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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length; they spread
Everywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.
—Beaumont.

THE COLONEL'S PLAN

MR. ROOSEVELT said yesterday that the Baltimore platform is wrong in proposing a rigid enforcement of the Sherman law against the trusts.

Half a dozen trust magnates sent to jail by a rigid enforcement of the Sherman law, would put an end to trust robbery of consumers in thirty days.

Half a dozen trust magnates sent to jail under the criminal section of the Sherman law would purge the country of crooked business by plundering combinations within a few weeks.

Half a dozen trust magnates sent to jail by a rigid enforcement of the Sherman law would do more than any other single influence to stop the appalling increases in the high cost of living.

Half a dozen trust magnates sent to jail by rigid enforcement of the Sherman law would give assurance to the country that Wall street through secret campaign contributions no longer has strings on the White House.

Mr. Roosevelt doesn't want the Sherman law rigidly enforced, but proposes that the government assume public regulation of the trusts. It is the plan George W. Perkins, director of the Harvester trust, wants. It is the plan Judge Gary, head of Morgan's steel trust, wants. It is the plan many other field marshals of Big Business have urged.

Do they want it because of their belief that the government would regulate the trusts, or because of their belief that the trusts would regulate the government?

If the trusts have so long controlled the presidency as to the never-enforced Sherman law, why won't they control the presidency on Mr. Roosevelt's theory of public regulation?

THE WORTH OF GRADUATES

THE late Collis P. Huntington once said that one trouble with the country is that it has too many college graduates. The late Mr. Crane of Chicago uttered about the same fulmination against colleges.

Men of lesser standing often utter a similarly pessimistic note. But isn't it true that the boy who is denied a liberal education is handicapped?

It is a fact that the most brilliant editor in the United States was once a logger, and self-taught; but the Cobbs are few and far between. The mental athletics in college gives a view and a grasp that is a tremendous life asset.

Ten years after graduation, the earnings of the graduates of the class of 1901 at Princeton are significant. The average income of the lawyers is $4994, the business men $4684, the journalists $2155, the doctors $3094, the teachers $1779, and other occupations $3025.

The high level of these incomes shows that it paid to graduate.

AMBULANCE CHASING

THE drop four floors of a Portland elevator last August was the basis of a damage suit by a Portland young woman. The jury awarded $7500. Notice of appeal has been given.

The case is but one of many of its kind. In some, there is justice for both sides. In others, there is not. It is a hit-and-miss business.

In the trials there are costs that taxpayers must pay. There are lawyers' fees that the plaintiff must pay. There are lawyers' fees that the defense must pay.

There are three parties to all such proceedings—the public, the plaintiff and the defendant—and all are losers. The lawyers and court stenographers are the only people who profit.

The basis for the suit is the personal injury the plaintiff may have sustained. It is this personal injury, this lost limb, this maimed condition, that is capitalized for a lucrative revenue by lawyers. What the maimed plaintiff finally gets, if anything, is what is left after the pickings have been pocketed by those who manage the cases.

It is a wasteful and foolish process. It is costly for those who own property and employ help. It is costly for those who suffer injury. It is costly for the taxpayers.

There is no arrangement in economic life that is more indefensible. The employers and owners pay enormous sums for insurance against casualties. There must be a profit to the insurance people, and this profit as well as the hazard must be paid. In the long run it is labor that does the paying. At every angle from which it is viewed, there is cost, tribute, toll, fees and waste, a waste that an intelligent compensation act would remove.

Apart from the lawyers, every interest in society should desire a different status. Employers should desire it. Employes should desire it. The public which must support the courts, is anxious for it.

The money that goes out in insurance premiums can be saved. The money that goes out in lawyers' fees can be saved. The money that goes out in stenographers' fees, court fees and other fees can be saved. Out of these savings now wasted, there would be less for employers to pay, and the maimed and mutilated would get more.

THE BLIGHT OF A BOSS

CONGRESSMAN NORRIS has a measure in the house proposing uniform presidential primaries for all the states.

Something should be done to spare us the spectacle of another Tammany delegation in a national convention. Nothing more humiliating has ever been seen in a deliberative body in the United States than Murphy and his ninety rubber-stamp delegates.

Among them was the governor of the great state of New York, and a New York member of the senate of the United States. There were other delegates of eminence and attainment, but each was a wax figure. Each was a puppet that had to wait for Murphy to open his mouth.

New York, in population and wealth, in commerce and all the assets of statehood, is the imperial commonwealth. She had one twelfth of the delegates at Baltimore, and by every test should have held a commanding position in the convention. By every known consideration, the New York delegation should have exercised conspicuous and dignified leadership.

But, in point of influence, the ninety manikins led by a Tammany boss were the most pusillanimous factor in the gathering.

When Mr. Bryan scourged them, the galleries and most of the delegates were delighted. When he taunted them as dummies, puppets and wax figures, the cheers of the audience were deafening.

Their opposition helped to nominate Governor Wilson. Their support helped to beat Speaker Clark. The moment Mr. Bryan pointed out to the convention Tammany's interest in Mr. Clark, the speaker's candidacy began to crumble. It was a striking instance of the blight of a boss.

AN IRISH SENATE

ONE of the most stoutly debated divisions of the home rule bill is that regarding the constitution and powers of the proposed senate of Ireland.

Among the Labor party and the strictly radical members of the house of commons a majority is in favor of a one-chamber parliament. This majority asserts that in a review of the sentiment towards an upper chamber in all the dominions of the British empire it is found that the weight of opinion regards the upper chamber as of little value as a rule, as obstructive in many cases of proposed reform, and as a fifth wheel to the legislative coach.

But it also appears that in not one of those dominions has there been any effective movement towards dispensing with the second chamber. There have been, however, in more than one colony, changes between an elective and a nominated legislative council or senate. And, after experience of an elected council, the people have accepted a nominated council as the better alternative.

In the case of Ireland the government and the representative Irish members in consultation settled to follow the precedent of Canada, where there is a nominated legislative council, or senate. In Canada such nominations are for life. In New Zealand since 1891 nominations are for seven years.

It is more than possible that a seven years' term may be adopted for Ireland.

British recent experience with the house of lords has evidently prompted the sections in the bill defining the powers of the senate. The senate will only be able to reject twice a bill sent to it by the Irish house of commons. After a second rejection both houses will meet in joint session to debate the bill. A majority in that joint session will pass the bill, and the senate will have but 40 members and the house of commons 164.

A WORTHY MEMORIAL

IF W. T. Stead, the great editor who went calmly down to death in the Titanic, could have chosen his memorial with the English people it would have been in the connection of his name with the thorough and vigorous legislation aimed at the white slave traffic just passed unanimously by the house of commons.

When the movement was in its infancy Mr. Stead suffered trial and imprisonment for the part he took in dragging the abominable business to the light of day. In his eagerness he technically transgressed the law and suffered for his acts. But the people were entirely with him and Mr. Stead emerged from Holloway jail to find himself a hero.

To this day the miserable traffic has survived, enlisting the very dregs and off-scourings of Europe in profitable vice. Their apparent immunity is to cease for good when the new law has begun its practical work.

"England," said Arthur Lee, who introduced the bill, "has become the clearing house, the depot, and dispatch center of the white slave traffic, and the headquarters of foreign agents engaged in this business." Just such language we have known applied to New York and to Chicago. London has, unfortunately, no primacy in mercenary vice. The United States has already taken a forward part in the campaign. Its operations, as all know here, have not been confined to eastern cities. The war on this side of the Atlantic all hope will know no rest or intermission until this reproach on twentieth century civilization has been blotted out.

The new provisions in the English bill make those concerned in the traffic liable to instant arrest. It empowers the authorities to flog the male criminals on a second offence. It punishes all landlords who allow the use of their property for immoral purposes. It sharpens and makes heavier the punishment to be awarded.

In spite of some protests against apprehended excess of police powers the bill passed unanimously its second reading in the house of commons. The press and people of England are supporting it. In many quarters the name of W. T. Stead is invoked and honored as an early laborer and sufferer in this cause.

PROGRESSIVES ABSOLVED—NO. 3

THERE is one aspect in which the Chicago convention is entitled to the highest credit.

It was candid with the country. It made no false pretenses. It set up no sham claim of being progressive. Its resolute leaders made no bogus bids and offered no compromises or concessions to insurgency.

It has usually been the habit of national conventions to dissemble. They have so shaped their policies and performances that every shade of political opinion, from a radical progressive to a rank reactionary, could persuade itself suited with convention, platform and nominees. They hocuspocussed, shammed, compromised and deceived. Indeed, some of the national conventions have been the greatest examples of sham, false pretense and hypocrisy of their time.

It was not so at Chicago. Its leaders were sick and tired of progressive agitation in the Republican party. They were disgusted with La Folletteism and Rooseveltism. They were weary and worn with compromises. With a candor and a boldness not seen in a national Republican convention since 1860, Barnes, Root, Penrose and the other militant leaders deliberately defied the progressives, threw away all pretense at compromise, crushed the fight out of whatever progressive sentiment there was in the hall, and resolutely put the convention on record as a standpat, triple-plated reactionary organization. Believing the progressive wing to be populistic and progressives to be populists, they resolutely chose, win or lose, to make this campaign a battle ground to crush what they regard as populism out of the party, and to emphasize their action, they nominated Mr. Taft, whom both Roosevelt and La Follette everywhere denounced as the great exponent of reaction, and against whom 1,600,000 Republicans in the primaries of twelve states protested as an undesirable candidate.

They may have stolen delegates, but the courage of the standpat leaders is admirable. It gives the country the clearest cut political issue it has had in a generation.

But in view of it, no La Follette Republican is under the slightest obligation to vote for Mr. Taft.

No Roosevelt Republican is under the slightest obligation to vote for Mr. Taft.

SOLVED

AT last, the real cause of the high cost of living has been explained. All doubt is removed, and we know exactly what is the matter.

A standpat paper says it is not the trusts, nor the tariff, but expensive flats, automobiles, swell clothing, domestics, telephones, free delivery of groceries and other accessories.

This being the case, all we have to do to reduce the living cost is to live in a hut or a tent, walk instead of ride, wear overalls and calico, do all our own marketing, and eat as sparingly as possible. We can eschew all amusements, drink only river water, reduce the daily meals to two or less, reduce taxes by cutting out the schools and public improvements and go to bed early to stop the reckless waste of fuel.

It is all such a simple matter, when once it is explained. The American redskin long ago solved the high cost of living problem. So have the Igorrote and the Eskimo.

A loaded revolver snuffed out four lives near Walla Walla Wednesday. As a mother and her two children slept, the divorced husband crept into the room and dispatched mother and son before they awakened. The little daughter fled, but the father overtook her, shot her down and then sent a bullet into his own body with fatal results. Of course, this was what the pistol was made for. It has no other use than to kill. Why doesn't society stop its manufacture and destroy the existing supply?

The death toll from aeronautics for the past five days has mounted to twelve. Monday two were killed in Boston and one in Prussia. Tuesday five were killed by the explosion of the Vaniman airship at Atlantic City. Thursday two were dashed to death by the fall of an aeroplane at Bucharest, and yesterday two British army officers were killed in England. But the perils will only be a lure to tempt other men into the air.

"Nefarious," "killed," "a crime against Oregon," "treason," "political filth and unkept pledges," "prostitute" and "ruin to state and nation" are a few of the terms in which Bruce Dennis, Republican state chairman of Oregon, describes the proceedings at the Chicago convention. Is the state chairman for Mr. Taft or against Mr. Taft?

As a result of the sane 4th, the fatalities are but one tenth what they were three years ago. Having demonstrated the value of this reform, why not reform the revolver lunacy which slays nearly 10,000 people a year?

Dr. Wiley has come out for Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps Woodrow will feel constrained later to put our Doc in charge of the pure food department with authority to act.

Some eminent progressives are crawling out of the Colonel's band wagon, but that is not likely to convert it into a hearse.

Will history refer to it as "the crime of Chicago?"

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.

Underpaid Workers.

Portland, Or., July 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—It seems strange to read every day in the papers about girls throwing away their happiness for the sake of clothes and we wonder why they do it. We wonder how we can stop this and we decide to close the roadhouses and watch the hotels and so on. But we never stop to think the main thing to do is to pay these girls enough salary to keep them from going wrong.

When a young girl works all week for $6 and has room and board and laundry to pay, how can she buy her clothes? When she sees a nice hat with a plume on it, of course it takes her eye and she wonders how she can get a hat. She gets only $6 per week and no hope for a raise. She needs clothes and must have them. Then she begins to think of another way and that way is the cause of all of these girls going to roadhouses and hotels. Who is to blame? The business man that asks them to work for $6 per. I sometimes wonder if these men ever stop to think, "How can this girl live on this salary?" I wonder if he ever stops to think if he had a sister in the world, would he want her to work for $6 per week. "No." "Why?" Because he knows that his people have money and she will never have to come to that.

Then again the married man goes to a business house or factory and asks for a job and the boss tells him he can give him a job at $15 per, and he may go to 50 business houses or factories and 49 out of 50 will not offer him over $15 per week.

I wonder if they ever stop to think, "How can this man support his wife and children on this salary?" Could he? No. Then why does he offer another man what he could not live on himself?

Then again, we hear about the next president and who is going to do the most for the working man. I wonder if we ever had a president who took one day and gave his thoughts to the poor man and how he could help him in some way. Why, it would be foolish to think he would think of us. He is thinking of his class and Wall street and wondering if he will get to be president the next election.

It matters not who gets to be president, Taft, Roosevelt, Wilson or La Follette, or anybody else. The poor people will still keep on toiling for their $15 per week, while the president sits in luxury and the business man rides around in his automobile and pays the poor working man $15 per week and the poor, innocent working girls $6 per week.

I give a few of the business men credit for paying some of their men a salary and am glad to know there are a few men left in the world.

H. F. ALEXANDER.

Our Coinage.

Portland, July 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—There is some talk of changing the coinage now in use. And it is said that they contemplate making a three cent piece with a hole in the middle like the barbarian Chinese, to suit the three cent fare of the east. When that is done then the fares will go back to five cents as of old. The fact is we could not have more easy and convenient coinage than we have now one, five, 10, 25. No money can be easier handled and avoid mistakes. There were three cent pieces years ago, copper, and three cents silver. They were called because they were a nuisance. We don't need any more trouble inflicted than we have now, to sort out the change we need. There were a few 12½ cents silver, a veritable nuisance too. A few pennies do not hurt to carry and to make any more coppers is unnecessary. They also talk of reducing the size. How much smaller do we need the 10 cent silver or the pennies? The 10 cent piece is small enough now to be a nuisance, especially when worn. The penny is just right. Suppose we had the old cent piece again. There was also the 20 cents silver coin. It was called in too, because it was a nuisance. It will be well to let well alone. The dollar perhaps might be made smaller and what the present generation wants is the dollars, and no objection to the size either. Let's hear what others have to say about it. I well remember the time when we had shin plasters. Was there ever such a nuisance passed on the public? That was an eastern idea as well. Here we had the good old coin of the realm and were satisfied when we could get enough of it.

PIONEER.

Another Correction.

Cascade Locks, July 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—Will you kindly allow me space to revise a correction made by Oscar A. Wilson in your issue of the 29th ultimo.

In the correction the statement is made that C. C. Pinckney used the saying "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," with reference to demands of the Barbary pirates, whereas it was used by Pinckney in 1797 in reply to the French officials, who declined to receive the American delegation sent to France by the United States, on some sort of business, until large sums of money were paid the French officers—letters to that effect being written over the signature "X. Y. Z." from which the commission received its name.

GEORGE L. FOSTER.

Some Notable Photographs.

Portland, July 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—No other novelist has described in such beautiful language the picturesque scenes which form the background of his work as has Sir Walter Scott. Scott's own descriptions of the scenes of his novels and poems are beautiful word paintings a form of art in which no one ever excelled Sir Walter.

It has remained for a present day photographer, C. S. Olcott, to travel over the country made famous by Scott and to secure 600 of the most artistic photographs of authentic Scott landmarks, notably of lakes, waterfalls, castles and ruins. In his choice of viewpoint and in his management of light, shadow, perspective and cloud effects in the difficult Scotch atmosphere, he has shown something of Scott's own instinctive sense of the beautiful.

Nearly 200 of these protographs are now on free exhibition at the East Side library, East Eleventh and Alder, the American Federation of Art having secured a loan of them from Mr. Olcott for display in the larger cities of the United States and Canada.

Any one who loves the writings of Scott or who loves a work of art should spend some time enjoying this collection before it is taken to Vancouver, B. C., July 13.

A SCOTCH-AMERICAN.

A Straphanger's Suggestion.

Portland, Or., July 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—After spending one and a half hours on the strap of a Portland street car yesterday, I happened to read the following in a London newspaper: "London is to be provided with no fewer than 2000 more omnibuses, and very shortly it will be possible to travel to and from any part of the London area by motor bus. The growth of London's bus system will be realized when it is recalled that five years ago ten companies managed some 800 omnibuses per week, and that today five companies manage 2000 omnibuses, of which the London General runs an average from 1600 to 1650 per week."

What a grand opportunity lies here for relieving the congested traffic of Portland during rush hours.

A live real estate firm might fall in with this suggestion—just imagine how fast the suburban lots would go if we read the following in a real estate ad: "Auto buses from the city right onto our own tract."

A TIRED STRAPHANGER.

He Must Pay $15 per Quarter.

Vancouver, Wash., June 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—Does Portland impose a license upon either a resident or non-resident grower for selling his produce to the consumer on the street or peddling agricultural products from house to house?

A. D. MILLER.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Now, Missouri, behave.

• •

Bryan beat all the bosses.

• •

What states can Teddy carry now?

• •

Spring—Pshaw; summer's the dandy season.

• •

Here's hoping the politicians will take a vacation.

• •

Chamberlain also ran—but you won't hear him kicking.

• •

Don't worry; the country is going to be saved, anyhow.

• •

O how the houn' dawg was kicked around toward the last.

• •

From Sherman to Marshall will be a very desirable change.

• •

Surely Champ Clark will be a good loser and a genuine sport.

• •

We'll pretty nearly have to forget and abjure politics next week.

• •

Portland has become big enough to entertain big crowds, all right.

• •

Bryan was right; he has done and can do more good by not being president.

• •

After next week for the beaches—everybody must be here then to say, "Hello, Bill!"

• •

The Harmon-Clark-Underwood gentlemen's agreement to beat the really right man was the real cause of the whole trouble.

• •

The country loses nothing by the death, through lack of financial nutrition, of the Taft-Aldrich-Cannon tariff board.

• •

It's as good as a circus to see even only at a distance and through dispatches, the petty politicians scurrying for the head band wagon.

• •

Why in Halifax do Ryan and Belmont persist in being Democrats or pretending to be, anyway? Everybody knows that they are really Aldrich-Crane-Penrose-Smoot Republicans. Nobody knows this better than Bryan.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Evangelists Kellems and Fagan will open a series of revival meetings at the Christian church at Forest Grove next Sunday.

• •

The people of Heppner have voted a $40,000 bond issue for the erection of a new school building. There was a large majority for the issue.

• •

The Woodburn Independent rejoices that "whatever the cold, rainy weather of the past two weeks has done to the hay crop, it is certainly making some magnificent wheat."

• •

Hillsboro Argus: Acres of kale have been planted in the past 10 days. Kale is getting to be considered one of the best dairy forage plants produced, and it thrives mightily in this section.

• •

Dallas Itemizer: Last year was a record breaker as far as building operations in Dallas were concerned, and this season now promises to be as good, or even a little better. The Itemizer is proud to note that "we told you so."

• •

Central Point Herald: Butte Falls people will soon commence work on a municipal water system. A big spring on the mountain near the town will be piped into a reservoir. An ample supply of purest mountain water is said to be assured.

• •

Yamhill Record—A very noticeable increase in the number of cream separators used by farmers within six miles around Yamhill is apparent. The separator, better roads and better farming methods are pushing the dairy industry to the front.

• •

Estacada Progress: John Githens of Alspaugh, just to show what his section will do, brought to the Progress office rhubarb stalks five feet in length. Mr. Githens says no extraordinary cultivation is given the plant. Like Topsy, it "just grows."

• •

Sheridan Sun: The late heavy rains have made the gardens look like jungles. The increased acreage of potatoes is enormous and the outlook for a heavy yield is good. The fact that the Colorado potato bug, which is all over the east, has never visited Oregon is not generaly appreciated as much as it should be here.

SEVEN GREAT PLAGUES

Hamelin's Plague of Rats.

Plagues are rather of a gruesome character, and for that reason the seventh of the series turns to a lighter vein and relates the story of the plague of rats which visited the quaint Prussian town of Hamelin in the latter part of the thirteenth century.

This plague has become particularly familiar to us through the fine picturesque poem by Robert Browning, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." The story of the Pied Piper—that first by his pipe gathered together all the rats and mice and drowned them in the river, and afterwards, being defrauded of his reward, which the town promised him if he could deliver them from the plague of these vermin, took his opportunity and by the same pipe made the children of the town follow him, and leading them into a hill that opened, buried them alive—has so evident proof of it in the town of Hamelin, where it was done, that it ought not at all to be discredited.

The fact is very religiously kept among their ancient records, painted out also in their church windows, and is an epoch joined with the year of our Lord in their bills and indentures and other law instruments. The old legend has been explained in various ways. One of the latest theories is based on the alleged fact that some of the youth of Hamelin were seized in 1284 with the "dancing mania," left the town and never returned; and it is possibly a distorted recollection of the Children's Crusade of 1211. An inscription in Hamelin on the Rattenfangerhaus (Rat Catcher's hotel) records tha legend, and in the Thiewell is the Rat Catcher Fountain, by Fasterling. Browning apparently founded his poem on the Verstegan account in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" (1634).

The Verstegan story lays the date considerably later, and gives the year as being 1376 and the day July 20. He records the event as follows:

"There came into the town of Hamel an old kind of companion who, for the fantastical coat he wore being wrought with sundry colors was called the Pied Piper. This fellow, forsooth, offered the townspeople, for a certain sum of money, to rid the town of all the rats that were in it (for at that time the burghers were with that vermin greatly annoyed).

"The accord, in fine, being made, the Pied Piper, with a shrill pipe, went through all the streets and forthwith the rats came all running out of the houses in great numbers after him; all which he led into the River Weaser and therein drowned them. This done, and no one rat more perceived to be left in the town, he afterward came to demand his reward, according to his bargain, but, being told that the bargain was not made with him in good earnest, to-wit, with the opinion that he could be able to do such a feat, they cared not what they accorded until, when they imagined it could never be deserved, and so never be demanded, but, nevertheless, seeing he had done such a likely thing indeed, they were content to give him a good reward, and so offered him far less than he looked for.

"He, therewith discontented, said he would have his full recompense according to his bargain, but they utterly denied to give it him. He threatened them with revenge, whereupon he again takes him to his pipe and going through the streets as before, was followed by a number of boys out of the gates of the city, and, coming to a little hill, there opened in the side thereof a wide hole, into which himself and all the children did enter, and, being entered, did close up again and become as before.

"A boy that, being lame, came somewhat lagging behind the rest, seeing this that happened, returned back presently and told what he had seen. Forthwith began great lamentation among the parents of the children and the men were sent out with all diligence, both by land and by water, to inquire if ought could be heard of them; but with all the inquiry they could possibly use, nothin more than is aforesaid could of them be understood. And this great wonder happened on the 22d day of July, in the year of our Lord 1376."

Next week—Seven Eccentric Foreigners.

Tanglefoot

By Miles Overholt

THE SENTIMENTAL MUSE.

The shades of night are falling fast,
A star appears on high;
A motor car goes honking past,
An old man stops to sigh.
A baby's cry comes o'er the breeze,
The night birds twitter in the trees.

O that's the style of verse to write for highbrow magazines. It's very easy pickings for the guy with little means. Just write whate'er comes in your head and sort of make it rhyme, and you will have a bunch of checks a coming all the time. It seems so strange that men will work at trades and shoveling hay when they could sell their poetry for 20 bucks a day. It only takes a little thought and soon their work is done; besides, the waiting for the checks is quite a bit of fun.

A tear shines in a bandit's eye,
A wolf slinks out of sight,
A crazy pilgrim swats a fly,
An owl awaits the night.
Far, far from home a wanderer roams,
A breaker, angered, froths and foams.

To write a verse like that above is such a mortal cinch; to fill the lines with sentiment that's bound to hold and clinch, and twist the heart strings nearly off, and bring the scalding tears and call the echoes of the past and bridge the gulf of years.

Why, women who are washing clothes could fill the flattened purse by spending all their extra time in writing bits of verse. The editors can hardly wait until they get our stuff, and then they print it gleefully and never get enough. They send us checks of every hue which takes away our gloom—we have so many now that we are papering our room with checks that call for bales of wealth to pay for sentiment; if that seems foolish, put it down as poet's temperament.

An Incident at Baltimore

Staff Correspondent Kansas City Star

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Giddings of Oklahoma is on his feet, on his chair, with something on his mind.

Mr. Giddings has been on his feet on his chair, trying to get something off his mind for some time, but owing to a slight disturbance in the hall, caused by about 15,000 persons cheering and yelling, the chair has not been able to ascertain what it is Mr. Giddings is driving at.

Order, order, let us have order-r-r and see what it is Mr. Giddings wants. Try again, Mr. Giddings, only about 15,000 persons are cheering and yelling now.

Mr. Giddings tries again and makes it clear at last that he has risen to explain his vote. Order! order! order-r-r-r! Will the convention hear Mr. Giddings' explanation? No, it won't. Yes, it will. No, it won't. Yes, it will. The nays and wills appear to have it.

Mr. Giddings ascends to the platform. Gentlemen of the convention, Mr. Giddings of Oklahoma. Go ahead, Mr. Giddings. Mr. Giddings has risen to explain his vote. He has been a Democrat all his life and never scratched a ticket. He would like to ask the gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Bryan, if he can say the same. He pauses for a reply.

Getting no reply except a long drawn hoot from the galleries, he will resume the explanation of his vote. He has been a Wilson man down in Oklahoma and, if he does say it himself, he fancies he has done some yeoman work for the New Jersey candidate.

Perhaps it isn't too much for him to say that if he hadn't jumped in and worked for him there wouldn't be a Wilson delegate on the floor of this convention from Oklahoma.

Haw, haw, haw! Boo, boo, boo! Oh, oh, oh! from the galleries.

But since coming to this convention Mr. Giddings has observed with pain and surprise that it is dominated by one man. The distinguished gentleman who is doing the nominating has had no more loyal follower in the past than Mr. Giddings of Oklahoma. He voted for him in 1896, he voted for him in 1900, he voted for him in 1908.

(Hurray for Mr. Giddings! from the gallery.)

But, gentlemen, he and the distinguished gentleman to whom he refers have come to the parting of the ways. The distinguished gentleman has risen to explain his vote and now Mr. Giddings has risen to explain his. Explain about is fair play. Mr. Giddings, although he came to this convention a Wilson man, now desires to say that henceforth he is a Clark man.

Boo, for Mr. Giddings from the galleries.

He isn't afraid to go home to Oklahoma and rise to make the same explanation of his vote there that he has risen to make here.

The gallery rises to explain that if he goes back he can't come back.

His conscience is clear. His record is straight. His Democracy is unchallenged. Sustained, strengthened and soothed by these reflections, and armed by his present explanation of his vote, he can go back to Oklahoma and look Oklahoma in the face.

Good night, Mr. Giddings, from the gallery.

If the domination of this convention by the distinguished gentleman to whom he has referred continues, Mr. Giddings can only anticipate the worst. It is clear to his mind that the distinguished gentleman and his domination are conducting this convention and the Democratic party to one grand smashup. That is the way it looks to Mr. Giddings.

Ta, ta, Giddings, from the gallery.

In conclusion, he will ask the convention and the country to retort upon the distinguished gentleman a paraphrase of his own phrase, and say to him, "you shall not press down upon the brow——"

Oh, fudge, from the gallery.

He will say to him, "You shall not press down——"

Boo, boo, from the gallery. Boo, from the floor. And boo, from both.

Once more, Mr. Giddings will try—"You shall not press down upon the brow of Democracy this crown of arpica"—or rather anarchy, the words being somewhat similar, and Mr. Giddings being somewhat flustered. "You shall not crucify—"

Just a moment! Mr. Giddings, this is Ollie James plucking at your coat sleeve. Mr. James is chairman of the convention and has a good many things on his mind besides your explanation of your vote. You will pardon him if he appears to hand you the hook, but he is constrained to remind you that your four minutes have expired.

True, most of your four minutes were used by the gallery in making the aforesaid boo, and haw, haw remarks, but Mr. James cannot help that. He has ruled several times that this being a Democratic convention, it can do as it blamed pleases, and if it pleases to use your four minutes in booing you that is the convention's affairs and not Mr. James'.

Good night, Mr. Giddings. Pleased to have made your acquaintance. If you are ever in our part of the country again drop in and see us.

Fly Prospects.

From Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Young Fly—How is Mrs. Fly?

Old Fly—Doing fine, thanks. She's raising altogether the biggest family we've ever had. That infamous swatting fund is exhausted, you know.

The Difference

(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 I was as poor as Job, and monkeyed around the globe in indolent vagrant style, my life was a joyous thing, devoid of a smart or sting, and everything seemed to smile. I hadn't a bundle then; I herded with homeless men, and padded the highway dust; and care was a thing unknown, as scarce as the silver bone, in days of the wanderlust. But now I am settled down, a prop to this growing town, respectable till it hurts; and I have a bundle fat, and I have a stovepipe hat, and all kinds of scrambled shirts. I puff at a rich cigar, and ride in a motor car, and I have a spacious lawn; and diamonds upon me shine; my credit is simply fine, the newspapers call me Hon. But Worry is always near, a-whispering in my ear—I'm tired of her morbid talks: "Suppose that the bank should bust in which you have placed your dust, how then would you feel, Old Sox? Suppose that the cyclones swat the farms you have lately bought and blow them clear off the map? Suppose that your mills should fail, and you were locked up in jail, how then would you feel, old chap?" Dame Worry is always there; she's whitened my scanty hair, she's cankered my weary breast; she never goes far away; she tortures me all the day and ruins my nightly rest. And often at night I sigh for a couch 'neath the open sky and the long white road again; for the march through the sifting dust, and the lure of the wanderlust and the camp of the homeless men.

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