Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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America asks nothing for herself but what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.
WOODROW WILSON.

Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute. CHARLES C. PINCKNEY.

The worn white soldiers in khaki dress,
Who gave up their lives at the Queen's command,
For the pride of their race, and the peace of the land. —Kipling.

MOUTH PATRIOTISM

THERE is no such thing as paying for a soldier's service. There is no measurement for that service. A price cannot be put on heroism. Patriotism cannot be bought.

Things like these were said by Bishop Sumner in a great Fourth of July address at Multnomah field yesterday. They are truths over which there can be no dispute.

Yet here in Portland, there is a wholly inadequate response to the call for funds with which to assist the families of Oregon guardsmen who have gone to the border.

This fund is not charity. It is near blasphemy to think of it as charity. As Bishop Sumner said, it is the price we pay that we may stay at home while others go in arms to defend our border.

We who are permitted to remain at home by the great sacrifice made by the guardsmen should pay this price. If there is anybody with whom we should be honest, it is those who leave home and family to march off under arms to defend the nation.

To such men and for such service, our patriotism should not be with our mouths. It should not be lip service but pocketbook service. If you go about telling how Mexico ought to be restrained, show your good faith by helping pay those who have gone to the border to do it by adding to the fund for aid of the wives and children they have left behind.

If you profess great indignation at chaotic conditions which you describe along the Mexican border, make your words good by helping sustain the dependents of those who have left home behind to correct those conditions.

In spite of the splendid organization and of the calls sent out for funds, but a mere fraction has been provided the D. A. R. of the amount required to meet the simplest needs of soldiers' families.

With Japan the biggest foreign buyer of American structural steel the Japanese invasion we have been told so much about has materialized.

TEACHERS' PENSIONS

THE Carnegie Foundation has found it expedient to make a radical change in its system of pensions for college teachers. None of the pensions granted under the old method will be discontinued, but a new plan will be put in force for the future. The old way was to give a free pension to college teachers who met the prescribed conditions upon their retirement at the age of 65 or over. Neither teachers nor colleges made any contribution to the fund and the payments were generous. A teacher whose salary had been $3000 received $1900. The twelve hundred dollar man received a thousand.

The Carnegie Foundation has learned by experience that payments on this scale, if they are continued and new demands are properly met will make a serious drain on its income. Moreover the free gift system works out a sort of pauperization in the colleges. It leads trustees to keep salaries down in expectation of the pension and it seems to encourage unthrifty habits in the professors. Knowing that the future is safe without any effort of their own, they disregard the prospect of a rainy day.

The old plan had another drawback. In order to earn a disability pension the teacher's 25 or 30 years of service had all to be in the same college. This, of course, hampered transfers from college to college. A weak college seeking to strengthen its force with a good man from some other institution could not get him because the transfer would blight his pension prospects. This is a serious matter in the eyes of those who want to see all our colleges advancing.

So the Foundation has decided to change from the free pension plan to the insurance and annuity plan. The teacher and his college must jointly contribute to build up the pension fund, and annuitants are free to pass from college to college as they may elect. The annuity right becomes a matter of contract which can be enforced in court. In short the Foundation changes its benefits from a charity to a strict business enterprise. The change is an excellent one.

The old fashioned celebration of the Fourth struck a popular chord. The eagerness of the people to hear the old truths as evidenced in the great concourse of people at the patriotic exercises at Multnomah field are a new assurance of national preparedness.

VERY PLAIN TRUTHS

IT SHOULD begin to be clear to Portland that there is imminent probability that in rate making, distance, not water competition, may be adopted by the Interstate Commerce commission.

It is more than a mere possibility. Congress in a recent test, lacked but one vote of amending the interstate commerce law relative to the short haul and applying the distance rule.

The intermediate zones cannot understand why a tidewater terminal should have lower transcontinental rates in spite of the greater distance. They can never be persuaded or convinced that such a plan of rate making is just. They have always resisted it, and they will always resist it.

Keeping that undeniable fact in mind, it is of exceeding importance to remember that the intermediate points are far more numerous, and their influence in congress far more powerful than that of tidewater cities.

It is exceedingly probable that if the Interstate Commission had not made the late ruling relative to Panama water competition, the issue would be carried into congress. Since on a former occasion there was but one vote to spare in the defeat of the move, there is abundant reason for alarm as to what might happen in another test.

It is a situation that challenges serious consideration. The Spokane fight has been going on since 1892. It is useless to expect that the conflict will end where it is now. That zone can never be convinced that it should pay a higher rate for a shorter haul than tidewater cities should pay on freight, for instance, in which the haul is in the same direction, over the same lines, and possibly in the same car. In time it may reasonably be expected that the fight of Spokane will be the fight of every intermediate terminal.

There is one certain and dependable defense. We may hope and plead for restoration of things as they were formerly through interstate rulings. We may pin our faith to the old decisions, but it has been made very clear to us that in so doing we are depending upon a very tender reed.

Our own water competition, maintained by ourselves; made real, not theoretical by ourselves; our own dependable lines of steamships and steamboats on the ocean and in our inland waterways, are a deliverance of Portland and a defense of Portland and the interior that cannot be taken away.

The existing situation and recent events have placed before this people certain truths that are self evident and it is easy to realize what those truths are.

George Caldwell is such an excellent reader of the Declaration of Independence that it would be a good investment in these times to salary him to read it all the time on the street corners, in the highways and byways and at all meeting places.

LIME FOR FARMERS

NEXT to markets the great need of the Willamette valley farmers is cheap lime. The "exhausted" valley soils contain enough plant food to produce good crops for centuries to come if it were accessible. But it is locked up in chemical combination with other elements. The phosphates and potash which are necessary to make plants thrive, while they are abundant in the soil, are thus of no practical use.

What lime does is to unlock these fertilizing constituents of the soil. It does not itself help a great deal to nourish vegetation, though it is by no means useless in that particular. Its great value is that of an analyzer, breaking up the chemical combinations which lock away the fertilizing elements. Lime also neutralizes the soil acids and provides a suitable medium for the clover bacillus to develop in. Alfalfa would flourish in the Willamette valley if the fields were properly lined.

The valley soils which have been cropped for half a century or more have lost most of their free potash and phosphates. They will never become highly productive again until the loss has been replaced. This may be done by applying commercial phosphates and potash, which are very expensive just now and likely to be more so, or the farmer may use his barnyard fertilizer as a partial restorative.

But if he had cheap lime in ample quantities he would find it a wonderful help, no matter how much fertilizer he had available from the barnyard. It would release from his own soil the elements for which, if he buys them in the market, he must pay a high price. Oregon has lime deposits here and there, some of which have been opened and worked, but thus far we have no cheap lime for agriculture.

The state of Illinois has made arrangements by which the farmers obtain lime at 50 cents a ton to sow on their fields. This is a great boon to them. The state of Oregon might do something of the same sort if it would. The state has in hand a number of flashy enterprises which might very well be postponed until the question of supplying the farmers with cheap lime has been settled.

Few Fourth of July addresses ever delivered in Portland take rank with that by Bishop Sumner on Multnomah field yesterday. It was a case of the time, the place and the man, as evidenced in the tremendous demonstration indulged in by the great audience at the conclusion of his address.

HE FIGHTS MIT HUGHES

NOT all German-Americans have the same view as Mr. Penners, whose attack on President Wilson appears on this page.

There are German citizens who are not supporters of Mr. Hughes. There are German citizens who believe President Wilson's course in the submarine controversy was right and that he ought not to be punished for it.

On the other hand, there are the "professional" German-Americans. By "professional" is meant agitators who, for political and other purposes, seek to separate persons of German nativity or ancestry into a distinct group, acting together and directed by self-appointed leaders, who claim to speak for all German-American citizens, but who in reality do not.

These propagandists misrepresent the facts and mislead such men as Mr. Penners, whose letter on this page is under discussion. They are going to cast a very large vote for Mr. Hughes.

The day after Mr. Hughes was nominated, they claimed it as a victory for the German-Americans. A leading German newspaper of Philadelphia declared that Mr. Hughes' views were entirely satisfactory to German-Americans. Every German language newspaper in the country immediately came out in support of Mr. Hughes.

It is also positively asserted in well informed quarters that Mr. Hughes had to make himself acceptable to the "professional" German-Americans because that vote is heavily Republican, and that he had to get that vote in order to stand any show of success at the polls.

Of course, if the German propagandists can succeed in beating President Wilson, in Germany it will be regarded as a triumph. It will convince Berlin that Germany, through "professional" German-Americans in this country, holds the balance of power in the United States. It will be notice to the world that Woodrow Wilson had been punished by German-American citizens for his vigorous course towards Germany over the sinking of the Lusitania and in the submarine controversy.

It will also be notice to all nations that no president of the United States can oppose the wishes of the German imperial government without being penalized therefor by overthrow at the polls. It will be formal notice to all governments that the government of the United States must be conducted in such a manner as to best serve the military or naval plan of Germany.

It is in the desire to punish Mr. Wilson for standing up in the submarine controversy for American lives and property that the National Council of Teutonic Sons of America has adopted resolutions calling upon "all American citizens of Teutonic extraction or sympathy to give their voice and support to the cause of securing the election of Charles E. Hughes."

It is to punish Mr. Wilson that the German-American Alliance has held mass meetings in various big cities to celebrate the nomination of Mr. Hughes.

Carranza's new note is pacificatory. There will be no war with Mexico if President Wilson can honorably prevent it.

HELPING THE SCHOOLS

THERE is much to say in favor of Mr. C. E. Ferguson's proposal at the state university educational conference. Mr. Ferguson believes that the state should bear part of the burden of educating children in the poorer counties. For this purpose he suggests a general tax to supplement the somewhat meager resources of the school fund.

New taxes rarely present an inviting aspect to the public, but it is a comfort in affliction to remember that money spent for education is pretty commonly well spent. Some of it is squandered, but not nearly so much of it as of that appropriated for other and more showy uses.

It is worth keeping in mind that a boy or girl living in a poor county is as valuable to the state as one living in a rich county and deserves a good education just as much. It is not the fault of the pioneers in remote sections that they are poor. They are working under great hardships to build up the state. It seems like a very moderate favor to give them good schools.

The brilliant sunshine of yesterday after the weeks of rain seems omen of a Providential benediction on our national unity and destiny.

SPEAKING WITH TONGUES

THE federal bureau of foreign and domestic commerce has been looking for young men who have a speaking and writing use of foreign languages. As we learn from the Chicago Journal, it has not found a great many. Most of our young people who go through the high schools get a bowing acquaintance with French or German. Some of them acquire a genteel taste of Spanish. But actually learning to use the languages is another matter. Our schools do not teach it.

This is a little disappointing. If it were impossible for public schools to teach foreign languages nobody would complain. But it is not imposible. The German schools do it easily. So do those of Holland Dutch graduates from the common schools usually know English thoroughly. They can speak it familiarly and write it correctly.

We have been so pauperized by exorbitant protective tariffs that we do not appreciate how much foreign trade depends on knowing foreign languages. Other nations do appreciate it and therefore they outdistance us in the race for trade.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[This column is assuredly a hive of industry today. With three establishments busy with millwork, No. 180 of The Journal's industrial series is humming. These work up huge quantities of Oregon woods, carry large payrolls and send their products far afield, besides supplying home wants to the full extent demanded by a liberal patronage.]

IT WAS organized in 1909.

It consumes 3,000,000 feet of lumber a year.

Its output amounts to $125,000 a year.

In normal times in round numbers it employs 60 workmen.

It has a payroll of $40,000 a year—larger in ordinary times.

In a nutshell the story of the Oregon Door company, foot of Spokane avenue, Sellwood addition, may be stated in the foregoing words.

The business of the concern is mostly confined to Oregon, though it does occasionally reach out to as far as Idaho and Utah.

DOES GENERAL MILLWORK.

Aside from doors the company does a general line of millwork. It makes windows, frames, finish lumber and moulding, and turns out oak and mahogany finish. In its cabinet department it manufactures all kinds of interior cabinets, as built-in buffets, bookcases, etc.

"Stock doors are not usually made at a planing mill, and ordinarily are not in its line of work, but we make them in carload quantities and can ship them anywhere on short notice," says George C. Tichenor, secretary of the corporation. "Our business for the year," he adds, "is practically the same as last season, but prices are considerably better."

The Oregon Door company has a magnificent equipment. It would be difficult to procure a better. It is one of the corners which is "always on the job," and its employes do not have to fear that they may lose their positions at any time. And "there is a bunch of comfort in that," one said to The Journal representative.

COMPLIMENTS THE JOURNAL.

Speaking of the industrial articles which have appeared in The Journal each day for several months, Mr. Tichenor said:

"We have been much interested in your articles and think they are a big boost for the industries of the city. We believe that this is the proper get-together spirit, and if more newspapers would open their columns in the liberal way The Journal has, without cost to those written of, we all would have a much better acquaintance with our city and its industries. You certainly have our hearty approval of your articles."

Willamette Planing Mill Company.

The Willamette Planing Mill company was incorporated in 1914.

On an average it employs 30 men, and its annual payroll is $20,000.

Its yearly sales are $75,000, and it consumes 1,000,000 feet of lumber.

In its shipments it covers Oregon, Washington, Northern California, Idaho and part of Montana.

It is expert in millwork for fine residences as well as office buildings. It recently shipped to Klamath Falls all the millwork for the fine Elks' temple, nearing completion in that city. It was a consignment which will be a rare decoration for the structure. It consisted of all the interior and exterior woodwork, and all the mahogany lodge furniture for the association.

OTHER HANDSOME TRIMMINGS.

It has just completed its contract for the millwork for another Elks' temple at Pocatello, Idaho, consisting of three carloads of Oregon fir finish and mahogany finishing lumber. The millwork of the Masonic temple at Heppner was likewise fabricated at this plant, and there will be nothing more beautiful in that live city.

The decorations and millwork for the pretty residences of A. C. Ruby on the Base Line road, near Gresham, and that of Paul C. Murphy at Laurelhurst evidence the skill and taste of the Willamette Planing mill people. But then this convincing testimony can be had in every direction. There is art displayed in everything of the kind this mill turns out.

MAKING READI-CUT HOUSES.

This mill is now also engaged in producing what it has named "readi-cut lumber for homes," which it prepares ready for the hammer and nails, and which anyone can put together without the aid of skilled mechanics. By this system a residence may be erected in a few days at much less expense than ordinarily entailed when the uncut material is purchased. All doors, windows, frames, hardware, paint—absolutely everything required—are included in these orders. Its business in this line is growing like a bay tree.

In Portland the company reports its sales at about a par with those of last season.

The mill is located at 608 Gideon street, near East Sixteenth, and Jacob Depenning is its president and manager, and Oscar Vantz vice president.

Frank B. Schmitt Company.

The Frank B. Schmitt Sash & Door factory, 181 East Eighth street, corner of East Yamhill, works up 3,000,000 feet of lumber in a year, is employing 30 men at this time, but when business is normal, 50 to 75 hands.

The trade of this concern extends to all parts of Oregon, over into southwestern Washington, and to western Idaho and Montana.

The products of the institution are the same as those mentioned in the references to the mills already named. Its premises cover 100x200 feet, and there is not an inch of space to spare.

In addition to workmen in the factory Mr. Schmitt employs two outside hustlers whose business it is to look out for orders, and, being live ones, they have acquired the habit of "getting things." This is one of the reasons the gentleman, as manager of the business, which he owns individualy, consumes 3,000,000 feet of lumber every twelve months. He wouldn't do it if his men were "nappers."

Frank B. Schmitt is a pioneer of Oregon. He has seen Portland grow from a hamlet to a metropolis. He has witnessed the accumulation of great properties by the early settlers, and has a nice little bunch of it himself. And yet he is as common and approachable as any man in the factory, many of whom have been with him for years and years.

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.

From a Foe of Copperheads.

Baker, Or., July 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your editorial appearing in a recent issue of your paper, entitled "The Oregon Copperhead," deserves space and credit by every fair minded, unbiased newspaper or individual throughout the land. The position you have taken is truly American, to say the least. It repudiates uncalled for slander upon the chief executive of a glorious nation even though he be of different party affiliations. This, in my judgment, is no time to indulge in petty political abuse, such as the Oregonian persists in heaping upon President Wilson.

By whom or how could this Mexican muddle have been handled better and at the same time retain the principles that Americans have so long championed?

As a reader of both papers, I am at a loss to understand the point the Oregonian wishes its readers to see. It appears to me that if this abuse is actuated from a political standpoint, at a time when our nation is at the very brink of war, regardless of the cause, it is high time for the people to first ask the question, Can we depend upon the press when our brave boys go to the front? Certainly such vile abuse of our president will not be accepted by the common people, even though they differ with him in their political views.

In the crisis that is pending, we Americans should form a solid front behind Mr. Wilson, and certainly we should not place any impediment in his endeavor for peace.

A TRAVELING MAN.

He Is for Hughes.

Hartland, Wash., July 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—How is it that the German-Americans are against Wilson? Here is the answer in short print of two American papers. And I have to say by your works and according to your doings, ye shall be judged.

Do you suppose German-American voters are fools? Wilson kicked them so often in their faces and gave England free will in every way, should they pray on their knees for this lopsided man? Oh, no, and if Hughes will be elected, don't howl so loud. Our plans will never be made in Berlin, but here under the Stars and Stripes. Hurrah for America. When that lopsided professor in Washington ordered the fleet out of Mexico, was it not a brave German captain that saved the poor Americans and took them out of town to safety on his German warship? And you want to whitewash such a fellow? Oh, no; we Germans will do and vote as we darned please. Haben sie verstanden, Mr. Journal printer?

P. M. PENNERS.

Speaks for the Longshoremen.

Portland, July 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—We notice that Tom McCusker of the Employers' association is dictating to the Chamber of Commerce in regard to how the waterfront employers and the longshoremen of this city should conduct their affairs. Strange to say, the Chamber of Commerce is falling for this silly bunk, dished out by the irrepressible McCusker, and the first thing Portland and its citizens will learn is that McCusker is working night and day to divert what little waterfront business Portland has got to our nearest competitor. The chamber is ably assisting Tom in this underhanded deal, to denude Portland of all its waterfront work, in order to carry out the instructions of two or three powerful shipping concerns located in a nearby seaport. Permit me to say to Tom McCusker and the Chamber of Commerce that so far as wages and conditions for longshoremen in Portland are concerned they need not worry, because we are quite capable, in conjunction with our employers, of taking care of that part of our affairs without being influenced by a few nondescript "agents" from our competing ports. The wages and working rules of the Pacific coast will obtain in Portland in spite of anything that Mr. McCusker or the Chamber of Commerce may say to the contrary. Incidentally, we want to point out to the busybodies of the Chamber of Commerce that if they are really anxious to do something for the Port of Portland commerce we can show them how they can eliminate a lot of extra and unnecessary commissions, rebates, drawbacks, etc. Of course, this will hurt some of the dear members of the Chamber of Commerce, but it can't be helped. They have started this row; we will finish it, and by so doing give the public a look behind the curtains, which McCusker and the Chamber of Commerce are anxious to avoid. Hence their silly, frantic efforts to divert attention from their real object and crooked politics by hollering against the longshoremen.

If the chamber and Mr. McCusker want reforms on the waterfront they will find plenty of work ahead of them, because, as before stated, we will furnish them plenty of material for a starter, and if they refuse to use what we offer them in the way of reliable information, we shall be compelled to furnish it to the public, who are sure to put a damper on this cheap campaign inaugurated for the purpose of selling Portland out to the highest bidder.

A. E. BARNES.

It Would Cost Less to Feed Than to Fight Them.

Portland, Or., July 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—What the poor, starving Mexicans need is bread and not bullets. Why can not someone in authority take a lead and start a movement along some such line of earnest endeavor in their behalf?

Would it not be a proper, a noble thing for you and your paper to agitate this matter in such a way that, either the whole country will help; or, far better still, the administration would take it up and administer a fund, to be supplied by congress or other methods, in a practical way? There is not the least doubt in my mind that if we can find a practical way to feed these poor people and give them self-help, they will be our friends for all time.

I am only a laboring man, but I will contribute my mite.

While not knowing just what or how to accomplish anything myself, I firmly believe it would be a mighty big investment for this country and for them, if congress and the administration would send trainloads of food, in place of soldiers and ammunition, to these downtrodden people.

N. B.—Our grand president is all right.

E. S. PIPER.

Why It Will Be Wilson.

Dallas, Or., June 30.—To the Editor of the Journal — Yesterday a Republican friend asked me how I could be so confident that Wilson would again be president. I answered him by saying that it was because I still had faith in the good sense of the American people and their ability to discriminate between right and wrong; that the sober and mature judgment of the thinking voter would not allow him to be led astray after false gods, albeit one of such gods had long been a popular idol of many people; that the great balance of voting power is held in this country today by men and women who are not so partisan as to blindly follow any leader or set of leaders, or to take their word as to all political matters, and that it was this class of voters who will reelect Mr. Wilson, knowing that in him they will have a safe and sane president, a man who will do for all Americans the best that it is possible for mortal man to do, and one who looks to a higher power for guidance and counsel in every act. I answered that, also, before November many voters will have awakened to a full realization of the trick that has been played upon them by the old standpat gang in the nomination of Hughes; that it was not the people who really named him for president, but the old ring that Roosevelt made such a pretense of fighting, and then supinely laid down to, after wrecking the party of really honest men and women who believed in him and his advocacy of certain reforms, reforms by now enacted into laws by the greatest man of the age, Woodrow Wilson; that the voters of Oregon, especially, will also begin to remember that the Oregonian, Ralph Williams, Charley Fulton, and others of the old guard, do not advocate the election of men unless they know they can handle them. They would prefer to go down to defeat, bide their time and be sure of the ground on which they stand. That these and other eye-openers are bound to come, I assured my anxious inquirer, and so I remain confident in the belief that right will triumph in November, the wily political game of the interests and their servants come to naught, and the God-fearing fathers and mothers of our goodly land awaken to the knowledge that America is safest and best under the guidance of Woodrow Wilson, the tried and true.

A FATHER.

The Sunday Rest Law.

Sara, Wash., June 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—To the many readers of The Journal in the great state of Oregon I wish to say a word in defense of the humane, righteous, civilized stand they are taking regarding the Sunday rest law, as it is the essential law of all civilized nations. I have never known a man to speak against it, no matter of what nationality or creed, except for covetous, greedy self gain, and very few even of these.

I note an article in The Journal last month by the baseball magnate, W. W. McCredie, in which he said that it looked very blue to him. We feared it would take all the little comfort the public had and each man should choose his day. He said it was religious legislation. He was afraid it would prejudice people against the church. He was always opposed to Sunday morning baseball. He wanted to put no obstacle in the way of the church. He said the strongest churches try to save souls, instead of making blue laws. He was sorry for the little stores and bathing resorts.

Let Mr. McCredie attract the people as Barnum, Buffalo Bill and many other magnates, and he will get a large crowd of people any day in the week that will fork their money over to him, and the law and the church won't look blue to him and he will stop trying to influence the minds of free voters, who would vote for the law next best to a temperance law, for your state.

Have not your higher courts and men of brains and learning decided it was no religious legislation, but for the people and by the people, and for the protection of employes, and for the good of all? Will your voters stand by their decision, or by the baseball magnate? Which do you think most interested for you and the state? Besides, the churches all support it, and they never will support a law that is a detriment to your state. People will have more pleasure, better entertainment, more and better resorts of all kinds, than now, and will have many good citizens added to the population.

Let the long arm of the law reach out to rest day violators, the same as other lawbreakers, with liberty and justice to all and special privileges to none.

C. D. HAMPTON.

The Maine's Destruction.

Lents, June 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please state through The Journal the result of the inquiry on the Maine disaster—whether it was blown up from without or within.

A CONSTANT READER.

[Following the raising of the Maine by the United States government, a commission, composed of four high officers of the navy and an engineer officer of the army, found, on December 1, 1911, as follows:

"The injury to the bottom of the Maine was caused by the explosion of a charge of a low form of explosive exterior to the ship, between frames 23 and 21, strake B, port side. This resulted in igniting and exploding the contents of the 6-inch reserve magazine A-14-M, said contents including a large quantity of black powder. The more or less complete explosion of the contents of the remaining forward magazines followed. The magazine explosions resulted in the destruction of the vessel."]

Who Will Name These Birds?

Ellsworth, Wash., June 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—Will you kindly publish the names of some birds I will describe, if possible?

The other day I caught a glimpse of a large, black and yellow bird with red feathers on its head, picking at some ripe cherries. It was the only one I have ever seen. Then there is another, a very pretty little bird, that I have seen oftener. It has a white breast, gray back and a bright blue head. Whenever I see them they are nearly always picking at weed seeds. There are a lot of others I could mention, but I shall be very thankful if I can find out just the names of these two.

MRS. WALTER X. MORGAN.

After the Agony of Doubt.

From the New York Evening Post.

"Advertising Men Cheer the Flag." Once more the awful suspense over what attitude a body of Americans would take toward patriotism is ended.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

When selecting your Americanism, beware of the counterfeit brand put out by shrewd partisans.

All the world's wealth would be poor compensation to the average woman for dying unmourned by a friend.

The mother of a son with his full allotment of fingers rather inclines toward the safe and sane Fourth idea.

A Missouri professor says he can produce grapefruit without bitterness, but then it would be something else.

It is reported that hunger is driving men into the Mexican army, thus leading one to believe that the Mexican soldier eats occasionally.

State Labor Commissioner Hoff reports that Oregon women are paid better wages than their eastern sisters. Well, what about it? Aren't they worth more?

The government reports more quicksilver. Must be a typographical error. More silver is quick and getting quicker to leave you, is probably what was meant.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Canyon City Eagle is proud to number on its list of friends Barney Cannon, of Fox, who is hale and hearty at the age of 83 and has been a constant paid in advance reader of the Eagle for 23 years.

Discoursing of beverages, the Albany Democrat justly remarks: "Water is a splendid thing and some people can drink nothing else; but the masses like other things, things with special tastes to them, and it is doubtful if anything has been found that has more pep than the loganberry."

Weather report in Grants Pass Courier of June 30: "While the Willamette valley has been soaked with a heavy rainfall that has continued without cessation for the past week, the Rogue has had alternating shower and sunshine. The weather is rather unseasonable, as it seems to be throughout the entire country. Roads between Grants Pass and Portland are said to be getting heavy, the mud in parts of the Willamette being of winter depth. The rainfall in the Rogue has not been sufficient to soften the roads."

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

65—The Trail to Huckleberry Mountain

If you go up into the district immediately west of Mt. Hood—in the neighborhood of Welches, Arrah Wanna and Rhododendron—it would be a good idea to stay a week or two and become an explorer of trails.

The forest reserve is near at hand, in any direction, and the forest service has a delightful custom of building good trails which, though primarily intended to aid in fighting forest fires, people are permitted to traverse as freely as though they were public roads.

And every trail is a route through wonderland.

Soon after you have passed Brightwood you will begin to observe on the south a mountain green to its very summit and dominating the ridged and tip-tilted landscape of this district. It is Huckleberry mountain, elevation 4376 feet, and your immediate ambition to climb it may easily be granted. The trail up Huckleberry begins at Welches. For a few hundred yards it leads through a level, heavily wooded and always moist flat; then begins the climb upward. Huckleberry has three rounded summits, each successively higher, and when you have reached the first it is a safe bet you will think you are at the top—until you look higher.

You have been told of the marvelous view to be had from the top of Larch mountain—that "grandstand of the Almighty." It in no way excels the view of Mt. Hood and of the Cascade range to be had from Huckleberry mountain.

The trail forks a mile and a half or so southwest of the summit and if you care to you may go down to Brightwood by way of Wildcat mountain, from the ridge looking down into the canyon of Eagle Creek on your left.

If you turn to the left, rather than the right, at the fork in the trail, you will be led past Stony and Coffman camps to Plaza ranger station, whence the trail leads by way of Squaw mountain down onto the Clackamas, while another trail will be your guide clear over to the headwaters of the Oak Grove fork of Clackamas river. Parties sometimes go from Welches over the ridge to Roaring river, a notable trout stream which is a tributary of the Clackamas.

Well, today's space has been nearly used up in telling a very little about one trail and its forks. Who, not knowing, would dream of these narrow roads in the mountain highlands that lead as systematically to the wonder-points as your valley highways guide to the crossroads groceries!

So instead of trying to tell about some of the other routes today, we will wait until tomorrow.

The Once Over

BY REX HAMPMAN

UP AT MULTNOMAH FIELD—on the Fourth—I saw a greased pig—lying in a hollow—that he had dug for himself—waiting his turn to contribute to the glory of our old-fashioned celebration.

—because a greased pig is an essential—to an old-fashioned Fourth.

¶ That is—he's an essential—that we still think is essential.

—and that makes it essential.

—like firecrackers were—as long as we thought we had to have them.

¶ But firecrackers are gone—like the dodo—and the buffalo—and the 1000 cords of wood—that the city paid for last winter.

¶ And who knows—that the time may come—when we can get along—without a greased pig?

—and yet be patriotic—and have a good time?

¶ And after I saw the exercises—at Multnomah field—I went up to the Press club—to get a little peace and quiet.

—because I knew Paul Feely—and Fin McNaughton—and Jimmy McCool wouldn't be there.

¶ But anyway—I lay down on a couch.

—and got to thinking of the greased pig.

—and the bright wise eye that he rolled up at me.

¶ And he winked.

¶ And I said—"Hello—piggy—how goes it?"

¶ "Pretty tough"—he said—sighing like Dad Whiting—when he has failed to accomplish his purpose—in a pinochle game.

¶ "What's the matter?"—I said.

¶ "Oh"—said the greased pig—"this patriotism—that's what.

—"and why do they have to pick on me?

¶ "Why"—he grunted—"do you folks—if you'll excuse my slang—have to make a goat of me?"

¶ And I started to answer—but he kept right on talking.

—like Postmaster Myers—telling about the Wilson administration.

¶ "It seems to me"—he said—(that is—the pig—not the p. m.)—"if you want to connect pigs and patriotism—you could do a better job"—

—here his voice rose almost to a squeal—

—"you could do a better job—if you'd get after some of the piggish persons—in this republic.

—"instead of persecuting me—a mere symbol of what's the matter with you."

¶ And I asked what he meant.

¶ "Give me some particulars"—I said.

¶ "Is it possible"—he said—"that you haven't seen the cartoons—in the papers—showing the great corporations—as hogs—eating the wealth of the country?

¶ "And the worst of it is—as you should know—it's true.

¶ "Why"—he said—"it makes me ashamed—almost—that I'm a pig.

—"and I'd almost rather be pork.

—"although that's getting a hard name—too—since the Republicans have found out what a wicked thing it is—by being deprived of it."

¶ And this remarkable greased pig went on to say—that the Fourth of July—it seemed to him—is a good time for true patriots to do some thinking—about the welfare of their country.

¶ "And you might keep it up through the year"—he added—just before they took him out—for his ordeal.

¶ And of course—I don't expect anyone to believe this.

¶ But I believed it—until I woke up—and then—

¶ LISTEN—I found that what put me to sleep—was Joe Shandling and Art Cashor—telling each other—as reporters will—about Our Plain Duty in Mexico.

Patriotism.

(Circular Distributed at Portland Y. M. C. A.)

Dear Fellow Dormitory Man:

In memory of our forefathers, who fought for our liberty and declared our freedom on July 4, 1776, we will show our patriotism by closing the Cafeteria at 2 p. m. tomorrow, July 4. Breakfast, 7 to 11; Lunch, 11:30 to 2.

S. L. Dement, Mgr.
Room 531, Y. M. C. A.

Open for business again as usual Wednesday.

New Diversion.

There was a candy biting at Lee Brown's Saturday night and quite a large crowd attended.—The Stone County, Ark., Record.

Fifteen Minutes Rest.

By Rex Stewartt, The Journal's Office Boy.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

By this time it was a quarter to eight, and I made another trip over to the postoffice for a paper mail. I received a basketful, took it over in a basket belonging to the government, sorted it into piles containing personal mail, downstairs mail, P. N. S. mail, U. P. mail, and papers for the exchange editor. When I had distributed all the mail for the people in the editorial rooms and had given the P. N. S. and the U. P. their share, I took the rest downstairs, and the basket back to the postoffice. On the way back I went down into the pressroom and got 10 Sunday Journals and put them in offices on the editorial floor.

I went into the local room when I had finished and found a number of clippings on a book. These I gave to the reporters.

Here I must state before it is too late that on the way over to the postoffice the second time I stopped at the business office, got two-cent stamps for one dozen letters which I had picked up from a table in the lobby of the editorial floor, and on arriving at the postoffice mailed them with three or four others which I had brought from home.

From somewhere during the night, some one had brought a lot of pictures into the morgue and I seized a few minutes before nine o'clock to sort them and place them above their respective drawers into which I would file them later in the day, or at least I planned to file them.

About 10 minutes of nine the assistant city editor came and asked me if I would be at leisure in a few moments. When he wants me to do a thing at once he always asks me that question. I get tired of it. I don't care for greenhorns, but I wish the assistant city editor was more like the city editor, who is brusque and growlish. However, speaking plainly, I have no love for either of them, one way or the other.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Stories of Street and Town

Unrepentant.

SHE had been naughty all day. While playing in the sand pile she had deliberately upset her little brother's wagon and broken his toy hoe handle. In her playhouse she smashed three of her doll's best tea cups, and she entered the kitchen with dirty soles and tracked up the cook's freshly scrubbed floor. Then to cap it all, she gave the cat's tail a vicious little yank. So mother thought a sure cure for this fit of distemper would be an hour in the clothes closet. Sobs and entreaties for pardon issued forth for some time after the confinement began. Then the entreaties suddenly ceased.

"Alice," called mother suspiciously, "what are you doing?"

"I'm 'pittin'," came the sullen little voice from the far corner of the closet. "I 'pit on your dress and I 'pit on your shoes, and now I'm makin' more 'pit.'"