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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Every man hath a good and bad angel attending on him in particular all his lifelong.—Burton.

THE COKE RECALL

IN REALITY it is not Judge Coke that the good people of Roseburg are after. Their real fury is against McClallen, but for the moment it is Judge Coke that is in sight.

The public sympathizes with them in their indignation. McClallen shot down a highly esteemed citizen. He escaped punishment. The indignation of the Roseburg people is a natural sequence.

But it was not Judge Coke that pulled the trigger of the murderous revolver. McClallen did that. It was not Judge Coke that fixed the requirements of the jury instructions at the trial. It was the law of the land that did that. Parts of the very instructions used were the dictum of the Oregon supreme court in the Morey case.

On sober second thought, the Roseburg people must realize that fury is being visited on the wrong man. It was McClallen that killed a citizen. In a Portland case where the instructions on vital points were the same as Judge Coke's, the jury convicted. Had the two cases been tried contemporaneously, would the friends in one instance have used the recall because one court convicted and used it in the other because there was an acquittal?

The Journal has no personal interest in Judge Coke. This proposed recall is a bigger thing than any judge.

The Journal is prompted only by a desire to prevent one of the great featnres in the Oregon system from being brought, through passion and wrong use, into disrepute. The way to protect the Oregon system from the vengeance of those who hate it, is to always and everywhere use it wisely.

ONE HUNDRED STORIES HIGH

A ONE HUNDRED story building, 1200 feet high, is planned for New York City.

It recalls that the new municipal building, 580 feet high, is rapidly approaching completion in that city. It has 40 stories of which 25 are the main building and 15 in the huge cylindrical tower. It is the third highest building in Gotham.

The building contains 600,000 feet of office space, which means that its floor area is that of half a dozen city blocks. The first seven stories are of massive red steel, the next ten faced with white stone, and the next eight of the main structure red, giving the appearance of a broad white band around the huge "red giant."

Its cost, completed, will be $11,000,000. It is to house the municipal departments, and at the present sums these departments are paying for rentals, the entire cost will be saved to the city in 20 years.

A building 1200 feet high seems unthinkable. It would be 40 feet more than the height of two structures such as the new municipal building, one placed above the other. It would be a perspective almost lost in the sky, and towering to heights where its dizzy summit would almost pierce the clouds.

But if New York determines to build such a giant, New York will do it. New York is the climax in the achievements of militant man.

IN THE NAME OF THE SOLDIER

IT WAS WITH soldier's scrip that R. S. Ryan, one of the "Dicks" in the now famous Dick-to-Dick letter, made his filings on the Controller bay lands. The lands comprise 160 rods of water front, and consist of two bodies of 160 acres each with a quarter section between, as provided by law.

It is the irony of fate that scrip issued by an appreciative country to soldiers for their services in defense of state and nation, should be employed by the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate as a means of securing control of the only outlet to the great coal fields. As our soldiers followed the flag to battle, so the money-changers followed the soldiers, gathering up the scrip used at Controller bay to seize strategic lands.

The satellites of the syndicate say the lands are useless for all purposes except as right of way for a railroad, and, pertinent to this statement is the announcement in a news dispatch that several railroad surveys have been made to the coal fields and bonds for a proposed line are now being offered for sale in Europe.

The order removing the Controller bay lands from the forest reserve was signed by President Taft October 28, 1910. The soldier's scrip was used for filing purposes October 29. Fancy Senator Simon Guggenheim in the uniform of a United States soldier, and you have a picture of the processes used in this extraordinary attempt to grab an empire of coal in Alaska.

Wasn't it time for some man in the republic to stand up for conservation?

A GAG PLAN

THAT SUICIDE is a private affair and the facts about it ought not to be published, is the gist of a report by a committee recently appointed by the Academy of Medicine to investigate the subject. That no crime news should be published was the tenor of a bill recently passed by the Illinois legislature and vetoed by the governor.

It is not the publication of the facts that causes suicide. Self destruction comes from a far weightier cause. Those who took their lives because driven insane by the intense heat in the east recently had their reasons. It was an issue between them and a relentless sun.

The man who committed suicide after shooting his wife in Portland the other day had his reasons. A jealous insanity led him on, and he would have plunged into the folly just the same if no newspaper had ever been published.

It is, indeed, a brilliant statesmanship that would cure crime by suppression of crime news. It was a plan to play straight into the hands of the crooks. Then the grafter could graft, the thief could steal, the burglar could "burgle," the plunderer plunder and the merry war by the vicious on society go on undisturbed.

Then, the police could go on a perpetual picnic. With the crime news all suppressed, the public would have no means of knowing what the sleuths were doing.

It is said that the Illinois law would have prevented even the publication of the facts about the assassination of a president. What Elysian fields of happiness for the crooks the country would be under the operation of such a law.

A terse, clean, straightforward and strictly truthful publication of the assaults vicious men make on life and property is essential to the protection of society. It is not the innocent, but the guilty that most want suppression of publicity as to crooks and crookedness, crimes and criminality.

THE CRAZIES

A PRESSING PROBLEM is one of how to curb the speed of the maddest of the autoists.

They harm the roads. They harm automobiling. They harm the reputation of automobilists, good and bad together.

They helped harm the road legislation at Salem last winter. It was the speed mania of the craziest of the autoists that made the farmers distrustful of the Portland road program. It gave many farmers an impression that all autoists are speed fiends and that it was the Portland desire to convert the roads into a vast system of boulevards for the autos to run mad on.

It was an erroneous surmise, but what else was to have been expected when reckless drivers make every road a speedway and every journey to the country an auto race?

The many sane auto men are vigorous protestants against the speed lunatics. They regret that a journey by a number of autos to Tillamook or elsewhere usually degenerates into a crazy issue of which can first reach the destination. They know it harms the highways. They know it angers the farmers. They know it is a constant influence in menace of the good roads movement.

But, with a madman at the wheel and plenty of oil in the tank, it is difficult to abate the nuisance.

The keenest of the pleasures in an auto jaunt into the country is the exhilaration of a 15 mile pace and the leisurely view of nature in her thousand beauties as distance is covered. It is so splendid a pleasure that it raises the hope that perhaps something can yet be done to slow down the crazies.

A PROTEST

THOSE WHO are interested in providing such education in our schools as shall operate in turning out Americans and Americans only, will applaud the action of the Jewish rabbis protesting against the use of "The Merchant of Venice" as reading for children.

Maintaining that children should be guarded against all evil fears, superstitions and prejudices, it seems only fair that some other work of the great dramatist should be substituted for the one in which Shylock is the central figure. A child's mind should be protected from erroneous impressions in the matter of race distinctions. A conception of the Hebrew race as typified in the the cruel-hearted money-lender, once set in motion in a childish mind is apt to continue indefinitely. They can neither distinguish nor weigh such a character in the balance.

While "The Merchant of Venice" is a splendid achievement of literary and dramatic excellence and Shylock one of the Bard of Avon's rarest character creations, in striking this drama from school literature, it is not necessary to neglect a great artist. There still remains for substitution "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "As You Like It," "Macbeth," and any number of other masterpieces of Shakespearian mold.

Analyzation by adults may erase the sordid attributes from this conspicuous type of Hebrew. In the youthful mind there is likely to be engendered a dangerous seed of contempt for the race for which Shylock stands. To countenance in our public schools any influence that tends to foster race prejudice is detrimental to the end of American education, and in that light, the protest against "The Merchant of Venice" seems entirely just.

A SOCIAL TRAGEDY

IT IS STATED in the news dispatches that Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, is to return to the plain ways of a plain people. That when she arrives next month to visit her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the "American Duchess," will have said farewell to the British land that she adopted as her own, forever. It is further rumored that the beautiful American girl will endeavor to forget her bitter humiliation at the courts of the late King Edward and King George by enlisting with the suffragettes in their fight for woman's rights.

It has been sixteen years since the brilliant sale, that exchanged youth, beauty and millions for a foreign title, was consummated in St. Thomas' church, New York. Since that time, the Duchess of Marlborough has endured unspeakable treatment from her royal husband. For years she suffered in silence.

When her womanhood could no longer stand the wrongs that were so galling, the duchess rebelled. And it was rebellion against injury that brought upon her the snub of King Edward, who resented the besmirching of an Anglo-American marriage. That snub marked Consuelo Vanderbilt for royal disfavor for all time to come. Marlborough house became a social mausoleum. Practically ostracized by English society, she is returning to her native land with the best years of her life, her happiness and her faith blighted.

Consuelo Vanderbilt gratified her ambition to wear a coronet. She bears the title of the Duchess of Marlborough. How sweet a balm to her tortured womanhood is that empty token of royalty is mere conjecture. Looming large in this social tragedy, however, is the unmitigated rush of similarly ambitious American maids and matrons to the title-blooming fields of Europe.

UNMEXICANIZING MEXICO

FRANCISCO MADERO announces it as his conviction that the Yaquis should be repatriated and restored to their lands in Sonora, that the system of slavery imposed through trumped-up charges should be abolished, and that the cause of most of the ills of Mexico is lack of public education. He publicly pledges his powers and endeavors to the accomplishment of these reforms.

These are policies that all intelligent observers will applaud. They are a hopeful sign of the mental stature of Madero. They are application of the very principles the neglect of which was the undoing of Diaz.

The vital blunder of Diaz was his failure to promote public education. No man ever had a better opportunity to serve a people with great profit to themselves. Himself highly educated, he took the reins of government at a time when Mexico was almost the headquarters of ignorance.

After 30 years in office the average Mexican was still untutored. The peons were still peons because untaught. They were still slaves in effect, because their minds were blanks.

Ignorance, whether in the dark ages or in 1911, has been the handmaiden of slavery. It was the renaissance that was forerunner of the overthrow of feudalism.

If Madero can establish widespread public education in Mexico, he will make Mexico a powerful nation. The little red schoolhouse is the best pillar in a republic. It was because he did not build little red schoolhouses that 30 years of Diaz in Mexico spells failure.

HIS REBUKE

BY ACT OF the Wisconsin legislature, Senator Stephenson is $25,000 richer. He bought a park site for that sum, and deeded it to the state on consideration that it should be named Stephenson Park.

After disclosures as to money methods used in Stephenson's election to the senate, the legislature balked. It passed a resolution censuring Stephenson for his vote against the unseating of Lorimer. It passed another resolution declaring Stephenson had bought his way into office, and calling upon the federal senate to investigate him.

Then, it concluded that the ducats paid for the park were tainted money, and proceeded to name the spot, not Stephenson Park, but Peninsula Park. This action was followed by passage of a bill in which the $25,000 was ordered returned to the senator, and the governor has signed the measure.

A wholesome lesson should result from the action of the body.—Future Wisconsinites of large wealth who happen to conceive the notion that everything in the state is purchaseable, will be impressed by the object lesson and hesitate before going out in the market to buy senatorships and other trifles. It is a national warning of the disgrace to come from bargain counter citizenship and the corrupt use of money.

A Chicago waiter, who has saved $50,000 from tips, is going to spend the summer in Europe. There is grim satisfaction in knowing what he will be up against when he gets among the tip-taking European waiters.

A boy of 16 has wedded a girl of the same age. Who will keep the goblins and things from getting them when it's dark?

How lonely the American colony in London must have felt while dear King George and Queen Mary were absent in Ireland.

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.)

Corporal Punishment for Children.

Portland, July 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—I read with a feeling of mingled pity and disgust the "speech" of Dr. Van Dyke, before the Medical association, and the comment in the Oregonian's editorial column, commending that portion of the doctors speech which prescribed "the rod" for the punishment of children. I believe I would be derelict in my duty to allow this to pass unnoticed.

The Oregonian speaks of "weak minded" parents. I wish to emphasize the importance of deep study of this phrase. The "weak minded" parents are those who lay the cruel rod on the tender flesh of their children, and in turn reap a harvest of weak minded manhood and womanhood in their children. If corporal punishment is necessary for children it is doubly necessary for adults. I have seen parents punish children for doing things that they saw their parents do. "Weak minded" is too weak a phrase to describe such people. They should be sterilized.

I have seen parents who seemed to take a delight in whipping children. I have seen the lash laid on bare flesh in a most cruel and inhuman manner. I have challenged more than one cowardly tyrannical parent to stop beating their children or I would whip them in the same manner that they were whipping these helpless tots. Not a great while ago while I was living in one of the large hotels of Portland I went to a woman's room and told her if she did not stop beating her baby I would report her to the humane society. She glared at me like a mad bear, while her baby looked up through tears of pain, unable to understand what my mission was. I learned later that the baby had struck its mother in the face with a newspaper which she had given it to play with. The baby did this in a spirit of play, as any baby would do, yet this cruel woman who has been permitted to become a mother had beaten its tender flesh until it was scarlet.

We have an example at Chico, California, where a stepmother tortured a 13 year old girl to death, and is now held on a charge of murder. This woman is in the class of "weak minded" parents. The trouble is, these weak minded people don't know they are weak minded, and they always punish their children while in a passion. Parents who hold it a pleasure and a privilege to whip their children, and there are many who do, should be compelled to answer to the law. The law should be strict and inexorable. Why was a 13 year old girl tortured to death before the authorities intervened? Because of so many "weak minded" parents, weak minded physicians and weak minded newspapers.

I have heard men tell great yarns about how their old fathers used to "tan their jackets" and seemed to think it funny. Many people think it funny to see some one whipped now. All these people belong to the weak minded class and should be sterilized. Their children will only be duplicates of themselves and will go on whipping from generation to generation, and breeding lunatics, idiots and imbeciles.

I know a man whose name I shall not mention whose father was severe and frequently whipped him. At 8 years of age this boy was planning on running away from home, and at 12 years did run away. This boy did some retaliatory act for every "licking" that was administered to him. One day this boy went into a neighbor's watermelon patch at the first of the season when the boy could not control his appetite, and took a small melon. The neighbor told the boy's father, and the boy was unmercifully whipped on suspicion. He took the first opportunity to enter the watermelon patch and cut every vine from its roots. This same boy was whipped by his teacher for some frivilous matter, and the father commended the teacher and told him to "lay it on" every time he wanted to. This boy ran away from school one afternoon, went to the village store, stole a revolver and came back to the school house after school was out and shot the old school house full of holes. He was sure this time that he would not be caught. The treatment he received from his father started him on a career of petty crime. However, his father died when he was still a lad, and when this rule of petty tyranny and corporal punishment was ended he became a different boy and grew up to be a useful citizen.

Parents make a great mistake in thinking children can be conquered by beating or whipping. They only become morose, self conscious, vindictive. A few years ago I knew one of these advocates of "spare the rod and spoil the child" policy. He was in the habit of punishing his little boy for frivolous things. One day the little boy died. A few years afterwards I passed the cemetery and saw this man weeping over a little mound of clay—and I knew the cause of the bitterness in his heart. GEORGE W. DIXON.

Delivered and Paid For.

From the Popular Magazine.

The book agent approached respectfully the desk of James S. Sherman, the vice president of the United States, saying:

"This set of books is for you, free of charge. There are a few celebrated men to whom we wish to give a set, thus affording you pleasure and giving the books valuable advertisement. Please sign this receipt."

Mr. Sherman signed and smiled. The books were handsome.

Three months later another agent appeared, asking payment for the books.

"But they were presented to me," objected the vice president.

"In return for this receipt and promise to pay," explained the agent smoothly, producing the paper Sherman had signed.

The vice president signed, made out his check for the required amount, said something about being stung, and was about to hand the check over. On second thought he drew it back and wrote on it this indorsement:

"This check is in full payment for a set of books which are not worth a darn, but the money is cheerfully paid in acknowledgment of the smooth way in which a gentlemanly book agent came it over your Uncle Jim."

A Post-Graduate Song.

I want to be an author,
My hand up to my face;
A thought upon my forehead,
An air of studied grace!
I want to be an author,
With genius on my brow;
I want to be an author,
And I want to be it now!
—July Lippincott's.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Well, the year's more than half gone; how's the good roads record?

* *

Yes, reciprocity has been a Republican doctrine, but in profession and pretense only.

* *

Mrs. Bridges says See kissed her only when he had occasion to do so. Same with any man, but if the woman is lovable the occasions may be very frequent.

* *

About 100 times a year we read of gold being found in fowls' craws, but nobody ever yet found any more gold in consequence. The biddies and duckies are great creatures to keep a secret.

* *

The steel trust, to be greatly magnified in scope, is to act on the principle of the Golden Rule, Mr. Gary says. But what is the Rule, in the trust's interpretation? To secure as much of the world's gold as possible, perhaps.

* *

Pennsylvania man kept a rattlesnake tied to a foot bridge so that his wife could not leave the premises, and was himself bitten and killed by the reptile. The lady is excusable in regarding this as a remarkable instance of poetic justice.

* *

Governor Aldrich of Nebraska, declining to issue a proclamation calling for prayers for rain, said he believed that the Almighty would not be influenced by any interference on his part. Very likely; but if Nebraska only had our Colonel Hofer for governor now—.

* *

Former Secretary of the Interior Ballinger is worried and alarmed, and becomes verbally pessimistic about the political prospects of the country, because of the widespread and growing movement among the masses to take more power directly into their own hands, and so minimize the evils of misrepresentation.

* *

Grandma Todd of Lane county, 101 years old, and still active and in good health, says she has always been able to cure herself. "When I get sick I give a party or go visiting friends. I cherish only love, and I fight against blues and worry in all forms. It is injurious to get grouchy." Here is summed up much of the philosophy and religion of life. Grandma Todd should go a-preaching.

* *

A thousand times he dreamed of things that he would do, a thousand times resolved some things he did to cease; but never did he act to make the dream come true; with every new resolve he felt his power decrease. Each new year speeded past at an increasing pace; nightmares, not pleasant dreams, are his company at night; now through resolves he sees the devil's mocking face; alone, and gray, and sad, he totters out of sight.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A sanitary public drinking fountain has been installed at Vale.

* *

Births and deaths balance in Baker county in the month of June—12 of either.

* *

Since last October the government has spent $40,000 in Baker county in the campaign against the pine beetle.

* *

The paving company is making great progress in the work of laying bituthithic pavement on the streets of Klamath Falls.

* *

A 10 ton steam roller has been purchased by the commissioners of Coos county. It is now at work between Coquille and Myrtle Point.

* *

A modern switchboard, larger quarters and an extension of the service are among the improvements scheduled for the telephone service at Klamath Falls.

* *

The First State bank of Eagle Point has been opened. George L. Davis of Medford is president, Frank Brown, vice president, and J. V. McIntyre, cashier.

* *

Confident that the people of Eugene will vote bonds on July 17 for the proposed lighting system, the city water board has decided to advertise for bids for poles.

* *

Boyd Arnot of Cooston and Roy Fulton of North Bend are victims of a Fourth that was less than sane. Arnot's face was filled with powder. Fulton lost a thumb and forefinger of the left hand.

* *

Lakeview Examiner: The brick work on both the Odd Fellows' building and the Catholic church is progressing in fine shape and there is no doubt that both will be ready for occupancy early in the fall.

* *

Medford Mail Tribune: Supervisor Erickson of the Crater national forest has completed arrangements for sending a number of telephone construction crews into the forest to build nearly 75 miles of new line.

* *

Astorian: Believing they can live cheaper and better and that all will be better satisfied, the men employed in the mill at Hammond have started a movement to establish a cooperative boarding house.

* *

Mike Hornbeck, who lives three miles northeast of Haines, in Baker county, has bought 25 dairy cattle from the Willamette valley. The stock is purebred Jersey, and the Haines correspondent of the Baker Herald says it is an important addition to the dairy industry there.

SEVEN AMERICAN FORTUNES

The Vanderbilt Fortune.

Railroads have made the fortune of many an American. One of the first of the great fortunes to develop in this country through the ownership and the manipulation of railroads was that of Cornelius Vanderbilt. When the head of the great Vanderbilt house died in 1877 his wealth was estimated at considerably over $100,000,000, and the public stood aghast in contemplation. And the remarkable part of it all was that it was massed together in the last 15 years of the railroad magnate's life. Within 15 brief years he had piled up more than $90,000,000. His wealth came rushing upon him at the rate of $6,000,000 a year. This seems very insignificant in comparison with the way money has come rolling into the pockets of Rockefeller, Morgan and other great capitalists of the present day.

There are a great many American millionaires today who are possessed of as large a fortune as Cornelius Vanderbilt at the time of his death, who hardly go in the reckoning of great multi-millionaires, but there has been very rapid accumulation between 1877 and 1910, the period when America has shown its greatest development. The Vanderbilt fortune of $105,000,000 at the death of its founder, has grown so rapidly until now it has reached fully $700,000,000. In fact, there is no approximate estimate.

The mileage of railroads in the United States today is not far from 250,000 miles. Under the Vanderbilts' direct domination are 21,000 miles, the ownership of which is embodied in $600,000,000 in stocks and $700,000,000 in bonds.

Vanderbilt was born on Staten island, New York, in 1794. He was a rugged, headstrong, illiterate youth, we are told, and at 12 years of age was scarcely able to write his name. But he knew the ways of the water, and when he was 16 he commenced ferrying passengers and freight between Staten Island and New York city. The refinements of life he is said to have scorned, and cared nothing for books. His whole passion seemed to be centered on making money. He gradually made and saved money, and finally secured sufficient to build his own schooners, and thereupon he went in for the coasting trade.

When the invention of the steamboat was made certain, he felt convinced that the day of the schooner was over, and he sold his interests in the vessels, and engaged as captain of a steamboat plying between New York and points on the New Jersey coast. During the same time his wife was helping along with piling up their little fortune by running a wayside tavern at New Brunswick, N. J.

Finally, when Cornelius was 35 years of age, together they had saved $30,000 and he quit his old employer and began building his own steamboats. Then he began his strategic methods of trying to drive all competitors out of the business. He showed a singular ability in undermining them.

His policy at the time was to bankrupt competitors, and then, having obtained a monopoly, to charge exorbitant prices. The public, which welcomed him as a benefactor, in declaring cheaper rates, had later to pay dearly for their premature and short-sighted joy. For the first five years his profits, according to Croffut, reached $30,000 a year, doubling in successive years. By the time he was 40 years old, five years after he started in for himself, he had amassed a fortune of half a million dollars.

Vanderbilt eventually become one of the largest ship and steamboat builders in the United States and one of the most formidable employers of labor. At one time he had a hundred vessels afloat. Vanderbilt's success no doubt arose from his destructive tactics toward his competitors. He was regarded universally as the buccaneer of the shipping world.

The Civil war, with its commerce preying privateers, was an unpropitious time for American mercantile vessels. Vanderbilt thereupon began his career as a railroad owner. He was, at this time, 69 years ago, a tall, robust, vigorous man. In 1861 he is credited with being worth $20,000,000. He knew nothing of railroads, but he was shrewd enough to believe in the brute force of money. His first important railroad venture was in 1863 when he purchased a large part of the stock of the New York & Hartford railroad, and obtained a charter for a connecting street railroad through New York city. He began the same year to purchase large amounts of New York Central railroad stock. By purchasing a controlling interest in the Lake Shore, the Canadian Southern and the Michigan Central railroads, he extended his system to Chicago. Of the capital stock now composing the trunk line, Vanderbilt owned one-half. Upon his death he bequeathed his entire fortune to his son, William K. Vanderbilt, excepting $11,000,000 bequeathed to the latter's four sons, and $4,000,000 to his own daughters.

Thus was founded the great Vanderbilt fortune which today is recognized as second largest among the great American fortunes.

Tomorrow—The Gould Fortune.

Hymn That Got Votes.

From World's Work.

This is how Governor Harmon made more votes in a single day than he had ever won before in his life. He had just finished a long impromptu speech to his friends, the farmers, and when he finished they gave him a hearty vote of thanks.

"Then I was expected to reply," the governor says, "and I got up again and began:

"'I don't know what to say. This is too much—'

"Then someone way back in the crowd called out: 'Don't say anything, lead us in a hymn. Let's sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."'

"Well, I tell you I was rather stunned at that, but only for a moment. I did happen to know that hymn, and so I just screwed up my courage—for it takes a lot more courage to 'raise a hymn' than it does even to make a speech—and hummed around it to get the key and started her off. Luckily I didn't have to carry it very far, for 5000 throats took it up and a tremendous burst of melody went up from that grove that day that must have been like an old fashioned camp meeting at its loudest and best:

"'Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.'

At the election which followed the vote given Harmon was astonishing. Men who had sung "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" with a man are not going to vote against him.

Satisfied.

Ambitious Author—Hurray! Five dollars for my latest story, "The Call of the Lure!"

Fast Friend—Whom from?

Ambitious Author—The express company. They lost it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Another Reformer

(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.)

He sat in comfort in the shade, and exercised his nimble jaws. This world much better might be made if he were asked to frame the laws. It jarred him when he looked around, to see injustice everywhere; and to his ears there came the sound of people wailing in despair. He had a gentle, tender heart that ached for those whose lives were dour, the martyrs of the busy mart, the victims of the money power. For all who suffered, he had sighs; he stood up for the poor man's cause; and if his countrymen were wise, they'd call on him to make the laws. And thus, with dream and idle boast, he talked the hours down, one by one; and, tied up to a hitching post, his horse was standing in the sun. His horse was swearing at the flies in language that the ponies use, and rubbing its afflicted eyes, and stamping till it lost its shoes. His sounding schemes I don't indorse; that sort of man I most despise who mouths big theories while his horse is scrapping with the doggone flies.

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Dare Mason

Legal Definition.

This story describes very neatly the experience a good many clients have with the sort of lawyers who, like Dodson and Fogg, take cases on "spec."

An injured miner told a friend that a certain lawyer was bringing a suit for him on a "contingent fee."

"What is a contingent fee—do you know, Jimmie?" asked his friend.

"Sure, I know," replied Jimmie "If you lose your case the lawyer gets nothing; if you win it you get nothing."

Sinclair Is Denounced

From the Chicago Record-Herald

Upton Sinclair has brought upon his head the heavy maledictions of the medical fraternity. He has been guilty in a peculiar degree of the crime of lese majesty. He has assumed to speak with some authority upon matters quite remote from his ken; upon matters, that is to say, of health and disease. On the strength of having metamorphosed his own anaemic shell into a carcass bordering on grossness, the young novelist sets himself up as an apostle to the ailing. Follow my method, he says, and be quit for good of your bodily ills. His method is the prolonged fast.

Cautious magazine editors have printed some of Mr. Sinclair's articles on health. They have, however, insisted that Mr. Sinclair refrain from generalizing too broadly from his meager data; they have insisted that he content himself with recording his own experiences in fasting "for health." Less cautious magazine editors have accepted his articles without this necessary qualification. So published, they have had a more authoritative ring, particularly when accompanied by so-called "testimonials" to the system. Encouraged by the eager avidity with which his pronouncements have been received, Mr. Sinclair has now put forth a book explaining his system in detail.

It is this book which comes in for the severest possible condemnation by Dr. Anthony Bassler in a paper contributed to the Monthly Cyclopeadia and Medical Bulletin. Dr. Bassler is a specialist in diseases of the stomach. As such he is attached to the staff of the People's hospital in New York city. He has written a book on "Diseases of the Stomach and Upper Alimentary Tract." Although Dr. Bassler is inclined to judge Mr. Sinclair personally with some indulgence, preferring to think of him as a harmless enthusiast, the doctor does not pick his phrases when it comes to the book. His charge is decidedly grave, as grave as could well be imagined.

"Upton Sinclair," he says, "would do less harm by adhering to the construction of such books as 'The Jungle' and 'The Moneychangers,' and others, for in his last theme he has become more than a public nuisance—he is a destroyer of human life in addition."

The physician's accusation does not rest upon supposition or inference alone. He cites cases which have been brought to his personal attention. One of his patients, who had followed the directions of Mr. Sinclair in the attempt to relieve suffering, died as a result of weakness ascribed, by Dr. Bassler, to fasting. Several other patients, treated by him, were reduced to the extreme of physical weakness and were restored only after heroic measures had been resorted to. Thus does the physician emphasize the peril of resorting to "fads" in the attempt to recover lost health.

The case which resulted fatally was that of a woman living some 20 miles from New York. Dr. Bassler was summoned on the telephone and assured that the case was one of life and death. He went immediately to the patient. She was suffering from pernicious anemia. The history of the case revealed the fact that the patient had been a vegetarian, had eaten nuts only, had tried meat and water and finally had resorted to the fasting cure. She had touched nothing for ten days. All efforts to restore her proved unavailing; she sank into complete coma and presently died.

Dr. Bassler's attention was directed to Mr. Sinclair's infallible specific by a case only a little less grave. One morning a woman was brought to his office in a wheel chair. She was unconscious, shockingly emaciated, with a scarcely perceptible pulse. Restoratives were administered. The woman regained consciousness, but was unable to stand or even raise her hands. In consultation that afternoon, the doctor heard that the patient had just passed through nine days of fasting, two days of fruit juices and was then on the fifth day of a regimen comprising five quarts of milk a day. It required six weeks of careful nursing to readjust the physical equilibrium.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt

WHEN ANANIAS WASN'T.

I went to church one Sunday night and occupied a pew
Where I could see the preacher with an unobstructed view.
And then, of course, I closed my eyes, as other people did,
But I never missed the sermon, though I kept my vision hid.
For somehow, somewhere near my side, I heard a fellow say:
"I'd give more if I had it, but I'm nearly broke today;
I sold a pair of yearling calves and got a dime or two,
And there it is in gold and bills, it's all that I can do."
"By heck, that's Ananias," I whispered to myself,
"For Ananias talked like that about his wad of pelf."
And then I shook hands with myself and chuckled 'neath my breath:
"Somebody lied," I said, said I, "about old Ana's death.
"I'll keep my lookers shut," I said, "or he might disappear.
"Perhaps I'm only dreaming." Then I tuned my other ear.
And then I heard a woman's voice. She murmured: "That's the truth."
"Sapphira!" that is what I said, "who's lost the bloom of youth."
I heard the chink of silver as it fell into the hat,
And I listened for the voices, but the music stopped at that.
Then I heard the preacher saying: "That won't lift the church's debt,
There is nearly fifty dollars that is owing on it yet."
Then I took a chance and rubbered at old Ana near my side,
And I hunted for Sapphira, who was once his blooming bride.
Then I grabbed my hat and beat it in most earnest, certain tones,
For I found my Ananias was that rich old Deacon Jones!

Minister Defends Rum.

From the Baltimore Sun.

There was intense surprise in the Tabernacle meeting, Ocean Grove, N. J., when the Rev. Dr. A. E. Ballard, president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting association, declared he had never entertained conscientious scruples against the use of liquor or tobacco. Many ministers and others in the audience vigorously dissented, but Dr. Ballard stuck to his assertion that there is no wrong in the moderate use of either. He said, however, that because of the example it might set for others he did not use liquor or tobacco.

"Well, how about cigarettes?" one indignant hearer asked. "You surely do not countenance the use of them?"

"I don't see why not," replied the clergyman, who is more than 90 years old, "provided they are made of good tobacco. The trouble is that a great many cheap cigarettes contain injurious drugs."