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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction. —Jeremy Taylor.

THE PROOF

RESPECTING the accusation of his alliance with reactionaries in his fight for the presidency, Speaker Clark demands "proof or retraction."

It is common knowledge that in the recent presidential primaries, Speaker Clark's managers were in cooperation with the managers of reactionary candidates.

It is of record that in the convention, Speaker Clark's strength went to the election as temporary chairman, of a Thomas F. Ryan lawyer, over William J. Bryan, the leading progressive of the age.

It is public knowledge that when asked by his managers whether to support Boss Murphy's man Parker, or Mr. Bryan, for temporary chairman, Speaker Clark refused to declare for the progressive as against the reactionary.

But stronger than all these convincing facts are other evidences.

The speaker's candidacy is supported by Boss Sullivan, a reactionary, and his Illinois delegation.

He is supported by Boss Guffy, the reactionary Pennsylvania boss.

He is supported by Delegate Fred V. Holman of Oregon, a well known reactionary.

He is supported by August Belmont, a reactionary.

He is supported by Boss Murphy, leader of Tammany, and the most powerful figure of reaction in the convention.

Reactionaries know their kind.

PROGRESS OF HOME RULE

A HOPEFUL indication that the Ulster men are beginning to see light is in the admission just made by one of their hardest fighters that if they are to have a Home Rule parliament they may as well have as able and powerful an institution as they can get. This is the exact counter to the various amendments they, and their allies of the Conservative opposition, have placed on the order book for argument, the object of which is to weaken, to deface, to disable the government bill—to make it so ridiculous that its authors may, for very shame, abandon it.

This more sensible policy would serve to drive apart the two constituents of the opposition. The Ulsterites would strive to pass the bill for the sake of Ireland, the Conservatives to destroy it to upset the government. The house divided against itself would speedily fall.

The London "Statist," a leading financial paper, believes that a bright future awaits Ireland. The main part of the land is now divided among the peasantry. Heartless evictions have ceased. The established church has been abolished. The population is growing rapidly. Ireland has excellent harbors, and immense undeveloped water powers. Every observer notes the marvelous change in the spirit of the Irish people, especially in the last 10 years. There is a passionate desire for education, and; coincident with this, improved farming methods are spreading widely and rapidly.

The Home Rule of Ireland will find a fertile soil prepared, in which to fructify.

THE REAL GETTYSBURG

THE first eight pages of the Atlantic Monthly for July are given to Miss Mary Johnston's "Gettysburg" — which, once read, is etched on the memory, in acid strokes that stay. History it is not—nor is it a collection of independent and unrelated sketches. Rather the impression is given of an invisible photographer who hovers high in air above the blood soaked field, holding place through the whole dreadful three days, from the moment that Heth's brigade of A. P. Hill's corps encountered Buford's cavalry, until, from exhaustion of life and energy the wrecked columns of Lee's splendid army on the third day drew slowly and sullenly away in retreat.

But the imaginary camera should be endowed with the magical gift of widespread and simultaneous vision and of penetrating the smoke pall that began gathering when the opposing armies met and thereafter hung in never dissolved masses over the entire field.

Every enclosure, every slope, every fence, every boulder on the historic hillsides held a tragedy past or in the making. Dead, dying and desperately wounded men, and horses by the thousand, paying in one tremendous effort the nation's price for settling the issues of its future. And what a price it was this artist's story tells — this war brought down in detail to the lives of individual sufferers — with the homes of the nation filled meanwhile with the agony of suspense, if not of actual bereavement.

It is nearly true that the history of the world is told in its "Fifteen decisive battles"—each one, a Gettysburg, ending thus. "The noise died away. The winds came creeping back from the west, and gently lifting the coverlet of smoke, revealed a strange sight. The fields were all carpeted, a beautiful carpet, a costly carpet. * * * The figures were horses and men all matted and woven together with skeins of scarlet thread."

What issues are of sufficient weight, that the settlement shall be paid for, not only in the pauperization of the nations, but in blood and lives of myriads of men? A terrible responsibility is his who lays but a finger in the path of honest effort to lessen the risk of war.

WHAT CARES MURPHY?

THOUGH importuned to do so, Governor Woodrow Wilson refused to go to Baltimore in the interest of his candidacy. With becoming dignity, he remained at Trenton, leaving to the Baltimore delegates the issue of whether or not he is to be called as the standard bearer of his party.

Against him in the convention is Thomas F. Ryan. It was Governor Wilson's refusal to permit Henry Watterson and Colonel Harvey to solicit campaign contributions from Thomas F. Ryan that caused the break with the Kentucky colonel, then a supporter of Governor Wilson, new a manager for Speaker Clark.

Both incidents are splendid proofs that Governor Wilson is of presidential mold. In refusing Ryan money, he refused to put himself under obligations to Wall street. In refusing to go to Baltimore, he displayed an exalted conception of what the presidency ought to be.

Governor Wilson may fail of nomination. What does a stupid Tammany boss with 90 wax figure delegates at his back know about the presidency or care about who or what is fit?

CHICAGO AND BALTIMORE

WHATEVER was lacking at Chicago in the way of instructions as to national nominating processes, is supplied at Baltimore.

The Chicago affair was composed partly of delegates chosen in open primaries where all could vote. Other delegates were selected by the convention method. The southern delegates were framed up by a caucus of federal office holders holding their positions by the grace of William H. Taft.

When the delegations arrived, and it turned out that the majority wasn't right, another agency interposed. It was the national committee. Its modern name is steam roller. It was final authority in naming delegates for the convention, and it named enough of the right complexion to nominate Mr. Taft. This is what we call "representative" government.

All these agencies were in vogue at Baltimore, except the steam roller, and the southern office holder delegates. But it has Boss Murphy, and Boss Murphy selected and owns 90 delegates. He votes them coldly, and votes them wherever and for whomsoever he wills. That 90 delegates is a huge force, a force that would have gone far in controlling at Baltimore, but for the brave leader from Nebraska.

If the light of what we have seen at Chicago, and in the light of what we have seen at Baltimore, is it not easy to see how the trusts, money and Murphys have managed so long to control this country?

In the light of what we see at these two national conventions, is it difficult to see why the cost of living is at the highest record, why it increased 10 per cent in 1911, and why, in a time of profound peace, meat prices are higher than in war time?

In the light of Chicago and Baltimore doesn't everybody see that William J. Bryan has been right all these years, and that he is the noblest Roman of them all?

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT

THERE is a new superintendent at the state reform school. In his selection, the state board sought for a man with special preparation for care of refractory boys. It is said that at the time he was chosen, not one of the three members of the board knew the political affiliation of the new superintendent, if indeed, he has any.

It has never been proven that political labels are a help in reforming boys. A spoiled boy or a boy with hereditary blight is one of the most difficult problems of life. To rehabilitate him is accomplished not by a political hack, but by a man of especial fitness, acquainted with boys, attuned to their aspirations and skilled in human psychology.

It isn't because he is a Democrat or because he is a Republican, or because he is neither, that the head of the Oregon training school can reform bad boys. If mostly a Republican or mostly a Democrat, he cannot do it.

Superintendent Hale's qualifications are that he was long identified with the boy saving work at the Y. M. C. A., than which there is no better institution in the world for salvaging boys.

When one passes along the streets of Portland and sees two or three out of every four boys of 15 to 18 with pipes or cigarettes in their mouths, it is a comforting thought that there is effort at the state capital to emphasize the work of the state reform school.

OUR COMPLICITY

THREE Portland youths are in jail for an attempt at highway robbery on the Powell Valley road. A shot fired by one of them at the occupants of an auto increases the gravity of their offense.

But why did society permit this trio to be at large, each with a big revolver in his hip pocket?

A cocked revolver is a highwayman's only working tool. If society provides adventurous and improperly trained boys with a robber's tools, what else is to be expected but robbery?

But for the revolvers, this holdup would not have been attempted. Three boys or three men would not try to stop a passing auto with a club. Nor would they depend on knives, or swords or spears to stop a swiftly passing machine, itself more dangerous to life and limb than any other robbers' tool except a pistol.

It is only the revolver on which the cowardly holdup men can rely. It makes them brave, because they can keep out of harm's way while reducing their victims to submission.

All we have to do to multiply and perpetuate robberies, holdups, burglaries and murders is to keep on selling revolvers to all comers. There are always plenty of men and boys to do the work as long as society accommodatingly supplies them with tools.

We raise a great howl about the holdups. We become indignant, and, when we catch them, throw the robbers into jail, as we ought to do. We shed tears over the increase of crime, and roll our eyes to high heaven and wonder why it is so.

Yet it is we who arm the crooks. It is we who supply them with pistols and ammunition. It is we who make it possible for them to ply their trade. It is we who are partly at fault and partly guilty.

If we supply the assassin with his working tool, what can we expect but that he will assassinate?

LET US FORGET

BECAUSE of recent presidential pardons, it is not meet for gentlemen at McNeill's Island or near McNeill's Island to raise a furore about Oregon land fraud trials.

We may all question the methods of Heney and Burns. We may doubt the rectitude of their processes in investigating jurors. Much depends on what was the character of these ante-trial and secret inquiries.

But nothing will wipe out the evidence on the records of the federal court in Portland. No power can change the proved fact that frauds of the worst kind were perpetrated. No late developments can efface the established knowledge that frauds were committed for which men should have been sent to the penitentiary, even some who did not go.

The issue is not one for those accused to raise. Forests were stolen. Public lands were sequestered. Conspiracies were widespread. Guilt was everywhere. The facts in the frauds are history, and ineffaceable.

The gentlemen who were participants are not martyrs. It is better for all concerned to let the dead past bury its dead. We all want to forget it.

SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND

TEN or twelve days ago the British "manhood suffrage" bill was introduced in the house of commons. The resolution was adopted by 274 to 50.

The purpose of the bill was one man one vote thereby depriving those men who held qualifications in different places from casting a separate vote in each. This is, naturally, a distinctly liberal measure of the Liberal government, and will, if passed, deprive the conservative opposition of nearly 200,000 votes. For this Radicals and Laborites have been working for many years.

But the fur will fly when an amendment is moved to strike out the word "male" from the electoral definition. It will then become a universal suffrage measure, and the suffragettes will gain all they are fighting for—if and when it passes.

Will it pass? The Labor party were pledged to it, and they will probably stand to their colors unless disgusted by the suffragette outbreaks to the point of refusing their votes. The Conservatives may vote for the amendment in order to kill the bill. But the Labor vote is needed to pass Irish Home Rule and the government cannot afford to oppose its staunchest supporters. Nor can the Laborites refuse their votes to a bill for which they have been fighting these many years.

Mr. Asquith is in a strange quandary.

MRS. CAMPBELL

AN earnest worker in the church activities of Portland has fallen. The missions and missionary society of the Presbyterian organization have lost the material aid and wise counsel of one who was devoted in their service. The Young Women's Christian association and other activities consecrated to human welfare must strike another name from the roll call of their prized friends.

The passing of Mrs. H. C. Campbell will be deplored by many circles in Portland as untimely. She was a woman of high purpose and exalted ideals whose life left an ineffaceable impress for good upon those among whom she moved.

The trouble at Baltimore is that there are too many hand picked stampede proof delegates. They do not represent the true sentiment of their party.

Is the Baltimore convention to be a bugle note of victory, or a summons for pall bearers?

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.

The Socialists' View.

Portland, Or., June 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—Many of the stands taken by Socialists on current political and economic questions are misunderstood by those outside the movement. This is largely due to imperfect knowledge of Socialism; either through lack of studying the matter or through consulting the works of unfair or incompetent critics. Perhaps no question is more puzzling to such people than the Socialist attitude toward competition and monopoly.

Socialists do not believe that when a few people or a community wish to accomplish a purpose that the best method is to struggle and hinder one another. They believe in cooperation wherever possible. But they do not believe in private monopoly such, for instance, as P. R. L. & P. That is, they do not believe in it from the consumers' and wage workers' standpoint, as a monopoly existing for the purpose of grinding profits out of them for the benefit of the P. R. L. & P. stockholders.

Merely from the point of efficient production of light and power and the operation of utilities, we know that one concern can do the work at less cost than could two or more. That of course does not necessarily mean that the monopoly will not take the opportunity of setting unreasonable prices. The purpose of regulation is to prevent monopolies from pocketing the difference between monopolistic and competitive cost. Those who believe in organized industry and regulation feel that the community should be spared the waste of competition and should refuse to pay a premium to monopoly.

The Socialists are not primarily advocates of regulation. They believe in the absolute ownership by the nation of the great industries of production and distribution with their democratic control and the right of the workers to the full value of their labor. Socialists believe in regulation only in that it is better than unrestricted monopoly or anarchistic competition. So much for the statement that the Socialists' and Mr. Josselyn's attitude are the same and the suggestion that we make Mr. Josselyn the "steward of the public welfare." Socialists wish the people themselves to act as intelligent stewards of their own welfare.

Morris Hillquit, a clear and able writer, begins in the July Metropolitan a series of articles, entitled "Socialism Up to Date." Those really wishing to inform themselves on this important subject have here a ready opportunity.

W. M.

Religion in Politics.

Portland, Or., June 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—We may suppose that not a few of the delegates to the Baltimore convention attended the mother church of Christianity this morning and heard read from her altars the epistle, I Peter iii, 8-15: "Dearly beloved, be ye all of one mind in prayer, sympathizing, loving the brotherhood, merciful, modest, humble; not rendering evil for evil, nor insult for insult; but, on the contrary, blessing; for this ye are called, that ye may inherit a blessing. For let him who will love life and see good days refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile. Let him turn away from evil and do good; let him seek peace and pursue it, for the eyes of the Lord are on the just, and his ears are open to their prayers; but the countenance of the Lord is on those who do evil. And who is there can hurt you, if ye be zealous for good? But if also ye suffer something for justice, blessed are ye. And fear not their terror and be not troubled. But sanctify Christ the Lord in your hearts."

Oh man, without judging you, does your religion enter into your politics or your politics into your religion? Are not such scenes enacted at Chicago and Baltimore a disgrace to civilization? Yet there are those who would have women associate themselves with such surroundings, men and women both, who fain would represent and govern others, who might well employ their spare hours in self-legislation and self-government, comprehended in the words individual and home. Perhaps it were well that the police were well represented at both conventions, lest we import a foreign custom of smashing windows and chcking the speakers. If this is published, another woman has her say.

ELIZABETH A. MURPHY.

Perkin's Problem.

From the N. Y. Post.

People are wondering where George W. Perkins expects to stand if Roosevet, his candidate, is, after all, elected to the presidency in November. Perkins himself may know, and then again, he may not. Possibly Perkins is like the dog in an Indiana town, about which he likes to tell.

Perkins was standing at the railroad station, waiting for a train. He was talking with the agent, when the Twentieth Century Limited swept around a curve. Hardly had the last car gone when the agent's dog went up the track as fast as his four legs could carry him, barking furiously at the fast receding train.

"He allus does that," remarked the agent. "He does it every day."

"Indeed," said Perkins. "And does he ever expect to catch the train?"

"I dunno," was the reply, "but wot I've been a-tryin' to figger out is wot he expects to do with it if he ever does ketch it."

One Bed for Ten.

Nearly 4000 additional hospital beds for consumptives in 29 states were provided during the year ending June 1 according to a statement issued today from the records of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. This makes a total of over 30,000 beds, but only about one for every 10 indigent tuberculosis patients in this country.

In the last five years, the hospital provision for consumptives has increased from 14,428 in 1907 to over 30,000 in 1912, or over 100 per cent. New York state leads in the number of beds, having 8350 on June 1; Massachusetts comes next with 2800; and Pennsylvania, a close third with 2700. Alabama showed the greatest percentage of increase in the last year by adding 57 new beds to its 43 a year ago. Georgia comes next with 109 beds added to 240 a year ago. New York has the greatest numerical increase, having provided over 1800 additional beds in the year.

Only four states, Mississippi, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming have no beds whatever in special hospitals or wards for consumptives. Eight years ago, when the national association was organized, there were 26 states in which no hospital or sanatorium provision for consumptives existed, and the entire number of beds in the United States was only 10,000.

"While these figures would indicate a remarkable growth in anti-tuberculosis activity," say Dr. Livingston Farrand, executive secretary of the national association, in commenting on this subject, "there are still practically 10 indigent consumptives for every one of the 30,000 beds, including those for pay patients. In other words, we have from 250,000 to 300,000 consumptives in this country too poor to provide hospital care for themselves. If tuberculosis is ever going to be stamped out in the United States, more hospital provision for these foci of infection must be provided."

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Possession is desire's antidote.

* *

The ground: Now let him shine.

* *

Bryan and Ryan are Democratic opposites.

* *

Some girls are led astray; others need no leading.

* *

Hello, husky and hungry hobos; the harvest fields need you.

* *

One may do something that looks bad, even if no one else sees it.

* *

It would have been a better convention with Tammany kicked out of it.

* *

Many people agree that once in six years is often enough to save the country.

* *

Neither will the weather always adapt itself to the desires of vacationers.

* *

The "Espee" is doing and going to do big things in Oregon, as well as the Hills.

* *

In the long run brains and behavior count for incomparably more than looks and style.

* *

People who elected Fred V. Holman a delegate well knew his brand of Democracy.

* *

Now attempts are being made to reform bathing suits; isn't there too much reforming?

* *

Thousands beside Elks will attempt to be among the best and happiest people on earth.

* *

If Taft were well advised, and heedful he would probably make no campaign speeches.

* *

A baseball team is "owned" by some capitalist and sportsman, but its members are not therefore his slaves.

* *

What sense is there in electing delegates of all sorts of opinions and leanings, thus being representative of all sorts of voters of a party, and then instructing them all to vote the same, and so represent only voters of the same opinion?

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Baker Democrat: The range in Baker county is getting back to early days' condition—bunch grass growth—the native grass.

* *

The Wallowa Sun has a new heading, and the publishers have made other changes for bettering appearance and improving service.

* *

The closing up of the subscription list and the deal for the purchase of the required site for the Carnegie library at Gresham are nearing completion.

* *

Weston Leader: A pretty little orange tree at the home of Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Kennard is in bloom. Last year it bore a single orange, which was duly eaten and found to be palatable.

* *

Roseburg News: Roseburg may congratulate herself on the number of paved streets she will have by fall. There are few places of Roseburg's size in the state that have so many streets paved, and paved well.

* *

Newberg Enterprise: Next year the grand army encampment of this state is to be held in Newberg. At the encampment at Salem there was a large attendance and one equally large may be expected here next year.

* *

Union Republican: Frank Turner this week sent to the mint at San Francisco through the First National bank, a very nice gold retort brought from the mines at the head of the Grand Ronde. The retort, weighing about 12 ounces, is worth approximately $190, being about 800 fine.

* *

Gold Beach Globe: Gold Beach will no longer be at the mercy of bum telephone service from the outside. C. D. Lamson is installing a wireless receiving station that will be in touch with Cape Blanco at all times and will reach as far as Portland. Thus Gold Beach takes one more progressive step.

* *

Hillsboro Argus: Ed Saxton and associates gave their friends a big crawfish feed down on Rock creek, Sunday afternoon. This fresh water shellback is now at his best and collectively makes a feast fit for the gods. The menu of the ancient Greeks pales to staleness by the side of the Washington county "crawfish."

SEVEN GREAT PLAGUES

The Dancing Mania.

The effect of the black death had not yet subsided, and the graves of millions of its victims were scarcely closed, when in 1374 a strange delusion arose in Germany. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame, and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries, since which time it has never reappeared. It was called the dance of St. John or of St. Vitus, on account of the Bacchantic leaps by which it was characterized, and which gave those affected, whilst performing their wild dance and screaming and foaming with fury, all the appearances of persons possessed. It did not remain confined to particular localities, but was propagated by the sight of the sufferers, like a demoniacal epidemic, over the whole of Germany and the neighboring countries to the northwest, which were already prepared for its reception by the prevailing opinions of the times.

So early as the year 1374, assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public both in the streets and in churches the following strange spectacle: They formed circles hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their sense, continued dancing regardless of the bystanders, for hours together in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly around their waists, upon which they again recovered and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings, but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner, by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected, while dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the sense, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they shrieked out, and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high.

Where the disease was completely developed, the attack commenced with epileptic convulsions. Those affected fell to the ground senseless, panting and laboring for breath. They foamed at the mouth and suddenly springing up began their dance amidst strange contortions. Yet the malady doubtless made its appearance very variously, and was modified by temporary or local circumstances.

It was but a few months ere this demoniacal disease had spread from Aix-la-Chapelle, where it appeared in July, over the neighboring Netherland. In Liege, Utrecht, Tongres and many other towns of Belgium the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair and their waists girt with cloths that they might, so soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief on the attack of the tympany. This bandage was, by the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight, many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer. A few months after this dancing malady had made its appearance at Aix-la-Chapelle, it broke out at Cologne, where a number of those possessed amounted to more than 500, and about the same time at Metz, the streets of which place are said to have been filled with 1100 dancers. Peasants left their ploughs, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties, to join the wild revels, and this rich commercial city became the scene of the most ruinous disorder. The dancing mania of the year 1374 was, in fact, no new disease, but a phenomenon well known in the middle ages, of which many wondrous stories were traditionally current among the people.

Tomorrow—The Sweating Sickness.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt

THE HOT-AIR MEN.

I read an ad. one wintry day—
An inside job with weekly pay.
Was what the want ad. offered.
The rain and snow were wet and cold;
I took the job in manner bold
As soon as it was proffered.

The manager said: "Here's a chance,
A most delightful circumstance,
For you to make a killing."
He said: "If you will never shirk;
If you are ever at your work,
And show that you are willing.
And keep your mind upon your goal,
Although at first you shovel coal,
And put your whole soul in it,
In time you'll have the thing yourself,
And pile up wads of filthy pelf
By working every minute."

I worked from 6 to 6 again;
I did more work than all the men.
And then I studied nightly;
I watched the business grow and thrive,
And barely kept myself alive.
And more or less unsightly.
The manager then came to me
And said: "You're getting on, I see;
Just keep on keeping at it,
And when a good ball comes to you,
Just shove yourself out into view,
And then, doggone it, bat it."

Of course, I worked with might and main,
Though filled with many a shooting pain,
Till everything was mastered;
My pocketbook was just as slack,
Although I knew the boss' shack
With yellow bills was plastered.
Whenever I'd demand a raise
The manager would start to praise
My work to beat the dickens.
He'd say: "Just keep a-plugging on;
You'll own the works when I am gone.
Then you can count your chickens."

And so I slaved for 40 years—
But what's the use of idle tears!
Why tell of hopes defeated?
I quit at last; I saw the scheme.
The salaries are paid in steam,
And air that's superheated!

As Others See Us

Astoria Budget.

The Oregon Journal never published truer words than those contained in an editorial appearing in Sunday's paper, which said:

"Some day there is likely to be a diminution of the building activity in Portland, when contractors will be idle and labor have less employment. What then?

"Some day the limit will be reached in the inflation we can pump into our town lots, whereby speculators and the thousands employed in real estate activities will find their revenues reduced. What then?

"Portland has been expanding at a tremendous pace, a pace that put her in the march with million-inhabitant cities but it is useless to expect that all the forces that have kept us going on this forced draft will continue in action. What then? What then will keep the labor employed, fill the channels of trade with money and drive the mill wheels?

"Portland needs the maritime trade, needs the interchange of products and manufactures with distant ports, to make her a well rounded city.

"In order to become a safe and assured city, a city bulwarked against all storms and calms of economic life, Portland needs men who can see beyond the Portland city limits."

It has been this inability on the part of the financial interests of the metropolis of Oregon to see beyond the limits of their own city that has retarded the development of the state and incidentaly retarded the growth of its chief city. It is this spirit which has kept Oregon with but one city having over 100,000 inhabitants, while the sister and younger state of Washington, with no greater resources or advantages, has three cities of that size and its total population is nearly double that of Oregon. A city can continue to grow by itself only so long as outsiders pour in their money for real estate speculation, but sooner or later that comes to an end and then follows a crash. Any town to have a sound business growth and one that will be permanent must have the backing of payrolls from large and extensive manufactories or the products of a rich and prosperous tributary district. Some day, the big financial interests of Oregon will realize that fact and when they do, the commercial development of the state will begin.

One Reason.

"Selling your home to buy an automobile. What will you do without a home?"

"Won't need none after I git the auto; wouldn't never be there, anyhow."—Houston Post.

The Wound That Cannot Be Healed

From the Cleveland Leader.

Back of the unfairness and the frauds in the work of the majority of the Republican national committee, since buttressed and sustained by the majority of the machine-made and committee-distorted convention itself, lies one great injustice which dominates everything else. It is the wound which the Republican party staggers under, the wound which will not heal until the wrong is righted.

Ordinary controversies between individuals or factions, in states or districts, might be settled in ways which were not consistent with equity or in line with the facts upon which such decisions were supposed to rest, and the country and the party would be left comparatively indifferent. Fair play is not expected to be the uniform rule in politics. Local quarrels would not excite a nation or a great national organization if they were not the instrument whereby vast national injustice was perpetrated.

The vital point at Chicago has been, from the first, the undeniable fact that many tests of party sentiment have shown Theodore Roosevelt to be the choice of the great majority of Republicans in the nation, and that the work of the machine in control of the national committee was inteded to overcome, as it did nullify, the wish and purpose of the party. It is not that this man or that has won his fight for supremacy in a county or a district in some state. It is not alone that delegates are seated who ought to be kept out and others excluded who ought to be given seats, which excites the country to wrath. It is the fact that these wrongs have the effect of denying the majority in a great party the right to choose its own candidate and make its own national ticket.

Nothing can get away from this crux of the whole controversy which will rage over the work of the Chicago convention for years rather than months. Regardless of questions of party precedent and of state law, ignoring issues of veracity and honor between men involved in local contentions, the will of the majority—a majority measured in millions if all Republicans were polled—has been thwarted. Minority rule is being fastened upon the greatest party in the country, if the machine can carry out its plans now well under way.

This is the wound which cannot be healed by salves or closed by fine words. It is injustice which goes to the very heart of government right and party strength and life.

Baltimore Star: The platform adopted by the Republican party at Chicago last week is brief, when compared with most previous national platforms, but it compensates in terseness, clearness and vigor for its lack of volume. It leaves no doubt in inquiring minds concerning just where the Republican party stands in the presidential contest that is to be decided next November, upon every important issue that will be involved in the contest.

As a fundamental it is declared: "We believe in our self-controlled representative democracy, which is a government of laws not of men, and in which order is the prerequisite of progress." The platform declares for the integrity of the courts, reaffirming the intention at all times to uphold the authority and integrity of the courts, both state and federal, and insisting that their powers to enforce their mandates and to protect life, liberty and property shall be preserved inviolate. There is nothing in the slightest degree equivocal about the tariff plank. The party stands now, as it has always stood, for a protective tariff. While recognizing that continuous modifications in the schedules to meet changing conditions are necessary, it is declared that the principle of the protective tariff is so woven into the fabric of our agricultural and industrial life that to substitute for it a tariff for revenue only would destroy many industries and throw millions of our people out of employment.

Attention is invited to the past record of the party, and the intelligent judgment of the American people is solicited especially upon the administration of President Taft. The Taft record is in itself a platform upon which, when this record is fairly appraised, the Republican party will stake the campaign issue.

Pointed Paragraphs

Haste generates a brand of waste that is seldom utilized.

* *

A wise man compliments a woman before asking a favor of her.

* *

The average man would rather be called down than shown up.

* *

A woman never measures her years by the number of her birthdays.

* *

Many an aspirant occupies the political grave he dug for the other fellow.

* *

Much of man's interest in woman is due to his inability to understand her.

* *

Many a man's bad luck is due to the fact that he has neither inherited ability nor acquired industry.

* *

Vaudeville shows were possibly invented in order to make people enjoy grand opera—for a change.

* *

Marriage is never a failure when the contracting parties have sense enough to settle down and try to make the best of it.

Novel Readers

(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.)

I have sympathy to burn for the folks who never learn to pick up a rattling story and forget their care and toil; for the novel readers find payment for the beastly grind in a yarn by Hope or Farnol, Phillipsheim or Conan Doyle. With a corking book in hand all my griefs and woes are canned, all the sordid work and worry are forgotten for a time; and adventurous I range off the countries far and strange in the wake of Rider Haggard or E. Oppenphillipsheim. When the summer days are hot I grow weary of my lot, of the constant strain and effort, of the iceman and the flies; but I soon forget my care, seated in a garden chair with a volume that conveys me to a land 'neath Arctic skies. When the wintry tempests howl I am sombre as an owl—for it keeps me always humping to supply the house with coal—till I get next to a book in the cozy inglenook and repair to scented islands where the tropic billows roll. You're unfortunate, indeed, if you can't sit down and read and imagine you're a hunter, an explorer or a sleuth; if you cannot roam away to Old Bagdad or Cathay on the shining wings of fancy and forget the shabby truth. So I gaily help myself to some fiction from the shelf and go questing for adventure till my drowsy eyelids drop; nothing gives so much relief from the weary round of grief as a tale by Rudyard, Haggard or E. Phillipsheimenopp.

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