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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels.
—Shakespeare.

ASTORIA'S RATE FIGHT

THE importance of Astoria's suit before the Interstate Commerce Commission for common-point railroad rates on a par with Seattle and Tacoma need not be magnified. It is not Astoria's fight alone; it is the Columbia basin's fight, and whatever advantages Astoria may secure through a favorable decision will be shared by Portland and every other city, village and farming community adjacent to the Columbia river.

The "cost of haul" principle, long recognized by the commission, should determine the suit in Astoria's favor. There is no excuse for present discriminatory and preferential rates given Puget Sound against the Columbia river. These rates are justifiable neither in law nor morals. They are relics of days when railroads were allowed to build up one community at the expense of another. There is no more justification of discrimination against a city than against an individual, and the commission has prohibited both sorts of discrimination in many instances.

Portland never has received the benefit of her natural advantages in rates. The Washington railroad commission established rates to Puget Sound, based on the mountain haul, which were lower than to Portland on a water-level haul. Rates to Portland were then fixed on the same basis as Sound rates, although there were no mountains to cross. In other words, the mountain rate has controlled the Portland rate.

But Astoria, with higher rates and water-level grades, still was left at the mouth of the Columbia practically marooned so far as rail traffic is concerned.

It is not material now that these discriminatory rates have long existed. But it is material that Portland join with Astoria in her fight for equitable rates. The past had an obscured view of the problem; the present must see it in its true light. Portland in former days denied Astoria's claim to equitable rates, and while Portland was busy opposing that city's demands Seattle and Tacoma forged ahead as shipping points. It were better had Portland's energies been devoted to securing just rates as compared with Puget Sound. But that was an error of the past; the present necessity is to secure for the Columbia basin rights to which it is entitled.

Rates route traffic, and traffic builds up cities and farming districts. Opening of the Panama canal will mean little to the Columbia river if shippers are denied use of the nearest seaport. They are now denied use of the port of Astoria because of preferential rates. They are denied use of the port of Portland because much traffic has been diverted to Puget Sound. It is a wrong against, not only Portland, but the entire body of people whose natural outlet to the sea is along the Columbia river.

The railroads may object to having their established rate program disturbed. But if they fight the present suit they will fight their own interests, for it is not good business for a railroad to haul heavy loads over mountains when the loads could be hauled along water grades.

THE HEALTH CITY

DR. MARCELLUS, city health officer, is ambitious that Portland be known as the health city. Such ambition is commendable, for it looks toward happiness, and happiness is a city's most prized possession. In the Health Bulletin, the department's monthly publication, Dr. Marcellus calls attention to Portland's natural advantages of location, topography, climate and water supply. He says everybody should join in a campaign for cleanliness, which must result in a lower death rate, Portland's record already being very close to the top. He says:

Filth is more dangerous than thugs and murderers in our midst. It kills more people in the world than all the wars combined. Therefore, the man who harbors filth is a public menace—the more so if he is a caterer to public wants.

Portland's death rate is only 8.59 per one thousand inhabitants. Among American cities Portland is second only to Seattle, and Dr. Marcellus is not satisfied. He should not be satisfied until Portland as a health city is so far in advance of other cities that there will be no close comparison.

The health officer is right in saying that filth kills more people than wars. He is right in insisting upon cleanliness. Think of the defenseless babies that are killed by filth. The children's bureau of the United States department of labor recently issued a monograph saying that 300,000 babies less than a year old die in America each year. Over 42 per cent of them die within one month of birth.

Filth in various phases and forms is the direct cause of this army of babies being carried out to little graves. Drunken fathers; diseased, undernourished and devitalized mothers; impure food, flies, dirt, neglect, poverty, ignorance, squalor, foul air, heat, cold, hunger and other allies of filth out-Herod Herod in a slaughter of the innocents.

If a baby is worth having it is worth saving. What can be said of a city that kills its babies? And yet indifference to filth is killing them. Portland has an enviable reputation so far as baby slaughter is concerned, but so long as even one Portland child because of filth adds to the sum total of the nation's dead children, the local campaign must continue.

THE CURRENCY BILL

POLITICS makes strange bedfellows, and so does the currency bill. The country just now is treated to the spectacle of fiat money advocates fighting the pending bill on the ground that it is a bankers' measure, and at the same time bankers represented at the Chicago conference up in arms against the same bill on the ground that it does not meet their approval.

The fiat money people have little claim for recognition, and the conference bankers are equally without substantial ground upon which to stand. These bankers object to "political" control of the federal reserve board through appointment of its members by the president. They wish control lodged with the bankers. They also wish one great central reserve bank instead of twelve regional banks as provided in the bill. No populist convention ever assembled engaged in more heated debate than did the bankers in Chicago.

The president and friends of the bill in congress are upholding the cause of sound banking in the face of fiat money heresies. They should be supported, not harassed, by intelligent bankers. The president's firm stand against members of his own party is evidence that the bankers' political control argument is not sound nor convincing. The issuance of money is a governmental function, and it should never be delegated to private individuals or private capital. The federal reserve board should be named by the president, even though he is a political officer, and the bankers' insistence for places on the board is not backed by sound doctrine.

The demand for elimination of the regional reserve banks is out of harmony with the whole purpose of the bill. Our banking system should not center in one city, New York, as at present. Domination of New York by speculation has in times of stress dominated the entire country by Wall street gamblers, and legitimate business has been prostrated while the stock market's credit requirements were given first consideration.

The Aldrich currency plan was approved unqualifiedly by the National Bankers' convention of 1911, and last September the national convention adopted a resolution to the effect that the bankers' association would cooperate with anybody and everybody in devising a proper banking system. Several of the pending bill's provisions now objected to by the bankers are identical with the Aldrich plan, which they approved unqualifiedly two years ago.

The Glass-Owens bill may not be perfect in all details, but it embodies sound principles of banking and statesmanship in refusing to place control of money issuance in the hands of bankers. The insurrectionists at Chicago must not be allowed to secure a compromise on this vital point, even though they have wittingly or unwittingly allied themselves with fiat money advocates in opposition to the bill.

THE TARIFF DEBATE

IF THE senate tariff debate were not so tiresome it would be mildly amusing at intervals. The other day Senators Gallinger and Gronna secured Democratic admission that no claim is being made of certain and definite cuts in the cost of living through operation of the law when it goes into effect. Therefore, according to the Gallingers and the Gronnas, the Underwood bill is admittedly a failure.

When the English reform bill was pending in parliament in 1832 Sydney Smith admitted that nobody claimed the impossible for the act. People who expected an immediate drop in the price of beer were doomed to disappointment. That admission was used by opponents of the bill, and now the Gallingers and Gronnas are using similar Democratic admissions as an argument for higher duties on butter and potatoes.

Suppose the cost of living does not fall immediately and materially. Champions of the tariff bill have been frank about its inability to accomplish the impossible; they are claiming nothing except what may reasonably be anticipated. The public recognizes evils of the present system of exorbitant tariffs, and the obstructionists are creating little impression upon the country in shouting about small results claimed for the bill.

Nobody expects, when the new law goes into effect, an immediate halving of the cost of living. But people do expect some immediate benefit, and they are certain that benefits will be progressive. It may take some time for the country to get back on a basis of fairness and common honesty. Other tariff laws must be enacted before the millenium is reached, but the Underwood bill is heading us in the right direction.

If the Gallingers and the Gronnas were as frank on tariff matters as are the bill's sponsors, the reactionaries would be less tiresome, and perhaps less amusing.

PATRICK CALHOUN

IT is announced that the management of the United Railroads of San Francisco is to pass from the hands of Patrick Calhoun. According to one report this fifty million dollar corporation with its two hundred and sixty odd miles of street railway has come under the control of the Fleischhacker syndicate which is largely interested in electric power in California and in this state. This report is not confirmed, but the change of management of the system is unquestioned. Coming on the eve of a special election on the proposition to issue three and one half million dollars worth of bonds to build up a municipal railway system, the announcement of the passing of Calhoun has a deep significance and marks the closing of one of the most turbulent periods in the history of the street railroads of the Bay City.

Patrick Calhoun is a strong personality and he has in his conduct of the affairs of the United Railroads encountered the opposition of individuals, labor unions and popular sentiment for municipal railroads, fostered to a great extent by the antagonism of the labor unions.

The system was organized in 1902 by the merging of several companies. Among these were a number of cable roads and it was sought to electrify them. There was a strong public feeling against this and authority to make the change could not be obtained from the city government. With the fire and earthquake of 1906 came Calhoun's opportunity. The city was in the hands of Abraham Ruef and Eugene Schmitz. Transportation was almost destroyed. A franchise to electrify the roads was obtained at a cost, as brought out in the celebrated graft trials, of a quarter of a million dollars, paid to Ruef, Schmitz and supervisors.

In the exposure Calhoun was indicted among others, on the charge of bribery, but the indictment was afterwards quashed.

Shortly after the fire came a strike by the street railway employes. After a long and bitter fight this was broken by Calhoun and for the past six years the roads have been operated on a non-union basis.

While the feeling engendered by the strike was at its height of bitterness, a movement sprang up to make the Geary street line, whose franchise had expired, a municipal road. Calhoun fought to prevent this, but was forced to yield to public sentiment.

The policy of Calhoun was the old policy of public service corporations toward the public, a policy that is fast passing away. His going will be followed by a bitter feeling towards the United Railroads of San Francisco by the residents of that community. It may have a great influence tomorrow in the result of the bond election for municipal roads.

ETHICS IN SCHOOLS

IN HIS "Education of Tomorrow," Arland D. Week urges the teaching of broad morals in public schools. He would not confine ethical instruction within narrow limits, indicated by general understanding of the term morals, but would have children taught the principles of production and distribution, making economics a part of the child's technical training, of course not forgetting the academic fundamentals.

There is virtue in Mr. Week's suggestion that boys and girls be told early in life it is immoral to be a parasite. Production is a necessary antecedent to consumption, and there is established ground for claiming it is socially immoral for a person to consume what another produces without giving in return one's own product in equal value. This type of immorality is responsible for most of the political and industrial troubles now worrying people.

There is great need for advancing the cause of morals. President Wilson has undertaken the task in legislation. Much of the opposition he encounters is because men along in years do not learn readily. They should have been taught ethics early in life and thus prevented, in later years, from becoming stumbling blocks in the way of justice.

But our understanding of morals is broadening. A few years have recorded wonderful advancement in the ability and disposition to carefully distinguish between right and wrong—not merely between some forms of right and some forms of wrong. America is advancing because the country is becoming educated ethically. Mr. Week's suggestion that this education start in the public schools is worth a trial.

As John Lind is still very much alive, the reports of his death at the hands of an assassin were presumably exaggerated.

Rudolph Spreckels announced before a senatorial commission at Washington that he had "made" Governor Johnson of California, and the Japanese will now be able to place the responsibility where it belongs.

Becoming familiar and almost at ease with the critical aspect of the Mexican situation, we fear that if it ceased to be critical something serious might happen to somebody—preferably Huerta.

The life of a Tacoman who rolled over a cliff was saved by a stout shoestring, but not without a period of painful suspense.

One of the best indorsements yet heard of Mayor Gaynor is that he has been deserted by Tammany.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence, and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

In Criticism of Gompers.

Portland, Aug. 24.—To the Editor of The Journal—The contrast of Gompers' leadership of the labor movement with that of the I. W. W. is being very much considered now by the average workman. Gompers has pulled down a nice big salary as president of the Federation of Labor for over 25 years. For most of that time he had been a standpat Republican, and therefore not only has stood for all the false teachings that implies, but he has been very acceptable, not merely to the clique which has kept him in office, but to the very opponents of labor. At last a new king has come, for the present, in the form of the I. W. W. movement. Gompers sees it. His editorial in the American Federationist proves it. Gompers is a selfish conservative and unfit for true leadership. The I. W. W., while it may be born of the unwashed, has felt the branding iron of poverty, and it is certainly more responsive to the awful injustices of our economic conditions than leadership which lives at the best hotels, travels in Pullman coaches and hobnobs with the Mark Hannas of finance, etc. The Lawrence strike did some good. It helped Mr. Wilson in his election to the presidency, and it will help us to get wool on the free list in the new tariff law. The Journal can't object to that, surely. There are no "impossible ideals" in that.

Mr. Gompers very well describes the conditions of the working people in his editorial as "undernourishment in spare bodies, the strained, hungry faces" of those who "live in dark, squalid and fetid rooms called homes."

Before Gompers led the labor movement things could not have been worse. Why doesn't Gompers stop this? The I. W. W. propose an economic change. Gompers is satisfied with his job, and the salary. He talks of the working people "having their sense of justice inflamed." For a labor leader, wouldn't that jar you? Doesn't he know that the return to labor, in productive employments, is but one-fifth of the product? How can you inflame their sense of justice, when it is ever inflamed by such an enormous wrong?

Gompers talks of constructive leadership, implying that he is of that type. Let us test that by the facts. Some years ago the dock laborers of the ports of New York and New Jersey were unorganized, and consequently their rights were abused. Frequently the boss stevedores compelled their men to work from 30 minutes to two hours overtime daily without any compensation, and at the same time the state of New York had on its statute books an eight hour law. Those conditions remained until one day an unknown Irishman from Liverpool, England, named Edward McHugh, came to America to organize the International Dock Laborers' union.

Under the most difficult conditions imaginable, by the method of street speaking from barrels and boxes, and though very often arrested by the police, he succeeded in organizing 50,000 men. He thereby not only had their wages raised but succeeded in having them paid over $70,000 in overtime alone. When McHugh had all the dirty work done Gompers jumped in and stole the organization. This is evidently what he means by "constructive leadership."

JAS. R. BROWN.

A Widow Asks Questions.

Portland, Aug. 23, 1913.—To the Editor of The Journal—On the subject of paying the water bills three months in advance I would like to have a word. I am a widow and my son gets very small wages; so low I can't pay three months in advance, even if I wanted to do so, for I am also a renter and for more reasons than one a person will sometimes have to move. If one has paid that far in advance, what could one do? I don't believe one could get the money back; anyway, not without a great deal of time and trouble. Do you think in law they could compel one to pay that way? If one had paid in advance a month and still offered to do so, could they shut the water off if one refused to pay any farther in advance?

Now for another question: Why does the pure food law allow butchers and other dealers to sell fowls with the entrails and crops still in? When the law was passed in Idaho they were all warned not to sell fowls in that condition, and after several were fined they quit it. We had a good health officer there. Is not the pure food law the same all over the United States? There certainly is nothing pure or healthful in a fowl in the condition described. Besides, the crop or craw weighs from three-quarters of a pound to one pound, and the entrails another half pound, so that is throwing money into the garbage pail with a vengeance. We did not have to pay as much a pound for chickens or turkeys in Idaho as we do here, either.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Multnomah's Game of Bridge.

Portland, Or., Aug. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—When a new tax or bond issue is proposed, we naturally ask: Can we afford it? On the proportion of a bond issue of $2,000,000 for a bridge over the Columbia, we may have to face the problem of paying our share of 6 per cent on that amount. We can hardly assume that the bridge tolls will yield that amount the first year it is opened to traffic. It can be assumed that even the first year the tolls will amount to $100,000 above expenses. That would be 5 per cent.

Our Clarke county (Washington) friends estimated this from the profits of the Vancouver ferry. I have watched the development of traffic across the Columbia for 27 years. From my observation, I am confident that only about half of this traffic passed over the ferry. Much comes by river and railroad that would come by wagon or trolley, which would come by bridge if it were made convenient and reasonably cheap. In a few years the taxpayers of Multnomah county will not only be relieved from paying interest on the bridge bonds, but in less than a generation the great bridge will pay for itself.

Years ago I copied, as a law student, the contracts for the first bridge over the Ohio river at Cincinnati. The subscribers for the stock in that enterprise then thought they were sinking their money for the public good. Now you will have to pay a premium for the stock in any of the Ohio bridges. And so it will be here.

It is financial faith which moves mountains. THOMAS M. ANDERSON.

A Working Woman's View.

Portland, Aug. 23, 1913.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see much in your paper concerning women's working hours and wages. I am a working woman and am proud of it, and I think if we could be let alone we would be better off. How are you going to better conditions for some without making it worse for others? We are liable to be driven into white slavery by too little rather than by too much work. I am making my $2 a day. If the hours are cut down my pay will be cut too, or I will have to go altogether. If I want to work nobody has a right to say I shan't.

And Saturday evening is the only time a working person has to shop and enjoy the beautiful things displayed in the stores. Let the stores open later, if necessary, Saturday morning.

A WORKING WOMAN.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The automobile is about as great a killer as a war.

• •

Thaw may not be insane, but he is a fool for not hiding a while.

• •

No currency reform can reform the currency poverty in some men's pockets.

• •

A noted automobile racer has retired; he wants to live years instead of weeks or months.

• •

After all carping and caviling, a great deal of real reform in all fields is being effected.

• •

Probably it is only the exceptional person, and the fat one, who can safely abstain from eating for weeks.

• •

And if the air isn't fresh enough in the country for children who live there, they might be sent to Portland.

• •

Of course, Bryan might reduce his church and charity expenses, but no one is going to advise him to do so.

• •

How the cost of living will tumble when one can ride on the streetcars six times instead of five for 25 cents.

• •

All Tammany's many and long continued inequities are not a feather's weight of defense for Sulzer, if what he is charged with be true.

• •

It would be a brave higher court in a certain sense that, on a trivial technicality, would reverse the just verdict and judgment in the Diggs case.

• •

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

For a slogan good enough for the new and lusty municipality of Molalla the editor of the Pioneer offers a year's subscription.

• •

With a school of whales off shore and plenty of summer girls on the beach, the Signal says, Newport is managing to keep on the map as an attractive resort.

• •

Among articles sealed up in the cornerstone of the new Masonic building at Tillamook were a package of local picture post cards and some current booster literature.

• •

Albert Magers of Salem, who for a dozen years has traveled in summer the road connecting Salem and Newport, says that highway was never in so good condition as now.

• •

Baker Herald: While the people back in bleeding Kansas have been closing their places of business on account of the heat, people in Baker county were getting out their winter underwear.

• •

The Stayton Mail has reports of a number of surveyors at work on both sides of the Santiam. The Mail does not know to what organization these men belong, but it presumes their presence means another railroad in Stayton.

• •

To make La Grande the best lighted city in the northwest, to insure construction of the Second street subway at a cost of considerably over $30,000, and to rush the construction of a big 2,250,000 gallon reservoir were improvement transactions of the city council of La Grande at its last regular session.

OREGON'S JUNIOR SENATOR

Sam G. Blythe, in Saturday Evening Post.

The gentleman who first enunciated that sterling axiom: "Many men, many minds," surely had the congress of the United States for his inspiration, and concretely must have considered the senate thereof as the real, underlying, basic plot for the pronouncement.

Hurdling gracefully over the obtrusive thought that mind, as observed in frequent congressional instances, is purely a relative term, has it ever occurred to you that the greatest mushroom expert of the northwest now inhabits the senate, wearing one of the two togas allotted to Oregon and bearing the neat little name of Harry Lane—not Henry Lane, or Hank Lane or Heinie Lane, but Harry? Possibly not, but such is the fact. Harry Lane is the greatest mushroom expert of the northwest, and a dashing daredevil of a mushroom expert at that, for he often traces to their fungusy lairs in the glades about Portland mushrooms that many another might think were not mushrooms at all, and eats 'em, thus taking his life in his fungus, so to speak—and so far he has escaped.

So far he has escaped! On many a dewy eve and oft Harry Lane has packed back to town things that were the veriest caricatures of mushrooms, and stewed them, and smacked his lips over them, while the neighbors stood poised ready to hustle for the ambulance, the stomach pump, the undertaker and the reporters to tell what a useful and efficient public citizen he was—was—do you get that? But on each occasion Harry has had the laugh on them and the mushrooms in him, and for this reason he has come to be known as the greatest mushroom expert in the northwest.

And Harry Lane is a doctor, too, thus impinging on one of Old Doc Gallinger's claims to fame as the only physician in the senate, and he will be handy to have round whenever one of the tariff orators is overcome by the heat, or some fiend in human form puts something besides eggs and milk in the eggs and milk he takes for refreshment and is carried gasping from the room. Moreover, Harry Lane has been superintendent of an insane asylum, but there is no need to dwell upon that end of it, for few men are responsible for their actions and thoughts when the temperature is 108 in Washington, and they are talking about a chemical schedule or a corrupt plan for rediscounting commercial paper at a regional reserve bank without the impairment of the national credit.

Anyhow, Harry Lane settled all that, for a few days after he had become of the senate he observed: "Huh, I know all about those fellows in there. I used to boss an asylum, you know." But that is neither here nor there; and mayhap he didn't say it, as perchance he did. What boots it?

Lane is a native Oregonian. The first time he appeared before the public was in 1887, when he was made superintendent of the state hospital for the insane at Salem. Lane was and is a Democrat, and he was selected for his post by Governor Pennoyer, also a Democrat, whose greatest claim to fame is that upon an occasion he remarked harshly to the late Grover Cleveland, at the moment president of the United States, that if Mr. Cleveland would mind his own business he, Pennoyer, would do the same. Lane didn't hold himself aloof at the asylum. He visited all the patients and found out about them. He discovered a man, quite crazy on various matters, but sane on the matter of sustenance, who told him a lot of things about the food furnished by the state for the patients. This man became the food expert for the mushroom expert—twin souls, so to speak.

The result of it was that Lane made so vociferous a protest that he and Governor Pennoyer had a most exclamatory warfare about the matter, and Lane quit and went back to the practice of medicine.

This was in 1901. Along in 1905 they sort of wished the nomination for mayor of Portland on Lane. He didn't particularly want it, being concerned with his investigations of mushrooms and other scientific subjects, but he got it, and he defeated the patriarchal George H. Williams, who had been attorney general in one of the Grant cabinets and was the grand old man of Oregon. The city council was Republican and Lane had his troubles. He wanted to quit at the end of his term, but the Democrats renominated him and he was reelected. The third time they tried it he flatly refused.

He was an interesting mayor. The municipal government of Portland never lacked for excitement while he was in charge. He fought with the members of the executive boards, and most of them resigned. He had the town stirred up all the time. Being curious, he took an ax one day and went out and knocked a hole in the wall of the old Marquam Grand theatre, then Portland's leading playhouse. It was so easy he chopped various other holes in the walls and floors of this temple of Thespis, and finally ordered the place closed as unsafe, much to the disgust of many leading citizens. Also he secured a couple of sharp pointed steel rods, and he had a way of journeying out along newly paved streets and jabbing holes here and there just to see if the pavements were up to specifications. Naturally this line of investigation incensed the paving contractors to a high degree, but it secured a lot of good pavements for Portland.

At the end of Lane's second term as mayor the people said of him: "He's eccentric, but he's honest," and Lane grinned and began practicing medicine again. He was a doctor from 1909 until 1912, when he went into the primaries as a candidate for senator. As our best classical authors would never say, he had a cinch. There were running for the same job a regular Republican, an independent Republican and a Progressive, and all Lane had to do was to sit back comfortably and take the Democratic nomination. It came to him on a salver, with parsley round it.

Thus was the greatest mushroom expert of the northwest projected into the senate, and he is there now, just as curious as in his earlier days when he inquired into the Oregon brands of fungus and punched the holes in the Portland paving.

Somebody told him once that there was considerable jobbery in Indian affairs down at the capital, and when the Indian appropriation bill came up for repassage in the extra session of congress after Mr. Taft had vetoed the original bill, Lane, by his questions and assertions, got on the nerves of Senator Stone, who was in charge of the bill, to such an extent that there were moments when it seemed as if Senator Stone would take off one of his gum shoes and hurl it at Harry. Which would have been a hideous hurl, and not at all in accordance with the traditions and conventions of the greatest deliberative legislative forum in the world.

Once during a Japanese spasm on the coast Harry came to bat with the information, for the benefit of all concerned and especially of the war department, that Japanese spies were making maps of the water works system of Portland, with a view to mischief when the yellow peril shall stray into the City of Roses. It is not reported what the senator desired to do about this alarming state of affairs, but it is quite probable he had a plan for welcoming the yellow peril hospitably and feeding it toadstools instead of mushrooms, to the consequent discomfort and death of the invaders. And Harry is the boy who knows the septiferous fungi when he sees them. Don't let that glide by you.

YOUR MONEY

By John M. Oskison.

One of the oldest and most widely experienced dealers in bonds in this country made this statement recently:

"Over a period of years money safely invested has not produced an average income return anywhere near as high as may be obtained at present." And then this paragraph was added:

"It therefore seems logical to advise the investing public to take advantage of these favorable rates for a period of years rather than to seek perhaps a slightly higher return for a shorter time."

Among borrowers there is strong competition just now. In one group you will find corporations (railroad and industrial) offering short term notes yielding better than 6 per cent. In the other group you are beginning to find corporations (principally railroads) offering big issues of long term (20 years and more) bonds on a yield basis of very close to 6 per cent.

For the investor, who seeks safety along with his reasonably good return, the question remains to decide: Can I make more by buying the notes which will be paid in from one to five years, or by taking on the long term bond which yields close to 6 per cent, and is likely to have a considerable increase of price when credit conditions are easier?

It is put up to him to judge whether or not the market for the long term issues has reached the bottom. If it has, his decision will not be hard to make—he will take the long term issues. If he thinks that it will take another year, or two, or three, to reach bottom, he can get better pay for the use of his money from the issuers of the short term notes, and when they mature his money can then be shifted.

Personally, I should look into the long term bonds.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"Every once in a while I run across a graphic account of the fight with Indians at Table Rock, in Southern Oregon," said Judge William M. Colvig of Medford. "All of the accounts, while more or less interesting, have one fatal defect, and that is they are lies. There wasn't any fight at Table Rock.

"There are not many people now alive who have first hand knowledge of the fact, though. C. C. Beekman of Jacksonville, myself and one or two others are the only ones I know of who possess personal knowledge of the matter.

"I came to Oregon 62 years ago. I was born in Ray county, Missouri, on September 2, 1845, not far from the birthplace of Jesse James. We are almost of an age. He was about a year old when I was born. Jesse James came of an excellent family. His step-father and my father practiced medicine in the same town, and their offices were almost side by side.

"We started for Oregon on May 5, 1851. We had 2 wagons. The one with our provisions and freight had three yoke of oxen, the wagon in which the family traveled had two yoke. We arrived in Oregon with the light wagon and three oxen. We lost seven of our 10 oxen, and had to abandon the heavy wagon on the plains.

"There were five children in our family who came across the plains. My brother, Judge Volney Colvig, lives here in Portland. He was formerly county judge of Josephine county. Another brother, Judge George W. Colvig, lives in Grants Pass. My sister, Mrs. A. A. Emery, lives in Ashland. I live in Medford, and my other brother, John Lewis Colvig, was killed by the Indians. He was chief of scouts. There were five in his party when they were attacked by the Indians, four of the party were killed.

"We arrived in Portland on October 5, 1851.

"My father was born in Leesburg, Va. His father was born in Paris. When my grandfather came from France he Anglasized our name. It had been Colvigne, so he dropped the 'ne' when he came to Virginia. My mother was born in Hartford, Conn. My father and mother met in Ohio, where my mother was teaching school. Judge M. P. Deady and my father were raised as boys together.

"Tom Carter, one of Portland's early merchants, and my father came from the same part of Virginia, so when we came to Oregon Tom Carter met us at Cascade Rapids and brought our family down to Portland on the steamer Lot Whitcomb. My father came with the three oxen and the wagon over the mountain trail.

"Mr. Carter took us to his home. I remember he took all of us children to his store and gave each of us a hat and a pair of shoes.

"The first school I attended was here in Portland, in the fall of '51. It was taught by a man named Stephen Outhouse.

"We moved into the house next to Tom Dwyer. He had his newspaper office at his house. My brother and Frank Mall had the job once a week of running the hand press to print the Oregonian. If I remember correctly they ran off 200 or 300 copies each week.

"In the spring of '52 father took the gold fever, and with one light wagon and oxen we started for the mines of southern Oregon. About 25 miles south of Roseburg the oxen played out and the wagon broke down, so he decided to stop there. He bought a man's right to a donation land claim. I think he gave him a rifle for the claim. At any rate father went ahead and proved up on it. It was near Canyonville. There was a Indian village on one corner of the place, so we children soon learned Chinook.

"I think it was on the tenth of October, 1855, that my brother and I came in from hunting the cows and saw a white horse covered with blood standing by the front door of our log cabin. We hurried into the house to see what was the matter. We found father with a big knife working on a man lying on the floor, while mother was tearing our hickory shirts into bandages. The man was Bill Russell, and he had seven bullet wounds. He told us that the Indians had broken out and killed Weaver, his partner, and a lot of other settlers between Canyonville and Jacksonville, and around Grants Pass. Russell stayed all winter with us. Father patched him up, and he got well and is alive yet. He lives at Ashland.

"My father and J. C. Fullerton, the father of Judge Fullerton of Roseburg, and another settler, combined to hire a teacher. They built a log schoolhouse and employed Sam Strong as teacher. They put him under bonds not to get drunk during the four months of school. He didn't, either, though later he died of delirium tremens. Our next teacher was a mild and inoffensive little Jew, named Isidore Choynski. We boys knocked him out in two months. He was a timid little fellow. He was the father of Fighting Joe Choynski, the prize fighter.

"Our next teacher was a young easterner, who had come out west to die of consumption, but who had become cured in crossing the plains. His name was Rufus Mallory, later destined to make his mark in Oregon politics. He was succeeded by a young German, Binger Hermann, who also cut a wide swath in politics. Binger Hermann had a wonderfully persuasive way with us, and we were soon his firm friends.

"A little after that I enlisted in Company C, First Oregon cavalry, but that is another and a longer story."

Pointed Paragraphs

Not even a woman ever liked all her relatives.

• •

Most of a man's illusions come out with his hair.

• •

If you are looking for a light job apply at the gas works.

• •

Many a man puts his foot in it when he attempts to stand on his dignity.

• •

Honesty may be the best policy, but there are a lot of men from Missouri.

• •

He is a smart man who only makes mistakes at the other fellow's expense.

• •

Money is the root of all evil—and many a family tree springs therefrom.

• •

We know some men who seem to know everything that isn't worth knowing.

• •

And it might be well to remember that no man is any better than you should be.

• •

When a bachelor makes up his mind to get married all he has to do is to stop dodging.

• •

Young people used to set out for a life's journey on the sea of matrimony—now many of them are satisfied with a short excursion trip.