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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Happiness is the bud, the blossom and the fruit of good and noble actions, it is not the gift of any God; it must be earned by man—must be deserved.—Ingersoll.

GRAPPLING GREAT PROBLEMS

IT SEEMS AS if they are making history at Washington. Up to the present, the investigation by the house committee of the steel trust is an illuminating statesmanship. More progress has already been made in giving the country an insight into the tremendous problem of industrial and financial combinations than has been gained in a whole decade of discussion.

The very roots of the inner facts about huge combines have been dragged out and exposed to the sunlight. The organizing of the steel trust with a capital of $950,000,000, constituting the hugest trust in the world, has been described from the viewpoints of its critics and its friends, with the taking of testimony on the subject but fairly begun. With many other witnesses to be examined, and with the investigators grappling the subject with an unusual intelligence, the further progress of the investigation is full of possibilities for the making of great economic events.

Already, Judge Gary, head of the steel trust, has declared that "governmental regulation of the industries must come." He has several times reiterated the statement and has added to it the extraordinary announcement — extraordinary because from such a source—that the "unlicensed use of combined wealth" is fraught with great peril to the country. With men of the Gary type in such a mental mood, and with confessions of such a character responding to the probe of the house committee, it seems believable that Washington statesmanship is about undertaking a constructive endeavor full of splendid possibilities for the republic.

There has been no time whence facts so big and issues so weighty have been so intelligently approached at Washington. There is little doubt that American statesmanship is going to grapple problems of the utmost consequence with some chance of pressing them to such a solution that it will be the making of economic history.

The Democratic house under the wisest leadership in Democratic history is doing much to justify the confidence of the country in placing power in its hands last November.

THE PAGEANTS

THE FESTIVAL pageants of yesterday and Wednesday must have appealed to Portlanders and Portland visitors. The auto parade was an ever changing panorama of beauty. The roses, the music, the beautiful designs and all the other effects made a scene well worth the interest of the vast throngs who looked on.

Equally effective were the pageants, beginning with that headed by the Hunt club and ending with the exercises on the east side. The reward for those who participated were the many plaudits expressed and unexpressed, and the consciousness that they contributed infinitely to the pleasure of the hundreds of thousands who thronged the streets to watch the ceremonials.

In contemplation of this wilderness of people, pageantry and roses, must come home to even the unenthusiastic observer that Portland is a delightful city to live in. Here, we can point to the passing festival as evidence that we are a city that is something more than the mere commercialized. We can offer it as proof that we are a city that thinks of the entertainment and welfare of man, as well as of the material things of life. We can tell it to our guests from far and near, that Portland with its snow peaks in the distance, its meadows of green in the hinterland and the rose-covered homes that are its setting, is a city where life is real and existence, happiness.

THE SKYMAN'S SICKNESS

WE ARE TOLD now that skymen are often subject to a peculiar air sickness. It is described as a sudden rush of blood to the head which sets the brain to working with a feverish activity. This is succeeded almost immediately by unconquerable drowsiness.

Discussing the phenomena, two French scientists in a statement say that, "do what he may, the aviator must close his eyes for a moment in the familiar way. He may be strong enough to open them again and save himself. He may be overcome a second time, he may go to sleep, and then death awaits him."

Among the cases quoted by investigators is that of a young French aviator who was found fast asleep under his aeroplane in a field, and who declared that he did not remember how he landed, or even that he landed at all. After reaching Madrid, the winner in the recent Paris-to-Madrid race crawled out of his machine and prostrated himself flat on the ground to rest.

There have been several accidents to aviators for which there was no apparent explanation. The breaking of some part that made the aeroplane unmanageable is usually, in the absence of other information, surmised to be the cause of the accident.

The new sickness suggests other perils in flying. When the skyman is in the lofty altitudes in the midst of a vast solitude of air, how many, seized by the new sickness may have yielded to the irresistible, gone to sleep at his post and dropped to a dreadful tragedy below?

THE POSTMASTERS

THE OREGON postmasters went on record for postal banks. A report showed that 135 deposits, aggregating $11,170, had already been deposited in the newly established Astoria office. It indicated also that the funds had not been withdrawn from banks but came from ash barrels, old stockings, tin cans and other hiding places.

The voice of every postmaster was for the new system. Some favored an increase of the limit for monthly deposits by an individual and for a similar increase of the permissible aggregate.

It seems incredible that we should have been compelled to wait so long for this reform. We are the last civilized nation to adopt it. We have gone on deaf to the appeals of experts and blind to the experience of others, while the timid have kept millions of money stowed away in secret places, holding it out of circulation, narrowing the volume of circulating medium and serving no beneficial purpose.

In the same way, we are waiting patiently for the parcels post. We boast that we are leaders, but are decades behind the rest of Christendom in the adoption of a cheap and expeditious system of transporting packages. We plant ourselves on a pedestal of pride, but bow meekly to the tyranny of the express companies. There is scarcely a petty government in Europe from which we cannot draw lessons in national life.

ESCAPING PENALTIES

LEGISLATIVE bribery in Ohio is not swift in coming to condign punishment. In the first trial, Representative George B. Nye was promptly acquitted by the jury. The case was supposed to be the strongest the state had in the bribery matter.

However, Columbus, where Nye was tried, is not far from Adams county, where vote-selling was one of the chief industries. Nor is it far from Cincinnati, the stamping ground of Boss Cox, who managed, under Ohio methods, to escape a trial for perjury by juggling the indictment out of courts that were ready to convict.

Adams county with 1770 foremost citizens confessing that they sold their votes means that there were other foremost citizens of other Ohio counties where votes were bought and sold. It means that voting elsewhere in that state has been on a bargain-counter basis, all of which with the illustrious example of Boss Cox in evading the law makes punishment for bribery difficult in the Buckeye state.

Punishment was equally difficult in the Lorimer cases in Illinois. It is always difficult whenever political features enter into the offense. It has been the habit, but it is growing less popular, to have one conscience for private affairs and another for political or public affairs in this country.

Lorimer's chief briber escaped conviction in two fiercely fought trials, and his senatorial district rewarded him subsequently by electing him again to the Illinois legislature. There were confessions by legislators that he bribed them and other confirmatory testimony, but it did not count in Illinois any more than bribe testimony counted in the Ohio legislative bribery.

THE CADETS

THE OREGON AGRICULTURAL College cadets reflected great credit upon themselves, their institution and the state yesterday. As they swung along the line of march, their fine appearance, their military bearing and the precision of their movement made them a conspicuous feature of the afternoon pageant. Twelve companies strong, and headed by their own military band, they presented a spectacle of American chivalry that was inspiring to all who saw.

The climax of their performance was on Multnomah field where, in a drill of an hour and a half, they delighted a vast throng of people. They went through the evolutions with precision and grace, moving in many instances without orders, to the music of the band, and were constantly rewarded with enthusiastic applause.

As a closing feature of the drill, the whole regiment swung into a march out of which they gradually formed themselves into the letters "O. A. C.", the initials of their college. As they marched they dropped orange confetti with the effect that when the drill was finished the huge initials, "O. A. C.", were left on the field, an episode that was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Thousands of young men drilled regularly at the agricultural colleges of the country are an enormous asset for the defense of the nation in case of attack. A citizen soldiery is in time of stress the ultimate defense and the work of the cadets yesterday shows how we are training a multitude of young men who will know how to fight if the time for defense ever comes.

MOROCCO AND FRANCE

MEASURES ARE in progress by which the map of the world, and the control of northern Africa, will, in all reasonable probability, be changed. France and Spain were to be the joint policemen of Morocco, by the decision of the Algeciras conference—France being the dominant partner by reason of her long common frontier of Algeria with Morocco. Very grudgingly the right was conceded to France by Germany of forcibly intervening among the wild Moorish tribes in case their wars and alarms endangered the throne of the Moorish sultan, and the peace of the border land.

The expected has happened. Fez, the Moorish capital, has been besieged by the tribes, and the lives of all the European residents and travelers put in utmost peril. A French marching column, 7000 strong, has followed slowly on the heels of the first expeditions of help to save Fez. Ample reserves are held ready in case of need.

All this looked so much like provision for permanent occupation that Germany began to growl. But it is understood that the British and Russian ambassadors made satisfactory representations at Berlin. Many observers, however, see the foundations being laid for another Egypt in North Africa, with France instead of Britain as the army of occupation.

CONTROL OF PUBLIC DOMAIN

IN THREE CASES from California and one from Colorado the supreme court of the United States has taken occasion to define, and to specify, the absolute right of the nation through acts of congress over the public domain.

The court has distinguished between legislation and administrative regulation. Powers of legislation congress cannot devolve on officials of whatever grade. Powers of administration it can depute, and has deputed, to the secretary of agriculture. In this authority is included also the right not only to make regulations but to promulgate penalties for the breach of such regulations, which penalties are outside of the province of the courts to criticize or modify, but compliance with which is, by courts, to be enforced.

Forest reserves, when created by congress under its sovereign power, are to be maintained for the protection of timber and other natural resources, in such manner as the secretary of agriculture shall prescribe, and subject to such penalties for breach of regulations as he shall from time to time make known.

Further, while usage may serve to permit trespass upon the public domain in default of proscription by the secretary, yet, prescription shall not allow continuance of usage when he undertakes to lay down rules for the protection of any resources existing on that public domain.

It follows that limited rentals for grazing and pasturage under regulations within the boundaries of reserves can be enforced, subject to penalties for the breach.

Rentals so received may be apportioned between the states and the general government and the balance is to be turned into the treasury as public funds.

The sovereign rights and the constitutional rights of the nation over the public domain are merged in one general absolute authority.

Many questions of claims between the general government and its officers, and the states over territory inside of state boundaries within the public domain are clearly settled by these decisions to which all must bow allegiance.

STORED RICHES IN EASTERN OREGON

IT IS NO SURPRISE to students of the geology of eastern Oregon to learn of one mineral treasure after another being disclosed among the bare hills and desolate plains which vary its far stretching expanse.

The most recent find is commercial lime of practically pure analysis, of which surface croppings of over 2000 feet, are reported to have been followed out, some 15 miles east of the Metolius railroad depot. Large deposits are said to have been found. If so the commercial worth is very great, the more valuable if the standard of purity in the mass shall confirm the analysis of the early samples, so justifying railroad shipment without further treatment on the spot.

Whoever is interested along these lines should make his own the book that was the legacy of Professor Condon, the diligent student, and the master-teacher for very many years, of the geology of this state. In the "Two Islands" he tells the tale of the subsidence through the dim centuries of the salt waters of the ocean that deposited their burden of salt and nitrates and sodas and lime on the emerging beaches and shores that stretched across eastern Oregon, as the land rose from the waters by such slow degrees. Such deposits are not buried riches. They lie in the eye of the sun, hidden only by the solitariness and desolation that have kept away the geologist and mineralogist from their discovery. It is a safe prediction that there are other minerals of equal or greater value to be added to the list when trained and patient observers shall devote themselves to the search.

What a wonderful state is this Oregon of ours, whose very deserts are the storehouses of uncounted riches.

Tanglefoot — By Miles Overholt

THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

I get my coin so easily—like candy from a kid,
They slip it to me greasily and keep the motive hid;
The cash comes in by blocks and bales, my strong box overflows;
It's carried in in crocks and pails—my bank smile grows and grows.

That's the way it comes in the early morn,
When I first awake and a plan is born;
I see no clouds, I see no shock,
And I'm worth a billion by 4 o'clock.

No shell game gets the lucre like I take it from rich men;
Nobody feels the euchre like I slip it over then.
And fame on swiftly flying wing comes on to meet me, too,
And folk, instead of sighing, sing, and nothing makes me blue.

I figure it out when morning dawns; The schemes come thick and men are pawns.
And I soar aloft on a ship of hope,
And I hog-tie fame with my trusty rope.

The future's gay and rosy when the clock strikes half-past three,
And the bed is warm and cozy and my schemes look good to me;
And the money that I fumble cheers me till my dreams expire,
And I never take a tumble till it's time to start the fire.

In the early morning I grab the wealth With trimmings of fame, good luck and health;
My friends are many, I know no care,
And I own the earth and half the air.

But when I rise at the clock's alarm, I feel the schemes depart,
And though I try to block the charm, they seem to have a start.
And when my tie's adjusted and my toilet is complete
Then my schemes and plans are busted and I'm once more on my feet.

It is different, then, when duty calls, Ambition's gone, my castle falls;
Dame Fortune's grouch envelops her
And I plod toward my fifteen per.

Letters From the People

Doctors as a Menace.

To the Editor of The Journal—An article from the New York American, entitled "The Cat as a Menace" appeared in your paper yesterday. As such articles appear from time to time, all emanating from those exceedingly careful gentlemen, the doctors, I would like to be allowed to say just a few words on the subject myself. If the poor old cat was just one sixteenth part of the menace to health that the doctors themselves are there might be some excuse for all their hysterical excitement in the matter.

About seven years ago my husband hurt his foot badly enough to need the services of a doctor. During the doctor's visit my little boy came into the room. In a short while the child was taken sick. The same doctor was called and pronounced it scarlet fever. (We had no pets of any kind.) I questioned the doctor in a round about way and learned he had a scarlet fever case on hand at the time of his first visit.

My child was sick enough to need two doctors for awhile. They both left the sick room, went straight to a streetcar, (full of children no doubt) without taking any precautions whatever against spreading the disease. I said to one of them one day: "Doctor, are you not afraid of carrying the scarlet fever to someone when you leave here?" He answered: "Oh, the fresh air kills all the germs. Well the cats are out of doors all night anyway, so why doesn't the fresh air work the same way with them?

That experience started me to thinking and I never see a doctor enter a car with his nice little black grip in his hand but I think to myself, "I wonder what sick bed of deadly contagion you have just left with only the fresh air to act as a guard for the general public."

A MOTHER.

Where Did the Money Go?

Detroit, Or., May 8.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Some interesting facts have been brought to light in the department of public works in Milwaukee, Wis. The average cost of asphalt street paving per square yard under the last administration was $2.34; the asphalt used according to the specification had to be a particular brand controlled by a certain company. Thus were matters under the old regime. Now, the Socialist head of the public works has changed that. He has so framed the specifications that while better street work is required, it is not necessary to get the asphalt from the favored company. What was the result? The bids offered the other day for street paving showed a reduction of $1.05 per square yard. The total amount saved on these bids will be $55,300 dollars! This amount would pay the salary of the Socialist superintendent of street construction for 18 years. The question is, where did this big difference go under the former rule? To contractors' profits? Then no wonder the contractors raised a hue against the new administration. To political graft? Then no wonder they are fighting the Socialists to the finish.

JOHN SEKAVEC.

Tribute to Walt Mason.

Washougal, Wash., June 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am always first to run and grab The Journal from the pavement slab, and down I sit upon the floor and scan its pages o'er and o'er to find one little corner where the Kansas poet doth repair. I grin and chuckle, laugh and roar, such fun I never found before. From baseball game to deadly fly he never lets a thing go by, but watches for the latest gasps and hands out lemons as they pass. Oh, poet dear, where did you get that never failing fund of wit!

MARIE E. DAVIS.

Indicated His Choice.

—From the Washington Herald.

John Sharp Williams tells the following: "One of the negroes on my place did me a valuable service once, and I wished to show my appreciation. After paying him, I asked:

"'Now, uncle, which shall I give you, a ton of coal or a big bottle of whiskey?'

"'Massa John,' he replied, 'yo shorely know Ah on'y buhns wood.'"

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Among other things the trusts manufacture are Socialists.

* *

O, the Democrats are doing remarkably well, for them, Mr. Bryan.

* *

In a city as large as Portland all cannot be good people—or won't be.

* *

Dias will not get much more space in the newspapers hereafter than Castro.

* *

The bigger a town gets, the less it cares about a Fourth of July celebration.

* *

Generally the people who most need and deserve a vacation can't or won't take one.

* *

Mr. Bryan cannot reasonably expect to be always the only and absolute Democratic leader.

* *

May the "divine Sarah" live to make yet another farewell tour, and come to the Pacific coast.

* *

A remarkable occurrence in court recently was the denial of a divorce decree to a plaintiff.

* *

Uncle Sam's department of agriculture says most of the ice cream cones are not fit to eat. How would you like to be the man that tastes them and finds out?

* *

Some horse owners have not yet been educated out of the tight overhead check fashion, which is torture to a horse, and interferes with his freedom of action.

* *

San Francisco had Schmitz; now it has McCarthy. That city seems to like that sort of mayors. Perhaps it seeks to be a unique city in this as well as in some other respects.

* *

The new minister of a prominent church says that many eastern ministers would like to get calls to this part of the country. They will be welcome—as many as there are places for—but a thousand times as many small farmers are needed.

* *

A much traveled man says the women of Portland are more beautiful than those of any other city, except Baltimore. Perhaps if his judgment is correct the credit is due to the Baltimore oysters.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The rainfall at Eugene for May was 2.11 inches, considerably below the normal.

* *

Rev. Frank J. Milnes has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Pendleton.

* *

The rose show at Eugene under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Commercial club will be held tomorrow.

* *

The Medford National bank has been designated as a depository for funds deposited in new postal savings banks of Southern Oregon.

* *

Governor West's office in the state house is undergoing refitting. Repainting is being done and a new carpet will be placed in the receiving room.

* *

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Alderman is sending out the questions for the teachers' examinations which will be held June 21 to 24.

* *

Having experimented last year with oil sprinkling, citizens of Albany residing on South Ferry street will this year practice that system of dust laying.

* *

A "basket service" is announced for Sunday, June 18, at the Bar Creek church, eight miles from Medford, up Griffin creek. A bountiful spread will be served all visitors.

* *

Redmond Spokesman: A tennis court has been laid out on the Templeton lots just north of the schoolhouse on Eighth street. There are a number of good tennis players in the city.

* *

Salem Statesman: Secretary Meredith of the state fair board announces that there will be no bucking broncho contest at the state fair this year. These contests in the past have not been a conspicuous success.

* *

The La Grande Star calls upon the citizens of La Grande to erect additional business structures, stating that persons seeking locations are in some cases forced to go elsewhere for want of suitable quarters there.

* *

Corvallis Gazette-Times: A tremendous lot of woodwork produced by the city school pupils in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades is on display at the room just west of the postoffice. The showing is very surprising.

SEVEN FAMOUS PRISONS

Cherry Hill.

In many respects, the most famous prison on this continent is the Eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia, popularly known for many years, even up to quite recently, as Cherry Hill, from the former name of the piece of ground upon which it is built. It is one of the most peculiar structures in its arrangement in the world, and the ground plan of this prison has in part been adopted in Ireland, England, France and Belgium as a convenient and economic model.

The greatest criticism that is to be found with the convict system practiced at the Eastern penitentiary is the practical solitary confinement of the prisoners. An English writer, who a few years ago studied the prison system in this country, in contrasting life at Cherry Hill with that of the prisons of his own country, and in fact in comparison with similar institutions in this country, said: "Here the miserable convict only passes through an iron latticed door—on the inside of the cell wall—into his own yard, where like a bear in a pit, he breathes the fresh air. The prisoner in the Eastern penitentiary is literally as one buried alive, and when released, comes forth as one dug out of the grave."

The Eastern penitentiary occupies 10 acres of ground and is enclosed by a wall 32 feet high. It was built in 1823 and is one of the oldest prisons in the country. A new prisoner arriving at Cherry Hill is first ushered into the reception room, where he is prepared for his unbroken cell life. He is first shorn of his hair, then given a shower bath, next photographed, thereafter his measurements are taken according to the Bertillion system, and finally, after giving such part of his family history as can be extracted from him, and the relative or friend who is to be notified in case of his death, he is pronounced ready to be "buried alive."

To the Eastern penitentiary there is a large center building, 40 feet in diameter. From this 11 blocks radiate as spokes of a wheel from its hub. All of these corridors lie open to the observation of the keeper standing in the center. A writer in discussing life at the Eastern penitentiary says: "When one passes through a cell block in Sing Sing, or almost any other prison in the country, during working hours, they are as quiet as may be any empty structure, for the men are busy in the neighboring workshops. But standing in the central point and looking down these long, dreary passages of 'Cherry Hill,' the dull repose is horrible because so unnatural."

There are no cells at Cherry Hill, as ordinarily understood, but small rooms, 8 by 18 feet, and 11 feet in the clear, lighted by skylights in the day and by an electric bulb at night, of which the inmate has the use until 9 o'clock.

There is a fine library at Cherry Hill, which contains more than 10,000 volumes, and prisoners are allowed to read these books, as well as newspapers and magazines, and during certain hours they may indulge in a smoke, the state allowing half a pound of tobacco a month to each prisoner, and when they have means they are allowed to purchase a small quantity in addition. The amount of food is ample and is always well prepared, so that prisoners never suffer for want of nourishment.

Charles Dickens, who visited America first in 1842, in his comments on Philadelphia in "American Notes," devotes almost his entire space to the Eastern penitentiary, and his impression of the solitary confinement he observed there, and its effect upon the prisoners.

"In its intention," he says, "I am well convinced that it is kind, humane and meant for reformation; but I am persuaded that those who devised this system of prison discipline, and those benevolent gentlemen who carry it into execution, do not know what it is that they are doing. I believe that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers; and in guessing at it myself, and in reason from what I have seen written upon their faces, and what to my certain knowledge they feel within, I am only the more convinced that there is a depth of terrible endurance in it which none but the sufferers themselves can fathom, and which no man has the right to inflict upon his fellow creature."

Tomorrow—Sing Sing.

Finding Place for Aero in World's Affairs.

From Popular Mechanics.

The freak age of flying is passing. Reckless airmen will continue to defy death for the plaudits of the crowd for years; the people will flock to such exhibitions as long as they are held; but the time has passed when the aeroplane created awe in the soul of the average citizen and the records that are yet to be made—that are now in the making—are those which have to do with the practical use of the machine, its application to commerce or as an aid to scientific progress. The men who have engaged in the exploitation of aircraft are redoubling their efforts to perfect a machine which will be something more than an adjunct to a circus or a county fair. They are realizing the possibilities the new science opens to them as rapidly as the progress of invention makes possible. From now on, it is safe to predict, the development of aeroplanes will be along lines calculated to secure them a permanent place in the work of civilization. At present the development tends to the adaptation of the machine to uses of war—the most primitive of the civilized arts.

A Cure for Typhoid.

From an Exchange.

Physicians at the Samaritan hospital in Philadelphia, think they have discovered a cure for typhoid fever in the form of an injection which brings on the crisis in a few days. Though they have been experimenting with it for two years, they refuse to announce the formula till it has been tested by other medical authorities. If it turns out as they hope, it will go far to reduce the death rate and contribute to the lengthening of the average of human life. This is a result which medicine is effecting in other ways, the chief of which is public sanitation. In France there has been a notable increase in the population during the past year. It has been brought about not by an increase of births, but a decrease of deaths.

Autos in the United States.

Albany Dispatch in New York Herald.

Mort than 780,000 automobiles were registered in the capitals of the various states of the Union on May 1, according to a list compiled here. New York leads in the number of registrations, with approximately 70,000. Pennsylvania and California come next, with 40,000 each. Other states having more than 10,000 cars are:

Ohio, 32,400; Illinois, 30,000; Iowa, 24,200; Massachusetts, 22,000; Michigan, 18,059; New Jersey, 17,000; Missouri, 15,600; Nebraska, 15,200; Indiana, 15,000; Wisconsin, 14,000; Kansas, 12,300; Minnesota, 11,900; Connecticut, 11,000.

German Postage Stamps in Rolls.

By Consul H. J. Dunlap, Cologne.

The imperial German postoffice authorities have for several years been experimenting with the idea of securing postage stamps printed in rolls instead of in sheets, so that they may be sold from "automats" as well as the usual way. Rolls of stamps have been sold, but the strips have been torn apart and pasted end to end by hand. The extra charge of 25 pfennigs for each roll, has new been discontinued.

A factory at Darmstadt has recently perfected a machine which prints the stamps on rolls, but as yet in one color only. The denominations are 3, 5, 10 and 20 pfennigs. It is expected that a machine for printing in two colors will eventually be perfected.

The 3, 5 and 10 pfennig stamps are printed in rolls of 1000 each, the 20 pfennig in rolls of only 500. Higher denominations are also put up in rolls of 500, which have been prepared by hand.

These rolls were placed on sale in all the postoffices of the empire from May 1, 1911.

Bacon's Busy Day.

Sir Francis Bacon rose at five
And said: "As sure as I'm alive
I've got to get a move on me
If ever famous I shall be."
He nibbed his quill and fixed his ink
And rubbed his head and tried to think,
And then, like gathering blackberries,
He wrote J. Caesar's Commentaries.

To while away an hour he wrote
The Pilgrim's progress, with a note
To the efect that Bunyan should
Be called the author, if he would.
Then, yawning, ere he should begin
He wrote a work on medicine
And just to save a lot of pother
He named Hippocrates as author.

Then to his breakfast, but between
The grapefruit and the ham 'twas seen
He scribbled still, by fits and jerks,
The most of old Josephus' works.
Then, smoking with his long legs crossed,
Wrote Paradise Regained, and Lost,
And Scottish Chiefs, while as a solo
He sang the Works of Marco Polo.

"I'm lazy," sighed he, "What's the use!"
And wrote the book of Mother Goose,
Then penned, to start his cipher-steps,
The diary of Samuel Pepys;
R. Crusoe's thrilling tale was next
To leave his pen with flowing text,
And then, to please his maiden auntie,
He wrote the rampant rhymes of Dante.

The Works of Virgil then he penned,
And Homer's verse, from start to end;
Then Fox's Martyrs, and a bit
Of quaint Aristophanic wit—
And then all day he worked like sin
To put the hidden ciphers in.
That night with many a splashy shiver
He sank all this beneath a river.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Evening Post.

Gore Comes Out for Woodrow Wilson

Washington Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.

Oklahoma proposes to be to the next Democratic convention what Kansas was to the Philadelphia convention of 1900 when it boomed so effectively for Theodore Roosevelt—with this difference, that it will advocate Woodrow Wilson for the presidential instead of the vice presidential nomination.

Democratic politics are beginning to resemble the concrete on Washington streets—that is to say, they are approaching a sizzling condition. The Ohio congressional delegation recently organized a movement in behalf of Judson Harmon, governor of the Buckeye state. It was handicapped at the outset, however, by the public knowledge that William Jennings Bryan will throw his strength against the Ohio candidate and it seems to be losing instead of making ground.

So successful has been Speaker Champ Clark in harmonizing Democratic differences in the house of representatives, so satisfactorily has he steered the Democratic ship of legislation through the shifting channel of public opinion, that a large portion of the members of congress feel he would be an admirable leader of the party next year. He enjoys the cordial friendship of Bryan and the support of William Randolph Hearst.

When congress adjourns it may be Mr. Clark will follow the example of Woodrow Wilson, who returned to Trenton today from his tour of the country, and visit various cities, not as an avowed presidential candidate but for the purpose of showing himself and speaking to Democratic throngs.

Mr. Wilson has never concealed his aspirations for the presidency and his New Jersey record, as well as the speeches he has delivered on his western trip, are rightly regarded as placing him in the front rank so far as the Democratic presidential nomination is concerned.

The New Jersey delegation in congress, or rather its Democratic members, refrained from following the example of the Ohio congressional Democrats and established headquarters in his behalf. They have pursued the better tactics of letting Mr. Wilson's boom expand without perceptible artificial impetus. They have preferred that other sections of the country first speak for Mr. Wilson's nomination and they have realized their desire.

Today there has been made public a letter written by Senator Gore of Oklahoma, known to the country as the "blind senator," in which he says:

"I have canvassed the political situation and outlook with some care and have concluded to support Mr. Wilson for the nomination. Several distinguished and deserving Democrats are being strongly urged for the presidential nomination. It must be owned that the Democracy has a wealth of material for the presidency.

"It is easier to nominate a Democrat who deserves to win than to nominate one who is able to win. We must seek a leader in whom these two qualities are united. I believe Mr. Wilson answers both requirements.

"In saying this I disparage no one who is, or may be, an aspirant. If the collective wisdom of Democracy should select another leader I should follow him with unfaltering fidelity. To illustrate my feelings, if the brilliant speaker of the house should be nominated I should follow him with as much devotion as the French soldiery followed the white plume of Navarre.

"I believe every Democrat could support Mr. Wilson without compromising his conscience or his convictions. In respect of principle he is a Democrat of the ancient and accepted order. Democracy means the rule of the people. He believes the governed should govern. He trusts the people; the people can trust him."

Overdid It.

From the New York Post.

London hotel keepers are now awake to the fact that a puff, if not carefully watched, may assume the disagreeable dimensions of a tornado; even a newspaper puff. It is only a matter of weeks since we were being assured that it would cost $100 an hour to live in London during the coronation, the implication being that tens of thousands of Americans, who as a nation notoriously like to overpay, would immediately swarm across the Atlantic and inundate Pall Mall and the Strand. The numberless Americans who were hiring coronation balconies at their weight in gold were daily cabled over, and duly sent a thrill of pride tingling from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida, and along every creek and bayou in our incomparable system of internal waterways. The very same cables are now groaning with the plaint that the thing has been overdone, that London is empty, that Bloomsbury boarding houses are in despair. Exactly the same thing happened in New York during the Hudson-Fulton celebration. The vision of people sleeping on cots on Brooklyn bridge was succeeded by the vision of hotel keepers going to the workhouse. The same thing will doubtless happen on the next occasion of a great public festival.

Brandeis After Hitchcock.

From the Oklahoman.

That there will be a thorough investigation of the affairs of the postoffice department is assured by the fact that Louis D. Brandeis has been placed in charge of the investigative work.

It is not to be doubted that the magazine publishers of the country, who have been subjected to somewhat malicious persecution by the postoffice department, will lend their moral support to Mr. Brandeis and if necessary may be expected to contribute financially.

The investigation will be thorough, and the prospect is that before it is completed Secretary Hitchcock will have become a suppliant rather than a dictator.

The Healer

(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).

Are you full of grief, my neighbor, full of grief and woe? Shed you raiment, then, and labor, and your cares will go. Is your bosom torn asunder that you thus repine? Friends of mine, who work like thunder haven't time to whine. Idlers stand about me weeping, men with empty hands; and the happy men are reaping o'er the fertile lands. Life's a thing of cruel rigor for the shiftless knaves; kind for men who work with vigor, not as galley slaves. Foolish your complaint and wailing, foolish are your tears. Work at anvil or at throttle, saw your pile of wood. Never bought you in a bottle remedy so good! Work, on land or on the ocean, go and cut some grass! Never was there pill or potion that was in work's class! Work's the solace for the mortal by life's ills distraught; it will make him sing and chortle, it will bile the spot! Be you statesman, soldier, bard or tiller of the soil, if you're tired of work, work harder! Nothing heals like toil!

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