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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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No man can do nothing, and no man can do everything.—German.

OPEN THE BOOKS

THERE OUGHT to be investigation at Washington of the Controller Bay affair. For the relief of the country, there should be authoritative denial or authoritative confirmation of the ugly stories issuing from Washington.

It is charged that Charles P. Taft, brother of the president, was the means by which the Guggenheims induced Mr. Taft to grant them the Controller Bay lands which give the syndicate a strangle hold on the Alaskan coal fields.

It is charged that a man named Richard Ryan, agent of the Guggenheims, obtained the rights of way by which control of the outlet for the fields was secured.

It is charged that when the Controller Bay lands were thrown open, the Guggenheims had advance information, and seized them before any one else had a chance.

It is charged that a woman named Abbott, a magazine writer, found in the official files in the interior department a letter in which, under date of July 13, 1910, Richard Ryan wrote Secretary Ballinger:

"Dear Dick: I went to see the president the other day about this Controller Bay affair. The president asked whom I represented, and I told him according to our agreement that I represented myself. That did not seem to satisfy him, so I sent for Charley Taft and asked him to tell his brother whom I really represented. Then the president made no further objections to my claim.

(Signed) "DICK."

If these charges are true, the public wants to know it. If they are untrue, the public wants to know it. It is due the president and the country that the probe be inserted. Congress should open the books.

MONEY POWER DEVELOPMENTS

THE NATIONAL City Bank of New York has, by reason of its unnumbered millions of deposits and the connections and affiliations of its directorate and stockholders, more power over the business of America than was ever wielded by one bank.

Yet there was one little rift in the lute. Being a national bank it could not directly own stocks in other banks, nor directly and openly engage in industrial or transportation enterprises, nor enter the J. P. Morgan field of promotion—say of steel corporations, or Guggenheim Alaska mines and railroads, or coffee trusts, or rubber pools. In fact there were a good many yards that it could not play in.

It was a case of Naboth's vineyard on a large and modern scale.

Surely there could be a way found to use more of these piled up millions. Certainly. A new Morgan could be created with "neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned." That is to say a new corporation could be devised, with all the powers the bank lacked, and more. Behold, then, a $10,000,000 infant born. And the Morgan promotion field is invadible. Is a new railroad wanted in the west or south? Till now there was one Morgan to direct; now there are two—two institutions, that is to say, of overwhelming financial power. Let the infant railroads understand that either they must be nursed by one of these great agencies or they will die—for other nourishment will be denied them, through the dominance of the old or the new organizing and promoting agencies in the New York market, and there is practically none other.

A CURED CRAZE

THE PRESS OF the country is a unit in applauding the sane Fourth. There appears to be no note of dissent. In all, there is condemnation of the old plan and approval of the new.

A 400 per cent reduction in the number of deaths and an equal planing down of the list of injured is offered in proof. It is a mere matter of mathematics and life in which there are no figures to offer in justification of the former plan of celebration.

We do not have to sacrifice lives to prove our patriotism. Caskets, morgues and graves are not evidence that we love our country. The quiet day of social enjoyment and civilized festivities that characterized the late sane Fourth in all the cities is a far more exalted tribute to the fathers and the things they wrought.

The new reform has come to stay. The country has looked upon its work and called it good. With about 150 persons living whom an insane Fourth would have killed, and with 4000 whole-bodied and whole-limbed whom a crazy Fourth would have maimed and marred, a sane fourth is its own annalist.

In eight mad years of old fashioned celebrations the number of killed and injured was 37,526. In seven battles of the Revolutionary war the number of killed and injured was only 1119.

After 968 had died in the slow agonies of lockjaw, 122 been made blind, 466 been slaughtered in a single year, and more killed and wounded in a single day than suffered on San Juan hill, it was time for sanity. Why not next reform the pistol craze?

OUR WANDERERS

WHERE ARE Portland's wandering detectives—those eminent sleuths who went to Seattle to help clear Chief Wappenstein?

The chief was convicted of grafting in office. What gentle touch of sympathy, what tender tie of union took Portland detectives to Seattle to testify in defense of a chief of police who has been proven guilty?

Nor is Seattle the only place in which grafting charges have been made against the "special friend" our wandering detectives are so interested in. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer charges that as chief of police of Cincinnati, Wappenstein "was caught with the goods on and dismissed as unfit." Whence this Damon and Pythias devotion between some of our Portland sleuths and this famous laborer in the vineyard at Seattle and Cincinnati?

It is the understanding of those who put up the money for salaries, that it is the usual business of detectives to catch crooks. It is, therefore, a little surprising to find Portland detectives in Seattle trying to keep a crook from being caught and punished.

What does the new mayor think about it? What does the new acting chief think about it? What does the police commission think about it?

Don't we pay our detectives to detect? Or do we?

THE AUDITORIUM

EACH DAY THAT passes increases to the people of Portland the importance of the auditorium for the first of the many places it has to fill. The World's Christian Citizenship Congress, with its 20,000 delegates, is to be here in June, 1913. Two years is none too long to select a site, clear, and prepare it, to settle on the design, and to build the structure that is to differ from others, not only in size and beauty, but in permanence.

The auditorium will stamp the city for all the coming years, and not only the city, but specially the citizens of this year and time, whose monument it will be. Money, in sufficiency, but not in abundance, has been provided by the majority vote of the citizens. Materials, marble, stone, wood, of the best and most beautiful, are the products of our state. No importation of materials from other lands or other states must be thought of because more costly or more fashionable. The sole standard must be that of beauty and suitability.

It is to be hoped that the building that is to adorn the city will not be cramped or hidden in location. So large a structure must have space in which to stand, with four sides to it, architecturally perfect — with room to breathe.

The matter of a great organ must be kept in view. An instrument of the necessary size and value is not quickly designed and built. In good time provisions must be made, that so necessary a furnishing of the great hall shall be ready for the opening.

There are not over a dozen halls in the world where architect, organ builder and decorator have combined towards a consistent and permanently beautiful result. Let us hope that Portland will add one more to the short list.

THE WORLD MOVES

PARKS AND playgrounds are not a faddist's dream. They are not the mere utopianism of an idealist. They are sternly utilitarian, and Mayor Rushlight deserves credit for recommending the sale of $250,000 Portland Park bonds.

The world moves. Once, we thought it a waste of time for children to play. We begrudged them the romps and sports of childhood. Today, the thoughtful realize that play for youth is the builder of strength, vitality and growth, and the conservator of a future citizenship.

The need of parks in Portland is proven by the requirements made on them by present crowds. The present population of Portland fills them to overflowing, and the city is growing. The limits become constantly more far-flung, and daily the distance to the open country is increased. With the expansion, the need for parks and playgrounds grows in an ascending ratio.

The streets are more and more crowded with vehicles. They never were a fit play place for children. The increasing vehicles is an increasing menace of death. One of the most pathetic things in the world is a group of children trying to play their games on the stony pavements, close to the passing cars and under the peril of speeding automobiles.

It is a hard-hearted city that refuses playgrounds to its youth. Such a refusal is the last word in flinty commercialism. It is worship of mammon in its most accentuated form. It is a tragedy of which any city ought to be ashamed.

Mayor Rushlight is right. The bonds should be sold. The parks and playgrounds should be provided. They will cost less now than when Portland has half a million people and the grounds have to be provided regardless of cost.

NEWS FOR OYSTER BAY

TWENTY-FOUR children and a wife were the accessories that Arthur Clondeaux recently took with him on the journey from New York to Belgium, his native land. Incidentally, another item in his baggage was a comfortable fortune.

As the father of 24 heirs and heiresses, Clondeaux is but 42 years of age. He and his wife came to the United States 21 years ago, shortly after marriage, and went into the Allegheny valley, where the husband engaged successfully in the glass industry.

Clondeaux is a baseball enthusiast, and described his departure and his children this way: "The score is 24 to 0." He meant that none of the children had died. "The list is, thirteen singles, four two baggers and a triple. Now, we make a home run."

The country would now be pleased to hear a few words from the gentleman from Oyster Bay.

COLOSSAL FIGURES

THE DISPATCHES relate that plans are all complete for Standard Oil to be so reorganized as to conform to the late decision of the supreme court. The assurance to the public is that the securities of the company as resolved into the separate organizations will be as profitable as before the reorganization, an issue on which a thoughtful public never had doubt.

In the present Standard Oil company of New Jersey there are 37 constituent organizations. Under the reorganization, there will doubtless be a switching of stock, but these changes do not mean any change of control.

Thus, John D. Rockefeller, who owns 25 per cent of the stock of Standard Oil will receive 25 per cent of the stock of the new companies that make up the reorganization. Thirteen individuals and estates own a majority of the stock of the New Jersey company. At the market value of shares, the holdings are:

John D. Rockefeller, $161,000,000; estate of Charles Pratt, $34,300,000; C. W. Harkness, $27,600,000; Oliver H. Payne, $26,000,000; Henry M. Flageller, $19,800,000; H. H. Rogers, $10,500,000; W. L. Harkness, $9,100,000; L. V. Harkness, $8,500,000; estate of H. H. Huston, $7,700,000; William Rockefeller, $7,600,000; L. H. Severance, $4,700,000; V. E. Macy, $4,750,000, and estate of John Huntington, $4,200,000. The total of these thirteen holdings is $235,750,000.

The figures of Standard Oil are so huge that they confuse the mind. They are stupendous. They are beyond the dreams of avarice.

THE REAL DANGER

WHY SHOULD Richard Achilles Ballinger inveigh so wickedly against the new measure which we style the "recall?"

Could the new style recall have been any more effective in retiring Mr. Ballinger to private life than was the old style recall of a thundering public sentiment? Is it because he was so recalled that Mr. Ballinger thinks the new recall in the hands of a people is more menacing to government than was the attempt at secession in 1861?

The danger to government is not the recall. If the recall should be be unwisely used or prove mischievous, the people will put it aside. There is still a sober judgment in the minds of the great unwashed—that aggregate of collective citizens that Mr. Ballinger calls "the mob."

The real danger to government is paramountcy in the exercise of power by those who think as Mr. Ballinger thinks.

WE HELPED

A THREE YEAR old wept beside his dying mother in a little room in Portland yesterday. The body of his dead stepfather laid in the room, a hand still clutching the revolver with which the man had shot the woman and killed himself.

The child was alone with his tears and sobs till the officers came. It was a terrible scene in which to have a three-year-old innocent appear as the central figure. It was an appalling spectacle for the world to look upon.

But we insisted on selling the gunman his weapon. We supplied him with ammunition. We gave him all the tools with which to kill. We helped to bring tragedy on the baby.

Chancellor Day says the laws are made by ignorant people. A patient country would like to hear of something wise that has been said by Chancellor Day.

Caruso has been sued for $50,000 by a shop girl. As a result of the shock to his sensitive soul, the next news will probably relate that he has another stitch in his voice.

A 14-karat white diamond was recently found in Arkansas. But what is a 14-karat white diamond compared to the find Portland has made in her "county detective."

J. P. Morgan, hewer of wood, laborer in the vineyard and thoughtful guardian of the common people, was recently presented to King George. Doubtless his majesty had to spunk up in order to stand the ordeal.

A street orator who told his audience that the world is going to be punished some day for its wickedness made no specifications but probably had Pittsburg in mind.

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.)

"Why Don't Men Marry?"

To the Editor of The Journal:—Please allow a stranger a word in regard to an article written by A. J. Clark and which appeared under the same title as this, in a recent publication of The Journal.

Judging from the views expressed by Mr. (?) Clark, he is one who has voluntarily investigated the matter, or perhaps is telling his own experiences and disapointments in the affairs of the heart.

At a "meeting for men only at the Stockings Mission" when Judge Smith addressed the meeting, his most excellent advice was: "Choose a suitable life companion and settle down."

Most men have practically the same lofty ideals of what marriage and married life is and ought to be. Any woman whose inclinations are wielding the "dish-rag" and the "mop-stick," and doing work "God intended," as Mr. Clark says, and staying at home drudging for "hubby" and the children—that is the kind of a woman many men point to as "a suitable life companion" exemplified.

Women choose to do the pleasanter tasks just the same as do the men, and if housework and telling nursery rhymes are distasteful to her, her place is not there but somewhere else.

What is the evil of a woman entering business if she conducts herself properly? And if she does not conduct herself properly, is such a woman fit to raise and be an example to a future generation?

It is a painful fact that too many women are working for less wages than could make life very bright, but could mere man and all he could give her make such a great difference in her store of pleasures?

Mr. Clark is blaming every one but himself for the present conditions but would Mr. Clark kindly tell us who makes the conditions what they are?

I can't believe that the business woman is the only person who totally wrecked God's divine plans, for aren't most men in cities and country striving for a betterment of conditions just as the woman who enters upon a business career? A MODERN PRISCILLA.

No Perfect Steel Balls.

From Harper's Magazine.

One of the needs of the day is a perfectly spherical steel ball, and yet it has never been made even in the laboratory, much less in the shop for commercial uses. When we consider the importance of ball bearings for automobiles, motorcycles, and other machinery, the imperfections in steel balls must appeal to all as of the greatest moment. So far as the eye can discern they are perfectly spherical, too, and ordinary measuring instruments will not be able to detect any difference in them—but, nevertheless, they are not perfectly spherical.

A steel ball for automobile bearings must be perfect within 0.0001 inch, and they are made even more perfect than this, but mathematical perfection in this respect seems to be almost as illusive as squaring the circle or discovering the perpetual-motion machine.

When the steel ball was first used in the bearings of bicycles it was a very imperfect sphere. It was not called upon to bear any great load, and the velocity was not great. At the best the load on it was not more than 200 pounds, and at the rate of 60 miles an hour the revolutions were not more than 720 per minute. Compare that with the load and velocity of the modern ball bearings of automobiles. Frequently the load approximates a thousand pounds, and the velocity is anywhere from 800 to 1200 evolutions. The small steel balls must take the maximum load of the car and pass it on to others without binding or catching. A slight imperfection in any one ball would cause trouble. In fact, it is impossible to use balls with any appreciable variation in size from one another, and the more nearly round they are the better the results.

Steel balls are not only made more perfect in shape than ever before, but they are harder and tougher. As there is a tendency to flake, only special steels can be used in their manufacture, and these tough, hard steels are all the more difficult to work with to secure perfect roundness.

How the Bosses Won.

From the New York World.

Defeat of the proposed commission form of government in Hoboken is apparently a triumph of organization over declamation rather than of conservatism over progress. On the one side were the combined forces of the Democratic and Republican machines, together with the saloon element and almost the whole body of policemen and firemen and other employes and officials of the city. Against that array were a number of earnest and progressive citizens, who spoke well, wrote well and voted well, but who did not bring out the mass of citizens that wait for leadership.

The appeal of the machine was strongly made and pertinently pressed upon each individual. The appeal for reform was general and abstract. The machine bosses said to the saloon men, "The reform movement will interfere with your trade.'" They said to the policemen and to the firemen, "You will lose your jobs." They said to the employes of all municipal departments, "You will be put off the payroll." Then, in addition, the bosses brought to the polls all the voters of the city they could line up—and, it is said, some who had no right to vote. Hence their victory.

It is difficult for amateurs in politics to beat two machines and a city government, but if the lesson taught in Hoboken be wisely pondered the next fight for reform may be more successful.

Millions for Traveling Expenses.

From the New York Post.

Traveling expenses are well known to be like charity in covering a multitude of—well, different things. It has but just now been discovered that the annual traveling expenses of the government of the United States amount to $12,000,000 a year. This fact has been unearthed by the president's commission on efficiency and economy in governmental methods. The reason why it has been so long hidden is that no single account or bill has ever shown the total. The figures are tucked away in miscellaneous and contingent expense accounts of the various departments. President Taft's attention has been drawn to the large sum which it appears, on analysis, that the government is paying for the official journeyings of its servants, and he is said to have expressed the purpose to have the whole business systematized.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

To paraphrase Artemus Ward, some men know too much that ain't so.

• •

The richer a man becomes through privilege, the more protection he wants.

• •

It isn't always the hen that talks the most seductively that lays the most eggs.

• •

For so little rain the weather gods have been doing a good deal of cloud bluffing.

• •

No grade or sort of protectionist whatever can help rightfully to reform the tariff.

• •

Yet it might not be quite practicable for the state or city to offer a bounty on fly scalps.

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"Life is what we make it," is another old saying whose truth is considerably adulterated.

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One thing is certain; not all the councilmen can become commissioners—if there are to be but six.

• •

To make one billionaire, hundreds of thousands of people must be poorer than they ought to be.

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Some writers and spouters say there is no such thing as luck, but they don't invent any better word.

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There seems to be a growing belief in the idea that religion and right living have much in common.

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It was an unusually cool June, but that may not account for fewer weddings than in June last year.

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"What did she wear?" or "what did she have on?" seems to be the paramount question with many women.

• •

The city should diligently see to it that the thistles, burdocks, and other weeds are kept cut down this summer.

• •

Carnegie and Frick made their hundreds of millions; the thousands of steel mill semi-slaves hopelessly toil on.

• •

Most multi-millionaires are supposed to be unhappy mortals, but we don't hear extremely poor people singing exultantly for joy, either.

• •

Probably every year a less proportion of the people can recite much of the Declaration of Independence from memory.

• •

It is not easy to realize, when one looks at some awful wrecks of manhood to be seen in every city, that they were once clean, bright, pure, petted little children.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The last call for citizens to get the woodpiles off the streets has been issued by the street superintendent at Astoria.

• •

Baker has a tree trimming ordinance, which the citizens are putting into effect, to the vast improvement of street views.

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The new county infirmary in Lane county will be finished long before the expiration of the contract period, September 1.

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Many grape vines are this year coming into bearing, at Hermiston, according to the Herald, and there will be a heavy crop.

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The Seventh Day Adventists will hold their teachers' institute at Parkdale, in the Upper Hood River valley, July 18 to August 29.

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Falls City News: Our hills will yield oil and coal some day, thus giving two more good reasons for claiming that Falls City is right.

• •

The scalp bounty law since it became effective two years ago has cost Wasco county $3491.50. This represents 2157 coyotes and 128 bobcats.

• •

Eugene Guard: Lane county will have no display at the cherry fair at Salem. The cherries here were too late in ripening to get up a good exhibit.

• •

Postmaster Yates reports deposits very meager at the postal savings bank of Hood River. He has $500 in money order deposits, which he expects will be converted into savings deposits.

• •

Port Orford Tribune: For 40 years it has rained here between June 20 and 30, two or three times but a sprinkle, but often a long, heavy, downpour, injuring hay, which it is not safe to cut until after July 4.

• •

Gervais Star: Gervais is now without a practicing physician and a prescription druggist, but this condition will not long continue, for some young doctor who is looking for just such an opportunity will grasp it.

• •

Astorian: Grounds which will accommodate fully 25,000 Elks and their friends have been chosen by Astoria for the holding of the annual clam bake at Seaside next August, and it is expected that all records for attendance will be broken.

• •

Union Republican: There was a bunch of old timers congregated at Biedelman's place Wednesday that represented some of the earliest settlers in this section. S. O. Swackhamer, who came in 1863; Alex Jones, who came in 1862; Mr. Blacker Sr., who came in 1871, and Dan Beidelman, who came in 1879.

SEVEN FAMOUS SIEGES

Siege of Paris.

Towards the last of June, in 1870, there arose in France what is known as the Hohenzollern incident, brought about through the expulsion from Spain of Queen Isabella and the nomination of Prince Leopold for king of Spain, by the king of Prussia.

This produced the utmost excitement and indignation in Paris and led to a declaration of war on July 20. Preparations were made on both sides for the conflict and on July 28, Napoleon III assumed command of the French army. There was a disastrous opening of the war and the early reverses were followed by still others to the French arms up to the fatal campaign of Sedan, which ended in a full victory for the Prussians.

When the flower of the French army capitulated and the remainder was shut up in Metz it left the road open to Paris, and upon that city the various German armies marched.

At Paris the whole truth of the tremendous disaster at Sedan was but slowly learned. It meant the collapse of the empire. Committees were formed for national defense. Paris was to be defended at all cost. The German armies were continuing their march onward. Toul capitulated on the 23d and Strasburg on the 28th of September. On the 5th of October King William had established his headquarters at Versailles.

Sortie after sortie was directed against the Germans by the French, only to be driven back more confused and disheartened than before. It was an exceedingly sad Christmas, that of 1870, in the usually gay Paris. It was the one hundred and second day of the siege. The thermometer was below zero. Soldiers who had been wounded were frozen to death, and starvation was threatening the poor. Animals of all kinds were killed and sold at extravagant prices, even the Paris Zoological Garden being depleted for food.

The Germans were gradually advancing nearer to the city, which they bombarded mostly at night at first, but finally became more bold, keeping it up almost constantly, breaking up thousands of happy homes and destroying much property. The sorties of the various French generals had become ineffective. Two days after Bourbaki's repulse at Montbeliard the last unsuccessful sortie was made from Paris. There now remained provisions only for another fortnight. About 40,000 of the inhabitants had succumbed to the siege and all hopes of assistance from the relieving armies before actual famine should begin disappeared.

On the 23d of January, 1871, M. Jules Favre sought the German chancellor at Versailles in order to discuss the conditions of a general armistice and of the capitulation of Paris. The conditions of this armistice were that the forts of Paris and all their material of war should be handed over to the German army; that the artillery of the enceinte should be dismounted; that the regular troops in Paris should, as prisoners of war, surrender their arms. The National Guard were permitted to retain their weapons and their artillery. Unfortunately so, in view of the affairs that followed.

Immediately upon the fulfillment of the first two conditions all facilities were to be given for the entry of supplies of food into Paris. The articles of the armistice were duly executed and on the 30th of January a Prussian flag waved over the forts of the French capital.

On the 2d of March the assembly formally ratified the peace preliminaries by a vote of 546 to 107. It had been stipulated that the German troops should not occupy Paris. The war was over and one of the most picturesque sieges had gone down into history. On the 10th of May the definite treaty of peace was signed at Frankfort by which France ceded Alsace and a portion of Lorraine, including the fortresses of Metz and Strasburg, to her conqueror.

Next week—Seven Great American Fortunes.

Something About Dreams.

F. W. Eastman in Atlantic.

Dreams are due to an increase of sensation and circulation over that which exists in profound sleep. Observations made upon patients with cranial defects show that when we are dreaming the brain is greater in volume than in deep sleep and less than when we are awake. Thus this intermediate volume of blood would indicate that dreams are an intermediate stage between unconsciousness and wakefulness and their incomplete and irregular intelligence would indicate the same thing. This increased circulation is usually due to sensory stimulation affecting the vasomotor center and causing a return of blood to the head, with resultant increased consciousness. Contrary to popular belief, dreams in themselves do not contribute to light or broken sleep in which they are present. Such a condition is due to the ever present stimuli, which, according to their strength or the degree of irritability of the cells, maintain even in sleep a varying degree of consciousness, of which the dreams are merely a manifestation. Therefore, the fatiguing effect often also attributed to dreams is not due to them, but to the lighter degree of sleep and less complete cell restoration which they accompany, and which are due to some irritation.

Presidential Election Speculations.

From the July World's Work.

Almost anything may happen except the election of an old-line, reactionary Democrat. That seems impossible. The best representative of each great party—of the masses of each party—as they are today are President Taft on one side and Governor Wilson on the other side. That would be a pretty contest, a contest that would call forth such enthusiasm and endeavor as we have not had in a presidential campaign for a long time.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan—Mr. Taft would win.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Harmon—Mr. Taft would win.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson—that would be the most interesting possible contest.

Mr. La Follette and Mr. Bryan—both parties would be split wide open and what would happen?

Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wilson—on account of the Republican split, Mr. Wilson would win. Yet Mr. La Follette is today the strongest single personal force in his party.

He Never Blamed the Booze.

(Republished by request.)

He took a bottle up to bed, drank whiskey hot each night,
Drank cocktail in the morning, but never could get tight;
He shivered in the evening, and always had the blues,
Until he took a bowl or two—but he never blamed the booze!

His joints were full of rheumatiz and his appetite was slack,
He had pains between his shoulders and chills ran down his back;
He suffered with insomnia, and at night he couldn't snooze,
He said it was the climate—but he never blamed the booze!

His constitution was run down, at least, that's what he said;
His legs were swelled each morning, and he often had swell head;
He tackled beer, wine, whiskey, and if they didn't fuse
He blamed it to dyspepsia—but he never blamed the booze!

He said he couldn't sleep at night, and always had bad dreams;
He claimed he always lay awake till early sunrise beams;
He thought it was malaria. Alas! 'twas but a ruse;
He blamed it onto everything—but he never blamed the booze.

His liver needed scraping and his kidneys had the gout;
He swallowed lots of bitters, till at last it cleaned him out;
His legs were swelled with dropsy until he had to cut his shoes;
He blamed it on the doctor—but he never blamed the booze!

Then he had the tremens, and he tackled rats and snakes;
First he had the fever and then he had the shakes;
At last he had a funeral and the mourners had the blues,
And the epitaph carved for him was—"He Never Blamed the Booze!"

—James J. Montague.

Portland, Or., 1897.

English in England.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

George Lacy Hillier, English bicycle and tricycle champion in the days of the high wheel and hard tire, used to tell an amusing story about his trainer:

It appears that the trainer would at times get on Hillier's nerve by calling him Mr. 'Illier. One day, in exasperation, Hillier said to him: "Why do you always call me Mr. Illier? It is not my name, you know."

The trainer stood back in astonishment and replied: "Well, if a haich and a hi and a hel and a hel and a hi and a he and a har don't spell 'Illier, I'd like to know what it do spell?"

A Portlander at Coos Bay

From the Coos Bay Times.

Get together, harmonize, unite, cooperate. Strong and helpful words these. They were the key notes in one of the most practical and purposeful addresses ever delivered before the Marshfield Chamber of Commerce. J. N. Teal of Portland, who delivered this message to a representative gathering of Marshfield business men at the chamber of commerce last evening, would probably object to the word "address." It was merely a little talk replete with common sense suggestions that if adopted and executed would hasten the coming of the day of development for Coos Bay. It was the earnest and enthusiastic appeal of one honest man to another whom he sees struggling to accomplish definite results but who is dissipating his energies by his lack of concentration in his purpose. Mr. Teal's talk last evening was virile and vibrant with inspiration to strong men—to men who have a definite object and propose to accomplish it. It was a strong talk because back of it was the trained technical knowledge of eight years application of a ripe mind to the transportation problem, which involves harbors, terminal facilities, railways and steamships. As Mr. Tteal stated, it was not any new truths that he enunciated, but rather it was a new application of old ones and an utterance of common sense which after all is the most uncommon thing in the world. In his interview in The Times yesterday Mr. Teal dwelt on the importance of the public ownership and control of the waterfront and terminal facilities of railways and water traffic. Last evening in his direct and common sense exposition of the importance of this feature he related by illustration how a difference of 25 cents per ton in dockage or wharfage might be the turning tide in the divergence of commerce from one port to another.

The particular topic in last night's meeting, the pivot on which it swung, was the north jetty of the Coos Bay bar. Around it Mr. Teal built his sensible suggestions of unity of purpose and sticking together to get results. He counseled cooperation among men and communities. He advised diplomacy as a better big stick to apply to government projects and engineers than a bludgeon. He told Coos Bay business men how and why non-essentials should be forgotten and obliterated in order that essentials be established. This he illustrated in his usual direct and forceful manner by comparison of Captain Pendergrass' excellent suggestion of a larger appropriation to plant Holland grass which was sought to be incorporated in a resolution urging the north jetty construction. The jetty is a large and important project involving millions, the planting of Holland grass is a small feature of the government's work. The small things care for themselves, the large ones require assiduous attention. He told these business men that if they wished to secure the reconstruction of the north jetty they should centralize their efforts on it and every avenue of assistance should be traveled to secure help.

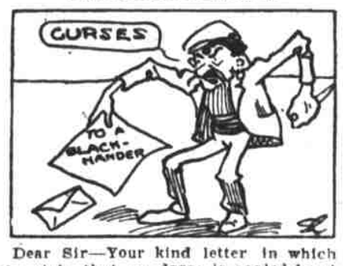
If Mr. Teal's truths are absorbed and assimilated by his hearers he gave something greater than a factory or an endowment to Coos Bay last night—he gave knowledge of how all things may be accomplished.

Get together, harmonize, unite, cooperate, concentrate.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt

TO A BLACK-HANDER.



Dear Sir—Your kind letter in which you state that my doom is sealed is at hand. I am sorry my doom is sealed. I kind of wanted to use it a while yet and I shall hate very much to break the seal. It wasn't much of a doom, but it worked first rate and it was all the doom I had.

Might I ask what right you have going about sealing people's dooms? It might not be any of my business, of course, but I have never heard of an official doom sealer. Is it a government job?

In the second paragraph of your letter I note that you say unless I "leave the city immediately harsh measures will be taken." Which seems to bear out my suspicion that you belong to the department of sealer of waits and measures.

You gave no address save "the stump at the rear of the house." Did you employ stumpage to save postage? (This may be taken as a pun and not considered seriously.) You also failed to affix a signature, rather employing a rude design purporting to be a drawing of a colored gentleman's hand. You want me to leave—do I infer that you want me to "shake" the hand? Please send fuller details.

The money you seem to require to carry on your business will not be placed under the stump, as you suggest, until I receive a reply. Beautiful weather, isn't it? Very sincerely,

B. K.

Stopping Sale of Colliers.

From the Albany Democrat.

Stopping the sale of Collier's because of a cover picture of Uncle Sam in an aeroplane forming a flag was about as small a piece of pettifoggery as the Democrat has ever heard recorded. Boston, city of mushy people, started it, and Portland attempted to follow it; but it fell flat everywhere; just a piece of spite.

In the Garden

(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.)

My garden is sickly, and littered with wrecks; the beans wilted quickly, and passed in their checks. The sight, it is saddish; the cabbage is dead; the onion and radish lie cold in their bed. The night zephyrs whistle o'er wreck and decay, and only the thistle is blooming today. My strenuous labors this garden has known, while indolent neighbors looked on with a groan. I said: "I'll be eating fine succulent sass, while those men are treating their stomachs to grass." They said: "You may hoe, sir, and dig till you're sore, but we from the grocer will purchase our store." I slugged and lambasted the weeds with a hoe; my work was all wasted, and I'm full of woe. My garden is dreary as Sidon or Tyre, and oh, I am weary, while twanging my lyre! And this is the moral for others who fail to cultivate sorrel and onions and kale: A man needs some training his task to pursue, or he'll be complaining, disgusted and blue.

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