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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth.
—Shakespeare.

BEATEN

MR. SIMON was not the man. All the heroics resorted to in his behalf could not elect him. His running powers were handicapped by his record as mayor.

That he was foredoomed to defeat in case he entered the field was foretold by The Journal, May 10. The warning then given is reprinted elsewhere on this page. It was worth consideration at the time, as the sequel has proven. But it was disregarded by those who sought to beat Mr. Rushlight and a disastrous failure is the fruit.

Mr. Simon was not the character of man to be put on a pedestal and posed before this people as a savior of Portland. He did not look the part. His political past did not fit the part. His voice was the voice of reform, but in the mind of the public his hand was still the hand of Mr. Simon.

It was not possible by clothing Mr. Simon in white robes to convince severely moral people that he is a great leader for righteousness. It was not possible by robing him in vestments of governmental purity to persuade them that he is a great municipal Moses. Nor was it good form to set up the absurd claim that Mr. Simon was the vicegerent of prosperity and a trainload of full dinner pails.

Mr. Simon was only Joseph Simon, and he could not be subtracted from or added to. Campaign whitewash would not obscure or gloss over 30 years of political fact. The candidacy of Mr. Simon was a blunder for which those who brought him out have none but themselves to blame. They had ample warning from The Journal that Mr. Simon could not beat Mr. Rushlight, and in the disastrous defeat of yesterday have ample evidence of how sound was the advice.

THE NEW MAYOR

THE voting yesterday decided no issue of unionism or non-unionism. Mr. Rushlight was not elected as a labor candidate, but as a Republican candidate. Mr. Simon was not beaten as a non-union candidate, but as an independent candidate for whom appeal was made throughout the campaign to union labor votes.

The great mass of union labor voted for Mr. Rushlight. The great mass of union employers supported Mr. Simon. But the two elements combined are but a small fraction of the vote of Portland. Apart from them there is a vast mass of citizens who paid no attention to any so-called labor issue, and who voted with little interest or thought of where either candidate stood in the controversy between organized employers and organized labor. It is probable that two thirds if not three fourths of those who voted did so with no further concern in the outcome than that they want both sides in the issue to keep the peace and save Portland from being plunged into the throes of a class war between those who employ and those who toil.

In a public statement during the campaign, Mr. Rushlight declared: "I will enforce law and order to the strict letter." It is a pledge from which he can not retire, and from which the laboring men who voted for him will probably not ask him to retire. If he trifles with it, the great impartial third party which is not concerned in the differences between union and non-union interests will promptly recall him. It was to this pledge and the effect it had in eliminating the so-called labor issue that Mr. Rushlight largely owes his election, and there is no likelihood that he will be foolhardy enough to break it.

The Journal is not responsible for the election of Mr. Rushlight. But it expects in common with the rest of Portland to hold him responsible for the fact that he is elected.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' JUBILEE

THIS afternoon, in the armory of the Fifth regiment at Baltimore, is celebrated the golden jubilee of the entrance of James, Cardinal Gibbons, into the priesthood of the Catholic church, and of the silver jubilee of the conferring on him of the cardinalate.

Whence comes it that the great hall will be crowded, not by churchmen only of all ranks in the hierarchy and by Catholics from every state, but by the men most distinguished in this nation, regardless of religious belief? President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, ex-Speaker Cannon and Speaker Champ Clark, and, more remarkable, Bishop John Gardner Murray of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Maryland, testify to the honor in which Cardinal Gibbons is held by all classes and conditions of men. Chief Justice White, of the supreme court of the United States, takes his place of right as a co-religionist of the cardinal, not only paying, but receiving a reflected honor in the ceremony of the day.

The great churchmen and cardinals of past ages have held the highest offices in many states. But in Cardinal Gibbons is seen today not the statesman, but the illustrious citizen of this nation, who has never forgotten in the duties of his high office in the Catholic church the claims of every movement for the uplifting of the people at large.

He looks back on a long and arduous life, where every day has been marked by constant devotion; first, to the offices of his religion; second, to the response to every call to service for others, and only lastly to the sacred literature with which his few hours of relaxation have been filled.

When the day arrives, in cathedrals will be celebrated the rites of the church in honor of the cardinal. Today people meet to bear testimony in a secular hall to the place that James, Cardinal Gibbons, has won for himself in the respect and affection of his countrymen at large.

HARNEY COUNTY CATTLE FOR CHICAGO

THINGS are not yet in going order when Mr. "Bill" Hanley's 5000 steers are driven about three times as far to Winnemucca, Nev., to take the train for Chicago, as against a third of the distance to one or other central Oregon depot for shipment to the Portland stockyards. And, Mr. Hanley says, in Colorado the same Oregon cattle met several trainloads of eastern cattle en route for Portland.

It is not only the distance by road to the shipping point that tells, but even more the hours spent in the cattle cars. It is understood that 24 hours would deliver the cattle in Portland from central Oregon as against four or five times as long for the 2000 mile journey to the Chicago yards. Every stockman tells of the shrinkage in the cars.

No stockman in Oregon knows his business better than Mr. Hanley, and there is no better friend to the development of eastern and central Oregon. Therefore strong inducements must have taken his 5000 head east instead of west.

LET PORTLAND LEAD

A PRETTY incident of the opening day of the festival was the marching and drills of the Astoria Centennial Drum corps. The little lads presented a beautiful spectacle and won the admiration of all onlookers.

Their appearance and movements reflected extreme credit on themselves, Astoria and the festival.

The single feature needed to make their triumph complete would have been a more demonstrative mood by the bystanders. The boys were worthy of thunderous applause, but as in the case of other parades, the plaudits were almost as limited as those in a church.

In this festival week there should be a more generous mood toward those in the street parades. They are trying to please, and the applause of the crowds is encouragement of their efforts. It is testimonial to the success of their work. It is better than absorbed silence for heightening the good humor and pleasure of the week.

The week is to be one of sentiment. The material is largely to be forgotten for heart beats. The Oregonian is supposed for the time to lay aside his usual conservatism and become a hospitable, enthusiastic and pleased entertainer. The glad hand for those in the pageants and pageantry, good will for the guests and a vein of subdued hilarity for all things and all men are essential and successful features of the festival program. Let Portlanders lead the way.

LEST WE FORGET

WITH the election over, Portlanders should address themselves to the serious business of securing a change in the plan of local government. The movement for commission government should not be permitted to lag. The newly elected officials should not be permitted to squirm.

Every man who was a candidate testified to his devotion to commission government. Each asserted himself to be a wheel horse in the movement. Each proclaimed himself the old reliable on whose election the furtherance of the change depended. It was an issue on which candidates and voters were singularly united.

The thing now is for Portlanders to insist that pledges made before election shall not be broken after election. They should insist that they shall not be handed a gold brick by our officialdom. Let the gentlemen who were possessed of such a consuming passion for commission government when they wanted votes be made for once to toe the mark and give us commission government now that they have got the votes.

Most officials are exactly what we permit them to be. Most of them will squirm out of promises if they get the chance. Our newly elect at the city hall will pass into a sweet forgetfulness of commission government if allowed to. Unless there be a constant hammering away, two long years will pass into the blessed forgotten without one glimpse in Portland of commission government.

The new officials will want to serve out their terms. Officials rarely die and seldom resign. They cling to office like molasses to the inside of a shirt collar. Their unwillingness to quit soft berths will be the chief barrier Portland will encounter now in getting the charter changed.

But, there can be no misunderstanding of the facts. The pledges for the change were all as plain as day. The first gentleman at the city hall who tries to squirm will be promptly recognized as a pledge-breaker and be treated accordingly. For once, Portlanders are in no mood for being trifled with. They voted for commission government and are going to demand it.

COLORADO CONVICT ROAD-BUILDERS

IN THE last number of the "World Today" is a description of the scenic road being built through the mountains and gorges of Colorado to connect with other parts of the "rainbow route" from Hutchinson, Kan., to Pueblo, Colo., and thence to the borders of Utah.

But to Oregon the most interesting feature at this time is the road-builders. All are convicts from the state penitentiary at Canon City.

By far the most of the road has been riven from the solid rock. The grade is easy from start to finish. The bed is hard, smooth and wide enough for easy passing.

The state penitentiary has 700 inmates. The warden, Thomas J. Tynan, is enthusiastic for reform of his charges whenever possible. The convicts within the walls are divided into "trusties" and "non-reliables." The trusties are taken up into the mountains and set to roadbuilding. They are away from the penitentiary for weeks at a time, living in camps among the mountains. They are there, it is said, "upon honor," and are out of stripes. There are no armed guards. They are given better food, are allowed freedom of speech. The state, in return for their work, grants them a third off their time, 30 days' labor entitling a convict to allowance of 10 days' off his time. For three years gangs of convicts have been thus at work, 40 in a gang.

The warden now reports 300 of the prisoners as trusties for road work. The counties in which they built roads pay for the food of the convicts and the salary of the overseer.

Work in the open sunshine is found to be a life restorer and hope raiser for these "trusty" convicts, and the warden's plans are now adopted in Colorado as a permanency.

CROWDS AND THE POLICE

THE police of Portland have this week the unaccustomed duty of handling crowds in the main streets of this city. Their duty may be a pleasant one both to the people and to themselves if they make it so. If they dress themselves in a little brief authority and presume on it by roughly exercising it without thought for the feelings of the passing citizens a strong and most unpleasant recollection will be left.

Let them take example from the officers in charge of the traffic of the big cities of the land. A quiet word, a raised hand, a simple gesture suffices to prevent a clogging of the arteries of passage when dealing with crowds to which those in the streets of Portland, even during this week, are but a sprinkling. The impulse and intention of the people here is all towards acceptance of and compliance with the desired regulations. To handle them roughly is to excite resentment and opposition, and is entirely needless.

The only explanation of rough usage is that any officer guilty of it is new to his business and without experience. Let any such assume a virtue if he hath it not.

Let us hope that in the exercise of their authority for handling crowds, they will give our guests the impression that our policemen can be policemen and still be gentlemen. The suggestion is worthy of consideration by Chief Cox.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS GALORE

IF POSTMASTER HITCHCOCK perseveres but a little longer in opening the new postal banks, by 100 to 150 a week, and a total of at least 1000 by July 1, it may be freely conceded to him that the system is here to stay. Further confirmation will be seen when, after July 1, the big cities are rapidly cared for.

It sounds ungracious to say, well, if you find it so easy, now you have made the start, why did you not begin before? But that will be in everyone's mind.

It will not be forgotten that benefits are shared between the government, and the patrons of the offices—the government by unlocking hoards of savings without limit, and so bringing huge sums into the public treasury—the people, by finding nearby and absolutely safe depositories for their savings, and getting them into shape for accumulation and for use. America is the absolute last of the great countries to receive the boon.

What Mr. Hitchcock will hear next is a universal outcry from every state in the union: "When are you going to stop the express companies from robbing us? When is the people's express company, with its machinery, most of it ready to hand, to be set to work?" Again the voice will resound, from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, "Why is America to be the only civilized country without a parcels post?"

Let the parcels post follow the rural delivery routes at first—it will grow like the postal savings banks once it is tried out.

Letters From the People

Portland Overlooking Opportunity.

Lakeview, Or., June 5—To the Editor of The Journal—Portland commercial houses are overlooking some fine territory that naturally belongs to them by not taking advantage of the opening of the new lines that are being built into southern Oregon, and competing against the California jobbing houses that are making this territory valuable. The merchants of Lake county carry larger stocks of merchandise than those of any of the towns many times the size of Lakeview, and with Paisley, Plush, Silver Lake, Lake, Fort Rock and other places to draw from there is no reason, now that transportation is nearer from Portland, why this territory should be neglected. The stores of Lakeview alone carry a stock of close to $1,500,000, which is beyond ordinary belief, while the three stores at Paisley carry stocks that run close to half a million dollars. Fort Rock has a stock of perhaps $25,000, and even the Fremont Mercantile company can show a large valuation. At Lake postoffice, in the famous Christmas Lake valley, there are many new settlers and they have a store there owned by F. A. Remington that is supplying a large territory and which is taking advantage of Portland prices and lower freight rates and buying from the metropolis. W. ROCHE FICK.

The Last Blood in the Civil War.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The last bloodshed in the Civil war occurred near Floyd courthouse, Virginia, May 22, 1865. General George Stoneman, who had been conducting a cavalry raid through southwestern Virginia in the closing days of the war, learned of Lee's surrender on May 18. He started on his march across the mountains of Floyd county to reach a railroad to embark for Washington, D. C. In the meantime a secret organization from discharged soldiers of Lee's disbanded confederate army had been formed among the mountaineers and they resolved to attack Stoneman.

Two hundred men were mustered to make a stand against an army of 16,000, but the majority of the little band lost heart when Stoneman was delayed, and when the union forces appeared late in the afternoon of May 22 only three Virginians remained in the ranks of the self-appointed avengers. They boldly advanced to meet the army with as little fear as did David to battle with the mighty giant of the Philistines. The march of the three men was watched with interest by the inhabitants of the town who had turned out to see the army pass. They had no idea that the boasts of the men were more than idle threats.

Bordunix, the leader, halted his two followers, and greatly to the amusement of the federal troops, put them through a drill. Finally Bordunix gave the order to fire, and two union soldiers fell seriously wounded. Before the troops could recover their amazement another volley was fired, wounding others. The three men hastily retreated. The army marched on, and again Bordunix made an attack. At last the troops were ordered to fire if another assault were made. The avengers found concealment in a graveyard, and when they fired their fifth volley they were answered by 500 muskets. The mad Virginians were riddled with bullets and were buried where they fell.

The Next Republican Nomination.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Chauncey Depew informs the country that the nomination of Mr. Taft for a second term is already inevitable. In a speech to the senate on February 27 last, Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, explained how little the Republican voters of the country will have to do with this inevitableness.

The last Republican national convention, Senator Bourne pointed out, comprised 980 delegates, so that 491 votes were necessary for a nomination; but southern states and territories that gave no electoral votes to the Republican nominee, with the exception of two from Maryland, furnished 338 of these delegates. The Republican party in these southern Democratic states and territories consists mostly of federal officeholders and aspirants to federal office. Louisiana and Mississippi, for example, with a white population upward of 1,250,000, showed only 13,000 Republican voters at the last presidential election—less than 1 per cent of the white population. Louisiana and Mississippi, however, had as many delegates in the Republican convention as Michigan and Washington, with 440,000 Republican voters.

Four hundred and ninety-one votes were necessary for a nomination. Southern delegates had 338 votes. Consequently anybody who corralled this officeholding vote and secured in addition 153 delegates from Republican states could capture the nomination, although 336 delegates from Republican states, representing an overwhelming majority of the country's Republican voters, were opposed.

At last November's election the people of Oregon adopted a law whereby voters at primaries directly express their choice for president, by which choice delegates whom they elect to nominating conventions are bound. This tends to discourage mere machine domination of the convention; but conservatism will point with horror to this law as another step toward overthrowing that precious "representative" system of government that gives the machine such ample opportunities to rule.

Happy Is He.

Because the joys of yachting are not mine
The pleasures of the game I do not mock;
I am content—the river view is fine
From where I fish upon the nearest dock.

The auto owner looketh down on us,
But trolley riding's good enough for me,
And when I am atop the omnibus
I'm nearer unto heaven than is he.

Because I own no country residence
The joys of town I'm not inclined to slight;
The ice cream soda's not a big expense,
And Kate sits with me on the stoop at night.

Let others flee to tent and bungalow,
For cottages I do not care a rap—
When work is hard and days are warm I know
That Coney Island's still upon the map.

I have no flannels to astonish you;
For showy summer togs I have no love—
My last year's straw when brightened up will do,
And last year's suit I think a great deal of.

And yet though dollars do not me surround,
I do not groan and think myself accursed—
I still may feel the ecstacy profound
Of him who knows his rent's paid to the first.

—New York Times.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Well, 'lection's over; let's forget it.

* * *

Roses galore, and millions more coming.

* * *

Commission government next year, probably.

* * *

Talking doesn't make as many votes as some people think it does.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is much displeased, and takes no pains to conceal his feelings.

* * *

There are a good many people in Portland just now, but many times as many roses.

* * *

It is pretty certain that the commission form of government will carry next time.

* * *

Spite of laws and decisions, Big Business will combine or merge, somehow.

* * *

Prosecution of some census takers shows that the business is a good deal of a farce.

* * *

Now let everybody hope that young Mr. and Mrs. Gammans will be happy ever after.

* * *

These are the "White days" in the big stores. But they are Green days out o' doors.

* * *

It is the nature of a rooster to cackle over a new laid egg louder than the hen that laid it.

* * *

There will be more pleasure this week in Portland than in any city of its size in the country.

* * *

An old man is all right in the ladies' estimation if he is rich; otherwise he has no friends.

* * *

It's well that people can't change the weather by voting on it; there'd be an election every day.

* * *

The demand of the right sort of men to suit the summer girls at the beaches is always far in excess of the supply.

* * *

The cities on Puget sound are fine ones, but they have no such immense area of tributary country as Portland.

* * *

A man was awarded one cent damages for the alienation of his wife's affection; probably a pretty correct estimate of its value.

* * *

Nothing is just as it seems it ought to be; here it is June and there are many nice, good women who would like to marry but have no chance.

* * *

Broadway bridge bonds to the amount of $500,000 sold for about $465,000. Charge $35,000 up to Kiernan, Dunlway, et al. And that is only one item.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A Catholic church is to be built at Echo. Fifteen hundred dollars has already been raised.

* * *

The Apollo club, of Roseburg, has tendered its services free at the chautauqua sessions to be held at Roseburg.

* * *

The regualr fees received by the Linn county clerk's office during May were $313.50. Other fees raised the total to $583.31.

* * *

The government surveyors doing topographical work on the proposed west extension of the Umatilla government project have finished their task.

* * *

Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper of Dayton, Ohio, has been sent by the board of missions of the Evangelical Reformed church to rebuild the church at Salem.

* * *

The Grants Pass band, composed of business men, will give weekly concerts this summer. Each program will close with "The Star Spangled Banner."

* * *

Hugh Kennedy, one of the well known and respected residents of the Burnt river country, is dead at the age of 75 years.

* * *

A fraternity representative from Corvallis has been in consultation with a Eugene architect regarding a proposed frat house to be built for O. A. C. students.

* * *

Rev. Ira Crooks of Milton has taken charge of the M. E. church at Hermiston in the absence of Rev. Newham, who has gone to London to witness the coronation pageantry.

* * *

"Baker Briefleta" is the title of a small but extremely artistic folder issued by the Baker Commercial club. A novelty is a post card cover, containing an order blank. This can be detached and used further by inquirers.

* * *

Salem Statesman: A controlling interest in the Stayton Mail has been sold to R. W. Shields of Nebraska, who plans to run it as an independent Republican paper. The former owner, C. D. Babcock, still holds an interest in the publication.

* * *

La Grande Star: A number of the farmers of this vicinity have resorted to the drastic plan of setting guns to catch chicken thieves. It was reported a few days ago that no less than 500 chickens have been stolen in the vicinity of La Grande within the past few weeks.

* * *

James Casey of Woodburn, now visiting at Eugene, tells the Guard how at Oregon City, in 1851, he made horse shoes from strap iron that came about packages, welding it together again and again to obtain the required thickness. Horseshoe nails he hammered out of wornout horseshoes. Mr Casey is 84 years of age.

SEVEN FAMOUS PRISONS

The Bastile.

The famous French Bastile, like the English Tower of London, was built both for the purpose of a prison and as a sort of a citadel for the defense of the city. It was started by Charles V, who designed it to defend Paris against the English and it was completed in 1383. It was of great strength and when it accomplished its defensive purposes, it was converted into a state prison, and became the scene of deplorable suffering and frightful crimes.

Prisoners were confined in the Bastile by the authorities of "lettres de cachet," that is, letters of arrest, written in the king's name, with blanks for the names of individuals, which were to be filled up by the ministers who possessed these letters. Heads of families among the nobility, who wished to confine any unworthy member of the family, claimed the privilege of confinement by "lettre de cachet," and this privilege was next claimed by the ministers of government, to be used for the punishment of refractory servants and others.

From this freedom of use it will easily be conjectured that it was not long before unprincipled ministers abused this right by imprisoning worthy persons, who, in the actual discharge of their duties, had incurred the displeasure of men of power by thwarting their interests.

In fact, the use of "lettres de cachet" was the mainstay of despotism and used not merely by the throne, but by many of its satellites. Men were imprisoned for offenses too trifling to be registered and remained 30 or 40 years in the Bastile or even until death, without any examination into the charges on which they were confined.

At the commencement of the French revolution, the attention of the people was called to its enormity. In July, 1789, they assembled in force and attacked the Bastile, which surrendered after a few hours. The governor and other officers were murdered. The prisoners were feasted in Paris and the building was completely demolished. The most notable of the prisoners confined here for a number of years was the mysterious "Man Wth the Iron Mask."

This grim old fortress, which was connected with the despotism and cruelty of the falling French monarchy, was destroyed on July 14, 1789, after it had stood for more than 400 years. Much heroism was shown by the multitude in their attack, for the defenders did not readily submit. When they did so, Lamartine says, "It was then that the mysteries of this state prison were unveiled—its bolts broken—its iron doors burst open—its dungeons and subterranean cells penetrated—from the gates of the tower to their very deepest foundations and their summits.

"The iron rings and their chains, rusting in their strong masonry, were pointed out, from which the victims were never released, except to be tortured, to be executed or to die. On these walls they read the names of prisoners, the dates of their confinement, their griefs and their prayers—miserable men, who had left behind only those poor memorials in their dungeons to attest their prolonged existence and their innocence."

The besiegers were very much chagrinned at their discovery, for they had expected a specter to come forth from these ruins to testify against these iniquities of kings.

However, the Bastle had been long cleared of all guilt by the gentle spirit of Louis XVI, and by the humane disposition of his ministers. The dungeons, the cells, the iron collars, the chains, were only wornout symbols of antique secret incarcerations, torture and burials alive.

These vaults restored to life but seven prisoners, three of whom were shut up legitimately. These seven prisoners were released, caressed, even crowned with laurels and carried in triumph by their liberators like living spoil snatched from the hands of tyranny. They were paraded about the streets and their sufferings avenged by the people's shouts and tears. The intoxication of the victors broke out against the very stones of the place and the embrasures, torn from the towers, were soon hurled with indignation into the ditches. The most famous prison of all times was shortly in ruins, and today its destruction is celebrated as a holiday in France.

Tomorrow—The Black Hole of Calcutta.

High School Secret Societies.

From the Chicago News.

Chicago's board of education acts wisely in persisting in its demand that high school secret societies shall be stamped out. Its vote of 11 to 3 proves that its members are thoroughly convinced of the harmful qualities of these pestiferous organizations. They breed rebellion and snobbery. Their aim is to destroy that fine democracy which is one of the best features of the public school system.

Dean Walter T. Sumner, chairman of the committee on school management of the board of education, has presented convincing proofs of the evil effects of school secret societies. In one school where he investigated them he found that the average standing of the 121 members of sororities and fraternities was only 74.5. That these pupils were not naturally dullards is clear, since they come from the best home surroundings and doubtless consider themselves the social elect of the school.

Chicago's public high schools cannot be permitted to transform worthy but misguided boys and girls into silly snobs. Therefore the fraternities and sororities must go. Parents and pupils alike should recognize that the board of education acts for the best interests of the secret society members themselves in requiring complete obedience to its decision in this matter.

Camping Out.

Has your dinner lost its savor,
Has your greeting lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
There's a way to lift your load,
With a horse and saddle and a mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?
Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion,
Or a grim, unlovely sport?
There's a world of health and beauty,
There's a heap that cannot fail,
In a day behind the burros
On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
To a land that's free and large,
Where the rainless skies are resting
On a snowy mountain marge,
When we camp in God's own country,
You will find yourself again,
With a fire and a blanket and the stars upon the plain!

—Bliss Carman, in the Reader.

The Conquest of Meningitis.

From Harper's Weekly.

Now that the pitiful story of meningitis is ended—for the curative efficiency of the Flexner serum is scientifically established, and it has taken its place alongside vaccine and diphtheria anti-toxin—it is pleasant to recall that the scourge barely outlived a century. The first epidemic that we know of broke out in Switzerland in 1805, and exactly 100 years later Dr. Simon Flexner was officially investigating an epidemic in New York city, and laying out a campaign for the methodical and scientific conquest of "spotted fever."

There are no disheartening pages in the closing chaper of the story of meningitis. In September, 1908, Dr. Flexner was able to announce that 436 cases of meningitis had been treated with the serum in various parts of the world. Of this number 43 cases were properly eliminated from analysis, for one reason or another. Of the remaining 393 cases (in all of which bacteriological examination of fluid drawn from the spinal canal had demonstrated the presence of the diplococcus) 295 had recovered and 98 had died. The percentage of recoveries was, therefore, 75 and the mortality was 25 per cent.

Perhaps the most striking result was shown in the case of babies. Epidemic meningitis has been uniformly fatal to infants under the age of one year. The author of a famous text-book on the diseases of children, (Dr. Holt) reports that, of the 20 cases under one year treated in his hospital wards, not one recovered. But in the series of 393 cases treated with the Flexner serum, 22 were infants under one year of age, and half of them recovered.

The investigations cost a very large amount of money, and the loss of some animal life—about 25 monkeys and 100 guinea pigs. The eventual saving of human life is incalculable. Incidentally, the outcome will probably act as a check upon mischievous legislation growing out of the unintelligent sentimentalities of those who would prevent animal experimentation of all kinds. There are still legislators who see the wisdom of preliminary experiments being made upon guinea pigs and monkeys instead of on human beings.

Simon Was an Impossible

From the Oregon Daily Journal, May 10.

It is advisable that those who are seeking an independent candidate for defeating Mr. Rushlight should go about the errand with some degree of wisdom and foresight. It is useless for them to discuss Mayor Simon as a possibility. With all respect to the mayor and to the delegations who have urged him to become a candidate, it is due to say that Mayor Simon cannot defeat Mr. Rushlight. To select Mr. Simon as the opposing candidate would make the situation hopeless and provide beforehand for Mr. Rushlight's certain election. If those now urging him succeed in inducing Mr. Simon to enter the field, they will find themselves long before the polls close on election day at the head of a forlorn hope.

Nor is there any chance to refeat Mr. Rushlight with Mr. Thomas. However capable Mr. Thomas may be, however large may be the Republican defection from Mr. Rushlight, and however preferable Mr. Thomas might be to Mr. Rushlight as mayor, there is little or no chance for Mr. Thomas to be elected. The heavy proportion of votes cast against him by Democrats in Saturday's primaries, 269 being cast for Mr. Rushlight, makes it clear that Mr. Thomas will not have the full strength of his own party.

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But, there is no use in being hopelessly blind to the situation. Unless a strong, clean man is brought into the field, Mr. Rushlight will be the next mayor of Portland.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt

PREACHING AND PRACTICING.

A herd of dentists met one day to talk
of teeth and shop;
They told about each other's trials and
when the aches should stop;
They talked of gimlets, gums and gold,
of fillings, filings, fakes,
And then a banquet beckoned them so
they applied the brakes.
I say, they sat them down to eat of feed
both rich and rare—
Such things as oysters, goose and pie
and chocolate eclaire.
But when the first course ambled in, a
bald toothachist said:
"I must insist that we forego this tooth-
some little spread."
An oyster won't digest," said he, "if it
can help itself,
And so the teeth are on the blink—
unless they're on the shelf."
They passed the oysters by, of course.
The next course was the fish.
A dainty bite, as all must know, as any-
one could wish.
But when once more the waiter came,
another gent arose,
And said if they would give him time
he'd quite a tale disclose.
And so for near a precious hour he told
why fish was meant
To feed such things as dolphins, and
they weren't really sent
To aid mankind. "In fact," said he, "the
flesh between the teeth,
Will cause decay and aches and pains
and other ills bequeath."
And so that's just the way it went; each
course was found too rich,
Or sweet, or sour, or something else, till
none knew what from which.
For seven hours the dentists starved
and longed for cake and pie,
But some galoot would rise and state,
and knock their fond hopes high.
And when at last the night came on
with nothing yet devoured,
Each told the other guy good-bye, and
each man growled and glowered.
About an hour after that a dentist, wan
and weak,
Sneaked into Big Bill's eating place—
the poor man couldn't speak.
He motioned with a trembling hand to
steak and pork and beans,
And pie and cake and coffee strong, and
bacon, too, and greens.
And down the street at Jones' joint the
same old scene was laid,
And further down, all over town, that
pantomime was played.
Each dentist grabbed himself a meal of
oysters, pie and punch,
Each ate till he was satisfied—and then
went home to lunch!

Fire Waste and Its Remedy.

From the Omaha Bee.

This country must do something more than it has done to prevent unnecessary waste and loss in fires. The nation has the problem of the forest fires on its hands and the cities have the less difficult task of diminishing the loss from building fires. Neglect and inadequate provision cut a big figure in both cases, but in the case of the city neglect is probably the vital element. An immense amount of waste and loss through fires in cities is due directly to the inflammable character of structures erected. This the city could prevent by enacting laws or ordinances calling for fireproof material in every structure erected within the business districts and enforcing the laws. And not until they do this are they going to solve this distressing problem.

Of course, that alone will not completely do away with fires. No one supposes that it will, but it will be a long step in that direction, and make the others easier to take. For cities to permit firetrap buildings to go up in congested centers of business is little less than criminal in itself.

Uncle Jim's Reflections.

My Uncle Jim, he says, says he,
"This world ain't like it used to be,
I kin remember years ago
We used to travel sure though slow,
But now you simply take a car,
Sit down awhile and there you are,
And, if you count the time once lost
You've made the trip at half the cost.

"We're not as formally polite,
Nor are we near as prone to fight.
Where men would once draw swords or shoot,
We now declare a libel suit.
It's not as glorious or as grand,
But much more safe, you understand.
I'm kind o' glad, 'twixt you and me,
This world ain't like it used to be."

—Washington Star.

Spare the Flies

(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).

Oh swatter, hold your hand, I beg, and do not slay that humble fly that tickles you with active leg—why should the lovely creature die? The force that gave you life and breath designed that fly, so blithe and gay; who gave you powers of life and death? Who said that you might freely slay? Because some scientists insist that flies bear germs from place to place, you take a bludgeon in your fist and would exterminate the race. The germs and flies have equal rights with men enjoyment to pursue, and so have skeeters, which, at nights, oft charm us with their loud bazoo. I hold that any living thing has title deeds as good as ours, to loaf around this world and sing, and sip the honey from the flowers. And when I see some husky guy take lethal arms and fiercely pounce upon some unsuspecting fly, that does not weigh a half an ounce, I feel that I'd set up cigars, or buy the lime juice by the tub, if some big monster came from Mars, and soaked him with a 12 foot club. When next you go to swat a fly, imagine that the monster came—some freak a thousand cubits high, and held a club above your frame!

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