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fully paid at the market price of \$25 per share. It is charged that these are but glimpses into the long and involved evolution of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company.

It is charged that the Philadelphia bankers, and their associates, who incorporated and organized the Portland Railway, Light & Power company in 1906 still own and control the big majority of the outstanding common stock.

If these charges are true or only partly true, they have a most intimate bearing upon the petition of the company for a six-cent fare, and the Public Service Commission owes it to the patrons of the road to make a full and fair investigation.

It is announced that a specialist in gentlemen's wearing apparel from Chicago is in Portland holding conferences with the Portland tailors preliminary to organizing them into an association for the standardization of men's clothes.

SOMEbody's BUSINESS. Some fit man ought to be appointed to represent the Northwest on the new waterways commission created by the latest rivers and harbors bill.

The commission is a body of vital importance. It will exercise very great influence on the waterway policy of the nation hereafter. It will frame the plan by which development and use of waterways is to go forward.

The Northwest has sound claim to representation on this great public body. The second greatest waterway in America is here. Only the Mississippi surpasses the Columbia and its tributaries in potential usefulness.

It is the habit of Oregon not to be alert to opportunities like this. Not in 1906 but in sorrow, it has to be acknowledged that we have failed to understand how vital to our future are vigilance and aggressiveness by our people in reaching out for instrumentalities by which to get the full value of our geography and the resources nature has laid at our feet.

This latest blow is but one of a series. The decisions of the interstate commerce commission depriving us of certain terminal rates is example of the drift. The one instrument by which these unfavorable decisions can be met is the inland waterway.

When former Ambassador Gerard refers to the clawhammer garb imposed by convention upon suffering mankind as "the infernal dress suit," he at once becomes a brother in tribulation to a million men.

Why the Difference? THE city is about to enter the cord wood business once more, so we are told. In spite of the horrible things that happened to the last venture, as related to us not so very long ago, the municipality is about to take a hitch in its belt, sharpen up its double bitted ax and smite the high cost of fuel by chopping cordwood.

There is no reason why it should not go so. If it can find the wood to cut and the men to cut it, and by doing so can give the people of the city some relief from the mounting prices of wood, it would be good government and good business to do so.

But what about the high price of coal? The consumers of Portland are about to face a short supply and a long price, unless some change comes over the face of the situation.

Why wouldn't it be good government and good business for the municipality to take a real good look at the West McCulloch-Campbell mine, and those two other mines mentioned so often by Municipal Trust Inspector Humason, before it goes into the deep woods?

If the people of Portland can be given coal cheaper from these mines, or any of them, than they can buy elsewhere, why not help them to buy it?

If the city is planning to wipe out the wood deficit by cutting cord wood, why not wipe out the coal deficit by taking advantage of the offer of cheap coal made to it? What is the difference? And, why is the difference?

We read in the day's record of the divorce court where one woman sued her husband for divorce because he persisted in wandering all over the face of the globe, while another asked that her marital bands be severed because her spouse insisted on staying at home all the time. Vergil was a wise old owl when he made the remark about women being ever variable and changeable.

PROGENITOR named Dagenhart, residing at Charlotte, North Carolina, has two sons, Reuben and John. The first is less than 16 and the second less than 12 years of age. His work is a cotton mill at that place. History does not relate whether Robert, the father, works in the mill, or elsewhere.

Robert, the progenitor, and Reuben and John, his progeny, have sought to stay the operation of the Keating-Owen child labor bill by injunction, and have done so through the action of Judge Boyd, of the United States District Court of that district, who has held the law to be unconstitutional.

Dagenhart, the father, who has joined his two children with him in his plea, asked the court to enjoin the cotton mill management from discharging the two boys. He contended, as the old common law taught, that he has a right to the wages of his children until they are 21 years of age. He is their progenitor, he contends, and they, with their earning power, belong to him without let or hindrance from the government.

He sets up that the beneficent and child protecting laws of the state of North Carolina permits children to labor for 11 hours out of twenty-four in mill or mine, even though they be less than 14 years of age. Therefore it follows, he argues, Reuben has the right to labor more than eight hours, while John has the right to stunt his childhood in the lint laden air of the cotton gin.

It is said that this suit is merely a formal proceeding to test the constitutionality of the child labor law. If so, why was there a wait until the day the law was to go into effect before bringing suit? Was the adjudication delayed in order that there might be a few more weeks in which John and Reuben and the other children could be kept chained to the wheels?

Above all, what kind of constitution would it be that would declare invalid a law that civilization, enlightenment and morals and humanity have signed, sealed and approved?

If the governors, and the sheriffs, and the citizens generally of the various states of the Union keep shooting the national convention of the People's Council of America from pillar to post in this country, the delegates who have been shuttling back and forth over the country might adjourn the convention to meet on No Man's Land, "Somewhere in France."

STUDENT of human nature taking a joy ride in a street car the other day fixed his delighted gaze on six little girls across the aisle. Their clothes were neat, their hands and faces clean, their hair nicely tied and smoothed. The joy-riding philanthropist thanked his stars for seating him in a car with six such charming little girls to look at.

They were all chewing gum but he cared not for that. He could forgive any quantity of gum for the sake of six rosy faces and six pairs of bright eyes.

By and by one of the girls, the very prettiest of the six, said something funny, and they all laughed, opening wide their ruby lips and uncovering their teeth. Alas, alas. The good old man turned away his gaze and sighed. Such teeth behind such lips. Say no more about skeletons in closets. For years our teachers have been exhorting young and old to take care of their teeth. Terrible penalties ensue upon neglect of all the exposure of a row of decayed and filthy bones in a pretty face.

We spoke expects to take other joy rides in the street cars and he hopes never again to see a row of six pretty faces spotted by six double rows of bad teeth.

TRUE friends of education will be pleased with the news that three kindergartens are to be opened this fall in connection with the public schools. The city owes this forward step to the progressive women of the Jewish Neighborhood House more than to anybody else.

The oldtime objection to the kindergarten was that "it unfitted children to take their places in the public school." But obviously this objection was a two-edged sword. The fault might possibly lie with the kindergartens. But it might also lie with the schools.

Our public school "machine" is not so machine-like and dehumanized as it was in former days. It may turn out that the kindergarten which unfitted children to take their places in a mill for manufacturing automata will harmonize quite nicely with a school system that has been adapted to human beings.

CLATSOP county has much to offer the summer vacationist. As Oregon counties go, it is a small county—about 821 square miles—and less than one per cent in cultivation. Most of the country is rugged or mountainous. Because of the broken character of the country, homesteaders have made slight attempt to clear off the timber to make ranches.

Nowhere in Oregon is the forest growth heavier or more beautiful than in Clatsop county. If you want an idea of the unpatched primeval forest, just strike back toward the headwaters of the Nehalem from Tillamook Head, near Seaside, from Elk Creek, on Cannon beach, or from Elk Cape, near Neah-Kah-Nie mountain. To the lover of a hearty and a trip is a delight and a revelation. If you want a real mountain trip, just follow the lay of the country along the Coast Range from Cannon Beach, westward and eastward along the Columbia river at Westport. You will see spruce trees, straight as lances, with a few more hemlock and fir trees, tall, without a limb for 150 feet. You will see mile after mile of unbroken forests of fir, hemlock, cedar, spruce and larch. Here and there you will find a mountain peak, 1000 to 1500 feet in diameter, with occasional firs 15 feet or more in thickness. After walking across the country you are not surprised to hear the natives say that the forest is 100,000 feet of merchantable standing timber in the county.

In addition to this tremendously valuable industrial asset, it has thousands of acres of timber on the Columbia river, varying in width from two and a half to five miles, washes its northern boundary for 35 miles, and every acre of this river is rich in salmon. The fishery on the Columbia river for 35 miles and has over 30 miles of coast line, when the current is favorable for the fishery on some of that ocean's most picturesque and rugged headlands; when this same county has such peaks as Susan's Mountain, Mt. Hood, Mt. Tillamook Head; when it has miles of unbroken forest and scores of mountain formed streams—then you may be sure that the forest is of value as a summer playground. The ever-increasing popularity of Seaside and Cannon Beach demonstrates that the public have discovered Clatsop county.

Fishermen have long sounded the praises of the Nehalem and its tributaries, as well as of Young's river, Lewis and Clark river, the Necanicum and the Dracoman and the Klaskanine, as well as other smaller mountain streams.

In Clatsop county you will find excellent hunting, bear and deer being fairly abundant. You will find good trout fishing. You can get the best of both worlds, go over the bar deep sea fishing, indulge in canoeing and fishing, enjoy surf bathing, go camping or take long hikes in this wonderfully scenic country.

No sightseeing, globe-trotting tourist is missing visiting Astoria. The view from Coconoc hill near Astoria is not to be missed. The rolling hills at sunset, when the west is a mass of glowing colors, with red and orange, pearl gray and salmon colors merging into ever new combinations of blue and white, are a sight to see. The surf on the bar is touched with the glory of the setting sun and the salmon boats look like fairy craft on a sea of molten gold.

Astoria, the oldest city in the northwest, with its more than a hundred years of history, with its salmon canneries, its sawmills and its waterfront, will well repay you for the time you spend there.

Letters From the People. (Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written in plain English, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. The Journal reserves the right to have the name published or to omit it.)

That Potato Stalk. Portland, Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Journal.—A few days ago an item appeared in The Journal to the effect that a very tall potato stalk had been raised in the garden of a certain person in the rural mail carriers, and there were others here for the meeting of county agents in connection with the potato disease work being carried on under the auspices of the Oregon Agricultural college.

Newlyweds Learn Style. "Sam Broderick and Freda Broderick of Seattle," was the way they registered at the Multnomah hotel this afternoon. The newlyweds had hastened to investigate, and the couple blushing confessed that they were married in Seattle Sunday and had the ceremony performed by the hotel register as married folks.

the government requested that each state largely increase its food production. The government has failed to impress on the people the prevalence of the potato disease and the necessity of properly treating seed.

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PERSONAL MENTION. Librarians Here for Meeting. Coming to attend the convention of the Northwest Librarians' association this afternoon, scores of women from Oregon and Washington registered at the various hotels this morning.

Young Germany's Heaven. From the Detroit News. For 15 years before the war, as every one knows who has taken the trouble to inquire, this war has been prepared for by German editors, pamphleteers, professors and preachers. This is an utterance in 1918 of a publication of the association known as "Young Germany."

Uncle Jeff Snow Says. The Corner's war council sent a telegram to that "People's Congress" thing that's been a wanderer around the country in a special train seeking to do off on a high elevation. We advised it to have its feet in the Colorado desert on a slide-track and thereby save the knees the rest of a hall.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Strange, but the preparer we get the better and less we hear that once about it. The Oregon Telephone Register says that when the paving on Lafayette street is completed, it will make one of the finest improvements the city has ever had.

COMPUTING A BIG INCOME'S TAX. Washington, Sept. 3.—The income tax rates proposed by the new revenue bill have been changed so often, so much computation is required, that what a specific rate on a certain income, added to the present rate, will produce, and the method of statement is often so complicated, that the percentages carried for certain incomes, probably has an exaggerated idea of what congress is doing.

THE Suffragists' Opportunity. Portland, Sept. 1.—To the Editor of The Journal.—There is a parable in the New Testament (Luke 18:1-8) which may with pertinence be called to mind in the case of the Wilson bill at this time. It is the parable of the importunate woman and the unjust judge.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY. Appendicitis.—So much publicity has been given by the newspapers to the disease called appendicitis that there has been a tendency to diagnose almost everything that ails a patient in the right side as this ailment.

OPERATION. Surgical judgment must decide as to when. Lives are sometimes lost because quick enough action is not taken. He reads going for an operation and puts it off from day to day, hoping the disease will cure itself.

What the Pope Defines as "material force of arms." If Germany in good faith should go in for the substitution of arbitration for the present reliance on physical violence and compulsion, it would be such a surrender of German principles, ideals and aspirations as the world may scarcely in its history have seen.

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Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere. (To the column all readers of the Journal are invited to contribute original material in the form of stories, sketches, or striking quotations, from any source, for the Ragtag and Bobtail. The editor's selection will be paid for at the editor's option.)

Beating the Bakkep. IN Spain the good old days before Frank Kennedy, secretary of Portland lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, was a resident of Vancouver, Wash., and knew by sight all of the 300 negroes who constituted the garrison. A regiment then consisted of fifty that many, and the Fighting Fifty-seventh (for that was not its number) fought in other things besides enemies of the United States, especially after pay-days. Kennedy tells of one Jeff Whalen, barber, soldier, good fellow and ingenious mind, who frequently helped his comrades out of a hole.

After a long dry spell he was besought by the counter and called for the real old Kentucky which was produced and graciously handed over. Jeff reached out with a iath on which was a piece of pitch and abstracted that old Kentucky which was already in a cigar box where Jake had tossed it. The soldiers changed, one by one, but Jake was always the paymaster, and he was always the paymaster, his legs and failed to connect properly with iath and cigar box, did the celebration cease.

What She Wanted. A woman was knocked down by a horse, says the Buffalo News, but happily escaped with a few scratches. A man related her and said, "Can I get you anything?" She (much out of breath and gasping with excitement)—Oh—oh—can you kindly get me— He— She—No—not drink—some safety pins. I feel I'm falling all to pieces.

Petticoat. Tramp, tramp, tramp—down the avenue of the city, with the easy-going swing peculiar to the sailorment of France. Twenty red topknots bobbed in unison and 20 deep-chested voices kept up a steady, rhythmic drone, crowded with strollers in the cool evening air, says the New York Evening Post Magazine, stepped aside, wondering why the men in the uniforms were what was it singing—the "Marseillaise," perhaps?

Unnecessary. Tourist.—You have a very large acreage of corn under cultivation. How do the crows trouble you a good deal? Farmer.—Oh, not to any extent. Tourist.—That's peculiar, considering you have a large acreage of corn. Farmer.—Oh, well, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.

Our Lengthening Day. Our earth appears to be slowing down its spin. Two British astronomers, who have just finished a long study of the matter, report that it takes almost exactly three seconds longer for the world to turn over once than it took 100 years ago; and, incidentally, the earth's spin is slowing down. Nicholas, will have been added to the day.

No Nobby Rivarly. Where men for wealth and honor. And hasten to the woods to find The noise that my senses crave. The hearts of men who seek in peace. But who to those unrest and harm Who long for quiet and for peace.

Though in the woods are voices rare That speak from bursting flower and bud. From spring from spring from bird in air. This is no noisy rivarly. From his sun till it goes down. Rich is with energy alive. In the heart of the forest, the crown In order that it may survive.

It is not so within the town. Where mortals slish in lust for gain, Where one cares not who else goes. So he can hit his power maintain. And so at times the town I leave. Till I the strength anew receive. To battle with the world again. To battle with the world again. To battle with the world again.

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