

THE JOURNAL AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER... PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (except Sundays) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill-sts., Portland, Or.

pushing preparations for increased ocean and rail traffic, the Columbia must not be content until it is open to the world.

OREGON'S MARRIAGE LAW OREGON'S law requiring physical examination of men seeking marriage is called class legislation by two district judges. They pronounce the law a failure, as well as an injustice upon members of their own sex.

Judges Jones and Dayton have taken a most extraordinary position, and they have announced it in a most extraordinary manner. If the Oregon law is class legislation, it is unconstitutional, and that should settle its fate.

Judges Jones and Dayton are quoted as saying they spoke only as citizens in condemning the law, but if they are competent to sit on the bench they know that ordinary people cannot easily distinguish between a judge on the bench and a judge in the street.

But there is a larger issue than the necessity for judges to remain discreet at all times. These two magistrates say, in effect, that because a law does not accomplish its full purpose, then, and for that reason, it should be annulled.

The class legislation argument is far fetched. It is true, the law is not perfect, but it strikes at the chief cause of much suffering and unhappiness in married life. Judges Jones and Dayton say the law is defective because it does not require physical examinations of women.

What do they mean by this? Are they attempting to say that the average woman is as great a menace as the average man? Or are they attempting to impose conditions that would tend to reduce the law to an absurdity?

Few people not directly interested in fees will join these judges in bewailing the loss of \$3 to Vancouver. Sober minded taxpayers will agree that it is far better to do what they can to protect unborn generations from vices of the present than to give heed to a \$3 argument.

APRECIATING COURTESY WRITING to The Journal, "A Woman of 60" expresses her appreciation of courtesies shown her by Portland street car conductors. She mentions Mount Scott and Woodstock conductors specifically for the reason that she has used those cars more than others.

Well, why not? Courtesy is the cheapest and most valuable product of today, yesterday or all time. It pays dividends far in excess of any other product; the cost of manufacture is eliminated; the profits are certain; the reward is in legal tender which passes current with one's better self.

JUSTICE AND JURIES CRITICISM of courts for miscarriages of justice is justifiable, but it should be specific. The jury is as much a part of the court as the judge, but jurors are seldom blamed individually; as a rule we overlook their shortcomings and place odium upon the entire institution of courts.

corrupt judiciary on every hand," Judge Sheppard said, "do you not think it behooves every jurymen to consider any case brought before him in an impartial light, and to render his verdict to the best of his ability, exercising the functions God gave him to their fullest capacity?"

After hearing Judge Sheppard's scathing rebuke and his opinion that the evidence was more than ample to convict, the defendant arose voluntarily and pleaded guilty to the charge, despite the fact that two former jurors had failed to reach a verdict in his case.

It may be that Judge Sheppard should not have expressed his opinion about the defendant's guilt, but courts are established for the enforcement of justice. Three jurors had disagreed, and yet the defendant voluntarily pleaded guilty. Justice depends upon the jury as much as upon the judge.

BONDS FOR GOOD ROADS JACKSON county will vote next Tuesday on the issuance of \$500,000 of road bonds for the construction of Oregon's first link in the Pacific highway. Thus Jackson county voters have the opportunity to set the pace in Oregon's race with progress.

If the bonds are authorized, 48 miles of paved highway will be constructed in the immediate future. This stretch of good road will connect with the California state highway on the south; pass through Medford, Ashland and Central Point, thus adding five miles to the total mileage; cross the Siskiyou mountains at easy grades, and terminate at the Josephine county line.

It is noteworthy that Jackson county has combined sound financing with other progressive ideas. The bonds are to be serials; \$100,000 will be paid at the end of 10 years, and the remaining \$400,000 will be retired in equal installments at five year intervals. Thus the bonds will all be paid during the life of the improvement, interest will be saved, and no excessive burden will fall upon taxpayers at the end of 30 years.

The present highway over the Siskiyou mountains has a 33 per cent grade in places; grades on the new highway will not exceed six per cent. The new road will pass population, and through each township except two. Jackson county was given 25,000 population by the census enumerators; the new highway will serve 19,000 of the people who live either directly on or close to it.

In the past much money has been wasted on roads. That day is passing. Jackson county's new highway will be constructed under direction of the state highway engineer. Jackson taxpayers will get value received for the bonds they vote, and the dividends returned by good roads are tremendous. They exceed bank stock dividends.

It may be that residents living off the new highway will vote against the bonds. If they do they will vote against their own interests. Jackson county has been spending an average of \$100,000 a year in taxes on roads, and the greater part of the money has gone on the highway it is now proposed to permanently improve. Remove that money sink and annual taxes can go toward improvement of outlying roads. The money will go there, for one good road will demand other good roads. That has been the experience everywhere.

Jackson county is to be congratulated on her ambition to become Oregon's southern gateway. The 53 miles of improved highway should be completed before the San Francisco exposition opens. Visitors from all parts of the world should be given visual demonstration that Oregon is a progressive state—and there could be no better demonstration than 53 miles of first class highway in Jackson county.

With regard to the perforated skirt, we would infer from the way advanced styles are advancing that it will be in order before long to dispense with the skirt and wear the perforations.

speaking, or forever after hold his peace. Tokio having again responded, it's now Washington's turn to add another new note to a mellifluous lullaby. Labor day was, as usual, labor day—with a good many of us.

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 500 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, it should be stated.)

"Discipline is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It obeys principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. It gives men a sense of their own worth, and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

August Bebel, Portland, Or., Aug. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—On August 16, 1913, the body of August Bebel was cremated. On August 16, 1913, thousands of men, women and children bowed in silent tribute before a man whose light shined upon the four corners of the earth, though all that mortal of him has passed away. On August 16, 1913, there was burned into the pages of twentieth century history an unforgettable page.

How much this age owes to the great Bebel, too few of us can understand. Endowed by the Creator with the finest interpretation of the Socialist heart, its every beat laden with the sorrows of some wronged soul, his every thought being the altering of our modes of dispensing justice in order to preserve the world's prolonged existence. It is through broad education, harmonize production, distribution and its fruits, this leader of mankind, made of his life the barometer of the ills that beset the human family, in order that the world might be a better place.

Woman, pure chaste woman, can well erect to him, in her purest heart, a castle of reverent and God-like love. For his heart ever went out to her unloving, for his own inferior position in the body politic.

"Every child that is born, whether boy or girl, is a welcome addition to the community, inasmuch as the community sees in the child a continuation of itself. It is the duty of the parent, therefore, a matter of course that it accepts the duty of providing for the new being to the fullest extent of its powers. Accordingly, the mother that suckles the child is the first to give it its education. So, too, August Bebel, Childhood, womanhood, motherhood—these were ever his greatest concern in life. Political, industrial and social independence, these should be woman's. Marriage, he believed, was not a duty, but a necessity on the part of the female and sex gratification on the part of the male, thus minimizing the work of the divorce courts. Mothers' pension acts, woman suffrage, living wage and hours laws, these are only milestones in the path towards an inception of the Bebel program.

Martyr for humanity, his was the philosophy that no man could not philosophize. His was the truth that no man could not philosophize. His was the truth that no man could not philosophize. His was the truth that no man could not philosophize.

Woodburn, Or., Aug. 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see in your issue of the twenty-ninth a letter written by a Mrs. A. M. Watson with regard to the "A Woman of 60" in your issue of August 29. It is quite evident that Mrs. Watson had a different experience there from a majority of others who are living there. I have been there, but own no land nor have I any interests there whatsoever, but I feel I must do justice to that great country, where so many people are making wealth and raising up their families in a country where they are not laboring on paupers' wages as they are here in many places. Think of a man with a family here working himself for \$2 a day, and getting 2 cents for insurance, leaving a balance of \$1.98, while I know well here are harvesting for \$1.50 per day over and over. They are more like \$3 and \$4 per day.

Goat Skins and Blackberry Wine. Portland, Or., Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—In today's Journal a subscriber from Oakland wanted to know "how to tan a goat skin, and what recipe for making blackberry wine." For their approval I submit recipe for tanning raw hides, and two for making blackberry wine.

The Missouri evangelist who converted Younger, the bandit, assuredly snatched a hard Cole from the burning. If Canada keeps Thaw, we will be glad that annexation never got any further than a noise. If there's anybody left who hasn't called Mulhall a liar, let him now!

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE The woman who hesitates has no secret to tell. If a woman can't be flattered it's a sign she is deaf. You can get insured against any accident except marriage. A lot of dead ones in every town are holding out on the undertaker. Society is judged by some of the militants that manage to break in. It is customary for a man with more dollars than sense to accumulate popularity. Occasionally a woman weighs her words—then throws in a lot for good measure. Not even an ingenious woman can make a really good husband out of poor material. The fool man who is always asking for advice should be advised to keep his mouth closed. The man who earns a good living has nothing to brag of—unless some other fellow gets it. A woman likes to see something nice about her husband in the papers so that she can ask him for a new dress and get it. The man who things he is marrying an angel in disguise occasionally discovers later the alleged disguise was permanent.

COMMENT ON CURRENT EVENTS

From Collier's. The tragedy-comedy, "William Sulzer—A Man of the People," has now been produced by Manager Charles F. Murphy, the heavy. Before the curtain fell, the audience's only question was: Would Murphy and his creatures stab Sulzer in full sight of all, or would they give him a chance to expire more gracefully off-stage? Tammany made and unmade the fallen hero. The moral of the piece is, for the people: Don't look to Tammany for your governors. For Tammany insists on his enemies being hanged. So long as Sulzer "played the game" his weakness didn't matter. After he had dared to toss Murphy disrespectfully, they mattered very much. Sulzer rose from the ranks of a really good—on the ground, now, men who rise from the ranks to positions of high trust and honor owe it to themselves and to humanity not to sink any faster than they have come up. Their careers may prove a great inspiration to the ranks of other gardeners' sons. This particular self-made man failed to measure up to his opportunity. He was never a big man; only a strutting actor built for the "movies." His studied suggestion of Henry Clay imitated on a really good judge, his phlegm and character. But blustering Bill Sulzer, who renamed the executive mansion at Albany "the people's house," was not bad at heart. Though he denoted a man of progressive views, many denials were as superficial as every-thing else, he was not exactly a hypocrite. It is an unhappy business, and one's predominant emotions are disgust and pity; disgust at the instrument of Sulzer's ruin, the political machine which perpetuates all this in New York's civic life; pity for the well-meaning weakling. Had Sulzer been a dangerously evil man, he would have made his peace with Tammany in time to save his skin—in time, even, to profit by monetary resuscitation. Average citizens have not joined in stoning the lost leader, but they are profiting by the object lesson. It is for Tammany, with its grinning Murphys and Frawleys and Levis, that an inner circle in hell is being warmed.

"Sure, says Mr. Dooley, 'th' bachelors will be the boys in politics if th' ladies gets th' votes. It's to us intelligent, reasonable, an' handsome men that th' dear things will come, an' not to th' poor, th' married men. We've alvays took advantage of 'em with false promises an' led 'em th' m' altar to th' wash tub. I'll have 50 votes to ye'er when th' girls gets their rights. But be not deceived, O gay bachelors of the county or any other, th' boys are not deceived by Mr. Dooley's conventional reasoning. Rather than cajoled, you are more likely to be ignored and thus ultimately eliminated.

M. H. De Young, proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, has bought the San Francisco Call for the purpose of suppressing it. There have been three morning newspapers in San Francisco since the Chronicle was founded in 1865. The Examiner, which represented the personal interests of William R. Hearst, rises when ripe on a dry day; put into a vessel with the head out and a tap fitted near the bottom; pour on boiling water; mash the berries with your hands, and let them stand covered till the pulp rises and forms a crust in three or four days; then draw off the liquid into another vessel, and to every gallon add one pound of sugar; mix well and put it into a cask to work for one week, or ten days, and throw off any remaining lees. When the working has ceased, bung the cask. After six or 12 months it may be bottled.

2. Gather the berries when ripe; measure and bruise them, to every gallon of berries add one quart of water; let the mixture stand 24 hours, stirring occasionally; strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let it stand until the next morning, and you will have wine for use without any further straining or boiling. T. C. B.

Congressman Lafferty Explains. Washington, Aug. 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—In a recent issue of your paper I see a few of the second-rate settlers on the Siskiyou lands visited Secretary Lane, while he was in Portland, and complained that the first settlers, whose claims they jumped, had not lived up to the law, and that they had reported adversely as to these first settlers who were a private agent, and later as a private attorney defended them. That is not true, and I trust you will publish this statement. I never defended a single settler against whose claim I had made an adverse report. No man can cite a record to show that I did. Furthermore, I made a general report while a special agent stating that all the original Siletz settlers who took their claims for their own use and not for some timber company should have their patents. That report is dated October 15, 1890, and is on file in the general land office. I stated that no human being could make a farm out of those lands in three years, and that the first crop of settlers were better entitled to equitable consideration, having borne the early hardships of building trails, roads, bridges, etc., than would be any second crop of settlers who would doubtless jump the claims if the special agents should proceed against the first settlers. A. W. LAFFERTY.

YOUR MONEY By John M. Oskison. Here is a quotation from the late James R. Keene, one of the most widely known stock market speculators this country has produced. "No man has a right to speculate unless he has the instinct of a gambler and can't satisfy it in any other way. The few men that I have known who have made money by speculating, would have made it in any other way by directing their energies in legitimate channels. As for the thousands who have lost money by speculating, the lesson is obvious. I am not going to preach a sermon, however short, against gambling. I just want to point out to the reader of this little article who is solicited to take a chance in some far-off enterprise that nine times in ten he is asked to go into a speculation which may result in a game played against a professional gambler who is using marked cards. And that isn't intelligent gambling. If you feel that you can afford to take a chance with your money, why not put it on some one of your own community who has a plan for getting rich and back him? If you do that, you will increase your chances of winning many hundred per cent over your chances if you fall for the siren call of the promoter who wants to sell you gold mine stock or the stock of a banana plantation in Central America. If you have in your blood the gambling germ, remember that it can be trained to become a very real help in the development of your own community. Perhaps you can find enough others similarly infected to undertake the building of an interurban trolley line or a telephone line. In both these enterprises you will find full scope for your instinct to gamble, and the work is of a character to test your resourcefulness. If your judgment has been good, you will find, after a time, that the telephone line and the trolley line are needed in your community. You will have another period of pleasant excitement in negotiating the deal. You see, there are legitimate and healthy ways of satisfying the gambling instinct.

Pointed Paragraphs It is natural for some women to act unnatural. Love based on pity is apt to come out in the laundry. A kiss in the dark may be a divine spark or it may be a mistake. The man who fears the hereafter knows he deserves what he expects. Give the old-fashioned woman the eye and she will make a batch of soap. If a man has no brains there's nothing in his head to cause him to know it.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley. "Art is a fickle jade. I have won her all my life. Success in art is like love—it goes by favor," said Charles Y. Lamb of The Dalles. "Well, I am getting my revenge. As I wanted to give the world the best of me, my children have made good. They have starred in a play written for them. Stanley, my boy, and Lolita, my girl, starred in 'The Two Little Waifs' for three years, traveling all over the United States. When was a boy I took juvenile parts in the old California theatre. In the days when I was on the stage in San Francisco, Bradley & Rulofson were the photographers who had almost all of the theater trade. They employed 35 men and were the leading photographers of San Francisco, and, for that matter, of the whole coast. Not only did I have a love for the stage, but I loved to draw. I was naturally attracted by the art of photography. I got a position with Bradley & Rulofson, so I changed my allegiance from the stage to a different form of art. While I was still playing juvenile parts in the old California theatre I met David Belasco. He did not succeed in getting anything but minor parts. Later he was made stage manager of the Baldwin theatre on Market street, in San Francisco. He made an immense success. You know he has climbed to the very top of the ladder. 'Having known intimately many of the actors in the old days of 40 years ago at San Francisco, I have kept track of them. Some of them naturally stars of the first rank and quite a number of them in obscurity and have disappeared. For many the final curtain has been rung down, while others are still alive and well to do. 'Joseph M. Vivan, one of the old actors in the stock company of the California company, later starred in Irish plays such as 'Kerry Goo' and 'Shaun Rhu' and became wealthy. J. C. Williamson, the comedian of our company, was called 'The Great One' and a dance artist. She starred with him in 'Struck Off' and later married him. Today he owns a string of theatres in Australia. Lolita, she played the banjo. Her mother Lolita came to the theatre with her, and later, when she starred as Little Nell in 'The Old Curiosity Shop' her mother traveled with her. She had beautiful red hair, and she was a beauty. She is still alive, I believe. She gave the name of the fountain in San Francisco. 'Charey Vivan was another actor that I knew well. He was a very convivial and jolly. He was the founder of the Order of Elks. He was an Englishman. He used to get a bunch of actors together after the show and drink themselves into a stupor. They called it 'The Jolly Corks'. From that beginning came the B. P. O. E. The initiation and many of the other features of the Elks are the same as of the Jolly Corks. Vivan was a concert soloist in England, singing such songs as 'The Old Curiosity Shop' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop'. The thing he made a hit in here was his coster songs. 'Ten Thousand Miles Away' was a song that always brought his audience up standing. He played the piano. The plate from his collection in 'The Dalles', and he was here in the 'The Dalles', and he was here in the 'The Dalles'. He traveled all through the west. Most old theatre-goers will remember him. He was unable to pay his dues toward the last, and I understand he was not in good standing in the Elks when he died. The plate from his collection is hanging in the lodge rooms of the Elks in Boston. 'In the early '80s I took part in a good many of the amateur plays put on in Portland. When the Multnomah club gave 'The Elks' in the town, the message boys were employed to stand in line all night to be on hand to get good seats. They put on another show entitled 'Mr. and Mrs. Cleopatra'. These shows were so successful that they gave us a grand success. The Portland Electric Light company, came to me and suggested that we write a play together. We wrote a play, calling it 'A Night in Bohemia'. We produced it on March 25, 27 and 28, and it was a success. It was given in the Marquam theatre under the auspices of the Oregon Road club. Frank Hennessey, Meyer Marks Jr., Jack Kissel and many others took part in it. We gave it in Seattle and Tacoma, and it was a success in the home states and United States. It usually gave it under the auspices of the Elks. In each town we secured a local cast of characters. 'Photography has made wonderful strides since I took up as a profession. One of my fellow employees in Bradley & Rulofson's, in San Francisco, was E. W. Mybridge. He was the real inventor of motion pictures and all the motion men should owe him their hats. He worked for the Portland Electric Light company in Palo Alto. He had some blooded horses in his stables, and in discussing racing he claimed that at times a horse had all four feet off the ground. Everybody laughed at him and said he was horse crazy. At once, Stanford came to Bradley & Rulofson's and asked for the best photographer they had. They sent Mybridge out. Stanford explained what he wanted—a horse taken in motion, and he made some special plates, very sensitive and very fast. He built a big fence beside the track. He put six cameras on the opposite side of the track, and he directed his assistants at each different part, focused on the horse. He had attached silk threads to the center of each section of the fence. He had the threads attached to the cameras, and he had made a fine line of silk threads. The horse broke up at silk threads, the shutters broke and the cameras were opened and closed. They had six views of the horse in motion, covering every motion for the length of the fence. In one of the pictures proved his point. In one of the pictures the horse's feet were off the ground. Stanford and Mybridge published a book later, called 'The Horse in Motion.' 'Poor Mybridge had the close of his life. His wife was one of the most beautiful women in California. A clubman named Larkins wrote her a note calling her 'Dearest Flora' and making an appointment for a meeting in a town near San Francisco. The note in the name of Mybridge. He went to the hotel Larkins had appointed for the meeting. He knocked gently on the door of Larkins' room. Larkins came to the door, and he said, 'Hello, Mr. Larkins, is the answer to my note?' 'Yes, my wife, and shot him through the heart.'