

THE JOURNAL

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It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work need not be more than a man can bear. But worry is rust upon the blade. It is not movement that destroys the machinery, but friction.

A CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

ANY movement or organization of citizens that will result in the election of such officials as Portland ought to have is to be commended.
But every movement doesn't do what is expected of it. Organizations often fail of patriotic and beneficial results because seized and misdirected by schemers.

The plan to have a committee of 100 aid in commending officials for selection will be limited in its usefulness by the wisdom or lack of wisdom with which it acts.
The action of the proposed committee can be such as to beat all the candidates it recommends. It can so perform as to furnish the best campaign material in the world for riff-raff candidates. That is often the final outcome.

Politics is a subtle business. A large number of gentlemen who think themselves experts in human affairs are stupid on the point of what makes and unmake public sentiment. For what they think they know, such are usually the easy prey of cheap politicians, and that is why committees of 100 are mostly lost.

At the present time, there is service that organizations of citizens can render. They can arouse people to the importance of taking part in the coming election. They can lead the movement for scrutinizing the past records of candidates. They can impress upon the people that only five men are to hereafter govern Portland, and that essentially they must be men of manhood stature and not two-by-four politicians.

It is aroused sentiment for good government that is needed. It is the enlistment of all citizens in a campaign for riding government of the warts that is the crying need. It is light on the past and on the qualifications of candidates that the public most wants.

But all this before the people in dependable form and they will do the rest. A committee of 100 that goes about its business with prudence and discernment can render high service in this direction.
It can place facts before the people that will eliminate undesirables. If it undertakes to play the little father and select a certain ticket, it will botch the whole business.

The selecting is the people's business and they are very jealous of the prerogative.
ONLY PICTURESQUE
REPRESENTATIVE MANAHAN of Minnesota says the Underwood tariff proposes to put "blinders on American farmers and hobble skirts on our millers." It is a protest by a congressman who herded with the Progressives and housed with the Republicans against putting our farmers and millers in competition with other wheat producing countries in the contest to supply Europe.

The protest is picturesque, and little more, so far as Canada is concerned, if the Montreal Star and the Toronto Globe are correctly informed. These papers, at wide variance when reciprocity was an issue, are now agreed that a cut in the American duty on wheat will not make the fortunes of Canadian farmers. It follows that if Canadian wheat raisers are not to benefit by a lower American duty, the wheat growers this side the line will not be injured. The proposition is axiomatic.
Canadian farmers are told their wheat will not flow this way because the United States is producing too much surplus these days. America is a large exporter, and "with her new irrigation there are large wheat areas yet untouched. There is promise that she will be a large exporter for many years to come."
The time may arrive when aspirants to statesmanship will see the advisability of getting down to brass tacks.

THE AUTO POLICE

THERE will be public curiosity if not public interest in the 100 members of the automobile club who are to be sworn in as special officers to aid in dealing with speed maniacs.
They are almost the last resort. After them, if they fail, is the deluge. The reckoning may take the form of over drastic legislation.
The drivers who make the trouble are a small minority. They are making the streets unsafe. They are a public menace. They are pro-

viding numerous cases of manslaughter.
It is the crazy drivers of this small minority that are bringing odium on automobilism. They are creating sentiment against all motorists, sane and insane alike. They are a menace not only to the walking public but to sober and prudent motorists. They are smashing up their own as well as other people's machines and breaking their own as well as other people's limbs. They ought to be saved from themselves.

The 100 motorists who are to be special officers can render a great public service, if they will. By restraining the speed lunatics, they can be of great value to the public. They can rescue automobilism from impending menace. They can prevent over drastic legislation.
They can sober up the speed drunkards that will save an occasional human life.

ONE STATESMAN

L. G. CARPENTER, former Portland detective, is a candidate for city commissioner under the new charter. He wants to be one of five men who will govern Portland.
Mr. Carpenter resigned from the Portland police force because charges were preferred against him. He retired under fire rather than face an investigation.
What kind of a man would Mr. Carpenter be for commissioner of Public Safety, a position in which he would have full control and direction of the police department? Would not a man who resigned under fire be a lollipop as head of the department?

Mr. Carpenter was a member of the legislature at the late session. He had his friend Jay Upton introduce a bill appropriating to the detective bureau of which Carpenter is the head, the sum of \$1000 of public money as a reward for the capture of Humphrey brothers.
It was probably the rawest of all the raw bills ever introduced in the Oregon legislature.
It was so raw that even the house machine couldn't stomach it. It was, however, changed slightly in its terms, and passed.

When a time came that each member of the house was permitted to select one house bill for passage in the senate, Carpenter called up his \$1000 appropriation, and had it passed.
What a splendid conception of legislation for the public welfare! What a noble example of a legislator's performance of duty to his constituency!
If elected with four others to govern Portland, what would be Carpenter's notion of how and to whom to parcel out the \$12,000,000 the commissioners will annually disburse?

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

THERE is nothing in the financial outlook to occasion real uneasiness, says the Fourth National Bank of New York in its circular letter to customers. The letter of course takes a very conservative view of the situation, with a tariff bill pending, a currency reform bill not yet agreed upon by the leaders, and railroads facing demands for increased wages and objections to increases in freight rates. The letter is to bankers and financiers, and for that reason its conclusions need not be discounted.
Better business generally is promised as soon as the new tariff bill passes congress. It is conceded that a thorough going tariff revision must alter the selling basis for many classes of merchandise, causing merchants and manufacturers to revise their price lists and readjust their business. But assurance is given that unsettlement has not gone far, and if the new tariff law is enacted soon it will not go far.

Easier money conditions are promised in the fall. The Wall Street situation is said to be well in hand, with no disposition to overtrade or overspeculate. So far as Wall Street is concerned, the letter says there has not been a spring season in recent years when the banks were asked to finance more meager demands from stock market borrowers than they are today.
A remarkable situation in view of the many ante-election predictions.

SHIFTY LOGICIANS

PEOPLE and papers who constantly prate about saving national honor by imposing practically prohibitive Panama canal tolls on American coastwise vessels are becoming tiresome. It is not necessary to attribute motives; the only thing needed is the light of a little common sense.
"We can, if we choose, declare the United States a pariah among nations, and give warning that none of our international agreements are to be kept if we find it convenient," says the New York Evening Post.
This is nonsense. Senator Root, at the head of this propaganda, says, "most favored nation" in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty includes the United States. Richard Olney, whose brain and conscience will probably weigh up and assay up with Mr. Root's, says the term means "customers" of the United States.
Back of the language is intention. English courts make use of intention in passing upon acts of Parliament, nullifying unconstitutional acts by saying it was not the intention of Parliament to do thus and so.

Our own supreme court goes further in legal disputes affecting the entire American people by writing words into the law that lawmakers never intended should be there. Mr. Root has never questioned the supreme court's honor when it wrote "unreasonable" before "restraint of trade."
There you are. This "national honor" outfit is like the lawyer who argues the constitutionality of a law for one client and its unconstitutionality for another. Both arguments are valid.

A SERIOUS BUSINESS

NO MAN should become a candidate for office under the new charter unless he is prepared to submit his record to microscopic inspection.
The acid test is going to be applied to every candidate. The probe will be inserted deep. The publicity will be pitiless.
We have changed. Instead of forty odd officials, only five are to govern Portland. They are to direct. They are to control. They are to legislate.
The business they are to manage is enormous. It disbursed more than \$12,000,000 last year. Its running expenses were nearly \$3,000,000 in 1912. It is the biggest corporation in Oregon. Its capital is four times as much as all the deposits in the Portland banks. Its collections and disbursements in a single year are almost double the capital of all the Portland banks.
Only five men are to handle this huge business. Only five men are to legislate for the 250,000 in Portland. Only five men are to hold the welfare and progress of this city in their hands.
What five men in the army of candidates now overrunning the city hall are fit to collect and disburse more than \$12,000,000 a year of Portland's public money? What is the past of the clamorous gentlemen so anxious to handle all this money? What has each done to warrant his coming before the people with the claim that he is competent to control and direct the biggest business in the state?
The new charter cannot yield good government with Coxe's army officials. Scum officeholders will prevent the best charter from rendering good service.
That is why every candidate must be prepared to submit his record to microscopic inspection. Portland has too much at stake to consent to be governed by a commission of five incompetents. Portland cannot entrust the disbursement of more than \$12,000,000 a year to five men who are failures in their own private business.
Candidates whose records will not bear scrutiny should withdraw. This election is no boy's game. It is a business for serious men. It is a problem for sober judgment. It is an undertaking to fill every citizen with serious reflection.

girl he does not know is either a pickpocket, a gambler or a married man. Gentlemen, have you been classified?
Tenants near the roof of New York's new fifty-seven-story office building, built to house 10,000 people, may not have far to go to get to heaven. But think if they should start the other way without taking the elevator.
A Chicago theatre manager announces "remnant" sales of tickets as a device for reducing the cost of living. The device may work if torn dresses and lacerated feelings are not reckoned in the cost.
A Minneapolis woman writes the Devil's Lake Commercial Club asking a job in the fields. She is tired of housework. Housewives, beware of this back to the farm propaganda. It's catching.

Gold has fled from Mexico. This fact is printed by way of warning to those who might otherwise be tempted to go there and get some. Lead is abundant, however—and loose.
Scientists pronounce a Rhode Island girl the most wonderful mind reader of the age. Now that's carrying woman's rights a bit too far.
No one can credit the motorcycle maniac with good intentions. Yet, nevertheless, the pathway to purgatory is paved for his ultimate whirl.

Talk about hard luck! Think of the devoted patriots who won nominations only to lose them.
The discreet man will take his overcoat along these bright spring mornings.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be addressed to the Editor, Portland, Ore. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)
Worse Than Speed Fiends.
Baker, Or., May 5.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Much has been said lately concerning the awful toll of death due to reckless and careless driving and riding of the automobile and the motorcycle. But what are the combined fatalities of the auto, the motorcycle and other death dealing machines, including law-breakers, compared with those due to the greater and more criminal carelessness of the man or woman, boy or girl, who constantly expectorates on the street of sidewalk, in the back yard, or worse yet, upon the office floor, and who, with such horror upon the few who are run down and fatally injured or killed by the speed maniac, and sit idly by and see tens of thousands of people exposed from matter expectorated by ignorant, law-breakers, dirty humbugs?

Oh, for a rigid law to force dirty persons to regard the health of others. It is these things that count in preserving health. Why worry so much about speed fiends, impure air, and the like, and overlook this, the most dangerous, and by far the most serious of all? I say, get to work and stop this practice. Educate and compel ignorant persons to be decently clean and careful.
MRS. AGNES HOLST.
The Expectoration Habit.
Portland, May 6.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I should like to put up a protest against the "spitting habit," and trust that my letter may create as much comment as did the "poor mouse" article.
I had observed the nauseous appearance of the sidewalks of most cities of this "great and glorious" union. I had hoped that Portland would prove an exception; but, alas! I saw a fellow, whose overall was a sickening color, drag an open crate of radishes for at least ten feet along the sidewalk, and another day I saw a man dump a sack of flour right down on a fresh juicy spot the size of a dollar and a half.

Some say there is a widespread belief that Portland's new charter will not work well. Choose the right sort of commissioners and make the belief truthspread.
The Dalles church women who are out to earn a dollar in an unusual way may furnish inspiration to men who find it difficult to earn a dollar in the usual way.
South Norwalk, Connecticut, has made kissing in public a jail offense. So kissing in South Norwalk will become a lost art in some families.

Laura Jean Libbey says that nearly every fellow who flirts with a

There are always battles of some kind to be fought.
Perhaps none of the industries will be "ruined" after all.
The crops will grow just the same, whoever or whatever is elected.
Is it possible that most of those Mexicans have quieted down at last?
Governor Johnson seems to think he is "a bigger man than Uncle Sam."
The California legislators seem to believe pretty strongly in state rights.
Now let us give the new style of government a good, fair, prolonged trial.

The Democrats in congress are showing the courage of their convictions, in tariff reduction, at last.
Men supported two wives and seven children in two homes on \$12 a week. He must be an economic genius of the first order.
President Wilson may not be always and altogether right, but he is evidently swayed from what he believes to be his duty.
"The tariff revolution," remarks the morning paper. Well, the vices and wrongs of extreme protection were enough to cause a "revolution."
If government is really as important as many think, then it is lamentable that so small a proportion of legal voters exercise the right of suffrage.

Small Change
PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF
OREGON SIDELIGHTS
Plans for a new Freebriar church at Burns have been prepared and the first assessment of the pledged building fund has been called.
The paramount issue at Gold Beach is the question of incorporating. The incorporationists are stoutly championed by the Gold Beach Globe.
Mrs. Nellie G. Nell has been a teacher in the La Grande schools for more than 20 years. It is thought she will be made principal at the new North Side building.
With the return of warm weather business in Medford has picked up to such an extent that according to the Mail Tribune, Saturday's sales at the stores were heavier than for any day, except in Christmas season, in the past 12 months.
The Douglas County Game Protective association now has three branches, organized at Riddle, with a charter membership of 23. Officers are: Lemuel Emmerson, president; Harry Williams, vice president; C. A. Riddle, secretary and treasurer.
Assessor Thrift of Coos county reports that the tax rolls show 70,000 town lots laid out in the various townships of the county. In some cases the taxes barely pay for the clerks' work involved in carrying the lots on the books.
The new Methodist church at Wendling was dedicated Sunday, Dr. E. H. Todd, vice president of Willamette university, delivered the dedicatory sermon. The church starts out in a flourishing condition, with all debts paid and money in the treasury.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By Herbert Corey.
Socialism is being given its first real test at Schenectady-by Socialists. They are in complete control of the city administration. Those Socialist employees of the city who draw wages of \$2.50 a day or less are earnestly in favor of all Socialist employees putting their wages into a common pot—to be drawn therefrom as and when needed. Those Socialist employees who get salaries bit-terly resent this proposition.
The latest on Mayor Lunn, said a man who knows the situation. "He gets the biggest salary—\$3500 a year. If he doesn't share that salary he will not be re-nominated. If he does share it—what's the use?"
Of course, you'll remember the story of the Irish Socialist, Pat, was defining Socialism to Casey.
"Pat," said he, "that I take you of your two horses, and you of your cows and half your chickens."
"How about goats?" asked Casey.
"Pat has nothing to do with goats," said Pat. "You see I have a goat!"
Mrs. Kate Thimble Woolsey, one of the delegates named by Governor Sulzer on the American commission to re-visit upon agriculture in Mexico, had been bawled, she would not sail with the other commissioners on the Saxonia.
"The commission has arranged that no woman shall make an address," said she. "No woman is to get a share in the official program. I felt that under the conditions it was my duty to withdraw."
Well—of course—every one for himself. But Mrs. Woolsey certainly is missing one of the grandest little junkies that ever shot a bullet into the map of Europe. The federal government and the various states have made appropriations for the support, comfort, and sustenance of the 100 members of the commission on tax and tariff basis. The members of the commission may not know the difference when they return between a rural credit and a bar-tab, but they will be equipped to talk eloquently on the menus, vintages, and decolletages.

There is a place for everything—and the place for Galliard Smith to stop seems to be about here. Smith is the inventor or adapter of the detelescope. This is the little gadget which a detective hid in your bureau drawer. And, then he goes away, and ties a stenographer to the receiver at the other end of the wire—and by and by he has a complete record of your conversation, including the exact price for which you agree to deter the incriminating papers.
"Now," says Mr. Smith, "I'm going a bit farther. I'm at work on the detelescope. By means of this instrument it will be possible to see what is going on in the room under observation. With the eyepiece of the detelescope before you, and the earpiece of the detelescope clamped over your caput, you might just as well be in the room, so far as observation goes."
The detelescope is a tube thirteen inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter. It is inserted in a hole bored at a convenient point. One end of the tube is a fish-eye lens. The focus can be altered so that the faces of the papers, the writing, or the writing checks may be observed. As it stands, it is a modification of the cytoscope, by which medical men have long been accustomed to peer into our most sacred works.
"But when I get through with this—"
Mr. Smith pauses in his profane rapture. It may be assumed that when he gets through with it the practise of legislative bribery and aldermanic purchase may come to a dead stop.

Texas passed such a law to get rid of English and Scotch syndicates that owned millions of acres of land—1,950,000 acres in one tract, besides smaller tracts. The Texans went at it right, just as President Wilson wanted California to do it. The Texas legislature went at it excluding all aliens and foreign syndicates from land owning in Texas.
If Governor Johnson was as eager to serve the people of California as to play safe with the words "ineligible to citizenship" left out. That is the milk in the cocoanut and there is no other real question involved. California should pass an anti-alien land law as complete as the Texas law, anything short of that is illogical and unjust to itself.
W. H. ADDIS.
The Real Canal Issue.
From the Salt Lake Herald Republican.
Many opponents of the tolls provision of the Panama canal act are arguing from a false premise. They object to the remission of tolls to American coastwise vessels. They say that it is a mistake of the nature of an unnecessary and indefensible subsidy, a gift to a special interest that neither deserves nor needs it. Their allegations may be as irrefutable as the fundamental precepts advanced by Plato, but they are not to the point.
The elemental equitableness of the concession to the coastwise lines may be argued later; just now the United States is confronted with the question whether it shall be permitted to manage and operate its own canal as it desires. Once that precedent is established, as it must be, we can fight with amiable enthusiasm among ourselves, coming to an ultimate decision concerning just what we desire to do.

Great Britain is not quarreling with us about the Justice or injustice of a disguised subsidy to the coastwise

steamship combine. The great nation challenges our right to treat the American marine any differently than we do the vessels of England or Germany or France; it declares that when we open an office to sell sailing permits through the United States we must charge ourselves just what we do them. This impudent demand is so contrary to the fundamental principles of sustained ownership that it would only inspire amusement were it not that a certain provision of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty can, by a liberal use of the imagination, be construed to mean just that.
Were we to admit that John Hay was an unsophisticated yokel when he approved the treaty, and the members of the United States senate admirable candidates for the psychopathic ward when they endorsed it, we might accept the English reading. But since neither was the case, we are constrained to believe that the phrase "all nations" means all nations except that which bought the canal territory, planned the waterway, constructed it, and means to maintain it, an eternal testimony to the character of Yankee brains, intelligence, and energy.

Pointed Paragraphs
Of two evils choose something else.
Many things are well done that are not worth doing.
In after years some society buds become wall flowers.
You can blind some men by throwing gold dust in their eyes.
A cynic may be one who has discovered the bitterness in stolen sweets.
The man who is only as honest as he has to be is as dishonest as he can be.

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Usual strong array of articles of special interest to women readers.

Next Sunday

For the Blood Is the Life
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THE WORKINGMAN IN THE CABINET

M. Michelson in Collier's Weekly.
William A. Wilson, after three days in a Maryland jail, emerged with a point of view that will help to shape the policies of the United States during the next four years.
You see, William B. Wilson is secretary of labor in President Wilson's cabinet. But in 1894 he was a leader of the striking miners in Maryland. In the language of the mine owners, he was something even more reprehensible than that. He was an "agitator," "trouble maker," a fellow sent in from the outside to manufacture discontent and to stir up strife in a body of peaceable, happy workmen. As a matter of fact, Secretary Wilson doesn't mind being referred to as an "agitator." He realizes that the outsider has little chance to stir up discontent among workmen unless there is something fundamentally wrong in the conditions of their labor.

The fate of that Maryland strike, as the fate of every strike, depended upon the quality of its leader. "Always get your able leader out of the way and his discouraged followers will beg peace on any terms." The Maryland mine owners had played the game often enough to know this rule. So one fine morning Mr. Wilson was invited into the coach of a railroad train as the train stood waiting at the station at Lonaconing. When the train got under way, the future secretary of labor was placed under arrest and later thrown into jail at Cumberland. He was charged with the conveniently indefinite crime of conspiracy, and it was several days before his friends learned what had become of him. In the meantime a report was circulated among the miners that he had sold out and left the state.
Of course, Secretary of Labor Wilson understands why strikes leader Wilson was thrown into jail. For the same reason, he understands why his old companion in arms, Mother Jones, was held as a military prisoner in West Virginia. And he takes great pains to see that President Wilson and the members of his cabinet understand, too, so that, in official circles, there is no "conspiracy" in the air, and "unlawful assemblage" are no longer the red rags they once were.

This means that at last American labor has its official spokesman at the council table of the president. That was just what the miners wanted when, as congressman from the Fifteenth Pennsylvania district, he drew the bill creating the office of secretary of labor.
As I walked into Secretary Wilson's office, the full meaning of this revolution burst upon me. It was as if I had seen an skilful cartoonist had visualized the story for me. I had come to Washington fresh from the Paint Creek coal field of West Virginia, where I had stayed with one of the miner's families. Now I looked at the serious, gray eyed man who sat behind the big mahogany desk. His jaw was strong, his face as once delicate and determined. The black string tie and the white expanse of shirt front showed the simple taste of the workingman rather than the breezy affectation of the Washington politician.

And when Mr. Wilson went to congress from Blossburg he was recognized as one man who never took the floor in debate unless he was well fortified with facts and could not be tripped up. The great strike at Arnot, 1895-1896, started Mr. Wilson upon his political career.
"It was the final contest to put me out of the labor movement," said Mr. Wilson. "If it had succeeded it would have discredited me forever with the miners."
And it had a mighty good chance to succeed, too. We were not strong as a union. We had very little outside help. In fact, our chief source of supply was the farmers who used to send us in what produce they could spare.
"I won by peaceful methods. I sent for Mother Jones to help me. She organized the women and did wonderful work in keeping up the spirit of the men."

Secretary Wilson does not tell all the story. Instinctively he shrinks from self glorification. But he has given me the story, and I have set it down here.
Mr. Wilson was offered a bribe of \$1500 to desert the miners' cause. The proposition was not thus bluntly put to him. He was told that it would be an act of human kindness that terminated the long, bitter struggle. All he had to do was to leave the state on urgent business; let events take their own course. The mine owners, you see, were following the old rule to get rid of the able leader. Only the method of getting rid of him was different.

Fifteen hundred dollars! That was a great deal of money. There was a mortgage of just \$1500 on the Wilson farm. Fifteen hundred dollars, that was equal to the year's salary which he received as president of his union and which he was just then turning into the fund of the striking miners. It would have gone far to provide for his wife and 10 children, who were living on brown bread and coffee and who were wearing gunnysacks instead of shoes.
It is needless to add that Mr. Wilson did not accept the offer. Instead he took in the families of four striking miners and shared what he had with them. That is the reason the eighteenth of June is called "Wilson day" in Arnot, and celebrated as a public holiday by the miners. It is also the reason why he was returned three times to congress in a district that each time went heavily for the Republican president. And it is the reason why he is now secretary of labor.

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