THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

E. B. PIPER ..... President

Published every evening (without Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES — Main 7173. Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Call the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York, 1216 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico.

DAILY
One year ..... $6.00 One month ..... $ .50
SUNDAY
One year ..... $2.50 One month ..... $ .25
DAILY AND SUNDAY
One year ..... $7.50 One month ..... $ .60

Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
—Young.

IF—

IS the new lighting company to be a competition that will compete? Or is it a mere threat of competition for the purpose of forcing the present company to buy it out at a big figure?

A few months ago the Mount Hood company was before the people of Portland with mighty promises. Its officials painted us beautiful word pictures of competition, cheap lighting and cheap power. They unrolled an alluring panorama of the mighty things the Mount Hood company was to do for Portland.

They wanted a franchise.

And the franchise was granted.

But the Mount Hood company has vanished like a beautiful dream. It is no more than an iridescent and unbankable memory. It has been absorbed.

Is the Mount Hood experience to be repeated? Are the competition that is promised and the franchises we are asked for, to be used in driving a profitable bargain with the Portland Railway, Light & Power company? Are Portlanders again to be fed on fireworks promises for a period, only to be let down later with a realization that promises are as fleeting as a rainbow's colors, and with a realization that other millions have been added to the flotations of Portland's public service capital?

There should be a determination of these matters before the council grants a franchise. The Journal wants to see new capital enter Portland. It wants new blood and new men. It wants competition that will stir men and enterprises to new endeavor and better service.

But it doesn't want Portlanders to be again led up the heights of great expectations only to be duped with another myth.

If the new lighting company is all it purports to be, and intends to perform all it promises, it should be granted a franchise.

WHY SHIRASE FAILED

SHIRASE and his men got back to Japan alive. When he sailed with his Japanese for the Antarctic their failure to reach the South Pole was foretold by all who could measure the slender means that they had to set against polar cold and ice and the dark vicissitudes of the Antarctic winters.

They had but about $21,000 in money with which to outfit while Captain Scott considered $200,000 none too much. The Japanese ship had but about six inches thick of wooden sides to compare with the twenty-four inches of thickness in the solidly built Fram.

Without experience in Arctic work the Japanese took heavy fur garments, instead of the moderately thick woolen clothes used by Shackleton, Amundsen and Scott. It is said that Shirase had few maps and charts, and that his instruments were poor. He and his men had bravery and enthusiasm. But it needs more visible and tangible weapons to fight the polar cold and darkness and this in tents, instead of solid, double walled houses.

They sailed, every one on board, from the lieutenant down, knowing that their fellow countrymen set them down as foolhardy starters on an impossible quest.

And they verified the prediction. Happy they are that their lives were spared.

UTAH CONVICTS ALSO

"WITHIN a few years Utah will have some of the finest public highways to be found in the United States.

"They will be largely built at a cost so small that the taxpayers of the state will never realize how little it has cost them.

"This is convict labor, made possible by a bill passed by the last legislature which authorized the working of state prisoners on the public highways of the state."

So says the Salt Lake Telegram.

This is the testimony of Warden Pratt of the Utah penitentiary. He is no novice. For several years past he has been warden. Previously he was chief of police of Salt Lake City.

He knows the criminal well.

The first lot of twenty men began work in the southwest of the state, far from the penitentiary, on January 1, and none has attempted to escape, says the warden. They have worked willingly, with discipline better kept than within the penitentiary walls. Of those working in other counties four only took French leave, and all four have been recaptured and returned to the penitentiary. The original roll call stands good today. Of the 300 prisoners inside the walls 200 are urging the warden, in letters, notes, and personal appeals, "give me a chance," each one cries—a chance to prove that they can be trusted, that they are still men, and can keep faith with him who trusts them, no matter what their past has been.

So far all the convicts have worked both willingly and hard. The state of Utah pays no wages to them and the road work is clear profit to the community. Every man is an "honor man," and no other has the chance to work outside.

SECRET PARTNERSHIPS

TWO women of the underworld swore in court Tuesday that former Police Sergeant Cole collected graft money from them. They conducted a scarlet house, and for permission to run it, paid the police sergeant $22.50 per week for each inmate and $5 a week for the privilege of conducting the place.

It is the testimony of the fallen, but where else is evidence to be obtained? Who can say that the women testified falsely?

The Journal has often said, and on this evidence it repeats, that it is the commercial phase of the social evil, shared by officials and higher-ups, that enables the traffic to flourish like a green bay tree. The potent force behind it, the force that makes it difficult to control, is exerted by those who collect secret dividends from the business.

The women are hopeless derelicts in the hands of their secret partners, and nobody knows how many the partners, nor who they are. The women are plucked, pursued and preyed upon by these ambushed profit-sharers.

Vice flourishes because it pays the price. It suffers little interference, because its privileges are bought.

There is no more effective means for controlling the evil than in destroying the silent partnerships that are the bulwark of the traffic. No greater progress can be made than by electing a public prosecutor who will prosecute the grafters that extort earnings from the fallen.

Incidentally, how many policemen seek their jobs for the privileges of graft?

POST AND THE PUBLIC

PROBABLY the most unusual publication in the United States is The Public, printed at Chicago.

It is published without question as to whether or not it is remunerative. It seeks the welfare of man. It strives only for human uplift. It has no other mission than to do its part for an economic adjustment that will bring the ultimate of justice to men.

It has been published for 14 years, and whenever there has been a deficit the amount has been supplied and The Public continued. Its editor is Louis F. Post, whose impulse is not for building the skyscrapers of Mammon, but for building manhood. He was once a successful lawyer in New York. But the disputes of his clients brought vividly before him the inequities and injustices of average life. His practice became distasteful. He was seized with the impulse to strive for human betterment by struggling for a change in economic conditions.

Mr. Post soon became editor of Truth, a newly established New York weekly. He continued with it as long as its editorial expressions were allowed to remain free. But a time came when the Goulds, who were heavy stockholders, undertook to dictate the policy of the pubication.

Then Mr. Post resigned and The Public was established. It was to be a paper fitted to the Post ideal. It was to be such a paper as embodied the objectives of a man who had deliberately sacrificed a profession and a legal career for the hope of serving his countrymen.

Such a paper it has been, and is. It is not surprising that its growth is announced by its management as most satisfactory.

Mr. Post's labors, still in the fullness of their influence, are a notable example of pure patriotism.

PANAMA SCRAP IRON

IN two years' time, or less, Colonel Goethals and his men will have done with a great railroad plant at Panama. It is said that fully 375 miles of railroad track will be set free, with at least 40 locomotives and 800 cars. With this will go steam shovels and miscellaneous plant to an immense extent and value. The fetching and hauling between Gatun and Culebra will cease when the unending maritime procession through the canal is set moving.

If all this goes to the junk heap for sale the nation will be lucky if it gets back one fourth or fifth of its original cost. Much of the old French material was sold for scrap iron.

But if congress adopts the plan to be recommended by Secretary Fisher in the report that he is about to submit a sufficient quantity of the Panama plant will be shipped to Seward, Alaska, and there but to use immediately on the railroad to open up the Matanuska coal fields.

Not only on the material itself, but in the direct shipment from Panama to Seward there will be enormous saving. One serious expense there must be—on cutting down the axle length on both locomotives and cars, from the five feet Panama guage to the four feet, eight and one half inches of the Alaska railroads. It is understood that this can be done for $25 a car, and $500 a locomotive, or less.

Colonel Goethals will also be glad to be able to put to work in Alaska a great contingent of his engineering and operating force. Alaska coal will be expedited in delivery to market by many a month if this plan is carried out. Over and above all this the nation and not the Alaska syndicate will control the transportation of Alaska.

Action in congress should be expedited, so that the work in Alaska may be begun without awaiting the actual completion of the canal.

A PARTING KICK

THE Oregon supreme court has given Kiernanism a parting kick. Denying an appeal in the Broadway bridge case, Justice McBride said:

"It is unfortunate that the city should be compelled to accept bids below par for these excellent securities, and no doubt, the fact that this condition exists is due in a great measure to the perverse and useless litigation instituted and carried on by the appellant after it had become apparent to everybody that its only effect would be to depreciate the value of the city's securities, and to increase by a large amount the bond issue necessary to complete the contemplated improvement."

The language of the court is not unlike that for which The Journal, in the early days of the Broadway bridge fight, was dragged into the circuit court to defend itself on a charge of contempt of court, lodged by Dunlway and Kiernan. After a hearing, the paper was quickly exonerated then, and it has the satisfaction of seeing Kiernanism judicially censured now in about the same terms that it applied to the obstructionists when the latter had not yet exhausted their resources in holding up a city.

Incidentally, why is it that our courts are so constituted that this unthinkable farce of Kiernanism could be so long maintained? Where is there one jurist, one lawyer or one layman, who is yet outside the penitentiary or a lunatic asylum, who will for one moment attempt to defend the unspeakable folly that has been enacted under cover of the law and in the livery of the courts, in the Broadway bridge case?

SALEM ON TRIAL

THE campaign for completion of the Willamette university endowment has been opened in Salem.

It places the public spirit of Salem on trial. No city, or people or material interest is so vitally interested in a successful outcome.

A million dollar university at Salem means ultimately a five million dollar university at Salem. A million dollar university, or a five million dollar university, means a great educative and social forward movement in any city in which it is located.

It means a greater revenue, in the distribution of money to come from increased students, increased faculty and increased resources—a fact of enormous material value to Salem in any enlargement of Willamette.

It means the enlargement of Salem in the public eye, in the fact of its being the seat of a great university, a university that now is moving swiftly to a position in which it will be conspicuous among the educational establishments of the state.

No greater opportunity has been given Salem to prove its public spirit and to grasp material and social advantages than in the chance now to do its share in making Willamette university a million dollar institution.

Salem and Marion county are on trial.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

IN his address to the senate, Senator Chamberlain made a strong plea for the new employers' liability and workmen's compensation act.

The measure is the most advanced yet proposed by a federal statute. It was prepared during the recess of congress by a committee consisting of Senator Sutherland of Utah, Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, Representative Moon of Pennsylvania, William C. Brown, president of the New York Central lines, and M. L. Cease, editor of the Railroad Trainman.

The bill expresses the general conviction that the injured workman or his family should no longer be exposed to the vicissitudes of a law suit, and to antiquated defences against the claim to secure an inadequate and doubtful compensation, reduced by the heavy expenses of litigation. It shifts the compensation to the railroads, to be provided as a part of the business cost of operation.

But the bill goes farther and establishes a new scale and new conditions for payment of compensation. Unless commuted by special contract into a lump sum the compensation will be paid monthly for eight years. In the case of a widow and one child it is fifty per cent of the wages of the workman killed, with 10 per cent more for each additional child—and it reaches fifteen per cent for partly dependent parents. The specific injury will fix the scale. In case of an arm compensation will be continued for seventy-two months, and so on, graduated by the severity of the accident.

Portland's registration is the largest in history. And the vote in the primaries ought to be the largest in history. If we don't vote in the primaries, we must not complain about officials. If we do not busy ourselves in selecting proper men to fix the taxes and eat the taxes, we should not complain about high taxes.

When a son is charged with murder, there is often a mother, as in the case of suspect Roberts, on whom the blow falls heavily. The interview between Roberts and his mother was harrowing. Then there are the other mothers whose sons were in the auto tragedy. There are a lot of things men ought to think of before they go gunning.

Letters From the People

Articles and questions for this page should be written on only one side of the paper and be accompanied by the writer's name. The name will not be published, but is desired as an indication of good faith.

Doesn't Think Selling Progressive.

Portland, April 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—Ben Selling may have been a progressive once upon a time, and he may be able to convince himself that he is a progressive now, by fondly gazing upon some campaign cards he used years ago, but no true progressive has any faith in Ben's sincerity. There are ample reasons for voters to base their suspicions on, chief of which is his advocacy of Bowerman's election to the office of governor. No true progressive would have supported such an avowed enemy of Oregon's system of progressive laws. A real progressive has a higher conception of principle than of party, and Mr Selling indicated his weakness by sacrificing all his boasted progressiveness to support the assembly candidate.

In the legislature Mr. Selling again furnished evidence that he was a weakling by catering to the Bowerman crowd, and here gave positive evidence of insincerity by voting against the resolution indorsing the Oregon system. See page 63, Senate Journal. He voted with Bowerman, Carson and other haters of the Oregon system, and against such real progressives as Kellaher, Sinnott, Joseph and eight other true blue advocates of the Oregon system.

The above would seem sufficient to classify Mr Selling, but where do we find him lined up in 1912? First as chairman of the Taft committee, until the exigencies of his own campaign caused him to resign. Does any voter really believe that Taft is a progressive? Does Taft believe in the Oregon system, and if he does not, does his erstwhile chairman Mr. Selling believe in it any more than he did when he voted against a resolution indorsing it in the legislature of 1911? If Selling was a sincere progressive now he would be for Mr. La Follette or Mr. Roosevelt, never for Taft.

If further evidence were needed it would only be necessary to point to his active supporters now. Who is really back of Selling in this campaign? First and foremost the Oregonian, the originator of the ill fated assembly, the organ of standpattism, the malignant hater and perennial critic of the Oregon system. Would the Oregonian support Ben Selling if he was a sincere believer in progressive laws? Who else is back of Selling in this campaign? Charles W. Fulton, Jay Bowerman, Seneca Beach, Joe Simon, Ferdinand Reed, Sam Mason, E. B. Piper and all the other assembly satellites in the state. Where do we find Ralph Williams, Taft's man Friday for Oregon? Everyone knows how Ralph hates the Oregon system, but Ralph is heartily supporting the alleged progressive Mr. Selling. There isn't a single true progressive in the state supporting Mr. Selling. The voters of Oregon don't care what Mr. Selling was or pretended to be in 1896, they are only concerned in what he is today.

T. B. M.

Champ Clark.

Stayton, Or., April 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Among the leaders in politics today there is no more prominent figure than Champ Clark. When as a young man Mr. Clark left college, some fellow students asked him about the future, what he expected to do.

"Well," he said, "I will teach school, practice law, and go to the legislature."

"Then what," was asked.

"Then I'll go to congress."

"And then what," they continued.

"Then be president," was the reply.

Upon leaving college he was elected president of a college in Kentucky, being at the time the youngest man ever elected as president of a college in this country. The writer of this brief tribute has been personally acquainted with Mr. Clark for nearly 30 years. He has seen him enter a strange town and begin the practice of law, has seen him enjoy first rank and renown in both county and state politics.

For 20 years Mr. Clark has represented the Ninth district of Missouri in congress. And when the Democrats gained control of the lower house two years ago, he was the acknowledged champion and leader of the party, and was elected speaker.

Mr. Clark has made a wonderful record during his 20 years in national politics. His record is clean. He has been before the public as much as any man, in different ways, as a campaigner in politics, as a lecturer on the platform, and in religious conventions, but the breath of scandal has never stained his character.

Last winter when it was thought that Mr. Folk of Missouri would be a candidate before the Democratic national convention, Mr. Clark said that he was willing to leave the matter of choice between Mr. Folk and himself to the Missouri delegation.

But recently he has declined to enter New Jersey, or to allow his name to be placed on the primary ballots in that state, out of respect and courtesy to Mr. Wilson. Honor never had a more loyal disciple than Champ Clark. Jeffersonian Democracy never had a more fearless defender. No man is nearer to the people of the nation than he.

He is not in a class by himself, but he is at the head of the class.

R. L. MORTON.

The Oil Tank Question.

Portland, Or., April 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Union Oil company are going into court with the oil tank question and the people are well prepared for a bitter fight. The company left the east side where they had a 15 year lease, and by misrepresentation and trickery secured the passage of the district oil ordinance, whereby they attempted, by slipping in the district from Sheridan street to Lowell avenue and from Macadam street to the river, to locate 3,000,000 gallons of oil in South Portland and prove an everlasting menace to the whole city, smashing property values and endangering the lives of the citizens. The district oil measure was drawn up in such a way to fool the councilmen as they did not know where the tanks would be located. The people welcome the antics of the company as this occasion will prove an opportunity to expose this bold, rapacious attempt to throttle the rights of the people who demand justice in the protection of their homes.

A detective will be employed to ferret out the method of securing the oil company's land in South Portland. The citizens have for years kept up the burdens of government, paid taxes, street improvements, sewer assessments, fill assessments and what not and are therefore bitterly opposed to corporation enslavement. They court justice but defy the machinations of law defying companies.

JOHN HEITKEMPER,
Chairman Citizen's Committee.

Knew La Follette in Boyhood.

Newberg, Or., April 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Fred L. Ames of this city gives an interesting account of Robert M. La Follette as he knew him and knew of him in the early years of his life, in Dane county, Wisconsin. "Bob lived in the Primrose neighborhood, about 10 miles from us," Mr. Ames tells us. "He used to come over to our school house with some of the other boys to the spelling matches. After spelling it was the custom to have speaking and dialogues. Bob was very apt in these, especially in dialogues, where his acting always made a hit. He was generally conceded to be a smart, shrewd boy, and was popular with nearly everyone."

Mr. Ames came to Oregon six years ago from Nebraska, where he lived 21 years after leaving Wisconsin. He says he has been in close touch with La Follette's career all his life through friends and relatives, and believes him to be thoroughly qualified in integrity of character, native ability and training, for the presidency. He notes with pleasure that Newberg is included in La Follette's itinerary.

W. L. ARANT.

The Game Laws.

Portland, Or., April 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—For the benefit of "Journal Reader," will say that the salmon fish laws and the game—game fish and game bird—laws, are enforced from entirely different departments. If the violators of the salmon fish laws who were caught a couple of days ago are not prosecuted yet you can rest assured they will be. As for the game law, what you need is a little influence. Here is a sample of the work done by the game department: Only July 9, 1911, a game warden arrested a fisherman at Oswego and took him before the justice of the peace at that place. The man got a hearing and was fined $25, which he paid. All this happened on Sunday which was strictly illegal except the arresting part.

The law entitles the deputy to half of the game fines. Does he get it? No! It is supposed to be turned over to the game protection fund. Is there anything to show that it is?

JOURNAL READER NO. 2.

A Valued Possession.

Central Point, Or., April 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see in your paper many accounts of relics of bygone days. I read them with much interest, for they always put me to thinking, but I am going to present to your readers, many of whom can vouch for the truth of my story, an old truth story. I own a trunk that my father bought in San Francisco in the year 1848, and brought the trunk home to North Yamhill, Or., and gave it to my mother. I remember when my mother used to push me away from the trunk to keep from pinching my fingers when she closed down the lid. When I was 18 years old she gave the trunk to me. I used it to keep my Sunday clothes in, also my love letters. I have the trunk now and it has been in continual use for 63 years. It has stood the wear and tear of eight children of my own and has been tumbled over and about by 16 of my grandchildren. It came into my father's house in Old Yamhill before I was born, hence it has been my continual companion all my life. Portland was then a small burg, for 63 years make many changes. I look back to my youth and compare the picture of then to the picture of now. Even my trunk has changed its looks. Who can beat this trunk story?

SIMPSON WILSON.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE.

All jobs look hard to a lazy man.

• •

One person in many is really better than he thinks he is.

• •

Only a killing blow will knock out some people's ignition.

• •

Typical I. W. W. disturbers are the worst enemies of real workingmen.

• •

Another bid indication for Harmon. Bailey of Texas is said to be for him.

• •

Every successful Latin-American revolution is a breeder of more revolutions.

• •

Unofficial weather prediction: Lots of rain soon to bring up those garden plants.

• •

Among the president's special messages. Has there been one in favor of the parcels post?

• •

Oregon slanderers of Oregon deserve hard times. They would better fit some less favored state.

• •

La Follette's friends in Oregon have good ground for hope; the Oregonian is heavily and muddily for Taft.

• •

Living behind levees along the Mississippi river is somewhat like living at the foot of an active volcano.

• •

The common people are having more of a voice in nominating and electing public servants than ever before.

• •

No intelligent person places any confidence, any more, in the predictions and claims of campaign managers.

• •

Woodrow Wilson should gain in popular esteem and support on account of the nature and source of attacks on him.

• •

Roosevelt seemed to imagine that most of the people were singing "We'll have this man, or we'll have no man at all."

• •

There will be many and varied excuses for failing to register, but the true one in most cases will be: too lazy or careless.

• •

Certain desertions seem to have helped, not hurt, La Follette. The people believe he deserves fidelity in his associates and followers.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The W. O. W. lodge at Eugene at its last meeting held a initiation with a mortuary burning act as the chief item of the program.

• •

Sumpter American: The snow is going fast; the bottom has fallen out of the snow roads and now prepare to welcome the "good old, summer time."

• •

Oregon City Courier: The Elks have the cement walks and foundation pillars nearly completed and from here on their new home will move along rapidly.

• •

The county fair committee of the Baker Commercial club has been promised $1000 by Baker county court to await the fund necessary to begin operations.

• •

The Heppner Gazette Times is earnestly advocating a system of street improvement, by way of making Heppner attractive to the persons seeking a "home town."

• •

Paisley Press: Before many moons have passed the Chewaucan State bank will be doing business in Paisley. It is understood that considerable local capital has been interested.

• •

Albany Democrat: Plainview, a small but thrifty country town this side of Brownsville, has the distinction of having the only exclusive ladies' orchestra in the county. It is a good one.

• •

Klamath Herald: Telford & Sons are just completing a fine new launch for the Algoma Lumber company for use on the Upper Lake. The launch is 26 feet long, with a 6 foot beam, and will be sufficiently large to carry about 15 passengers.

• •

Max A. McCall, an instructor in the department of agronomy at the agricultural college at Corvallis, has been chosen as instructor in the agricultural department of the Klamath Falls high school.

• •

Albany Democrat: Albany has the distinction of having the gold medal section on the Southern Pacific's lines in Oregon. J. E. Cochran, foreman of the section from just opposite the depot south, has just been awarded the gold medal for having the best section along the line, an honor sought by all foremen. This is said to be the second time this has been secured by Mr. Cochran.

SEVEN GREAT FOUNDERS

John Locke.

John Locke was the first of the English metaphysicians. Proceeding as he did into realms unfamiliar to contemporary or previous philosophy, there were times when his logic was not unassailable, nor were some of the tenets which he held, above question. But this is not to be wondered at, since he was, as it were, feeling his way.

His writings show many commendable qualities, the most distinguishing of which is his love of truth. He held himself neither submissive to the opinions of others, nor to his own, and adopted no dominant principles from which he refused to depart. He was peculiarly free from the failing some philosophers have had, vanity, but at times displays a lack of patience amounting to contempt for his predecessors.

Locke was very original throughout all his work. Wherever we trace any of his ideas to another source, we find always that he has added to them some new meaning all his own, or has clothed them in new and different words.

His entire work was a long, minute, painstaking analysis of the human mind. The main points which he brought forth may be summoned up briefly as follows:

Human understanding is not based on any innate principles, and no fact makes itself apparent through any born sense. General assent to any particular principle by all mankind he held as no argument, in that there is no one principle to which all of mankind gives assent. Even moral principles cannot be inborn, because of the fact that they differ with different nations and peoples.

Therefore, all ideas come from either direct sensation, such as feeling, hearing, taste; or from reflection, the building up of a complex idea from a number of different sensations. And no matter how complex an idea human understanding may form, it must be the result of other impressions and not in one item original.

It has been argued that Locke was among those who do not admit the moral faculty of discerning right from wrong, but a perusal of his writings will show that he has repeatedly asserted a natural law imposed by a supreme being which is universal. He had a firm and constant belief in such a divine being, and never showed the slightest tendency to atheism. He himself states that God is sufficiently in evidence to amply prove his existence to the human understanding.

Locke was educated at Westminster and Christ Church college, at Oxford. Through Shaftesbury, he was made secretary of presentations and later of the board of trade. To Americans he is best known on account of a constitution which he drafted for North Carolina, embodying orders for nobility, but which was never put into effect. It was as a philosopher, however, that he inscribed his name in history.

Whatever we may find to censure in his theories, we will do well to remember that he was the first adventurer in the great field which he opened, and that he threw much light on principles wich, familiar as they now seem, were entirely new at the time.

Tomorrow, David Hume.

Tanglefoot By Miles Overholt

A HOLDUP AND THE WHY.

(Three Rattles and a Button.)

A train glides swiftly down the track, past watertank, prospector's shack, past waterfalls and mountain steep, past desert lands and herds of sheep.

The passengers inside the cars play sevenup and smoke cigars, and tell long tales of daring deeds, of weird desires and hopes and needs. Occasionally a baby cries, an old man groans, a woman sighs, and on and on the Flyer goes, killing the miles at evening's close.

Second Rattle.

But hark! A dozen shots are heard. The engine stops. A trembling word goes down the line from coach to coach. The word is "Holdup." Men approach, and blow the safe and shoot their guns, the while the engine puffs and runs adown the track a mile or two in charge of robbers and the crew.

Then picking up the sacks of cash, the robbers make a frantic dash to where a dozen steeds are tied, on which they hop and start a ride that soon will lead them to their doom within a cabin's darkened room. For as they canter down the vale a sheriff's gang takes up the trail.

Third Rattle.

Into a canyon deep and wide the robbers and the posse ride, and as the sheriff and his men surround the bandits in the glen, they ride their foaming steeds inside a cabin door that's opened wide, and there they make their hopeless stand against the sheriff and his band.

For soon the cabin catches fire, and as the flames and smoke mount higher, each robber comes with hands in air and shouts his innocence for fair. The sheriff takes the bags of gold, the horses and the robbers bold, and back to town the whole gang goes, as friendly as a nest of crows, telling each other many jokes, and all about each other's folks.

The Button.

You see the reason for the stunt—the robbery, the sheriff's hunt, the burning cabin and the gold, the standoff of the robbers bold, the passengers and crew, you know, were working for a picture show.

The Last Shield

From Philadelphia North American.

The most famous dictum defining the duty of a lawyer was uttered by Lord Brougham when he was chief counsel for the defense of Caroline of Brunswick against the accusations of her husband, George IV. It has been quoted with approval by bench and bar in this country for generations. It is as follows:

"An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, in the discharge of that office, knows but one person in the world—his client and none other. To save that client by all means and expedients, to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other."

In Everybody's Magazine Charles P. Connolly, in a remarkably valuable series of articles upon "Big Business and the Bench," in which every assertion is substantiated by the records of the state and federal courts, has taken as his text the declaration that big business, forced into retreat, has taken its last stand behind the American judiciary.

In New York on Wednesday a group of great corporation lawyers met in solemn session, avowedly to save the American constitution and our sacred institutions from iconoclastic mob vandalism, in reality to discharge "the highest and most unquestioned duties" of the lawyer as defined by Lord Brougham more than a century ago. They are great lawyers. For their clients are the most powerful masters of concentrated wealth and privilege. They include most of the greatest lawyers of our generation, if greatness be gauged by the magnitude of fees received.

The list includes Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain; Elihu Root, now United States senator from New York; John L. Cadwalader, member of Strong & Cadwalader, to which firm Henry W. Taft, the president's brother, belongs; John C. Spooner, former senator from Wisconsin; B. F. Tracy, former judge of the court of appeals and cabinet officer; Louis Marshall; John W. Griggs, former governor of New Jersey, and those well known Democrats, John G. Milburn, William Hornblower, Lewis Cass Ledyard and George L. Rives—trust makers, defenders of the Wall street variety of high finance, well paid and efficient servants of big business and true to their clients and to the ancient Brougham doctrine one and all.

In a smaller way, in every community are found like leaders of the bar and bench, aided by the beneficiaries of special privilege, monopolistic combinations, big business of every variety—every interest, in fact, the swollen profits of which might be lessened by the establishment of social justice and even partial restoration of popular government—are found crying out, as these legal creators and saviors of the trusts are doing in New York, for a protective alliance against any suggestion of any honest and safe progressive remedy for acknowledged existing wrongs.

Everywhere the outcry is based first upon the misrepresentation that there is a demand for the national use of the recall of judges; that it is a basic principle instead of an emergency instrumentality, rarely to be approved and more rarely to be used; second, the arrant falsehood that "the proposed method of reversing judicial decisions by popular vote lays the ax at the root of the tree of well ordered freedom and subjects the guarantees of life, liberty and property without remedy to the fitful impulse of a temporary majority."

The plain truth is that the supreme court has led, and in both state and federal jurisdictions the lower courts have followed, in usurping the powers of the legislative branch of our triune government, until both letter and spirit of the national and state constitutions have been perverted in accordance with the contradictory opinions of judges.

And the perversion has become intolerable to a free people since it has become extended to the degree where to safeguard class rule by concentrated, criminally acquired wealth the courts assert substantially the right to grant to private interests the power to tax the entire people and to license and legitimatize illegal monopoly.

Pointed Paragraphs

Engagement rings are still popular in court circles.

• •

Avarice is the only kind of ice that will not melt.

• •

It's a poor spirit medium who hasn't a ghost of a show.

• •

No accident policy can help a man when he falls in love.

• •

People who raise objections are always sure of a bountiful crop.

• •

Many a girl talks of marrying again who has never been married at all.

• •

All things come to those who wait—but then we can't all be waiters.

• •

The man who is old enough to know better is usually too old to do better.

• •

Every farmer's wife has half a dozen odd jobs laid up for him to do when it rains.

Balmy Spring

(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.)

When with his chain that tyrant king, old Winter, long hath bound us, how pleasant then is gentle Spring, when she comes smiling round us! Then to the barber I repair, a gay and blithe cavorter, and have him amputate my hair and cut my whiskers shorter. With sunny smile and sprightly joke I wander through the city, and put my overcoat in soak, and sing a cheerful ditty. In spring the burden of my years seems fallen from my shoulder, and I'm as frisky as bay steers and not a blamed bit older. I'm just as chipper as can be, my vim could not be greater; I'd chase a peeler up a tree, or whip an alligator. And while I'm feeling blithe and gay, some sinful agent passes; he sells a tonic made of hay and barks and buds and grasses. He backs me up against a wall and says I need his mixtures to heal my liver and my gall and divers other fixtures. He proves that I am out of whack by reading texts and verses from Dr. Faker's almanac—upon which book my curse is. And so I take his dope and then my buoyancy's departed; I'm feeling old and tough again, and stale and broken hearted. When spring time clothes the smiling hills, rejuvenates each acre, beware the agent and his pills, beware of Dr. Faker!

Copyright, 1911, by George Matthew Adams.

Walt Mason