

THE JOURNAL

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Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.—Sheridan.

OPENING THE BOOKS

SPLENDID SERVICE is rendered the country by the investigations of the house committees at Washington. The facts coming to light fully justify the people in voting for a change in the control of the house.

Wednesday a long hidden report by B. D. Townsend on the harvester trust was dragged out of obscure recesses in the department of justice. It was made by Mr. Townsend as a special investigator to Attorney General Bonaparte during the Roosevelt administration.

The report reveals that the steel corporation and harvester trust "are virtually one." Four of the six directors of the harvester combine are directors of the steel combine. The steel trust secretly rebated \$3 a ton on steel used in the manufacture of harvester machines exported.

In the report, Mr. Townsend says, "I have learned of many dishonest acts of the International Harvester company, such as legislative bribery, tax dodging, etc." Plants that were purchased for the sole purpose of destroying competition are enumerated, and machines were sold \$6 to \$20 cheaper to foreigners than to American farmers.

And, for aiding in the organization of the harvester trust, J. P. Morgan was paid a fee of \$5,000,000. Investigation by the same committee into the steel trust disclosed that for his aid in organizing it, Mr. Morgan was paid \$5,000,000.

The same committee, investigating the sugar trust, brought out the fact that for organizing that benevolent utility, H. O. Havemeyer received \$10,000,000. It is supposed that these huge, incomprehensible fees harmonize with the character of the services rendered, and that these expensive tollers in the vineyard were worthy of their hire.

Meantime, the inquiries should go on. The books should all be opened, and the records all be searched. The facts already brought to light indicate that no better service can be rendered the country.

EXPANDING RAILROADS

POOR'S MANUAL of Railroads for 1911 has recently been published. There are now 242,107 miles of steam railroads in the United States, showing an increase of 3751 miles during the past year.

in the sanitary condition of the islands they would leave a monument for which they would deserve to be held in grateful remembrance. Not only in Manila, but throughout the provinces the twin scourges of the Filipino in the past—cholera and smallpox—have been almost exterminated. The great sums expended in the Philippines, in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Canal belt, may not have brought returns in dollars to the treasury—but they represent an unselfish expenditure for the good of man. Memory may well revert to these great achievements, and take heart, when festering cesspools are uncovered in political and municipal life at home—according to Woodrow Wilson's vigorous image.

A RIDICULOUS PRETEXT

HOW COULD the statesmen of Europe reconcile it to their consciences—what excuse could be offered—if three or possibly four nations were plunged into war on any such grounds as this Moroccan misunderstanding shows?

The question as between France, Germany and Spain, so far as the world knows, is the ownership of certain mining claims and prospects in the Moorish mountains. Not the nations but various so-called financiers or speculators of German, French or Spanish origin are the real parties in interest.

What sort of diplomacy is that which would even dream it possible to involve the honor of three great nations, to move fleets and armies, to pour out blood like water, to waste millions on millions of the hard earned money of the peoples, to set back human progress for a decade, to cut the ties of friendship between all Europe for such stakes as these?

The world has heard too much by far of speculators pushing their ventures into savage or uncivilized countries in the hope that the national power of their country would come to their rescue, and protect them, if the game went against them. But there never was a more flagrant instance than that at which we stand wondering today. Is there no sense of proportion left?

If all Morocco, with its mountains and sandy wastes, its scanty oases, its savage, warring tribes, were the prize it would not be worth the moving of a single dreadnaught, or the life of a single German, French or English soldier. So says sober reason.

It seems incredible that no peaceful solution of these paltry questions will be found within the next few anxious days.

THE NEW WAY

NEW YORK HAD ice riots during the late hot wave. Parents stormed the ice plants and struggled for ice for parched and panting children. When the sun was hottest and the heat fiercest, the price of ice rose 20 per cent.

Investigation followed, and it is now disclosed that the American Ice company owns the stock of the Knickerbocker Ice company, the Manufacturing Ice company, the Knickerbocker Steel Towing company, and all or a part of the stock of five other ice companies doing business in New York.

It operates through subsidiary companies in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maine and the District of Columbia. It dictates the conduct of the ice business in New York and in the principal cities of the other states.

AN OVERNIGHT BOY FINANCIER

THREE PROMOTERS in Philadelphia organized bogus insurance companies with a water capital of \$1,500,000. The revenues from their activities, as appeared from the testimony in court, reached \$27,000 a month.

matter of bookkeeping? Wasn't J. P. Morgan given \$5,000,000 for merely aiding the steel corporation to organize? Did he not receive another \$5,000,000 for his assistance in launching the harvester trust? Did not Havemeyer receive a bonus of \$10,000,000 for his ponderous services in pumping life into the sugar trust?

Since business in Wall street is so much a matter of inflation and paper, how natural that it should be tried in Philadelphia with the janitors and office boys as barons of the curb! Why not the ragged boy on the street get a new suit of clothes for helping launch an insurance company or two, if Mr. Morgan got \$5,000,000 for performing a similar service for the steel trust and another \$5,000,000 for the harvester trust?

ESCAPING WOODEN NUTMEGS

IT IS OF CONSEQUENCE to the country to be assured that Dr. Wiley is only to be "admonished." His further official survival is provision against the return of the wooden nutmeg.

We long consumed fruit jellies that never saw fruit. All their approximations of fruit was artificial, the picture on the label being as near an approach to real fruit as any of the contents of the can.

Even under restrictions, food frauds obtain. A recent scheme is an emulsion which causes butter to absorb its weight in water. At the end of ten minutes, by its use, the dealer has two pounds of butter where he had but one before, and the buyer never knows the difference.

A Tennessee man offers a pure cider vinegar made of water and one apple. He places his simple concoction within reach of all by marking it at only four cents a gallon. He also makes "pure" apple butter, using but one apple to the gallon of butter. Some of those who have partaken of the mixture are unable to distinguish it from the genuine apple butter that mother used to make.

A Rochester person of inventive genius treats sawdust with molasses to aid in adulterating spices, and none but experts can detect the fraud. How many of us have smacked our lips over sweetened sawdust and called for more will always be conjecture.

Before we had pure food laws, we ate everything from chalk and sweetened sawdust to rectified rosin eggs, and even with the pure food laws we trust to Providence and shudder at the thought of what our provender may be, a fact that makes it a happy episode that an armed neutrality has been declared at Washington with Dr. Wiley merely to be "admonished."

NOT WAVING FLAGS

THE HARD-HEADED and unsentimental business world figures that trade follows, not the flag, but docks. Contracts amounting to \$26,765,750 have been let for improvement of the port of Buenos Ayres.

The improvements will consist of additional docks, and quays nearly a mile in length. An area of 100 acres will be devoted to warehouses for which one million square yards of land must be reclaimed from the river flats. The extension will accommodate 25 steamships.

gricultural necessity on the free list. It is bitterly opposed by the "interests," and all the cunning of privilege will be invoked for its defeat. Its progress in the senate and at the White House will be watched with interest, and its success or failure to be a test of whether professions are to be crystallized into performance.

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.)

The Menace of the Truck. Portland, Or., July 25.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Men who take their families in any sort of vehicle on the public roads and streets of this town are becoming afraid for their lives.

These monster trucks have been put into use by the transfer, sand and gravel companies to save time. They are being used largely on the hill roads and driveway between the business district and through Crest. As a time saver, they are obviously a success. They are being driven down those grades and curves at speeds ranging from 15 to 25 miles an hour.

The automobile speed mania is bad enough, but when the power-truck freight-car driver gets the bug I think it is raising the limit. All the hill roads are narrow and have sharp curves. The drivers of these power trucks do not care how narrow the road is. They know it. They keep in the middle of the road and thunder ahead, and all other vehicles flee to the ditch. The language and the actions of these drivers is: "Out of my way! Over the cliff, and to hell with it!"

And was to the family automobile, carriage, horseman or delivery wagon that does not succeed in finding a safe place to pass. I have seen an auto truck going down the Twenty-first street road, and the driver was shouting to the driver of the narrow street car to get out of the way. The narrow roadway was bumpy, and the big, lumbering truck was bounding up and down, and sideways. It made a noise like a million tons of scrap iron dropping into a hole. The street car was stopped and landing on a full line of hardware in the basement. The vehicle containing my family was backed half way through the Strohecker gate and entirely out of the roadway, and so all escaped disaster.

My family was equally fortunate a week ago when one of these great trucks, keeping the middle of the road on Montgomery Drive, struck the hub of my car in passing, but did no serious damage to the car. My observation goes, that the trucks of the Consolidated Truck company are the most dangerous. There are many others including trucks hauling cement, gravel and cordwood to the various districts around Council Crest and Portland Heights.

Now, no one who is concerned as to what danger he meets on the road if he has room to get around it. That is merely a question of cautious and careful driving on his own part. But Portland Heights people who drive vehicles on the public roads, and who are not so much concerned as to what danger he meets on the road if he has room to get around it. That is merely a question of cautious and careful driving on his own part.

These power trucks properly belong in the class with freight cars. Does the city permit freight trains to run amuck on its public streets?

There is a ban upon running freight cars on street car tracks, where they can be operated with safety to the public. It is reasonable to permit a far more desirable sort of freight car to travel the public roadways, driven at speeds exceeding the street car limit, and worse than that, driven by men who evidently lack every characteristic that should govern sane and safe travel on the public roads.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Ah! the hot wave could come back. Now nice it would be to be an ocean in dog days. The homicidal revolver must be restricted, if not suppressed. And still more of the Love case—and right in the hot weather, too.

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Why Schools Fail to Educate

From Hampton's Magazine. We are beginning to realize that our public school system, the very basis of American civilization, is not working as well as it should. It does not educate. The machinery is all there; fine buildings; trained teachers; compulsory attendance laws; books and paraphernalia. But there's a cog loose somewhere.

It appears that the majority of children do not stay in school long enough to be educated. Why? An answer to that question was sought in New York city three years ago by social settlement workers attached to Henry Street settlement. Miss Mary Flexner was detailed to make an inquiry into the cases of 1000 children who left school before entering the high school.

Miss Flexner visited the homes and interviewed both children and parents. And she found, in at least 150 cases, that the children left school not because they were needed for wage-earning, but because they could not be induced to continue in their classes. In other words, they endured school only until they reached the age of 14. Twenty-six of them failed to endure it that long. In the majority of cases the law abiding parents were not the cause of the school law. The real cause was that the children were not interested in school.

Here comes the queer part of it. A large number of those children were demonstrating the fact that it was by no means indifference to education which led them to forsake the classroom. More than 100 of them were found in evening high schools, bookkeeping, stenography, bookkeeping, dressmaking, millinery, plumbing, cabinet making, bricklaying, and other practical branches. Others were found at business colleges and trade and technical schools.

Conditions of this kind exist in every city in the United States. The educators realize it. They know that nothing except compulsory education laws, rigidly enforced, keep children in school. The educators know that the children leave because they want a kind of training, or a kind of work which the schools do not supply. In desperation the school authorities are altering and adding to the curriculum. They are introducing manual training, trade schools, organized play, recreation centers, athletic associations, school gardens. Still the exodus continues. What can be done to stop it?

There is one city in the United States where they think they have found the answer. In Gary, Ind., they have worked out a school system which solves the problem of how to keep children in school. They have simply devised means of giving the children the kind of education they want. Not what they think they want, but what they actually do want.

He sneaked into the office, removed his hat, cleared his throat and laid the following on the desk of the scholarly person with the large, able bodied nose and partially bald knob, and then stood aloof, as if the person might read and then burst into loud and untrammelled laughter: "I've always noticed that the less sense a man has, the happier he is. 'Well, don't sing it.'"

Observing a young man in the self-acting face of the scholarly person the jokesmith stepped boldly forward and painstakingly said: "Fine joke, that. Idea is that the second man is handing the first speaker a job of sarcasm and—well, you see it, don't you?"

Fearing to injure the jokesmith's feelings, the person listened attentively to the description of the funny section of the contribution and a pathetic smile spread across his half section of his angelic front for a moment. Then all was still save the low sobbing of the wind through the hair of the city editor as the janitor sadly led the jokesmith away.

Depends on Your Mood. Here's the difference 'twixt humor in books. And that which we hear after meals: The former is as you're in it feels. The latter is as you're not in it feels.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hard Work. (Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, the famous humorist. His prose-pieces are a regular feature of this column in The Journal.) It's hard to take your pen in hand and write a lot of cheer up verse, when heat is sizzling through the land, and every minute growing worse. It's hard to write a lot of cheer up verse, when heat is sizzling through the land, and every minute growing worse. It's hard to write a lot of cheer up verse, when heat is sizzling through the land, and every minute growing worse.

SEVEN POPULAR PASTIMES

Horse Racing. Horse racing is one of the oldest of the popular forms of recreation and thrill. The earliest recorded organized trial of speed with horses were the chariot races at the Greek National festivals, of which the most notable were the Olympic games held every fourth year.

The amusement of horse racing was practiced in England in very early times; indeed there is some reason to believe that it was among the pastimes of the ancient Greeks. High prizes several running horses as a present to Edewitha, the sister of Athalstan. Fitzstephen mentions horse racing as a favorite diversion with citizens of London; and as a proof that in the middle ages there were certain seasons of the year when the nobility indulged themselves in this sport, we are told, in the metrical romance of "Sir Bevis of Southampton," that at Whitaunder the Knights;

"Which horse that best may ran." In the reign of Elizabeth, race horses were prized on account of their breed, and the sport was carried to such an excess as to ravage the fortunes of many of the nobility. Private matches, in which the gentlemen were their own jockies, were then very common. In the reign of James the First, public horse racing was established in many parts of the kingdom, and it appeared that the discipline and modes of preparing the horses upon such occasions, were much the same as are practiced in the present day.

In the horse races in Italy formerly the horses ran without riders, and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them were hung to their sides, which, when the horse employed in the race, set like spurs. They had also pieces of tin foil fastened on their hind parts, which, as the animal ran, made a loud rustling noise, and frightened them forward. A gun was fired when they first started, that preparation might be made to receive them at the other end; when they had run half

official, really was an enemy of the people and that Glavis was their friend. It is not right for a just government to discharge a man from office for doing his duty and to proceed as if the wrong he did was right. The American people love a square deal and Glavis has not received one.

Why the Soft Nosed Bull. From Harper's Weekly. Many persons know that certain sharp-pointed shells have soft metal caps on the point, with the result of greater effectiveness over those not so provided; but the way in which the cap acts is not generally well understood. A needle may be driven into a board with a hammer when it is thrust through a cork, whereas it would break off unsupported. Many have thought that the soft cap supports the hard point, but the projectile in the same way, a British army officer, who has given much study to the mutual action of armor and armor, states that a shell frequently fails because of the fact that a very small piece of the point is forced back into the mass, thus splitting it. A larger piece is then similarly forced back, and so on. The main advantage of the soft cap, in the opinion of this authority, is to prevent such splitting.

Ten Barrels of Files. From the Worcester (Mass.) Dispatch. Over 10 barrels of files were gathered by the 22 companies of the 4th Infantry, which began on June 22 and came to an end July 13. The winner, who gets a prize of \$100, turned in 95 quarts, or a total of 1,210. He was, therefore, in traps of his own construction, and he won the championship. He is Earl C. Bousquet, 13 years old. The entire collection of files will be placed on exhibition in Clark university.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt. THE SPONTANEOUS JOKE SMITH.



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