

THE JOURNAL

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out of spending money, either their own or the unions'. The third that the masters' all is locked up in the mines, and pressure, seen and unseen, is brought to bear on them to break the blockade.

THE ASTORIA DISCRIMINATION

It costs the Columbia valley wheat grower a dollar a ton more to send his wheat down hill to Astoria than to ship it over the mountains to Seattle or Tacoma. It requires eight locomotives, eight engineers and eight firemen to haul over the Cascades to Tacoma or Seattle, the same wheat that one locomotive, one engineer and one fireman can bring down the North Bank to Portland or Astoria. It means that the railroads owning the lines over the mountains and down the Columbia are arbitrarily discriminating against the cheaper Columbia river haul and in favor of the overmountain Seattle and Tacoma haul.

THE RED MOUTHS

It is good advice to say to soap box orators that Portland is growing impatient. This city is not in mood to tolerate another Baden-Powell outrage. It will not be patient with future violent demonstrations of any kind.

In a spirit of kindness, The Journal advises the agitators to use more ballast and less sail. They have been flying too high. They have said too much. They have overstepped the bounds of good order. The Baden-Powell incident was indefensible and revolutionary.

The people of Portland built this city. Many of them have spent their lives here. What is here represents their life endeavors, honorably achieved. Their lives, their honor and their fortunes are staked on the issue of good order, peace, and stability in Portland.

They are forces that it is bad policy to meddle with. They are a citizenry that will have little patience with the violent acts of the color sergeants of revolution.

The average soap box agitator has not helped to build Portland. He has done little to build anything. His labor is not with his hands, but with his lungs.

There will be no revolution in this city. The conditions here are not favorable for those who preach revolution. This is a staid, stable, substantial community of resolute men.

The power to solve the situation rests at the city hall. Let those in authority there do their duty, and the orderly solution of a disagreeable condition will be easy.

THE BRITISH BILL

The six hundred and fifty members of the British house of commons are legislating in the dark. They are making untried experiments and timidly assenting to the nation becoming a party to a new theory.

The New York Independent alleged, a week ago, that minimum wage boards have been in operation in the state of Victoria, Australia, since 1896, and in Great Britain since January, 1916.

For all practical purposes, and as having to do with the economic, and not with the hygienic conditions of the miners' business, that in question today is a new and pregnant departure.

This new-model bill contains neither sanctions nor penalties. It neither opens the pits nor sets the cages running. Yet it will work, for there are three forces operating. The greatest is the sense that the nation demands it and is suffering more with every day's delay.

Here is an issue vital to Portlanders. They should make a determined fight for a change. It is absurd that Seattle and Tacoma should have terminal rates and Astoria not have them. It is absurd that shippers in the Columbia river basin should be forced to pay on their products freight rates fixed by the cost of haul over the Cascades.

Portland can fight this discrimination by resort to the waterways. A great steamship and steamboat business should be built up. It should be owned in Portland. Millions of money in Portland could be available for such an investment.

It would make Portland a maritime city, and maritime cities are always powerful. It would put steamship lines into all ports and enormously enhance Portland's trade. It would be a fit recognition of the vast sums the federal government has spent in the improvement of the Columbia and other rivers.

The rate discrimination should be fought by Portland and allied interests. A dollar a ton more for carrying wheat down hill to Astoria than for hauling it over mountains to Puget sound is indefensible.

Portland should not submit to such a program. We Portlanders ought not to fit down and wait for the robins to feed us.

FOR REFLECTION

AMONG the most important offices for which nominations are to be made at the coming primaries are the railroad commissioners from the First and Second districts, to succeed Thomas K. Campbell and Clyde B. Atchison, respectively.

WHERE have all these bandits come from who have been overrunning the eastern provinces of the Chinese empire, carrying robbery, murder and destruction with them? The famine relief committee at Shanghai answers this. Robbery and pillage began in Anhwei in July, 1911.

Once started on this course of crime and desolation, the criminal mass grows by going. There is a general break up of all family, neighborhood, district, town, provincial ties. The cohesive habit of the firmly anchored, respectable, hard working, family loving Chinese is dissolved. How will they

ever come together again—by what means, by what inducement, by what force? This is the first great Chinese puzzle.

The second is how the revolution has been financed. The explanation appeared in the dispatches yesterday. The printing press of the revolutionary government at Nanking—the usual resource of men at the end of their tether, for the time at least, has flooded the market. It has circulated at par. It has paid the troops and bought their food. It has started the hierarchy of the officials of the republic, it has paid the multifarious expenses of a government in its infancy.

THE PESKY DEMOCRATS

WHAT is to be done with these pestiferous Democrats? There seems to be literally no limit to their depredations. Like imps of outer darkness, they are everywhere charged with medicine and damnation interference in Republican affairs.

The old charges against them in Oregon are current history, and here is the insistence that it was the pesky Democrats that caused the colonel to bump the bumps in North Dakota. John Bass, state leader of the Roosevelt faction, speaking of the Roosevelt defeat, said: "If the Democrats had stayed out of the Republican primary, the result would have been different."

The villains, the villains! Every time there is a blow up in Republican circles, they charge the responsibility to the pesky Democrats. It will probably yet be made to appear that the ornery cuss who caused the fall of man in the garden of Edah was a Dakota Democrat.

But can the news from Dakota be true? Did the wicked Democrats really take possession of Republican primaries and run things? If so, what weaklings, mollicoddies, undoers of duty and jackasses Dakota Republicans must be.

THE HUMPHREYS CONFESIONS

THE list of killings to which Humphreys has so far confessed numbers four, and the public is waiting to see what a day may bring forth. The regularity, success and secrecy with which it was the habit of George Humphrey to go out and kill somebody make it likely that all the bloody tale has not yet been told.

It seems to have been the custom with the Humphreys, when the family exchequer ran low for George to go out at night and return in the morning. His incursion was usually followed by the finding of a dead body in the neighborhood, and a new supply of money at the Humphrey home.

It also became a rule with the family to take mental note of persons who kept money about the house in a tin can, old stocking or other receptacle. In time that person passed on and the contents of the tin can enriched the Humphrey treasury.

The case is extraordinary. George Humphrey seems to have had no more competition in placing his thumbs on a victim's neck and strangling him to death than he would in killing a rat. He held a human life as cheap as that of a chicken. The sight of a victim in the throes of strangulation was no more to him than that of the worm on which he trod.

So low a type of so-called human being rarely appears. His mental-ty is apparently but little removed from that of the brute. In reality, he is more animal than man. In extorting repeated confessions from these animalized brothers the authorities are adding important material for illuminating the science of criminology.

THE TOOL OF DEATH

IN an effort to deliver itself from a carnival of blood and terrorism, Chicago has adopted an ordinance directed against the carrying of concealed weapons.

No one is permitted to purchase a revolver except on consent of the chief of police and on the recommendation of two taxpayers of one year's residence in the city. Other prohibitions are imposed, and strong penalties are provided.

The Chicago council also contrived for putting into effect an endless chain by which it is hoped to secure similar legislation in all the cities of the United States. The city clerk is directed to send a copy of the ordinance to all cities within twenty-five miles of Chicago, to all cities of 20,000 and over in Illinois, and to all cities of 100,000 and over in the United States.

According to the Kansas City Star, the moustache is on the wane. It is better on the wane than leaning against her lip. The ultimate consumer also feels something dangerously like a stroke, did the horse that fell dead yesterday on the streets of Portland.

when applied were quoted in his hearing at \$2 per box. They say it was the pesky Democrats that mugged things in North Dakota. One trembles to think what might have happened, if there had been just one Dakota Democrat in the ark with Noah.

An average breakfast by the president is reported as grape fruit, extra sirloin steak with bacon, baked potatoes, egg, toast and coffee. With a breakfast like that, why shouldn't Mr. Taft be for world peace?

Non-registration is a vote for bad government. If you don't register and vote in the primaries, please don't ululate afterwards about bad officials.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Favors a "Hue and Cry Club." Westport, Or., March 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Like a match applied to dry kindling came the "hue and cry" letter from M. R. C. in these columns of the 12th inst.

My own lady's voice is raised in no uncertain tone in protest against the antics of Portland Socialists and I. W. W. men. Heartily endorsing the Hue and Cry Club idea, I would suggest that we secure at once all the literature of the enemy possible, that we may study it and expose its dangers to present and coming voters.

A letter addressed to the Okla. Pioneer company will get it. And be sure to write Rev. G. G. Hamilton, care of the Kar Publishing company, Chicago, and aggressively minister fought Socialism to a finish in North Texas and Oklahoma, and has a store of experience along that line.

The old foggy vapors of Marx and Engel are too dry and tedious for busy people. His father's means being limited, naturally he was compelled to limit the education of his children. When hostilities commenced between the American colonies and Great Britain, young Worcester, then only about 18 years of age, became a soldier and fought in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Returning to farm life, he divided his time between outdoor labor and shoemaking, which occupation he followed when the darkness of night time or the cold of winter prevented his working in the fields. He also took himself earnestly to the work of self-education. Like many another shoemaker, he made his workroom his study.

We should spare no pains to fit ourselves to cope with this approaching danger and be ever ready to meet its advocates in open debate and newspaper discussion. Publicity is the weapon to rely upon, and once the public becomes fully acquainted with the evils of Socialism it can be depended upon to take proper action.

St. John, Or., March 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—In recent editorials you insist that trust abuses, monopoly, etc., is the cause of socialism, and cite the fact that Socialists see the advantages of combination and cooperation, and are ever ready to meet its end even farther, merely substituting public ownership and democratic management of these combinations.

Now this is all true in identically the same sense that monarchy—the organization and monopoly of political power in private hands—is the cause of democracy. When oppressions resulted from these great political organizations, they were ever so foolish as to advocate the destruction of the trusts? From these great combinations the people learned the advantages of cooperation and adopted a constructive remedy instead of a destructive one.

But don't be deceived. It is only a piece of art, taken by the "good-old-fare-and-gone-dreadful-citizens" that compose the Portland Realty board. Ten years ago the Socialists were harping about the "initiative, referendum and the recall." But, behold, that was performed by the said board to unseat our mayor and other city officers? The board's resolutions sound like the condensed thunder from the Socialist and I. W. W. storm centers, combined into one great voice.

Will the Journal specifically name the fundamental difference between political and industrial affairs which renders it necessary that the protection of life must be done cooperatively, and the production and distribution of the essentials of life must be done competitively? Will you undertake to show wherein the development of political and industrial combinations differ? Will you show the difference in principle or in results between the monopoly of political power and the monopoly of industrial power?

Hoodlumism such as disturbs an opponent's meetings will come and go; mere wild and abusive talk on the street corners, while it may excite the lawless fighting blood of such as your correspondent who wants to fight whenever his ears will suit, few adherents and do but little harm, except to the cause it advocates. But as long as the above questions remain unanswered socialism will continue to grow.

If our most righteous really board can secure the punishment of anyone who has violated the law, well and good, but we trust they will not attempt to "supplement" the law as some one who is near seditions. A. W. VINCENT.

Can't Be Domesticated. Camas, Wash., March 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I noticed in last Saturday's issue of The Journal that a movement has been started in Portland to domesticate the "New Year's Spirit" by putting it under a tent and singling "tailor" to it till it becomes tame enough to be stroked on the back and smit purrs instead of screeches.

In view of the fact that the Bryan meeting and the Gipsy Smith meetings turned thousands of people away who were unable to get in to hear them, where would you get masses enough to shelter all the singers who get out of the people in your city and out on the streets? The minute you take the "New Year's spirit" you spoil it for ex-

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. A "good fellow" generally "goes to the bad." Jen's Champ Clark too "aged"—\$27 Harrison's elder. Be good, Gwendolyn, you may be president some day.

The Humphrey brothers have one little credit mark—they confessed. Roosevelt couldn't employ a better man for his opponents—that Ormsby McHarg.

Some woman suffragists who talk much would injure the cause a good deal if men paid any attention to them. There are days, at this time of year when our despoiler, our cheat, our woman who tries to write a poem on Spring.

Perhaps another railroad to the sea from Medford. There'll be many of these in a few years—and one along the coast. This year's British naval budget is \$224,477,000. A wonder millions of British people are on the precipice of pauperdom.

New women of fashion are to have electric lights in their coiffure. But these won't make them as light headed outside as inside. The women fashion makers predict big hoop skirts soon. Soon the women to support will be mean enough to rejoice at this news.

It's all right something to kick at and knock and blow up once in a while, but to growl every day at every o'clock with a "hue and cry" letter from the bad side in, the good side out, get pleasant once in a while; instead of the best example of mere ranting the road either by automobile or team.

SEVEN ILLUSTRIOUS SHOEMAKERS

America has had her share of illustrious shoemakers. They have risen to all stations of eminence: Henry Wilson, "the Natick Cobbler," to the vice-presidency of the United States; the beloved Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier; Noah Worcester, the New England Apostle of Peace, and a long list of almost equally prominent men. The United States can boast of men worthy to stand on a level with the best examples of the gentle craft can produce in the old world.

Noah Worcester, the "Apostle of Peace" was born at Hollis, N. H., on November 25, 1788. He was the son of a farmer and until the age of 21 worked on a farm. His father's means being limited, naturally he was compelled to limit the education of his children. When hostilities commenced between the American colonies and Great Britain, young Worcester, then only about 18 years of age, became a soldier and fought in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Returning to farm life, he divided his time between outdoor labor and shoemaking, which occupation he followed when the darkness of night time or the cold of winter prevented his working in the fields. He also took himself earnestly to the work of self-education. Like many another shoemaker, he made his workroom his study. The materials for the improvement of the mind lay around his bench—books, pens, ink, paper, etc.

An early scholar, he increased the difficulties of his situation as a poor student, yet he managed by dint of extraordinary application to prove himself and become fit for the ministry before he had reached the age of 21. His first church was small and his

hitherto purposes. The "New Year's Spirit" is like a sky rocket. You can't tie a ribbon around it and make a successful parlor ornament out of it. In order to enjoy it you must "let 'er shoot," and revel in the glory of its sparkling trail. GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Times Change. Portland, March 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Who and what is the Portland Realty board? And by what authority does the said board threaten to unseat our mayor and other city officers? The board's resolutions sound like the condensed thunder from the Socialist and I. W. W. storm centers, combined into one great voice.

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The "Blue Sky" Law

Mining and Scientific Press. From the Mining and Scientific Press. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that serious and successful efforts are being made to enact legislation that will minimize, if not entirely prevent, the promotion of "wild cat" mining companies such as have brought marked misfortune upon mining in the United States.

The Silver Lake Leader complains of, and warns, certain unruly young men and young women who disturb religious services by "putting up." The county court of Union county has ordered several hundred tons of stone to be placed on the bridge at Elgin, 18640; 150 foot bridge near La Grande, 14190; 130 foot bridge near Perry, 12500.

Port Oxford Tribune: The farmers' telephone system in this neighborhood is being installed. Construction has already commenced on the line running south. The territory embraced will extend from Mussel creek to Sixes river. Lakewey Herald: That Lake county is alive to the possibilities of the tourist traffic trade is evident in the plans made by the county court for the establishment of signs to be placed at all road intersections for the benefit of travelers who may be traveling the road either by automobile or team.

Fossil Journal: Charles Morris succeeded in putting about 40 tons of ice in the thirty-mile sawmill pond, and will have it hauled to Fossil next summer. No ice froze in Fossil during the past winter. The Humphrey brothers have one little credit mark—they confessed.

congregation was poor and as they could only pay him a very small salary he was compelled to work at his trade of shoemaking to help support himself. He took to writing books. He published a number of volumes, many of a religious character, and he became known to such an extent that he was chosen to take charge of one of the leading periodicals of a religious character, called "The Christian Dispenser," which was edited at Brighton, Mass.

At length, Mr. Worcester issued, in 1814, the famous pamphlet by which his name became known and honored among Christian men and lovers of peace throughout the world. It bore the title "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War." No more effective tract was ever printed. It was translated into several of the languages of Europe and the impression it produced in America led to the formation of the "Peace Society" in Massachusetts.

In this pamphlet he interpreted literally the precept, "Be not evil," and believed that nations as well as individuals would find safety as well as fulfill righteousness in yielding in Illinois, George H. Shetler, the former principal defendant in the trial, was sentenced to one year, while in the case of the latter, sentence was suspended. The expense to which the government was put in the matter is estimated at \$150,000 or more. The case is a landmark in that the "mountain laborer and brought forth a mouse."

Tanglefoot By Miles Overholt. THE THRILLING LIFE OF ONE T. R. List, my children, and you shall know of the life of Colonel Roosevelt. Stand in a circle around me—so: "I'll tell it to you in words that'll melt."

Now Theo was born—in a manger? No. In a log cabin, long, long ago. His parents were poor, but oh, so proud, and Teddy, himself, was somewhat loud. He read law books by the candle light, Frederick Douglass he held his breath. Then off to work when the morning came, splitting rails on the road to fame.

Who built his camp in a windy gorge, And loathed one winter at Valley Forge. In seventeen-hundred-and-something then, In a ringing speech to his fellow men, He said, "The public hold this breath: "Give us liberty or give me death." It was also Ted who took a whack From the Monitor at the Merrimack. And then, with a pistol in his jeans, He quelled the war in the Philippines. And then he killed with his own right hand.

The forest beasts in Jungland. And, after that, as you have heard, He told the tale of a plunk word. He doffed his hat with a mighty fling— It landed in dry or ferreted, in. And, aside from a million other plays, This brings us down to the present days. Which also closes our chosen text, But the Lord knows what he will pull off next.

Worth a Million. (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.) Old Roy is worth a million wheels, He has them in the bank. It warms him up from head to heels to hear his billion clank. His wealth is famous in the town and every where; "He is a credit to the town—'d his million should he die!" There's old Bill Wax; he never could nail the coin a little bit, and when he gets a piece of kale it's always counterfeited. He's always wearing "last year's hat," his clothing all awry, would make an idle plutocrat climb up a tree and die. Yet friends are swarming round his track wherever he may go, and people slap him on the back and say he is a Jo. He helps the children fly their kites, and never enters the track; and often he sits up at nights with neighbors who are sick; and often bringing a cheerful yarn to some despondent lad—oh, William isn't worth a darn at selling down the scends; but people bless his blessed old head in dry or ferreted tones; "He's worth all wool and 10 yards wide—his worth a million bones!"

A Pretty Good Knife. The Dallas, Or., March 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I can best that Albany man who has had a knife for 20 years. I have a pocket knife that I bought of Sellers & Co., at Albany, Or., in 1876. It is getting a little weak in the back and so am I. I also have a butcher knife that the state of Oregon gave me in 1878 when I aided in Co. L, Linn County Rifles and "fought, bled and died" in the Indian war under Lieutenant George E. Chamberlain, now United States senator and I have not even been precinct constable. But such is life in the far west. L. L. MCARTNEY.

Rapid Improvement. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I understand you had your feeble minded son take a term in mental infirmary." "Yes, and it has done wonders for him." "What's he going to do now?" "Lectures."

The Boy Scouts. Portland, March 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—There seems to be a very foolish notion carried on by readers of The Journal, about Boy Scouts, militarism, etc. As long as I was a member of the Boy Scouts of America I was never taught a military tactic. We were never allowed guns, except on training trips. A Scout's life is his badge, suit or membership was taken from him if he even pointed a toy gun at anyone. We were taught to help others as much as possible, and it is surprising the good deeds he is doing by the boys. Tips for little acts of kindness were recognized by the Scouts. They did not ex-

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