

THE JOURNAL

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When You Go Away

Have The Journal sent to your Summer address.

He that respects himself that safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.
—Longfellow.

THE LAWSON STATEMENT

THE standpat clamor for President Wilson to back down from his anti-trust program has its answer in the statements by Thomas W. Lawson on this page. The matter is from Mr. Lawson's interview in last Sunday's Journal. It throws the searchlight on conditions with such power that it is well worth a second reading.

No man knows more about the inner cliques and inside manipulations of Wall Street. No man has done more to expose them to the country. Few men have been fearless enough to come out of the depths of the street and warn the public of what was going on in the heart of national finance and business.

Several years ago, Mr. Lawson published paid advertisements in the Boston papers predicting that the New Haven railroad was going to be wrecked and that the stockholders would suffer great losses. The stock was then worth \$250 a share and the property one of the best railroad holdings in the world.

But it is a shrivelled and shrunken investment now, a mighty spectacle of Big Business as conducted on the Morgan-Rockefeller plan. Its securities were inflated, its resources dissipated, its funds squandered in politics, and \$11,000,000 of its money mysteriously disposed of.

It is from such business as ruined the New Haven that there comes demand that the president's bill for control of railroad securities be withdrawn. It is from such figures of business and their standpat allies in politics that there is clamor for President Wilson to back down from his purpose to send convicted trust brigadiers to jail. It is from the 10,000 and a few of the 100,000 who Mr. Lawson says, have, by their own peculiar methods, gathered in most of the fruits of all the people's toil in this country, that there is demand that the president's bill for supervision of trusts be killed in the senate.

Happily the man in the American White House is standing by his guns. His conscience and his countrymen are his first concern. All the threats and all the calamity howls of what Mr. Lawson calls "our dollar royalty," and their political soulmates cannot swerve Woodrow Wilson from his purpose to give, so far as he can, every man, woman and child in America an equal opportunity before the law.

MR. CLOHESSEY'S LETTER.
ON THIS page, Mr. Clohessey pays a tribute to real estate agents. He does not say so, but there is implication in his remarks that The Journal has fired on them.

ITS SOB SQUAD ON PARADE

THE Oregonian is running its private sob squad full capacity over the administration's alleged neglect of American interests in Mexico and American lives in Mexico. Yesterday, it shed a barrelful of tears over the case of a "man from the Oregon country" who recently died in Mexico.

On general principles, when it doesn't have some ulterior end to serve how much does the Oregonian care for a human life? How much did it care for poor old John H. Mitchell's life? How much does the Oregonian care in general for the hopes, or welfare, or happiness of men? How much does it care, for instance, for the tears and wounds of the families and friends of the men it hounds and persecutes?

How much does it care for the lives of the 500,000 American soldier boys whom it is trying to goad President Wilson to send down into Mexico to "pacify" the country and "save American lives and property" with the accent on the "property"? How much does it care for the tears of the mothers and sisters and brothers and fathers of the 500,000 American boys in blue that it wants sent down to Mexico to be slain in battle, to be maimed, mutilated and murdered on the firing line?

How much does it care for the American property owned by the folks at home when it wants the people of the United States to pay in taxes half a billion to a billion dollars for an armed invasion of Mexico, money it would spend with fire and sword and cannon in the ravaging of fields and flocks and in the laying waste of homes and plantations and in the shooting down of the poor, illiterate, pillaged and plucked Mexicans in luckless Mexico?

There has never been in the United States a more grotesque absurdity than the spectacle of the Oregonian with its tears and sobs on tap over what it terms the administration's neglect of American lives and American property.

What is President Wilson's policy but a transcendent example of endeavor to save American lives and American property, not only in Mexico, but at home?

Meanwhile, Mexico is not the only place where Americans are losing their lives. Nor is the present administration the only administration under which American lives have been lost in Mexico. Thousands of them were driven out of Mexico and their property destroyed in the Madero revolution and subsequent revolutions in Mexico in President Taft's time. But nobody ever heard the Oregonian peep about it until it has for campaign purposes, worked itself into a state of jimjams over President Wilson's widely popular and magnificently effective plan of saving American lives and property both abroad and at home.

Some of the officials are now doing time at McNeill's island for their great work, as Mr. Clohessey says of living "that others might prosper."

On the subject, there is no room for misunderstanding or disagreement. Legitimate and honest real estate men occupy a useful field in facilitating exchange of property.

But who gets into the business as they do in every business, and instead of looming large as public "benefactors" occasionally get into the penitentiaries where they belong.

Meanwhile, the assessor is, or ought to be, the best informed person as to realty values in any city or county. If any intending buyer will find out from the assessor's roll what the proposed property is taxed at and multiply the valuation by two, he will get a pretty accurate idea of what the assessor thinks it worth.

A PLEA FOR PAROLE

ONE of the most moving appeals for a parole that ever came from a prison cell was that made, without avail, by Abraham Ruef, the former political boss of San Francisco to the board of pardons.

Ruef is serving a term of fourteen years at San Quentin for bribery and has completed nearly half his sentence.

That which makes the appeal notable is that it came from a highly sensitive and intelligent man who in eloquent phrases expressed the mental suffering he has undergone and the bitter penalty he has paid in full. He did not ask for a pardon but simply for the privilege of leaving prison walls behind him and being of some service to society before it is too late.

Said he:
There is no punishment which can be added to that I have already endured. More time, more imprisonment, means merely more physical and mental deterioration.

There comes a time, however, in the life of every man long confined in prison when he sees the possibility of a better life, a time when confidence in humanity falls behind him and he hits even in his faith in God.

It must have been hard for the board of pardons to have resisted such an appeal but it doubtless had in mind that though his punishment was great his offense against society was also great.

The board probably thought also that the prisoner should have considered all these things when at the height of political power he sold the franchises of a stricken city for his own enrichment.

Looking at the matter though from a distance it does seem as though Ruef has been most severely punished. In his extenuation it might be said that there are others as guilty who went unwhipped of justice. He was but a product of a period when bribery flourished as a corporation was ready to do business with the Devil himself.

Happily that period is passing and is being succeeded by the day of an aroused public conscience in a nation whose chief has a conscience.

OUR ILLITERATE ADULTS.
WITH more than 5,500,000 in an adult in the United States unable to read or write, illiteracy is steadily increasing. P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education, started a New York audience the other day with the figures.

He said that while 2,250,000 of these adult illiterates are colored persons, the area in which the evil is spreading fastest is New York and New England, where 750,000 grown illiterates live. This represents an increase of 313,000 in ten years, while during the same period

A FEW SMILES

Pat Maher bought a grocery store through the key-note method. He groceries, he would not admit his ignorance.

One morning a man asked for a package of spaghetti. Pat had never heard of spaghetti, but he looked at a round, but could see nothing like it.

"Spaghetti, spaghetti," he murmured sometimes his head. "Sure as I had 'ut in me hand a minut' ago. Would ye know ut if ye saw ut?" Lippinotto.

"When Dr. Creighton was bishop of London," said the present bishop of London, "he rode on a train one day with a meek curate. Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took interest in the curate and with a smile, said: 'You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?'"

"The meek curate bowed and answered humbly: 'Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick.'"
A young lady called one day on Rubinstein, the great pianist, who had consented to listen to her playing.

"What do you think I should do now?" she asked when she had finished. "Get married," was the answer.

assured that he will never become a drunkard. Talk with the young fellow for 12 or 15 minutes and you will be interested as to where Mr. Yates' interests are than it is to settle the liquor question by such a means. His idea is to make the liquor traffic a narrow selfishness that has cast its shadows from the dark ages to the present.

Letters From the People
(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on a single sheet of paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the name and address are to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reforms. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs of education the masses of the world's misery." You can brand man easier than you can inquire or reason the cause of his fault.

Extend the Real Estate Man.
Portland, June 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read the editorial in The Journal of June 19, entitled "Astoria Speculation," where the editor seems to warn the public, by intimidation, to beware of the real estate man, and advises as a basis to govern investments resort to the assessment roll, and to purchase no real property at a higher price than double its assessed value given by the assessor.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE
June is taking a long time to make up its mind.

Despite some high temperature congress has been piling up legislative results.

Foreign critics say that we Americans are not to be allowed to watch us at lunch.

From Thomas Lawson's Interview in The Sunday Journal.

As a matter of fact, he showed how the bulk of it had gone to the one hundred thousand out of the million, and how about ten thousand of this one hundred thousand had been taken by a few of the millionaires.

REASONABLE RETURN, AND THEN WHAT?
By John M. Oakison.

One of the best written bond advertisements I've read undertakes to tell the investor what he has a right to expect in addition to a reasonable interest return on his bonds.

THE PIONEERS.
Portland, June 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—While attending the Pioneers' reunion of recent date in Portland the thought came to me what a privilege to see those grand old pillars of the state of Oregon and to hear them tell of their struggle to get to this country, and of the unceasing struggle to maintain here a home.

THE FAT AND THE LEAN.
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THE FAT AND THE LEAN.
The fat man has at last found a champion in Robert Sherard, author of "Modern Paris," who declares that obesity is a sign of genius.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.
"After coming back to the Willamette valley from the Cayuse war in the spring of 1851, I went to California to the gold mines."

The Fossil Journal's Winlock correspondent writes: "We are certainly forging to the front. The awakening of the people to the fact that they are being short-changed and not getting a square deal."

Supporting Eugene's new dog ordinance the Register says: "Every city in Oregon that has endeavored to restrain dogs has stirred up a hornet's nest."

AMERICA'S DOLLAR ROYALTY
A few of the million had taken from the nation, giving any and every one of the uncouth wealth which had come from the effort of all the people.

THE Ragtime Muse
Assisted Patriotism.
If you have tilled the stubborn glebe with the bayonet lands, Behind a mule That was a fool

Pointed Paragraphs
Man sets up the drinks—then drinks upset the man.

Class's Shepherd's Label Suits.
From the Chicago Post.

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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL
The Great Home Newspaper, consists of Five news sections replete with illustrated features. Illustrated magazine of quality. Woman's section of rare merit. Pictorial news supplement. Superb comic section.