission plan of government. The growth of these cities indicates that they are active, alert, progressive municipalities, and not likely to make a three-to-one mistake of judgment as to the style of government they want after having watched other cities that have adopted the commission plan.

At present 96 cities have adopted the commission form of government—7 in Iowa, 20 in Texas, 19 in Kansas, 7 in South Dakota, 5 in Massachusetts, 10 in Oklahoma, 5 in Tennessee, 4 in California, 3 in North Dakota and 1 or 2 in each of ten other states. Besides these, Pittsburgh and Buffalo are moving for this change, and progressive people in many other cities are considering it.

The commission form of government is not a cure-all for all municipal evils, nor an end-all for all municipal problems; it has its difficulties and disappointments; but so far it appears to be a great improvement on the ordinary diffused style of government generally in vogue, and is well worthy of consideration by the people of Portland.

interests. Just as Smith does in New Jersey. One is a Republican and the other a Democrat, but for all practical purposes they are in entire accord and are equally inimical to the common people's interests.

RECIPROcity WITH CANADA

THE standpatters who say that there is no demand in Canada for reciprocity, are mistaken through stupidity or ignorance or obstinately cling to false representations, as they did when they persisted that there was no demand in this country for a revision of the tariff downward, and no widespread and unusual protest against the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. There is in fact a strong and growing sentiment in Canada for genuine, fair reciprocity, and it is especially strong among the agriculturalists. As an evidence of this a train carried 1000 of the most influential farmers of the Dominion to Ottawa last week to urge reciprocity in trade with the United States.

Not all Canadians want freer trade with this country, but there, as here, it is only the beneficiaries of prohibitive protection who are against it. A large and liberal measure of reciprocity, a long step toward free trade, would be vastly beneficial to both countries. As the Boston Globe says: "We manufacture a host of things that the average Canadian wants, and we are greatly in need of the raw material which abounds in Canada, so it looks as if there were both opportunity and a basis for a reciprocity treaty. Two things, however, are certain: Canada can't expect reciprocity without making some concessions, and we can't expect it unless we also are ready to make concessions. Anything short of mutual yieldings will not be reciprocity, but an attempt by each to deceive the other, a situation sure to bring about unpleasant results."

So far, unless recently, our government has never sincerely attempted reciprocity. Its pretended efforts have been insincere and farcical. It is time that honest, earnest efforts for freer trade with our nearest neighbor were made.

BRITISH MUNICIPAL TRAMWAYS

THE United States consul at Bradford, England, reports that it was stated at the recent conference of the British Tramways association that last year the privately owned street railway companies had been able to put aside only about one per cent of their capital for depreciation, as against three and one-half per cent put by for the same purpose by the municipal tramways. The consul further says that "excellent conditions prevail among the 60,000 men directly engaged in running electric cars. They work only 54 hours a week. A motorman starts at 12.37 cents per hour and works up to 15.25 cents. A conductor begins at 11.25 cents per hour and receives a maximum of 13.91 cents. Uniforms are supplied free and employees are pensioned. A bonus of £1 is given quarterly to motormen who have been free from accident due to negligence."

These would seem very small wages in this country; indeed, nobody would work for such pay; but it is to be remembered that the cost of living is far less in Great Britain than here. At any rate, municipal street car systems appear to be a success in many European cities, in some cases earning handsome surpluses that go to reduce taxation. American cities may get around to municipally owned street car systems after awhile, but not very soon, not until municipal government has been a good deal reformed.

DIVE ROAD HOUSES SHOULD GO

THE county court very properly refused the Cliff Inn a license. There were two good reasons for this decision. One was that a majority of the residents of Linnton precinct opposed the license. This reason alone was sufficient. But there was a broader one, which the court could not well ignore; the place has been a malodorous resort. Such a place should be suppressed whether a majority of the voters of the vicinity petition for or against it.

There are other places in the county outside the city limits that are of much the same character. They are the rendezvous of irresponsible and immoral joy riders who are a pest in any civilized community. Their orgies in these places result in frequent wrecks of automobiles, the breaking of heads and bones, and sometimes fatal casualties.

But in addition to these items there is the disgraceful feature of the case. This gives the county and city an unenviable reputation. It is not such haccannal road house dives that help to give a community a good name or make it attractive to desirable people; quite the contrary. The Linnton neighborhood, and the county, can congratulate themselves on the suppression of the Cliff Inn, and care should be taken that it is not resurrected.

industrial horizon now that to them looks in the least like a threatening cloud. As it is in Detroit, so it must be in a general aspect, in other cities. The calamity croakers are out of season.

The January number of the Pacific Monthly, just out, is of more than ordinary attraction and excellence. Among the articles of peculiar interest are: "On the Trail of Dr. Cook," by C. E. Rusk; "Story of a Mexican Political Refugee," by L. Guiterrez de Lara; "Narrative of a Shanghai Whalerman," by Henry A. Clock; "The Present and Future of Eastern Oregon," by Randall R. Howard; "The West and the National Capital," by John E. Lathrop, and "The Three Kings," a Christmas poem, by C. E. S. Wood. The number is finely illustrated throughout.

General Santa Claus will have more subordinates, assistants and employes from now till Saturday night—in fact, has had for many days past—than any military general or captain of industry, or any score or hundred of them combined, ever had. He's a tremendous personage, old Santa.

"Sail On"

(In a recent critical article in the London Athenaeum is the sentence: "In point of power, workmanship and feeling, among all the poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to 'Columbus,' by Joaquin Miller.") Behind him lay the gray Azores, Behind the Gates of Hercules; Behind him not the ghost of shores; Behind him not the surge of seas; The good mate said: "Now, we must pray. For the very stars are gone, Brave Adm'l speak: what shall I say?" "Why sail, 'sail on! sail on! sail on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day; My men grow ghastly wan and weak; The stout mate thought of home; as 'ere he said: "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

They sailed and sailed as the winds might blow, Until at last the blanchèd mate said: "Why not overboard this mutinous crew? Should I and all my men fall dead, These very winds forget their way. For God from these dread seas is now speak, brave Adm'l speak and say: "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate: "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night. He curls his lip, he lies in wait, He waits for me, he waits for me; Brave Adm'l say but one good word: What shall we do when hope is gone?" The words leapt as a leaping sword: "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck; And peered through darkness, Ah! Of all dark nights! And then a speak! His light went out! A light! A light! It grew, a starlit flag unfurled! It grew to be Time's hurried dawn. He sprang to his feet, he sprang to his feet; His grandest lesson: "On, sail on!"

A Woman Municipal Housekeeper

The Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, Mich., has the distinction of being the first public housekeeper in the world. In her capacity as city clerk she has been in charge of the city's cleaning department for three months. Her duties include the supervision of the city's cleaning force, the purchase of supplies, and the management of the city's finances.

She told the recent conservation congress in St. Paul of the simple, plain, but time-tested housekeeping method that under her direction have been applied in a number of cities, and of the excellent results which had followed. So practical were all these sanitary suggestions that immediately after her departure the state board of health in Minnesota voted an appropriation to engage five weeks of her time. The board asked her to visit the 12 largest towns in the state, view them with the eye of a housekeeper, and report. Now Kentucky is getting the house-cleaning of their lives.

Some time ago the ideal of public service grew so strong in her heart that Mrs. Crane resigned her pastorate and devoted her entire time to civic work. She was elected to the city board of health in 1908, and started out to clean up Kalamazoo, which sadly needed cleaning at that time. Mrs. Crane offered to take charge of the street cleaning department. After much persuasion, the city council gave her charge of the blocks on Main street for three months. Mrs. Crane instructed the plan of "white wings" hand workers and soon had her section of the town entirely clean. Moreover, she was saving money on the job. For one thing, she did not need Kalamazoo had been expending \$8.35. Mrs. Crane cleaned the same space for \$5 and handed the extra \$3.35 back to the department. Before her three months had elapsed the city had adopted her plan.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Only three days more, kids. Remember the sick and suffering. It can't be a merry Christmas for everybody. Wouldn't an anti-treating law cause more treating? "Inasmuch as 'd did it unto one of the least of these—"

Portland is all ready to make a lot of new records next year. Every Christmas season should leave the world somewhat better. Better a Red Cross stamp on a Christmas present than a price tag. Don't scorn the little, cheap things; they may have the most real value.

It is more in what one gives than in what one gets that business consists. Apparently a good many people who shopped early are also shopping late. The bridegroom is not always the only happy man at a wedding; often dad is happy also. Don't think too much about the January bills; sufficient unto the day are its troubles.

The Hawthorne bridge ought to be a good one, but it has not been reported that he is doing any Manual labor. We really haven't any great amount of sympathy for the poor people who are doing their Christmas shopping late. Santa Claus is a standpatter in custom and principle, but a progressive in method; he brings new sorts of things every year. A few inches of snow next Saturday would help a man, but Santa Claus isn't a weather god.

Each different element or sort of the liquor traffic wants an ordinance to make it easy for him and hard for the other fellows. Judged by the crowds in Portland stores, this city must have a population of about 350,000, but many of them are from the country. It is as true now as it has been on previous occasions that now is a better time than any future time will be to get a piece of land.

The parties most interested in a bigger army and navy are making desperate efforts for big appropriations now; they are the warlike parties. The party most interested in a bigger navy and army are making desperate efforts for big appropriations now; they are the warlike parties. The party most interested in a bigger navy and army are making desperate efforts for big appropriations now; they are the warlike parties.

That needed \$10,000 for the Visting Nurse association is scarcely half secured yet. Far more liberal buying of Red Cross seals should occur the rest of the week. Women's gowns that button down the front are announced the proper thing from Paris. This is one change in women's apparel that all married men will heartily approve.

An eastern man asks a divorce from his wife because she darned the socks of their Japanese house servant. Now Columbus, Robert Burns and Mr. Lachlan will be surer than ever that Japan will overrun and conquer the United States. A correspondent of the London Mail is going to write a series of articles about the United States. He will visit this country for 38 hours, spent in New York, Washington and Philadelphia, and in that brief time he will write a book that doesn't know about this country would make longer and perhaps more interesting articles.

A strange scene was enacted in London on the night of December 21, 1893. Near Suffolk street were assembled 15 or 20 of his majesty's guards, mounted and unmounted, under the command of Sir Thomas Sands and the son of the Duke of Inchiulin. From 10 o'clock to 11 they waited for the arrival of Sir John Coventry, whom they expected to pass on his way home from the tavern at which he supped. At length he came, and, divining their hostile purpose at a glance, Sir John snatched a flask from his pocket and, brandishing it high, placed his back against the wall and bravely defended himself with both weapons. He succeeded in dashing O'Brien and some others of his assailants to the ground, but was forced to retreat to superior forces. After they had disarmed him the cowardly crew threw him down and, cutting his nose to the bone, left him.

This atrocious act was perpetrated in accordance with the orders of the Duke of Devonshire, Coventry's principal friend, but the actual instigator was Charles II himself. In a parliamentary committee of ways and means a motion had been made, "That towards the supply every one who resorts to any of the playhouses, Coventry's boxes, shall pay one shilling; every one who sits in the pit shall pay six pence, and every other person three pence."

This was opposed by the court party on the ground that the players were the king's servants and a part of his household, and that it would be a disgraceful and impertinent, but indirectly asked, "Whether the king's pleasure lay among the men or the women that acted?"

This was touching Old Rowley too near to be safe, and it did not need much argument to persuade Charles that if the offense were allowed to pass unpunished reflections on royal weakness would become dangerous obnoxious. And so the king, forgetful of obligations incurred by the fugitive Charles Stuart, made a motion to make an example of Coventry, and carried out.

modern town with parks, good streets and an organized system of public relief. Nothing to Fear from Japan. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The alarm expressed by a few persons at the national capital over a lack of interest on this coast may cause many timid persons to believe that Japan is contemplating an assault of some sort on this coast. Of course that is error. It is absurd. Japan is thinking of no such thing. There is a much more serious reason for a break between the two countries.

On the contrary, such unsettled diplomatic differences as exist between Japan and America are in process of peaceful diplomatic settlement, and they will be satisfactorily adjusted in the near future. Moreover, Japan is in no condition to invade a quarrel with this country, even if grounds for a quarrel existed. Japan has not recovered from the struggle with Russia, and Japan knows also that it would be disastrous for the empire at this time to turn its back on Manchuria. Russia is still looking toward the sea, and Japan's aspirations in Manchuria and in Korea might come to a sudden end if Japan should challenge America on the Pacific.

Behind the excited speculation at the national capital lies the larger fact that the three most powerful governments so far as the orient is concerned, from a military and naval standpoint, are interested in maintaining peace on the Pacific. These powers are America, Great Britain and Japan, and it is not too much to say that peace on the Pacific depends upon these powers. There is not the slightest indication that the present good situation will be disturbed, and the alarmists should quiet their fears.

Great Gold and Copper Prospects.

From the Joseph Herald. Fabulously rich strikes are reported from all of the numerous rich gold and copper prospects in the Joseph district. Samples of ore are being brought in daily which, if from some inaccessible place like Alaska or some horrible desert like Nevada or Africa, would cause such a wild stampede of prospectors that they would break their arms, legs and necks in the mad scramble to get there first. This careless condition can not last much longer, as capital is about ready to transform the Joseph mines into the greatest gold and copper producers the world has ever known. It is not too much to say that the world is being flooded with cheap and profitable mining—with our vast mountains of the richest ore in the world, an inexhaustible supply of timber and water, railway facilities, a climate that will permit work every day in the year, the richest farming and stock-raising country in the world.

The people passed the new water main ordinance; now they are beginning to pay for it.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Baker county is over \$50,000 in debt. A willow basket factory near Banks is prospering. Hillsboro has two banks and two more in prospect. Independence will probably pave three streets next year. Development work on the Ontario oil well will be resumed. Big improvements are promised in Hillsboro, says the Argus. A Hillsboro parsnip is 31 inches long and 4 1/2 inches in diameter. Two story concrete building, 70x115 feet, will be erected in Springfield. Womas near Dallas cleared \$2200 on her prune crop raised on 12 acres. Morrow county has only 160 more inhabitants than it had 20 years ago. The school census of Milton this year shows \$26 as against \$21 last year. Umatilla county Good Roads association recommends spending \$10,000 next year. Brownsville has a new factory that will manufacture handles on a large scale. There is much activity in the Blue River mines, 40 miles southeast of Brownsville. California oil expert says there are indications of oil in the McKittrick district, Jackson county. Morrow county booster club is preparing to do much consisting of the resources of that county. A Vale man boarded the train to look for a missing cow and had gone a few feet when he appeared in sight, and he yelled at the top of his voice: "There's my cow, stop the train, and they did."

The big irrigation dam being built on Succor creek by parties to irrigate the lands of the Succor Creek valley, as well as a good section of bench lands in the Homedale territory is moving right along, reports the Vale Oregonian.

The Central Oregon Irrigation company has a camp of 45 men constructing lateral right middle east of Bend, and the number will be increased to 75. The company is arranging to organize two more similar camps in Redmond, the other in the Powell Butte district. In addition to the new bank building to be erected at Eagle Point in the spring, at least two modern store buildings will be erected at that place. The water power at Eagle Point is growing and will continue to grow. The P. & E. has built a handsome station that would accommodate 2000 people during the coming season. Streets are to be graded, cement walks laid from the depot down town, and a new lumber yard is planned to meet the needs of the growing town.

A miserable and clammy fog, complains the Weston Leader, rolls up daily from Hudson's bay and swamps the hills. It kills every cheerful thought, every generous impulse, and makes a croaker out of the jolliest optimist. The fog is generally dragged off and buried after a justifiable homicide. This fog makes a good wheel westward, but one in almost a hang if there is never any wheat. It crops must depend upon an annual ice storm, and this is the case with the white and the mountainous make our job heavier by coming to town and bragging about the sunshine in the Blues. The fog doesn't reach them.

December 21 in History—Sir John Coventry. A strange scene was enacted in London on the night of December 21, 1893. Near Suffolk street were assembled 15 or 20 of his majesty's guards, mounted and unmounted, under the command of Sir Thomas Sands and the son of the Duke of Inchiulin. From 10 o'clock to 11 they waited for the arrival of Sir John Coventry, whom they expected to pass on his way home from the tavern at which he supped. At length he came, and, divining their hostile purpose at a glance, Sir John snatched a flask from his pocket and, brandishing it high, placed his back against the wall and bravely defended himself with both weapons. He succeeded in dashing O'Brien and some others of his assailants to the ground, but was forced to retreat to superior forces. After they had disarmed him the cowardly crew threw him down and, cutting his nose to the bone, left him.

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TANGLEFOOT

By Miles Overholt. WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN SIXTEEN When I was but a little yep, my grand-dad said to me: "My son, when you are sixteen, why don't you know how to do more than 7. He said: 'I don't know why I am! I'm the blimed old to see. But you'll know everything from past to by and by.'"

When you were sixteen years of age, Then you think you're quite the rage. But you're not, Great Scott! What you need you haven't got: That swat! As a wise guy, You're a prize guy, Nix! Nix! Nix! Not!

Ten years after, I remember that my Honesty, I thought the earth was nearly two thirds mine. Though I had a good police, I thought I had earned their cheers. For my vast amount of knowledge; sure I let the limelight shine.

When you were sixteen, you're a wonder, You pry up a lot of thunder: You've a blot, O.K. knot, And you need a gentle swat— Gentle? Not! Fakes you turn you on the grass, Till you've learned a little class. You're a hummer, You're a comer, Nix! Nix! Nix! Not!

A sweet little thing out at Lemta Had a dollar and sixty-eight cents. And the next day the maiden, With Christmas gifts laden, Came home with a box labeled, "Gen'l's."

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG! A G. Longnecker has been found guilty of dispensing near beer in Umatilla county. "Oh, mamma, I wish I had a neck like a giraffe," said the little girl; "so I could taste my ice cream longer."

Mrs. Ripper of Butte has ripped through two marriages, on divorce and a divorcee. Her first name is NOT Jack-the.

"Secret Report" of Jingoism. From the Denver Post. Let it be understood right here and now—and you may stick a pin, even a nail, through it if you wish—the American people are patriotic; they will fight for their flag, they will suffer for a cause, they will march to their death for their country today, just the same as they always have been willing to do when war clouds lowered, or a foreign foe menaced.

Don't get away from that point but don't set the people down as being fools, either. It would seem that those in charge of the war and navy departments had resorted to a cheap and tawdry trick to frighten the public into the belief that an enlarged army and a double navy were absolutely necessary at once.

All right, if they are, the people will buy it. Just the same, these doctors will take something more than a "secret report," filed and withdrawn—something more than the wish of an imaginary black flag of war—something more than the shadow picture of a threatened foreign invasion—to convince them that an emergency is at hand.

In which he holds up his hands in horror at an "only too apparent national weakness." The commander of the army sends in a brief telling of the utter helplessness of Uncle Sam in the Pacific states. Just the same, these doctors have given out to cause the public curiosity and to attempt to make the public hair stand on end.

Then the reports are called in, and the people are left in darkness, that they may become afraid—afraid of the gloom that surrounds them. On a day of all-weather, there will come the demand for many new battleships, more sailors to man them, and an army almost twice the size of the present body.

If there is any war speck on the horizon it must be in the direction of Japan, and that is the danger. But it had disappeared long ago. A race question has been settled, and if there is any other troublesome problem to be solved no one has heard anything of it for a long time.

Yet we are told—in a whisper, and on a secret—that a foreign foe in 20 days could land 100,000 men on the Pacific coast, blow up the mountain passes, cut off the east from the west, and that it would require years and a billion dollars to dislodge.

We listen—almost unbelieved—but the wonder grows when Uncle Sam would be afraid of all these things. But it is something besides mountain passes would not be blown up, whether a "foreign foe" would not suffer a little cutting off, and whether some one else would not be spending a few dollars.

One can almost see the framing of the "secret report" behind closed doors. "Now, we fix this thing up, and send it in. Just enough of it will leak out to scare 'em. They'll clamor for the rest, but they won't give it to 'em until they're thoroughly frightened. Little by little, they'll tell us how weak they are, how the country is in danger, the flag likely to be disgraced, and in two months they'll be demanding a dozen battleships and an increased standing army. Then we can give Tom, and Dick, and Harry good officers' jobs, and everything'll be fine."

And, I think, you'll remember that this is the last whack the army and navy ring will have at the treasury for some time to come. The next congress will be Democratic.

The Hughes Whiskers

(Continued to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous Kansas poet. Let your pen try regular feature of this column in The Daily Journal.)

It gives my wearied heart a wrench to see such whiskers on the bench. The highest court in all the land should the respect of all command, and nothing should disturb the two with which we view that home of law. But how can people, calling them, regard that wide expanse of hair and think of anything but soap and razor strops and barber's dopes? The lawyer, when he bleads a case, will see the growth of Hughes's face, and straightaway all his thoughts will fly to where the fields of spinach lie. A man can't think of law, alas, when facing such a stretch of grass. The other judges, sitting near, cannot think of it, and I hope that Justice Hughes will get some soap, a brush, some water and a saw, and whack those tassels from his jaw.

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