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street. Men are going to do business, and if they cannot do it in Washington they will go to some other thoroughfare. If the inflation is carried far enough, tenants will move and more drift into and build up a big business district on the east side.

The popularity of streets is a mere passing notion anyway. Streets that were once on the boom of popularity are not now, even in Portland. A few years of change can bring quietude and desertion to streets where once the lights gleamed and the crowds jostled.

TRAGEDIES AND GAINS IN AVIATION

AS ONE DISASTER follows close on the heels of the last it would seem that there was no advance in this new and perilous art. Skill, courage, experience in the flying man appear to count for nothing. The record of each horrible death is surely followed by the statement that the martyr was one of the boldest, and had the most experience.

Yet there is no check seen either in the manufacture of aeroplanes, nor in the pursuit of new devices for strength and stability. Nor on the other side of the art is there any lack of aviators. A week or so after the French minister of war met his sudden death—only a few days after the Paris to Madrid, and the Paris to Turin races had recorded their disasters, a still more numerous followed race, with even heavier prizes, was started from the same grounds near Paris, and three of the fliers met death—of course men of great courage and experience.

Then to keep the game in fashion pictures are seen in all the papers of Mr. Arthur Balfour, the leader of the parliamentary opposition, making a regular flight as a passenger with Graham White.

However, in this, as in every new and popular art, designs are gradually improved and standardized—since there seems no hope of safety in merely perfecting the mechanism of the early forms.

In the June number of the Columbian magazine an article, by August Post, quoted in last week's Digest, throws some light ahead. This writer tells us that in a new machine just completed by Paulhan, the French aviator and mechanic, he has adopted a new form of wings, "with flexible ribs and finger-like extremities." Further that Mr. Dunne, in England, has accomplished wonders in automatic balancing devices. He is said to be able to turn his attention completely from the operation of his controlling levers, and to write a note with pencil on a piece of paper, while his machine took entire care of itself and continued its steady flight through the air.

The Wrights, also, are said to be seriously considering radical improvements in their present methods of control. So, with France, America and England all engaged in working out new plans with feverish energy it may be hoped that in the multitude of these counsellors may be found the wisdom that leads to safety.

HISTORY AND FUTURE OF THE STEEL TRUST

THE HISTORY of the United States Steel corporation is too close for a balanced, complete, and true idea. The figures that cross or fill the stage, Morgan, Gary, Carnegie, Gates and the rest, are too near to get them into proper proportions and perspective to each other. Yet if we delay the attempt too long the future will have become the present, as the long film is wound, and the time for action by the real party in interest, the public of America, will have passed.

The only recourse is to deal with each, separate episode, as the evidence about it is fairly complete, and trust to the historian of the future to arrange them, that the ultimate and essential truth of history shall emerge.

The first scene, then, in 1901, is of war. The forces in the field were the Carnegie steel, wire and tube works, the Republic iron & steel company, the National Tube company, the American Steel & Wire company, and the Tennessee Coal & Iron company, for the big pieces on the board—and railroads, ore beds, lake ports and millions of miscellaneous assets for the pawns.

The great constructive mind was that of J. P. Morgan. His vision was both wider and farther than that of the rest. What he saw as a vista of an immense trade, organized to possibilities of unheard-of profits—that his ambition grasped at, his courage and fortune stimulated him to take hold of, while his judgment of men taught him to find the only factors able to bring together and to organize the enormous undertaking.

The weapons he used were money and fear. Where it was useful to his ends—when he had men like Carnegie and Gates to deal with, he bought. The rest flinched from actual combat

with him and were paled. But even Morgan must have cried when he had laid before him for the first time the stupendous sums that his plan involved. But the figures he set the funds to make the purchases had to be created—they did not exist.

He was dealing in tens and hundreds of millions. All Andrew Carnegie's libraries and peace funds, and foundations, were there on Morgan's table in embryo, and hundreds of millions more. Show of value for the billion dollars capital of the infant steel corporation must be made. By what necromancy could those values be made to appear in the necessary black and white of the account books and ledgers?

Before the negotiators lay the schedules and inventories of the whole maze of properties—impossible to recount. Let them value them first at their then present worth, each one by itself, and be liberal about it. Each represented an integral portion of the steel and iron trade of the United States. Blend them and mix them in one huge caldron, and the trick was done. The "possibilities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" lay in the handling of the product. War was ended. Competition had vanished.

"Take thy bill and write"—what you please—was the order to the new, young, giant. The value was, at one moment, that of the collection of atoms of the steel trade. At the next moment by magic, it had become one going concern, and its capital was doubled. Its future earnings, based on its control of the great industry, became the grounds of a calculation of value that satisfied bankers, filled the mouth of Wall street, dominated the steel trade of the world.

But for how long? That is the query?

THE PACE THAT KILLS

ONE DEAD AND three injured," is the passing notice. It recounts the story of a streetcar and an auto. It is an announcement that once would have shocked the city.

But, we are all traveling now at the pace that kills. The hurrying crowd reads of the accident, breathes a momentary sigh of regret, and hurries on.

We are all trying to annihilate distance and conquer time. Steam is no longer fast enough, and we ride on the wings of electricity, and have even harnessed the wind. Whatever device offers us the most speed, we employ.

Those in the street are all speeding as though each was a woman and every day a bargain day. We begrudge every passing moment its right to glide by, and strive to compress two moments of work into it. Each speeds as though the revolutions of the earth and the welfare of the race depended on his getting to his destination. Yet, the cold fact remains that as each in his time drops by the wayside, another steps in and takes his place. Even Mr. Harriman passed on, and the stock tickers ticked on unchecked, and finance and transportation felt no ripple.

Once, the funerals moved in a slow walk, but times have changed. The slow-moving journey to the cemetery is forgotten, and in our hurry to beat the flying moments, we hustle the dead off to the grave in a swinging trot. If we keep up the pace, presently the horses will be too slow, we shall shoot a man to his burial lot in the swiftest auto, hire professional mourners to weep, and throw the dirt over his remains with a motor shovel.

THE POOR IN ENGLAND

FULLER KNOWLEDGE of the details of Lloyd George's benevolent bill now in parliamentary examination discloses new points of general interest. Not only is compulsory insurance against sickness and invalidity enacted, but provision is made for enlisting a force of physicians in the pay of the state whose duty is the continuing and periodical examination of the insured. Thus not only is shamming or "malingering" to be fought, but early hygienic and medical help is to be secured. From the first, careful reports are to be made by these physicians. A mass of data will be obtained on preventable and curable diseases.

As part of this campaign the appropriation of \$7,500,000 for tuberculosis sanatoria, and \$5,000,000 for annual expenditure in their maintenance, is made. A further progressive point is this. Local sanitary inspectors and health officers are made amenable to the law. If any epidemic of preventable disease occurs through their neglect. Old age pensions may be reasonably included as an item in the national expenditure on behalf of the poorer classes. These pensions serve physically as well as mentally to prolong life and health. For the current year the cost is estimated at \$62,075,000.

The above items, with \$250,000 for the inauguration of sick insurance, make up \$74,825,000.

The provision for the British navy for this same year is \$221,965,000. No wonder that the arbitration treaty is looked forward to on the other side of the Atlantic with thankful eagerness, as opening the only, and the reasonable, prospect for removing a burden of needless taxation from the shoulders of the British nation while she willingly bends to assume the additional care

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.)

"Labor Insurance."—Hermiston, Or., June 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your editorial, entitled, "Labor Insurance a National Need," in today's issue has been carefully read, and it seems to me that, more, while enacting such a law, is being done with the effect instead of solving the problem.

"A man can claim to be a Democrat or a Republican, and think he can vote as he pleases. Isn't this a free country—what?"

"A Russian officer named Liarliarsky has been sent to prison for two years for fraud. If he had been named Liarliarsky, he would have 'got' three years."

"Within certain—er uncertain—limits, women are better students than men, girls than boys. The two women lawyers stood far above the average in the examination."

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"Wall street is a good place for you and me to keep away from," remarked the chairman of the investigating committee. But Mr. Gary never got far away from Wall street or out of touch with Mr. Morgan.

"The Gary dinner, Judge Gary testifies, were designed as conferences to maintain an 'equilibrium of trade' and 'prosperous conditions.' Meaning a strict monopoly by the steel trust, and prosperity for this and other trusts."

"Whatever other crops may be short, or infested, the crops of new lawyers and doctors are always over-plentiful. A batch of 73 new lawyers were created the other day. The curious feature of the incident is that seven failed to pass."

JUDGE COKE AND THE RECALL

Central Point, Or., June 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—It is noticed that one editorial of the Oregonian calls attention to the fact that the system of permitting so many unwhom murderers at large in this country and then the next day it writes a rebuke for the suggestion that a judge be recalled because he contributes by undue favoritism to the safety of the state. It is a curious southern Oregon in a county famous for its number of such crimes and also for its leniency in permitting only two to be hung out of a list of nearly a hundred murderers in a history of about 50 years. It is not for the cause of better justice, or for any of the arguments that the Oregonian puts up against the recall of this judge but it is due to other reasons that it gets so busy with its editorials in defence of this judge. This judge rose from obscurity in Coos county in a couple years by being the attorney for the Southern Pacific R. R. company and the same process made him one of the wealthy men of that county and the same influence secured him the appointment to the judgeship. It is the new relationship to this railroad influenced newspaper that brings out the bum arguments against the recall of this judge and the defence of unwhom cold blooded murderers in southern Oregon. If the Oregonian wants to have on this case let it print all the facts on the judge and the murderer it defends.

If the people get a judge who does not know enough law to instruct a jury it is time there was a remedy for replacing him, it is the best means ever discovered for getting rid of judges who get their places not on account of their ability as judges or their knowledge of the laws but through their political pull and a stand in with just such degenerates as the one who committed the cowardly cold blooded murder referred to. It would add to the Oregonian's power for good and its influence among men if it would devote its editorial columns to a better purpose and keep its subsidized influence out of such matters; permit the Oregonian or Portland people would be led by its arguments and advice so that something it favors or argues for may have a majority of the people to back it up.

The people of the district in which the judge in question sits are capable of deciding this question themselves without any advice by or from the Oregonian, but its interest only shows its masters when the silent and secret relations between its masters, the railroad interests, and this judge are known.

LIMIT THE SPEED

Portland, Or., June 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—In Sunday's issue of The Journal, under the heading "Lunatic," you discuss the question of what to do about the fast drivers, and mention the fact that fast drivers are not only dangerous to life, but are an active destroyer of roads. This is the first time I have ever noticed either of these admissions in any daily or general newspaper in the state, and The Journal is to be congratulated on its courage in referring to these taboed subjects for the auto dealers generally manage to get space filled up with a lot of rot about how much advantage it is to a town or farm to have autos rushing by at a hundred miles an hour.

You also suggest in another editorial that, with better understanding, divergent views might be harmonized at the "good roads day" meeting of the Oregon Development league at Astoria. As a mere atom who does not own or use an auto, I would like to make a suggestion to the automobile people themselves whereby all the differences and misunderstandings can be eliminated.

The first and greatest is: Let a restaurant introduced by some auto enthusiast or dealer, advocating a law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by both fine and jail sentence, for an auto to be used on the public highway geared so it can run faster than the legal rate, and let the resolution be adopted. The maximum speed allowed under the law as you state is 34 miles an hour. That is faster than it ought to be. A driver of a team going 20 miles an hour would be arrested for fast driving. Why not the same speed for an auto? But if a machine is geared to not go faster than the legal rate, it will not go faster. It won't take half so many "patrolmen" and the evidence will be absolute and unquestionable. I suggested this, during the session of the legislature through your columns, over my initials, and have been to know of members of that body who were afraid to introduce such an amendment.

The second thing is for the auto people to show a willingness for each county to say where its roads shall be built, so they will be respected by the state. This powerful influence on "commission" or "superintendent" for the building of roads that will be merely speedways for autos. The farmers and ordinary citizens of Oregon are not carried away with the idea that an "absolutely safe" highway is worth what it would cost. The average farmer would rather have part of the road fund expended on the cross roads that leads out to his own and his neighbors' farms than to enjoy seeing a streak of dust pass on some one long highway through his farm.

It contains some eastern or foreign millionaire. It might possibly be worth a few dollars to a hotel or real estate man, but he fails to see where his benefit comes in. In a humble occupation I have been among the farmers of Oregon considerably and it is a straight tip to the job riders and auto dealers that despite all the sentiment they may attempt to create just as sure as they get a set of laws enacted such as they attempted in the last legislature, they will raise a referendum, and be defeated by the people. Again I say, let them show their good faith by declaring for autos with no high gear on when on the public highway.

HORACE ADDIS.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. In this year also to pass without anybody striking oil in his quantities in Oregon?

Why do most story writers make their characters continually bite their lips, when nobody does so in real life?

Man swallowed 54 eggs in six months, and is growing and exclaiming over the feat and the \$100 he won by it.

When a girl is married her parents had better smile and make the best of it, even if their son-in-law isn't to their liking.

The last of the three Bryan children is dead. His wife, and Grandmama Bryan have the home seat all to themselves.

A man can claim to be a Democrat or a Republican, and think he can vote as he pleases. Isn't this a free country—what?

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SEVEN FAMOUS ORDERS

The Order of the Thistle.

"No one attacks me with impunity" (Nemo me impune lacessit) is the motto of Scotland, and likewise the motto of the Order of the Thistle, a Scottish order, sometimes called the Order of Saint Andrew. The year 1787 is given as the mythical date of its founding. This order was especially destined for the nobility of Scotland, although one riband is generally given to a prince of the blood royal.

The Order of the Thistle was permanently established in 1540 by King James V, who knighted the Northumbrians; and the next day St. Andrew's cross appearing in the air, he made his words good, and the Northumbrians were defeated.

On this story, as they say, King Archibald, about the year 1577, framed the order of St. Andrew, 700 years before King James V revived it. But before many ages, it is remarkable that no foreign testimonies or authors are procured, no contemporary vouchers

to confirm, or even so much as mention it; so that this part, relating to its great antiquity, must be given up as a fable.

Immediately after King James V. had founded and established this order, he died, in 1542, which put an end to the design for that time for it being about the time of the reformation, when religious disputes ran to a great height, it was deemed impious to impersonate in an order of Knighthood, Christ and his Apostles; nor was it particularly creditable to the ill King James VII of Scotland, and II of England, renewed it, by making eight knights, on the 27th of May, 1687.

But the glorious revolution happened the following year and no more knights were added till December, 1783, when her majesty, Queen Anne, was most graciously pleased to fill up the vacant stalls, agreeably to the original statutes of the order, to which she added some new rules. In 1714, King George I was pleased to confirm the statutes of Queen Anne, and several more particularly provide suitable rays of glory to surround the figure of St. Andrew, which hangs at the collar; and as elections and installments were both wanting, his majesty ordered that chapters of election should thenceforth be held in the royal presence; and the great wardrobes provide suitable robes, and other vestments, for the knights and officers of the order.

The statute of 1827 limits the number of knights to 16 members of the Scottish nobility, in addition to the monarch and princes of the blood. The staff of the order is of silver with round gold plaques bearing a thistle on a green field. The ribbon is green.

Hill on Reciprocity

From the New York American. "Find out who got Root to introduce his amendment. Trace his antecedents. They maybe you'll be able to account for his course."

James J. Hill, empire builder of the northwest and who for a generation has been advocating reciprocity with Canada, thus dismissed further discussion of the opposition of the senior senator from this state to the Canadian reciprocity pact.

Mr. Hill was seen at the offices of the Northern Securities company yesterday by an American reporter. He was rushed with business, as he always is after arrival in New York but he is so interested in the success of the trade agreement between the United States and Canada negotiated by President Taft, that he stopped over to talk about his favorite subject.

When reminded that opposition seemed strong among the farmers of his own part of the country, he shook his grizzled head impatiently and said: "Clutching the reporter's arm, he pushed his way through the jostling crowd that lines that thoroughfare at that hour and almost dragged his companion down the street toward the center of the financial district, where he had an engagement. With the laugh of a squire, he repeated:

"The farmer of the northwest are not opposed to reciprocity with Canada. A group of politicians up there who are being pulled by strings that lie beyond their domain are trying to excite the farmers, just as the medicine men or snake doctors used to do among the Indians (tribes in the early days when devilment was afoot. These snake doctors would get the Indians around a camp fire and start a ghost dance that worked them up into a frightful fury. Then the Indians would go out and savage the white settlements."

"But these snake doctors that are now trying to raise the devil in the northwest are finding out that the ghost-dance game can't be worked on the palefaces up there. He told the real truth about it in his speech in Chicago recently. He hit the nail squarely on the head when he declared that only a few politicians in our section of the country are declaiming against reciprocity with Canada."

Mr. Hill has reached his destination at this point of the conversation. He stopped on the first step of the big financial house at which he had a pressing engagement and so absorbed was he in his subject that he continued to talk.

"Heat in Minneapolis yesterday," he went on, "was 3 cents lower than it was in Winnipeg. It is 500 miles between the two cities, each of which is the center of the wheat industry of its section."

"It costs 9 cents a bushel to haul wheat from Winnipeg to Minneapolis. You see, 3 cents a bushel. Then how can anybody claim that reciprocity with Canada will mean the ruin of the grain industry in the northwest or any other part of our country? Such talk is foolish. It makes me think about the snobs of the snake doctors who are trying to start a ghost dance."

"Do you know," Mr. Hill inquired, "his eyes blazing with enthusiasm, "that we now do an annual business of \$230,000,000 with Canada? I wonder if Senator Root stopped to think about that before he adopted his queer course?"

"These figures mean that we do a per capita business of \$31 a year with Canada and that the balance of trade in our favor is \$19 per capita. "Why, we do only \$7 per capita of business a year with all of Great Britain."

"The southern people and their representatives at Washington have a livelier appreciation of the prospect afforded by the reciprocity agreement with Canada than do those of the north. They see that with even the limited form of free trade offered by the pact the market for their cotton goods and raw cotton will be enlarged, as well as that for other of their farm and manufactured articles."

"The Canadian market right at our back door. We are looking for markets in all other parts of the world, where our advantage cannot possibly be one half so good as in Canada."

"We have overloaded our consumption capacity and we must find an outlet in order to prolong our prosperity. "In dealing with Canadians it is just like dealing with our own home folk. We have to do no special packing of our manufactures in order to suit the peculiar tastes or forms of Canadian buyers, as we have to do for nearly every other foreign market. And we don't have to break bulk in transporting shipments to Canada."

"The situation is so plain, so clear, so obvious, so self-evident that no one understanding how the sane American can hesitate to embrace it."

Why He Didn't Stand Up.

From Tit-Bits. It was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all your husbands who have grown and bulging minds who have shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasms."

Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one. "Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sinner, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one, helplessly, as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up; I'm paralyzed."

Heroes

(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.)

I read about the warlike guy who smiling goes to battle; and naught can still his joyous cry, and nothing him can frighten. But I know the man who wins renown with battle axes, is he who springs some sunny grins while coughing up his taxes. The captain who, in time of wreck, is free from fear's emotion, who calmly walks his sinking deck, alone upon the ocean, and serves a wrath upon his life; he surely smooth as wax is; but O the man who wears a smile while coughing up his taxes! I've seen a brave policeman walk where vicious knaves were lying, and bullets barely missed his blood, and bricks and knives were flying; I've seen the wild beast tamer, fool with savage bears and yokes; but O the man who's calm and cool when coughing up his taxes! Let oak leaves on his brow be done, let nothing be denied him. All other things are faded when they are brought beside him! No greater shall be found while earth revolves upon its axis—this lofty soul of sterling worth, who smiles when paying taxes! George Matthew Adams.

Tanglefoot By Miles Overholt

BROTHER ED.



My brother Ed one summer's day was hoeing in the yard. You see he had the toothache—that is why he hoed so hard—and so he swore large star-shaped oaths on finger and on thumb—he talked by hand exclusively, for Ed is deaf and dumb.

While Ed was working patiently and painfully at that, a thought of most tremendous size came rapping through his hat, and so he dropped his hand and hoe and grabbed his Sunday cap and hid, himself adown the street like Casey's billy goat. He never stopped until he came to where the busy throngs were buying groceries and clothes, pianos, pies and songs.

He waited long; at last he saw a pilgrim from the woods, and so he took the guy aside and told him of his goods. He said—by hand and pencil point—"I've got a little tract. I'm sure 'twill raise more than anything, and now's the time to set the tract coming four scores, too." Ed said in language plain, "and just to part with 'em," he said, "is bound to give me pain."

The pilgrim learned the price; 'twas cheap, and then produced the cash. Ed took the shekel, burriedly, and then he made a dash toward the bank where in he placed the money with a slam, then gave the pilgrim his receipt, a deed, then like a clam, he said no word by hand or foot. A few days after that, the pilgrim asked him, casually, "Where are my acres at?"

Then Edward laughed upon his hands; he laughed with right good glee, then pointed to his open mouth so all who ran could see. "The achers," Edward told the man, "four achers; take a look; they raised the dealer's price, and raised me." The man called him a crook, and then in rage he batted in my poor old brother's head. That's why there is no joy today for my poor brother Ed.

It is rumored that the young Prince of Wales and Kaiser William's only daughter may marry. They are, more or less, engaged. That question of matrimony is no objection in European royal circles.