

THE JOURNAL

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The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dead.—Jeremy Taylor.

MR. DEARBORN'S VIEW

GEORGE S. DEARBORN, president of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, said in Portland Thursday, that if American vessels in coastwise trade, are charged Panama canal tolls, the shippers will pay the tolls.

It is a widely different statement to that made by Mr. Wheelwright and others in their insistence that the remitted tolls will go into the pockets of steamship owners.

Mr. Dearborn's company is the owner of the largest American coastwise line. It took no part before Congress in securing passage of the free tolls provision.

If tolls are charged, the amount will be added to the freight charges paid by shippers. Remitted tolls will mean lower freight charges. Lower freight rates will mean larger use of the canal by shippers.

If free tolls are not to go into the pockets of steamship owners, why this tremendous opposition by transcontinental railroads against free tolls?

If free tolls are not to give lower freight rates to Oregon producers on wool, apples, livestock, lumber and other products in transit through the canal to Atlantic ports, why all this opposition for forty years by transcontinental roads to the building of an inter-oceanic canal?

It is because American farmers, American lumber mills and their employes, American consumers and American workers are going to get benefits from free tolls that this great clamor is raised for repeal of the tolls provision.

Where does the fly born? In filth. Where does he go? Into the kitchen and the dining room. What does he do there? He walks on the bread, the meat, the vegetables and the fruit. He is fond of sweets and his favorite drink is the milk picher or the baby's bottle.

Why should we kill the fly? Because he may kill us. How shall we kill the fly? Kill him with a screen paddle, kerosene oil or sticky paper. Kill the fly in any way, but kill the fly. Destroy all filth about the house and yard.

AS A WATER FINANCIER

THEODORE B. WILCOX recently joined the water meter controversy. He said: "The water department can today reduce its rates to 5 per cent without installing meters, and still have sufficient revenue to take care of itself."

It is doubtful if Mr. Wilcox is a real authority on the water business. At least, in his term as member of the water board things happened to cloud his administration with doubt.

There, for instance, was the transaction in which large mains were installed at public expense in the Kings Heights addition in which Mr. Wilcox was a large stockholder. As a financial investment for the water department, it was a poser.

Thus, the 10 and 12 inch mains with reservoir and other expenses cost \$21,650, to say nothing of the pumping expense. There was the usual guarantee that the investment in the mains would return a revenue of six per cent, or \$1299 per annum. The income is \$4 per month or \$48 per annum, about one twenty-sixth of what Mr. Wilcox's company guaranteed to Mr. Wilcox's water board.

The Kings Heights Company has become hopelessly involved. Its doom is believed to be in sight. A bond has held it so far to payment of the guaranteed \$1299 per year, but what will happen when its actual income from water rentals of \$4 per month?

titles. Pacific coast frozen salmon will be able to compete on better terms with the Siberian fish because its transportation in cold storage will be unbroken. Freight rates on canned salmon and canned fruit will be cheaper by the canal than by the way of Tehuantepec.

French exporters expect a large increase in their business with the Pacific coast, because their products will be relieved of the handicaps incident to shipping to New York for ultimate distribution in the west.

FROM AMBUSH

THE Seattle Sun presents an interesting comment on the election of H. H. Gill. It says: "The mistake that Mr. Trenholm's committee made was in taking up a secret fund, instead of passing the hat in public and letting everybody know just who were the contributors."

There is no doubt of it. People ought to fear the political influence that skulks in the rear. People ought to be afraid and beware of the political game played from ambush.

There is the proposed Albee-Brewster-Dieck recall. The gentlemen back of it are in the habit of wearing masks and carry dark lanterns. Nobody can find out who they are. Nobody knows why they want Albee, Brewster and Dieck out of office.

There is never any reason to conceal a good thing. There is never any reason for merit to shrink from the sunlight. Real worth never dodges the daylight.

Whenever a recall campaign is ashamed of its leaders, it may be set down as unanswerably proven that its leaders are ashamed of their recall.

KILL THE FLY

THE City Council has been solicited by Mrs. F. S. Myers, president of the Parent-Teacher Association, for a contribution of \$100 with which to secure literature on the fly and sanitation to be distributed among the school children in connection with the "Swat the Fly" campaign.

The destruction of the breeding places of flies is as important as the desuaction of the flies themselves and the educational benefit arising from the circulation of authentic information on the proper disposition of the garbage can and refuse heap can not be computed.

There is no better medium of circulating this preventive information and getting it into the home than the child from school in whom interest has been aroused. A school girl is credited with having started the fly crusade and school children have even been the most active agents in carrying on the war.

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Where are the greatest number of typhoid cases? Where there are most flies. Where are there most flies? Where there is most filth.

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member. He probably expected fully that Kings Heights would be peopled and meet its obligations. But it was a gamble. It was a game played and lost. It was not legitimate. It swept away the earnings of many who could not afford the loss.

By the record, can Mr. Wilcox claim to be an authority on water finance? "Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on one side of the paper, should not exceed 500 words, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the contributor, who will be held responsible for the name published, he should so state."

JEROME'S ATTORNEY FEE

THIS interesting claim against the state of New York has been filed with the proper department in the state house at Albany.

William Traverser, attorney for Bernard Jacobs, Lancaster, New Hampshire, fee, \$5000. Hector Verret, Coaticook, fee, \$1500. Case Haignrin, Montreal, fee, \$1000. Jacob Nicol, Sherbrooke, fee, \$900.

The total is \$38,400. It is the sum Jerome proposes to have expended in payment of lawyers in the proceedings to get Thaw from Canada back into Mattesawan. The claim has been approved by the attorney general. It raises the question, if after all, Jerome and not Thaw, is the really dangerous man?

Twenty-five thousand for Jerome himself? Five thousand and other sums here and there to other lawyers until the total is \$38,400 for the capture and reincarceration in an insane prison of the man who really seems the sanest of the lot!

Jerome's own monumental fee of \$25,000 shows that it was not motives of high principle but a great thirst for simoleons that makes him active in pursuit of Thaw. It shows that the trials and retrials, the prosecutions and persecutions of Thaw are not so much a campaign for justice as a campaign for attorney services at \$25,000 and other sums per.

It is unfortunate that New York is not a newspaper to properly expose this use of courts and legal processes for mere commercialism.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR

EVIDENCE is accumulating that friendly and business relations between Canada and the United States are eminently satisfactory. The flow of emigration across the boundary line has reached a point when each country gains about what it loses, the figures for 1913 indicating that the movement of people corresponds in many respects with the movement between different states in this country.

We are buying in larger proportion from Canada than in former years, and there will be increased buying as a result of the new tariff law. Canada is also increasing her purchases from the United States, recent figures showing that since 1909, when Canadian imports were at a minimum, purchases from the United States have steadily outdistanced purchases from Great Britain.

In 1909 Canada imported goods from the United States to the value of \$180,026,550 and importations from Great Britain totalled \$70,682,944. In 1913 American goods aggregating \$455,322,535 in value were sold to Canadians, as compared with purchases from Great Britain aggregating \$138,761,568.

The Vancouver Sun calls attention to the fact that since the conservatives came into power, Canadian trade with the United States has increased 100 per cent, compared with a 45 per cent increase in the United Kingdom's figures, and an increase of 68 per cent in the trade with all other countries.

If lower tariff duties result in Canadians seeking a market in the United States for their products, Americans should not lose sight of the fact that Canadians are one of our best customers.

ATLANTA'S MURDER CASE

LEO M. FRANK is under sentence of death at Atlanta for the murder of a girl employed in his factory. The Georgia supreme court has affirmed the conviction, and Frank will hang April 17 unless a popular demand that he be given a new trial is granted.

The case has features which are of general interest. In six or seven months Atlanta had fifteen murders, and in no case was the criminal found. There was an outcry against the police department, and the situation, so far as the police were concerned, was desperate.

Then came the murder of Mary Phagan, and Frank admitted having been the last known person to talk with her. The accused man was convicted principally on the evidence of a negro who told four separate stories to the police. Corroborative testimony was given by witnesses who later made affidavits that they testified under duress.

Atlanta is convinced that while Frank had a trial which passed muster in the supreme court, yet the accused man, whether guilty or innocent, was convicted by a wave of indignation rather than by sober facts.

No wonder Atlanta is agitated over the fate of Frank, if the people are convinced that the police sought to justify themselves by hanging an innocent man. It may seem incredible that officers of the law of any city would do such a thing, but there have been instances in other cities of similar persecutions.

A FEW SMILES

Richard La Galliene, the poet, was talking in New York about the hardships of a poet's life. "Poetry is popular," he said, "but there's no money in it."

"Pindar, wake up! There's burglars in the house!" "Well, what of it? Let 'em find Pindar Cole, sleepily." "Let 'em find out their mistake for themselves."

In a certain neighborhood there lived an honest farmer who was not easily swayed from the path of rectitude. He owned a horse which a couple of traders were hawking to him. They called on the farmer and after some haggling gave him his price and the trader drove off with the prize. They had scarcely gone three miles when the horse dropped dead in the road.

Seeing the farmer a few days later, they approached him with: "What's the matter with that horse you sold us the other day?" "A good all around horse, nice." "Good, he was!" He dropped down dead before we got three miles from home."

The farmer listened in open mouthed astonishment, and then exclaimed in a strangled voice: "Gentlemen, he never done that way for me."—McCall's Magazine.

Efficiency was the topic that was being discussed at a gabfest in a Washington club by a group of men. One of them, John G. Kottner, of Reading was reminded of the declaration of an assistant manager of a party named James.

The speaker said: "The circus some time since attended a beautiful lion tamer. Entering the ring, followed by the lion, the fair charmer placed his arms around the lion's neck and kissed him on the cheek. He said: 'Great stunt, all right,' he loudly shouted to the performer, 'but I can do it, too!'"

"Excuse me," scornfully replied the girl, who didn't appreciate having her act minimized, "but do you really think you can?" "I do," he assuredly, "was the prompt rejoinder of James, 'just as well as the lion.'"

The toll of \$1.20 per ton on the ship's net register means an average tax of about 60 cents per ton on the cargo. The benefit that accrues to us by reason of the use of the canal to coast carriage will be in the neighborhood of \$25 per ton, or a net saving of \$23.80 per ton. The difference in distance from Portland to New York via the canal, and from Portland to Hongkong, is a negligible matter, and is, I believe, in our favor because of the ordinary expenses.

Therefore, as a result of benefit to us, the canal will be such colossal importance financially that the caterwaul of Mr. Stearns and his associates is ridiculous to me, and a matter of smallest consequence. We are going to revel in a 425 lightning of the burden of transportation, and to smash down the trivial trifles, CHARLES F. CHURCH.

Exhortation to Woman Voters.

Reedville, Or., March 19.—To the Editor of The Journal—I hope the women voters of Oregon will not neglect the advice of Mrs. Dunaway in behalf of a traffic which the country is coming to look upon as a menace to society. I hope, when they come to vote, that they will consider their own conscience; that they will enforce the laws that protect their neighbors' family interests about the liquor interests; that their hearts will go out to those who, through no fault of their own, are being ruined by the liquor traffic; that they will think of the ruin which is daily inflicting upon human beings, and that they will strive for besides material things; that we can't keep on building this state on the shoulders of a traffic that is the cause of so much suffering which are innocent. Yet, we must not go back; we must run the course.

The saloon brings nothing but trouble to a community. "There you see a saloon you always find a jail in case of strikes, elections, of war, or any event which in some way excites the populace, the saloon is forced to close. Ask yourself, the saloon is the cause of the expense of the martial law of a state. It is true that interests must suffer which are innocent. Yet, we must not go back; we must run the course."

Again Mr. Murphy declares: "In 1827 the framers conspired to depose William IV, to put a rascal, Cumberland on the throne," etc., etc. Can Mr. Murphy explain how the Orangemen could conspire to depose William IV, when William IV was on the throne? William IV did not succeed to the throne until some years after 1827. The inaccuracy of this statement may help us to form an opinion as to the statement "Immediately following it, namely: 'In 1869 they threatened, if the church disestablishment act were passed, to discontinue the queen, and kick her crown into the Boyne.'"

Mr. Murphy has neglected to finish the last sentence of his letter. He says: "There you see a saloon you always find a jail in case of strikes, elections, of war, or any event which in some way excites the populace, the saloon is forced to close. Ask yourself, the saloon is the cause of the expense of the martial law of a state. It is true that interests must suffer which are innocent. Yet, we must not go back; we must run the course."

George M. Brown's Candidacy. Roseburg, Or., March 19.—To the Editor of The Journal—There are many candidates for many offices to be filled this year by the voters of Oregon. One of the best candidates for attorney general, one of the best for the Honorable George M. Brown of Roseburg, who has in the past 17 years been one of the most able and fearless prosecutors of the state. He has convicted some 40 murderers, all for the good of society. Yet there are many good men in Oregon who are now good citizens who once stood before the bar of justice when George M. Brown was attorney general, and were sentenced to give them a chance to regain their manhood and standing in the society of good, honest citizens.

Nothing, it seems, will stop a man from getting alcohol in one form or another after he has formed the deadly habit. I have known of men leaving their families in sickness and want, not caring for the laws of God or man, so long as they got their drinks. These men are often good

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Little white lies live long and prosper.

Perhaps poets may be born, but lairs are self-made. If things fall to come your way, why not go after them? Trunks are like babies—they go after everthing in sight.

Grafters get into office when honest men get into bed. A man's good opinion of himself isn't going to help him. The things we do not possess are what makes life worth living.

If you want anything advertised without cost, tell us of your business. It is impossible to patch up a reputation so that the patcher won't show.

It is the easiest thing in the world to bear the aches of another man's corras. Tomorrow never comes, but the moment after the night before always shows up.

It's as difficult for an eligible man to dodge a young widow as it is for him to understand women. The young man in the parlor scene may lose sight of the girl's mother, but the young man in the gutter has lost sight of him—if there's a convenient keyhole.

TALES OF TRAVELERS AND OTHERS

By Herbert Corey. His friends have just heard why James Francis was in coming home. Dwyer is an Australian by birth and a writer of fiction because he cannot help it. He has been a beachcomber in the Pacific, a newspaper man, a stowaway. He came to New York in the steerage, licked a man who challenged his right to carry a spear in the steerage, and managed to get an average wage of 50 cents a day. He didn't know anything about the panic of 1907 because he didn't have a penny spare for a newspaper. He was a conductor on the Great Railway here when he first began to write stories.

A few months ago he cried for a while on the pier and said good-bye to a lot of choking friends, and started on a tour around the world. He thought he might never come back. He had a string of Australian newspapers wanted him to take editorial control of them. He was hanging on the antipodean tree for him and the tree was shaking. But the other day he was mousing around in the steerage of the Great Railway when he saw a steamer at the pier. So he just engaged a cabin right there.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," he announced in a grandiose and grandiloquent manner. "I don't belong out here any longer. I'm coming home."

American citizens who have just returned from a trip abroad may be recognized at any hotel. You tell 'em by their language. After he had come in contact with our new tariff law they prove that tourists and truck drivers are brothers, under their skins. Mr. Charles R. Steers returned from Europe recently and has been illustrating the usual South American raiting muddle, on appointment of President Wilson. He brought with him an elaborate headgear which he called a feather, made by some jungle Indian.

"We'll have to destroy that," said the customs officials. "See law in re the importation of goods." Mr. Steers made disjointed vocal noises, but they burned the headgear. A Cincinnati man imported 30,705

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

At the meeting of Monmouth grange held March 14, 30 new members were admitted. The Sheridan Sun appears to be the first paper in Oregon to mention the Gandelion for the season of 1914.

A concert at Marshfield early in the week under the direction of ladies interested in the harbor, Mercy near the Pacific side of the strait we noticed on one of the islands of the Terra Del Fuego group what seemed to be a large cave. A few of us decided to do a little exploring, so that one of the ship's boats, we rowed to the island and after a hard climb we reached the cave. The mouth of the cave was an irregular sized opening, large enough for our brig to slip into, but it narrowed rapidly. We made our way to the end of the cave, which was of bare rock, and we saw the light of the cave opening in the form of a Gothic arch. The archway had been carefully cut and sealed up with slabs of rock with a sort of a stucco formation something like lime which was plastered over the opening. Just to one side and above the sealed archway there was a small opening, but it was only 12 feet from the floor of the cave. One of the tallest of our number braced himself against the rock wall and the rest of us climbed on his shoulders and were up on the ledge, then reached down and lifted him up. We all crawled into the opening and found ourselves in a place of some 100 feet from the cave as it was as old as Methuselah. Hundreds of stalactites with their metallic coloring gleamed on all sides until the cave seemed like a very fairyland. We explored it for some time, but finally came to a deep cleft which seemed to lead down to the very center of the earth. In any event when we dropped pieces of lime or broken pieces of stalactite you could count 12 or 15 before they struck and for nearly a minute after you could hear them rolling and clacking on the floor and upward. We came back to where the other opening had been stopped up.

"In those days the straits were not used much. The 10 or 12 feet from the cave and hidden their bodies in this cave and sealed it up. We went back to the ship full of the idea of returning with tools and tearing out the masonry of the cave. The captain and I were in the meanwhile and the captain, anxious to take advantage of it, told us that we would have our trouble for our pains. He said that the cave was the best of the breeze and loss no more time, so we never went back. There has never been a time since then when I have thought of it, and I guess I have not regretted that we did not go back and investigate the old walled up cave."

Every now and then one contemplates the New York courts in action—and then one goes away waggling his head and saying: "What a mess! Supper, for example. Last October Mr. Supper was put upon by one Charles Graff. Mr. Graff not only expressed a desire to kill Mr. Supper, but unlike the ordinary New Yorker of vocal wrath, undertook to make good. So that Mr. Supper reached around behind his person and shot Mr. Graff in the back with a dollar nickel plated gun until Mr. Graff died.

Supper was tried the other day, and the jury unanimously—gladly, in fact—found Mr. Graff guilty of the crime of killing Graff. Then the long arm of the law reached out and grabbed Mr. Supper, and he was committed to the penitentiary for a year because he had an implement with which he had intended to kill Mr. Supper, but which the law had just found him innocent.

So you needn't wonder at discovering that there is a preferred class in the world. It is the class which has the trained hand of commercial business shifts the weight of his obligations according to the ease or difficulty of financing them.

Complete ignorance of the business you're supposed to look after is actually made a merit by a large proportion of the wives of America, and it is the only thing that makes them pleasant. There is a perilousness in many communities that it is somehow cheapening to think of the domestic establishment as an industry. "I'll go shabby and worry my head off, but I won't let the women of my family know that I'm straining every nerve to make a pleasure trip. My wife and daughter did not. Now, if the woman is serious in her desire to line up with the man and do a goodly amount of work, she must learn to recognize as promptly as he

men when not under the influence of drink. Mr. Prohibitionist, mind, you're not working alone to keep whisky from the poor drunkard, who will drink 'red ink' if nothing stronger is handy, but you're working to keep the whisky from the men to be. If the cursed saloon is not on every corner, those boys are not going to form the liquor habit. There's no reforming a drunk. It can't be done. The only remedy is to put it out forever, and with God's help we are doing it. The old soaks will get their booze, but God save the boys." M. E. Z.

White Slavery. Portland, March 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—"Truthseeker" says in a recent issue that the white slave pictures exaggerate. If "Truthseeker" reads the papers and observes federal court proceedings he will know that the situation is serious. A recent instance: A degenerate married an unprotected girl from Salem, took her to an apparently respectable hotel and had a number of quite a number of other girls in the hotel. He followed her to another hotel and demanded that she "earn" money for him.

The federal courts of this district have found over 50 men guilty of white slavery in about two years. If "Truthseeker" will reveal his identity, and the names of the other white slave press, the writer will "show" him a few instances of white slavery.

Invokes Mayors Protection. Portland, March 21.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please allow me to say a few words in regard to that corner stands at the door of the courthouse, stopping everybody that comes out after registering, to sign some petition for some political. Why doesn't Mayor Albert sign the petition? It is but a case for the corrupt practice act, pure and simple? F. JONES.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lickley.

"I have regretted one thing all my life," said Charles Hutchins, a Portland pioneer. "In the spring of 1849 I came to the mouth of the Columbia, left Boston on the 'Acadian' for the Golden Gate. We spent 70 days trying to go through the Strait of White. Our vessel was anchored in the harbor of Mercy near the Pacific side of the strait we noticed on one of the islands of the Terra Del Fuego group what seemed to be a large cave. A few of us decided to do a little exploring, so that one of the ship's boats, we rowed to the island and after a hard climb we reached the cave. The mouth of the cave was an irregular sized opening, large enough for our brig to slip into, but it narrowed rapidly. We made our way to the end of the cave, which was of bare rock, and we saw the light of the cave opening in the form of a Gothic arch. The archway had been carefully cut and sealed up with slabs of rock with a sort of a stucco formation something like lime which was plastered over the opening. Just to one side and above the sealed archway there was a small opening, but it was only 12 feet from the floor of the cave. One of the tallest of our number braced himself against the rock wall and the rest of us climbed on his shoulders and were up on the ledge, then reached down and lifted him up. We all crawled into the opening and found ourselves in a place of some 100 feet from the cave as it was as old as Methuselah. Hundreds of stalactites with their metallic coloring gleamed on all sides until the cave seemed like a very fairyland. We explored it for some time, but finally came to a deep cleft which seemed to lead down to the very center of the earth. In any event when we dropped pieces of lime or broken pieces of stalactite you could count 12 or 15 before they struck and for nearly a minute after you could hear them rolling and clacking on the floor and upward. We came back to where the other opening had been stopped up.

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Pointed Paragraphs

The man who hesitates may find it too late to act. It's easy to be happy; all you have to do is be foolish. Ignorance of the law excuses no man—unless he has a pull. The world will forgive a man almost any old thing except failure. The pessimist has a chronic case of indigestion. When a man fails in business he begins to look around for a political job. A man never looks better than when he is looking for another man who owes him money. A girl who is chummy with her mother can manage to get along pretty well without a chaperon. It takes a young widow to convince a man that he is making love to her when she is doing all the love making herself.

The Ragtime Muse

Revolutionary Policy. Women are disappointing creatures. The can't resist on their features. And of this terrestrial, bouncing ball. They lack in their beauty, but they are disobedient, too; despite our labors pedagogic. They do just what they choose to do. For ages we have tried to show them that the politics of the home are their affairs—they should not know them. They would not discuss. They want the ballot, when they've won it. They assume our own reasoning about. (What shall we do when they have out?) "We're going to turn the rascals out!" We knew that they could not be trusted. Freedom roam life's larger walk! They'll vote—and therefore we're disgusted. Preach as they think and talk! The art of politics heading. They'll work its run without ruth. Intentionally and shamelessly truth!

Children's Chatter. "Now Thomas," said the teacher to a small pupil in the primary class, "can you tell me what moss is?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the little fellow, "it's something that a rolling stone does not gather."

Small Edgar was looking out at the falling snow when he turned to his father, said: "Papa, I can remember the year when we didn't have any snow." "When was that, Edgar," asked his father. "Why, last summer," was the reply.

Little Joe—"Papa says you are a self-made man." "That's right," replied Homer Celler. "Yes, my boy, and I'm proud of it." Little Joe—"But why didn't you pick out a fashionable pattern?" "Now, Elsie," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what memory is?" "Yes, ma'am," replied Elsie. "Memory is the thing people use when they want to forget what they don't want to remember."

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