

THE JOURNAL

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WHICH WILL SQUIRM. IF HE SHOULD be elected mayor, will Mr. Simon suddenly lose enthusiasm for commission government and find pretenses and excuses on which to postpone a change of government until the end of his term?

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of barrows, and does it carry the union label? Is the "Simon prosperity" a triumph of Republican policies, Democratic policies, or muckwump policies? Is it patented, and will there be prosecution of all infringements? If put up in bottles, does it fizz when you pull the cork?

The gay world would also like to know something about Mr. Simon's "full dinner pail." Does he fill it with ice cream or with alfalfa? If alfalfa, does he shake it before taking, and does he recommend it in aliphathic or homeopathic doses? Furthermore, has it been properly sprayed, and is it certified alfalfa?

The Journal will perhaps be pardoned if Mr. Simon as the harbinger of good times reminds it of Johnnie. "What is the baby crying about, Johnnie," inquired the mother. "Nuthin'," said Johnnie, "I just took the bottle of milk from him and showed him how to drink."

FACTS GREAT PROBLEMS. MR. GARY OF THE Steel trust declared before the house investigating committee at Washington yesterday that his corporation would welcome government supervision of its affairs.

In an article the same day, Colonel Roosevelt declared that more drastic legislation for control and regulation of trusts is necessary.

Such utterances by men who are national figures are extraordinary. It seems incredible that the managing man in the steel corporation should publicly invite government supervision. It seems unbelievable that the ex-president should insist on legislation more drastic, even, than the Sherman law.

Nobody knows yet what the evolution in big affairs in this country is to be. There are signs that we are on the verge of a momentous transition in the industrial world. It awakens a country-wide query as to what changes a decade of the future may bring.

Ten years ago, it would have started the country to have been told that the government would soon exercise the large control over railroads that is now the established order. Yet such regulation is here, and it is accepted by the railroads themselves as a legitimate function.

Moreover, there is much proof that it is by far, a better status for the transportation companies, and that in the end they will profit from the change.

The United States is the greatest field in the world for statesmanship. The problems this country presents are nowhere approximated. It is probable that the present momentous time will bring forth its constructive men, and that the most serious of our problems will pass to a successful and beneficial solution.

THE SINS OF THE AGE. THE PURCHASE of an auto means debt, is the claim of Irving Bacheller, the novelist. He describes automan as one of the sins of the age, and for other sins recounts various American fads and fancies. His views, vividly expressed are to appear in tomorrow's Sunday Journal.

Mr. Bacheller narrows the sins of the age down to extravagance, ambition, selfishness, idleness and race suicide. He develops his thesis on extravagance by telling the tale of the automobile buyers. He lays most of this sin at the door of the wife. He claims that the man strives ever to "keep up with Lizzie," but she sets too hot a pace for the man to follow, and he falls by the wayside. The community suffers, according to this writer, by the locking up of unnecessary wealth in the garages of the country. He instances one, where \$69,000 was lying dormant, so far as any good use of the money was concerned. The purchase of an auto means debt.

The over-crowding of the professions is attributed to idleness and ambition—to desire to escape the hard work of the last generation, and to emerge into a higher social status.

Then comes the old song, brains hath left the land and sought the cities. We have kept everything upon the farm that was not good enough to be sent to the city—and that's what's the matter with the United States today.

Last comes the most serious accusation of all. "Race suicide" is the right term. Love is no longer sufficient warranty for matrimony. They are close to 30 when the time comes—when she decides that with economy and no children they can afford to maintain a home. The bells ring. But we hear in the ringing of the bells and in the strains of the great organ—what? The death knell of a race—the joyful death march of a race.

STRAINED IMMIGRATION. OUT OF LAST year's immigrants, numbering 1,198,000 in all, less than 16,000 could be classified as farmers, and only 200,000 could, by any courtesy, be called agricultural workers. Over 80 per cent of the total were destined for about 100 congested cities and over-crowded labor centers of seven or eight eastern and north-eastern states.

Less than 13 per cent went to the 36 states and territories south of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi. By force of the private, state, and federal efforts at distribution a considerable number were headed for Florida and other southern states—and from Florida comes a complaint that so many of these immigrants are utterly strange to conditions of life and work there.

that the sooner they find their way out of the state the better. After four years' experience the federal immigration commission advised legislation supplementing that now in force to examine and select intending immigrants at their point of departure. No action has yet been taken in congress to carry these recommendations into force.

Canada, Australasia and other new countries are fully alive to the advantage of straining out undesirable immigrants before they are allowed to go on shipboard. The United States exclude the known criminal, the diseased, the contract labor, the pauper, and the prostitute women classes, and these only. The principle of selection has been introduced. It should be carried far enough to include undesirables who are not to be catalogued under any of the descriptions given.

near London sets a dramatic to a career which might have had many years yet to run. A very clear discussion of the municipal paving measure appears on another page. It is by R. B. Lamson, and it embodies points not hitherto presented to the public. It is worth reading both by opponents and friends of the measure.

Letters From the People. Council Crest as a Public Park. Portland, June 1.—To the Editor of The Journal.—An editorial appears in an evening paper tonight advocating the acquisition of Council Crest as a public park and urges the citizens to vote for its purchase. It is perfectly true that it is a beautiful site for a park, that is, a park whose chief merit is that of a viewpoint, but not that purpose for which it is accessible. But there are many other points on the hilltops that command equally beautiful views that will be long accessible by cars, and the Council Crest is the only fitting place for a view park, for the latter is not the case, and considering the wholesale way in which the taxpayers' money is being voted, it would be well for them to pause and carefully consider the advisability of acquiring this property at the elevated price asked for it.

COLLEGES OR DREAUGHTS? THERE IS complaint in Oregon about the cost of higher education. Appropriations for buildings at the state university are held up. How stands the account between national armament and national education? The battleship Kansas cost more than \$7,000,000. The entire investment in higher educational institutions in the state of Kansas is but \$6,000,000.

The annual cost of maintaining a battleship is \$740,000 to \$860,000. The institutions of higher learning whose annual cost is as much, can be counted on the fingers of a hand. The operation of a dreaught for one year costs half a dozen times as much as the annual maintenance of the University of Oregon.

The total income of the 800 colleges and universities of the United States for 1909 was \$25,000,000. The cost of maintaining the battleships of the United States for the year 1910 was \$24,000,000.

The appropriation for the navy for a single year is about \$133,000,000, or five and one half times the income of all the institutions of higher education in the country.

Yet a battleship that costs more than \$7,000,000 becomes obsolete in ten years, and in a few years more may, as in the case of the Texas be shot to pieces as a target. The \$67,000,000 invested in grounds for educational establishments lasts forever, and the truths of education never perish.

If we complain at the cost of higher education, what about the armaments? Which is better for the race and Christian civilization, \$7,000,000 worth of education or \$7,000,000 worth of dreaughts?

MAKING THE TICKET. POLITICAL prophets are sleepless in their vigilance. They have already nominated Mr. Taft, and are busy selecting his running mate. They insist that the second place is to be given a progressive as a means of harmony. They talk of Senator Cummins, but Cummins is opposed to the presidential policy of reciprocity. They mention Henry L. Stimson, the new secretary of war, but he was defeated for the governorship of New York in last November's election and cannot be counted on as bringing running powers to the ticket.

They also speak in whispers of La Follette. It would be a happy combination, but to ever expect the gifted and unmanageable Wisconsin Napoleon to accept the tame position of vice president in which his fighting powers would be in total eclipse, would be to look for the sun to cease to shine, or the rivers to run uphill. "Little Bob" is a man of action, a Caesar of insurgency. His bent is not to be a mere passive presiding officer, removed from the scrimmage, but to be a plumed and armed knight in the thick of the fight on the battle line.

La Follette's life, his campaigns, his public works, his whole mental and physical temperament are of character to make a mere vice presidency repugnant to him. He would never consent to become the tail of a ticket, and his country and countrymen would not want him to do so. He has a larger, a more valuable and more effective field of service.

SIR W. S. GILBERT. THE ACCIDENTAL death of Sir W. S. Gilbert, a few days ago, brought feelings of regret to many thousands on two continents who did not know his charming personality, but to whom his name was familiar as, in some sense, the joint originator with Sir Arthur Sullivan of modern comic opera.

Gilbert, the dramatist, Sullivan the musician, set a new standard in the line of art that they made their own special province. Gilbert knew how to write librettos that were intensely funny and with producing, but were free from all taint of vulgarity and salaciousness, and immodesty in every sense, Sullivan was a real musician of high class, with a gift for tune and melody, and a knack of orchestral writing, that established comic opera as a worthy branch of stage performance.

"Pinafore," the "Mikado," the "Pirates of Penzance," have taken a permanent place in the literature of the musical theatre. They appeal to all classes in their many audiences—they will live when many ambitious classical productions of their period will have become obsolete, and their trifling and unmusical rivals on the comic side will have been absolutely forgotten.

The tragic death of W. S. Gilbert in striving to save from drowning a lady visitor at his beautiful home

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COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Great day, Monday—festival opening and election. The roses are getting ready fast these days. Given the supreme court of the United States has become progressive. Colonel Roosevelt is willing the country should agree to arbitrate anything that it cares nothing about.

OREGON SIDELIGHT. Hood River will not celebrate the Fourth this year. Corvallis' Coffee club has celebrated its twenty-eighth anniversary. The Iowa people at Salem are preparing for their annual picnic. The Hood River Women's club has \$682.68 in its free library fund.

Forty-one universities are represented in the University club of Medford. The movement at Philomath for a central school is to be held in abeyance until next year. The Nyssa Commercial club is growing. Sixteen new members were added at the last meeting.

It is expected that 100 students will enroll in the Klamath county high school for next year's course. R. L. Parker, an experienced hotel man from Cathlamet, Wash., has leased the Redmond hotel, at Redmond. Ontario's musicians have organized a brass band. W. J. Guard of Rifle, Colo., will serve as instructor on salary.

A Commercial club has been organized at Haines. B. E. Harder is president and F. B. Mitchell, secretary. The Reds and the Blues of the Corvallis Commercial club are making an exciting finish in the games and membership contest. Four nurses passed the final examination in St. Mary's school for nurses at Astoria. The graduation exercises will be held June 7.

Marshfield News: John Swing left yesterday with his gasoline boat Ranger, bound for the Port Orford reef to hunt sea lions. More than 400 dogs have perished in Baker within the past five weeks, under the ministrations of Henry Kautner, professional dog catcher. Eugene Register: After considerable delay, the carpenter crew of this division of the Southern Pacific company has started work on the addition to the freight depot. It is to be ready for use by July 1.

Pendleton East Oregonian: News has been received here of the death of S. G. Morefield, formerly of this city. He was a well known member of the community, and had been a photographer and paid special attention to farm scenes. When the white people gradually began pushing civilization westward they were compelled to fight for almost every inch of the ground, for most of the Indian tribes, having been driven from the eastern states, were then in sufficient number along the states bordering the frontier to put up a rather stout resistance. In 1830 the Sacs and Foxes, through a chief named Keokuk, had sold much of their land to the United States and had agreed to move to the west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk, a man of splendid physique and noble bearing, was a principal leader among these tribes, and, not being consulted in the matter, he became very indignant when he learned what had transpired. Finding that other Indians were dissatisfied, he agreed to put himself at the head of the Sacs and Foxes to rebel against Keokuk. Open rebellion, however, did not occur, because of difficulties with the whites, which soon turned the vindictive spirit of Black Hawk against them and not against the men of his own race.

Black Hawk. The captured chieftain drew himself up to his full height and then spoke in a slow and majestic manner. "You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. When I saw I could not beat you by Indian fighting I determined to rush on you and fight you face to face. I caught you. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets few like birds in the air and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim and withered. A black cloud sank in a dark cloud and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white man; they will do with him as they wish. But he will stand torture and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian."

Although much impressed by this oration, the general ordered the noted chief to be made a prisoner and sent to the military camp at Fort Snelling, Jackson, who was then president. After a cordial reception in Washington, in company with some companions he visited the large cities in the east, where he received much attention. From New York they returned to the upper Mississippi, where they were set at liberty.

Black Hawk died on October 3, 1838. Many whites, as well as Indians, assembled at his sepulchre to pay their last respects to the noted red man and buried him as the Sacs chieftains had always been interred. Instead of covering his body with earth it was placed upon the ground in a sitting posture with a cane between the knees supporting the hands. Slabs and rails were then piled around the remains and the bones of Black Hawk were left to the elements. During the following winter the body was stolen and a year later was found in the possession of a surgeon of Quincy, Ill. But the governor of Iowa, learning of this outrage, compelled the thiefing medical man to restore the skeleton to the noted warrior to his friends. These interred the bones of the chief beneath the ground, with a simple headstone to mark the last resting place of the once powerful warrior of the Sacs and Foxes.

Next week—Seven Famous Prisoners. In service, on the first complaint, is not at all popular with the masses. It is up to the property owner to rectify before he cast his vote, as we are groaning under the burden of taxation that combined interest of the Democrats, while for the short time that Councilman Ellis has served, he has done more to relieve the oppression than any man in the city. CARL KRUSE, 109 Fremont St.

Good Chance for Thomas. Portland, June 2.—To the Editor of The Journal.—When will warring Republican factions get it beaten into their heads that Democrats will not help wash their dirty linen? Every Democrat, with common horse sense, must realize that this is the chance of a lifetime to show that attempts by Republican factions to sidetrack Democratic candidates must fail for the effect it will have on future elections, as well as working to elect Mr. Thomas because he is the best man of the three candidates for mayor before the people. Both Rushlight and Simon have shown to the entire satisfaction of all independent voters, and fair minded Republicans in every ward in the city, that neither should be elected mayor, and it is up to every Democrat to take advantage of this war between the two factions and, by personal work, get one or more votes for Mr. Thomas. Active work every Democrat will "help one over" on the politicians and elect Mr. Thomas. A. W. C.

Scotch Logic. From Punch. Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by train)—Ye might as leave me a bob or twa to drink ye a safe journey, Willie! Willie (feigning regret)—Man, I canna. A' my spare shillin's I gie ta' my auld mither. Donald—That's strange. Because yer mither told me ye never gie her ony thing. Willie—Weel, if I dinna gie my auld mither onything, what sort o' chance do ye think ye've got?

Coming of the Income Tax. From the Springfield Republican. Ratification of the federal income tax amendment is regarded by the National City bank officials of New York as a certainty by next year, if not this year. It is a great relief to many of the men who fear that congress may be expected to impose such a tax as soon as this authority is given, to take the place of remitted tariff taxes. Those who are antagonizing ratification, chiefly for the purpose of leaving the receipts from taxes to be shared by the national tax burden, have lost their fight. It is now in order for them to admit it.

The Man Who Waits. (Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous fiddler.) His rose-possessors are a regular feature of this column in The Journal. All things will come to him who waits, the wise man said, and went to bed, but history, methinks, relates that they don't get there till you're dead. It is a great relief to many of the men who fear that congress may be expected to impose such a tax as soon as this authority is given, to take the place of remitted tariff taxes. Those who are antagonizing ratification, chiefly for the purpose of leaving the receipts from taxes to be shared by the national tax burden, have lost their fight. It is now in order for them to admit it.

The New Ticket

Washington Dispatch in Los Angeles Examiner. There is a new and formidable presidential ticket in the field, making three for the Republicans against three for the Democrats. James S. Sherman of New York for president.

When I call this a new ticket I mean new to the public, but not new to the politicians. The ticket is as old as the extra session, and it is as definite as any presidential ticket in the field, high tariff, low tariff, and high tariff.

And so the vice-president and the late senator from Iowa represent the last rally of the regular Republicans. "Sunny Jim" has always been the front and center of the regular machine in national politics. While he was in congress he represented the state, together with Speaker Cannon and D. C. Dalzell, he made up the triumvirate that ruled the Republican machine and traded to advantage with the Tammany time servers who sold tariffs and speaker-ships in return for Republican help against the reform of election laws in New York.

And today the careful observer will note with interest the shadowy figure of the late speaker of the house of representatives flitting in persuasive grace and earnestness among the Republican members of the house. The quieter but more effective Dalzell is equally active, while Seneca Payne transports his ample body about with an interest in life and politics.

Over in the senate there is a bus among the "old guard" which grows louder day by day. While no open blazon has yet been made almost any well regulated Republican in the senate or house will tell that "Sunny Jim" and La Follette are going to win the nomination in the next national convention of the Republican party.

And these stalwart friends and supporters of the ticket do not confine themselves to talk alone. They are active and militant and progressive. And they are working all the time.

Tanglefoot By Miles Overholt. THAT LAYER OF FAT. The women folk are better fixed to stand the chilly climate; they have an extra inch or two of which they wear on all occasions, in the winter, summer, time, and they are talking all the time.

The point I want to make is this: You'll note that Injun squaws do all the heavy work about the farm. The men, in fancy tops and paint, go out and bust the laws. And scalp and do some other brands of harm.

It seems that extra strip of fat was made for female folk. So they could do most all the heavy work; in the distant past and now it is the strictest confidence. The olden work they do these days is slink.

We've told that in the days of yore the women cooked the food. And carried wood and gained the carrying. Then followed them the Indians, who dead are only good. The women worked; the men were at the bat.

But let us pause and ponder, too; let's see what it man to man. Let's think while and rest upon our ears; for we must toll and sweat and groan, and we must be the slaves of the man. Say, what's the use of all that fat if men must do the chores!

SARKASTICK-LIKE. Roses fragrant, roses—Where? O, you see 'em here and there.

THE POTLATCH. "Great stuff, this potlatch business," said a Seattle man yesterday. "The promoters are filling the pot, all right, but by heck, the larch has been taken off." O perdition!

Speaking of harmony in a flat: W. F. Designer is a designer and architect and he's doing a thing and another at Beaverton, Or.

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After many years I said: "That logic surely can't be true. I've waited till my nose is red, and still the larch has not done come." Then I rolled up my gingham sleeves, and cracked my heels and gave a yell, and started bringing in my sheaves, since which I've done surpassing well. I've owned a cow, a crane, and a phonograph without a crack, and divers other thingynigs, and have six dollars in the bank.

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