

THE JOURNAL

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and release the middleman's brake from the wheel. The company expects to pay the producer more and charge the consumer less.

THE STAY AT HOMES

It is extraordinary that in such an election as that of yesterday in Portland, scarcely more than 50 per cent of the registered voters went to the polls.

How many of the stay-at-homes are on the streets today walling about the results? How many of them are beating their breasts and ululating about bad government.

IN THE ELECTION RETURNS

FROM the meagre returns, it seems certain that the Huesner franchise is badly beaten. There is a strong moral in the result. People are sick and tired of seeing streets given away on every and any pretext with no adequate consideration or benefit in return.

It is likewise practically certain that the charter amendment respecting a common entry and common use of the terminal on both sides throughout the full length of the harbor has passed, by a strong vote.

The public wants no monopolized terminals. It wants common entry to all terminals for all lines. It wants common use of all terminals for all lines.

Just as fast as the people get an opportunity they make their meaning clear on these subjects. The old order of bottling up a city, or maintaining an exclusive control of terminals has got to go.

It seems entirely probable that the revocation of the railroad franchises on the east side has failed. But there is a heavy vote favorable to such action.

The vote in favor of revocation is a protest against the existing status. It is a protest that can easily be transformed from a minority into a majority.

At the same time, the returns on the revocation are evidence of the conservatism of the public. The people are not going to wrong anybody. They are long suffering and slow to anger.

The railroad people should read and study the election returns. There is no question as to what the ultimate will be. The old order of bottled up terminals and monopolized districts is doomed.

This decision is in line with President Wilson's criticism of the patent laws reprinted on this page. Chief Justice White says the patent laws should not be subservive of public policy.

The patent has become a tool of oppression. The rights under it have been abused until it has become a means of tyranny. It is a splendid fact that the president of the United States should have given agitation for reform of the patent laws at the moment when the supreme court of the United States enunciates a new and better doctrine on the subject.

AN ANTI-SUFFRAGE ISSUE

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH E. JOHNSON of Alabama proposes to make his coming campaign for reelection on the sole issue of anti-woman suffrage.

The presumption is that this wise and worldly senator wants to go back to the senate. It is a fair assumption that he has selected what he thinks his strongest issue. It is a safe guess that Senator Johnson is convinced that should he make his campaign on any other issue he would lose. He hopes to win by asserting that Alabama women should not be given the ballot.

Congressman Hobson, who ranks the Merriman, is Senator Johnson's opponent and Hobson is an advocate of woman suffrage. It is Johnson, not Hobson, who has raised the suffrage issue.

Johnston is a reactionary. He is the sort of reactionary that voted for Lorimer. Johnston's issue will be that if woman is given the ballot in Alabama, white women and white men will be out-voted by colored women.

Having led in most of its political reforms, Oregon can claim to be its dome of thought. Kansas makes noise enough to be its mouth, Rhode Island supplies an eye, Panama a colon and alimentary canal; and anyone who is so disposed may locate the rest of its anatomy.

It has been discovered at Wesleyan university that social disapproval militates against the student. Trite but true. The college here becomes the civic tortoise when he enters the world's handicap.

Denver man is wearing his broken neck in a plaster cast. Rather novel, but not apt to become a popular fashion. The poor fellow can't even turn his head to see the necktie displays in the shop windows.

Acrobatic climate doesn't suit the Gresham, Or., Outlook, which declares that "the present is the most backward spring experienced in several years." See Beals about it, and get a forward spring on the program.

Dr. Wiley says that a man doesn't reach his maximum efficiency until he is 60. Often he never reaches it, preferring to supply his boss with the minimum. That's why he has a boss.

Rather late to mention it, but during that kissing bee in Berlin the royal guests must have cherished the wish that a pretty queen reigned in the Teuton realm, instead of a be-mustached emperor.

Speaking for ourselves, we would regard a Michigan editor as rather poor game after hunting yick-wacks, tusk-yuks, chinchillas, blood-sweating behemoths and other ferocious beasts in Darkest Africa.

Washington women declare that riding astride is entirely "au fait." They have studied the principle of the clothes-pin, and know that it is scientifically correct.

Happy thought! In the "noiseless age" the amateur cornetist next door may rupture his diaphragm without disturbing his neighbors.

How to exterminate snails. Portland, June 1.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In reading the letters from the people on the editorial page I noticed the inquiry as to how to get rid of snails.

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PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Lawyer Dunaway has become an unpleasant job. Many were well called for mayor and commissioners—but only a few could be chosen.

O the poor congressmen, with a propensity of making their brains over a currency bill during the dog days. The wiser graduates are those who realize that they don't know much, after all, and have only begun to learn.

In Washington state lady husbands are confined in a country stockade and made to work. Good enough for them, but lady wives may be lady still. A Lane county man wanted to shoot his lawyer. This might seem excusable in many cases, but in not advisable; it is illegal, and "clearly unconstitutional."

It doesn't take a very serious offense to cause the lynching of a "nigger" down here. The fellow who was killed because he rode in a car designed for whites. A general forbade women to ride astride in a Memorial day parade; which shows that a man can become a general through possessing no common sense on some subjects.

In a large city it is always to be reckoned that some fellow will want good government, and some others, though desiring good government, always want to go about getting it in illustrated in the case of Carthage city hall. John Wenerberg contributed the location and half the cost of the building as an incentive for the company to get to work and raise the balance of the cash. Of course they did it. Some time ago Mr. Wenerberg gave up the idea of building a new city hall, as the value of such a man in the community cannot be overestimated.

"MOTHER" JONES, AGITATOR 50 YEARS

By Herbert Corey. "Home" repeated "Mother" Jones, in her deep, slow tones. "My home is where the fighting is. I live with my people in their misery and their joy."

The defect of the oratorical style is that it seems to happen for ordinary conversation. And Mother Jones always talks in rolling periods and thunderous marches of sound. At first the other fellow pulls back, being under the impression that if he doesn't look out something will be put over on him. By an act of reaction the conclusion that Mother Jones can't help it. She has been exhorting and preaching and talking rebellion for almost 50 years. In that length of time one's style must take a permanent form.

Further, it affords a certain protection. "Mother" Jones calls upon it whenever she is asked to talk about herself. She will talk of her work. She will tell of the militia demons and the devils of the Baldwin guards, who turned the miners out of their shacks in the wild valleys of Virginia last winter. But when the inquirer wants to know something of the real Mother Jones, this veteran of the labor movement retreats behind an assumed forgetfulness.

"Just say," she remarks with a laugh, "that enough injuries have been inflicted upon me to make me m'rhound when I die. And that while I've been fighting for 'right as against law' for almost 50 years, I've only been in jail once in my life. I can't remember what was the first strike in which I took part. I suppose that I have taken more strikes than any other person in the country. I was in the anti-Chinese agitation in California in the late '60s."

She is 51 years old, this apple cheeked woman with the soft white hair fluffed over her temples and the soft white curls that fall down her neck. She looks as though she'd make a splendid grandmother. Her voice is low and deep, with an enticing tang of Cork about it, and she has a way of holding one's hand and softly patting it that somehow brings the heart to rest. She is stout, thickset, and sturdy. Her eyes at first are gray, frankly appraising and somewhat hostile. Later they are soft and blue and full of humor. She seems such a kindly, dignified, lovable old lady that one gasps when he hears her say plainly:

"I raised hell with them on Cabin Creek—damn them." She did, too—and it was because of Mother Jones' insistence that the United States senate has just adopted the anti-Chinese law. She has been in the investigation of the state of civil war, complicated with anarchy and blood feuds, that raged through the valleys of Paint and Cabin creeks for the past year. But the writer was not interested in what happened in West Virginia so much as he was in this clear eyed, lively octogenarian. She is not merely the most effective woman agitator in the country, but she is as effective as any man. Her voice is always a little hoarse, but she has the habit of gathering in the mining camps for a big strike. She is orator and general, and above all else, recruiting sergeant. The men may stay doggedly at work in the upplies while the walking delegates are shouting, but when Mother Jones turns that virgile tongue upon them they walk out. Time after time she has raged before the stunned militia, shaking her fists in their faces, heaping abuse on them, swearing like a fishwife. "But you're bound to like her when you hear her talk. She merely uses the method she has found most effective. You can't whip a mule with a reynarrow."

"When did you first become interested in the cause of labor?" "I think I was always interested," she answers to questions about her own personality are always vague. They are intended to deflect curiosity. But by and by the persistent inquirer learns from others that tragedy of the industry of the state, while every sort of financial assistance has been given to men in other lines of business, the numerous farmers, if they could get credit at reasonable figures, would immensely enlarge their business. There would be more milk and butter produced, more cattle raised, more wheat harvested, more of every sort of produce put upon the market. A farmer who has only capital enough to stock up with one team, a cow and a few hogs, cannot do much toward increasing the products that go on the market, but with more capital furnished at reasonable rates he would largely increase his output. This Yankee bankers are awaking to this situation. Western bankers would do well to take the matter into consideration.

Passing of the Spellbinder. From the Denver Times. As a mover of oratory is as obsolete as the hocus. Denver's campaign election proved this again—if, indeed, a recognized fact needs further proof. For years the decline of the silver tongue has been swift and continuous, until now the stump speaker and spellbinder are quite as old fashioned as the hoop skirt and powdered wig. The people attend no more, either on speaking or rallies. To reach the voters it is necessary for the orator—oh, men still possess booming voices and expansive vocabularies—to pursue them in the street, to course them in autos, to steal upon them unawares. Even then do the voters blandly tolerate the harangues, listen to them and are as much as they would the itinerant quack medicine peddler, and the smooth gentleman on the corner who wraps a \$2 bill around a cake of soap and sells the whole for a dime.

On the ballot the other day, placed next to the second nullifying the first. One wise and necessary; the other imprudent at this time. Both had oratorical supporters who urged their passage, and the folk expected dire confusion, if nothing worse. Yet the voters, heedless of set speeches, voted up the ill advised scheme by practically the same totals, reversed as between "for" and "against." The same independence of thought and action was observed throughout the entire ballot. The American voter no longer led by flights of rhetoric or awerved by dramatic eloquence. He realizes that ways of learning are open to him as well as to the orator. He studies his public problems, solves them, and impudently, cuts his sample ballot from his favorite newspaper, marks it carefully and methodically, goes to the polls and votes his intentions—regardless of words or local demagogues.

It is rough on the oratorical voters and vocal campaigners, but who will say that conditions under discriminating, educational voting are not better than in the days of emotional, hysterical shouting?

What Changed Him. From Judge. Crawford—Do you like home cooking? Crabshaw—I did before I got married. Even then do the voters blandly tolerate the harangues, listen to them and are as much as they would the itinerant quack medicine peddler, and the smooth gentleman on the corner who wraps a \$2 bill around a cake of soap and sells the whole for a dime.

TYRANNY OF PATENT MONOPOLY

President Wilson in World's Work. Take but such an everyday thing as a useful invention and the working of it at the service of men. You know how prolific the American mind has been in invention; how much civilization has been advanced by the steamboat, the cotton-gin, the sewing machine, the typewriter, the telephone, the phonograph.

Do you know, have you had occasion to learn, that there is no hospitality for invention nowadays? There is no encouragement for you to set your wits at work to improve the telephone, or the camera, or some piece of machinery, or some mechanical process; you are not invited to find a shorter and cheaper way to make things or to perfect them, or to invent better things to take their place. There is too much money invested in old machinery; too much money has been spent advertising the old camera; the telephone plants, as they are, cost too much to permit their improvement by anything better.

Wherever there is monopoly, there is no incentive to improve, but improvement being costly in that it "scraps" old machinery and destroys the value of old products, there is a built-in motive against improvement. The instinct of monopoly is not only to keep in use the old things, made in the old way; its disposition is to "standardize" everything.

Standardization may be all very well—but suppose everything had been standardized 50 years ago. Suppose it still were being done by hand, by gas light, we should be without the inestimable aid of the telephone (sometimes, I admit, it is a nuisance), without the automobile, without the wireless telegraph. Personally, I could have made a good plod along without the aeroplane, and I could have been happy even without moving pictures.

Of course, I am not saying that all invention has been stopped by the growth of trusts; but I think it is perfectly clear that invention in many fields has been discouraged, that inventors have been prevented from reaping the full fruits of their ingenuity and industry, and that mankind has been deprived of many of the comforts and conveniences, as well as of the opportunity of buying at lower prices.

The damper put on the inventive genius of America by the trusts operates in half a dozen ways: The first thing discouraged by these trusts is the device which extends into a field controlled by a trust is that he can't get capital to make and market his invention. If you want money to build your plant and advertise your product and employ your agents and make a market for it, where are you going to find your money? You must apply for money or credit, this proposition is put to you by the banks: "This invention will interfere with the established processes and the market control of certain great industries. We are already financing those industries, and their securities are in our hands; we will consult them."

It may be, as a result of that consultation, you will be informed that it is too bad, but it will be impossible to get your money. It may be you will receive a suggestion that you take care to make certain arrangements with the trust, you will be permitted to manufacture. It may be you will receive an offer to buy your patent, the offer being a pure consolation prize. It may be you will receive a suggestion that you purchased, will never be heard of again.

That last method of dealing with an invention, by the way, is a particularly vicious misuse of the patent laws, which ought not to allow property in an idea which is the result of the genius of a man. One of the reforms waiting to be undertaken is a revision of our patent laws.

In any event, if the trust doesn't want you to manufacture your invention, it will not be allowed to do so. You have money of your own and are willing to risk it fighting the monopolistic trust with its vast resources. I am generalizing the statement, but I could particularize it. I could tell you instances where exactly that thing happened.

By the combination of great industries, manufactured products are not only being standardized, but they are too often being kept at a single point of development and efficiency. The increase of the release of the patent in proportion to the cost of production is not studied in America as it used to be studied, because if you don't have to improve your process in order to excel a competitor, if you are human you aren't going to improve your process; and if you can prevent the competitor from coming into the field, then you can sit at your leisure, and behind this wall of protection which prevents the brains of any foreigner competing with you, you can sit at your ease for a whole generation.

Can any one who reflects on merely this attitude of the trusts toward invention fail to understand how substantial, how actual, how great will be the effect of the release of the patent of our people to originate, improve and perfect the instruments and circumstances of our lives? Who can say what patents now lying, unrealized, in secret drawers and pigeonholes, will come to light, and what new inventions will astonish and bless us, when freedom is restored?

Are you not eager for the time when the genius and initiative of all the people shall be called into the service of business? Will you not be glad to see new enterprises with new enthusiasms, independent men, shall be welcomed. When your sons shall be able to look forward to becoming, not employees, but heads of some small, it may be, but hopeful, business, when the best energies shall be inspired by the knowledge that they are their own masters, with the paths of the world open before them?

Have you no desire to see the markets opened to the credit of every man in proportion to every man's character? To see business disentangled from its unholy alliance with politics? To see raw material released from the control of monopolists, and transportation facilities released for use by all, every avenue of commercial and industrial activity levelled for the feet of all who would tread it? Surely, you must feel the inspiration of such a new dawn of history!

Pointed Paragraphs. Busy hands can find their own mischief to do. Most of the entries in the human race are also runs. The honesty of one man is often good policy—for others. The under dog wants no sympathy; what he wants is assistance. Sometimes a man is so shiftless that he isn't even a successful liar. His satanic majesty offers women diamond tiaras instead of halos. The man who doesn't get all that's coming to him is generally lucky.

In accord with the eternal fitness of things in dual world, man's shoulders ought to wear a broadcloth coat.