

THE JOURNAL

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Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.—Goethe.

PORTLAND THE MAGNET

ONE OF the significant features of the present Portland is the inflow of foreign capital and live wire men. It is so prevalent as to rise to the proportions of a movement.

It is not difficult to guess why they have come. The men behind capital have discernment. They employ their means with discernment. They saw in Portland an orderly city, they saw in it a city immune from distracted politics and machine rule.

THE INCOME TAX

THE SENTIMENT in favor of a national income tax has undoubtedly grown greatly in recent years. It was scarcely checked by the decision of the United States supreme court, one of the numerous five-to-four decisions, one of the five justices having reconsidered his opinion before the judgment was definitely announced.

It seems to me that in the light of the decisions of the supreme court of the United States, rendered since the income tax decision, it must be held that an income tax would now be held constitutional by that court. The underlying and fundamental principles upon which the income tax decision was based have certainly been modified, if not wholly abandoned, by later decisions.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

A SEATTLE man who died lately, Richard Jeffs, left \$100,000, about half of his estate, to provide a home for aged people in King county. A moderately wealthy man who died recently in Portland, Mr. P. J. Mann, had already made a like bequest shortly before his death.

The great recent migration of European Russians into Asiatic Siberia seems to have attracted less attention than its volume deserves. During the calendar year 1925 about 245,000 people of European Russia came upon the fertile plains of Siberia. Of these 120,000 returned,

leaving the net migration nearly 640,000. There are several causes of this great movement, chief among them being the superior fertility of the virgin Siberian soil, which like that of western Canada will produce large crops of wheat.

TURKEY A BATTLEGROUND

TURKEY WAS born to trouble. Trouble is in the air there. Turkey is situated to be a center of trouble. Switzerland passes along peacefully from decade to decade, from generation to generation; it has no army, no navy; it interferes with nobody and no nation with it.

The troubles in Turkey just now were brought about principally by Emperor William and Emperor Francis Joseph; they are almost as afraid as their ancestors were of anything like a republic, of democratic rule; and of course the czar of Russia is of the same notion; and Abdul Hamid was stirred up to make another struggle against democracy.

THE HARMONY DINNER

HARMONY DINNERS serve nothing frozen together by a streak of sunshine. There may be a spasm of better temperature, but the icebergs still remain icebergs and two in number. Momentarily the plans of Mr. Simon and Mr. Fulton with their respective retinues of servers are one. The primary law must be destroyed. The powers the electorate has taken to itself must be taken away and be given to a machine. So far there is unity. But when the machine is built, as it will be built, division will come.

A machine cannot serve two masters. The row that will ensue will shake Oregon. History repeats itself. The same causes always produce the same effects. The harmony that is catalogued now will be ten thousand furies then. Having the power then that the people now have, the big chiefs and their respective retainers will battle over the issue of which shall use it to his own advantage.

Christians, relying largely on a single sentence in the Bible, believe it is their duty to go into all parts of the world and convert adherents of other religions to Christianity. This belief at least makes veritable another text: "Behold, I am not come to bring peace into the world, but a sword." In pursuance of this Christian policy and duty, many people in Turkish provinces, especially in Armenia, have professed Christianity, which is a sufficient reason for their slaughter on any possible excuse or occasion by the more radical of the Mohammedans, who also regard it as a religious duty to exterminate people differing from them in religion.

Pen Pictures of Abdul Hamid

Smiling blandly, Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey has just slipped the Young Turk's jar of Ipecac, with the suggestion that they stop it when he watches—and don't slip slow. And thus the wheels of freedom are again clogged. Unless the signs of the weather are all wrong the Young Turk movement, which has stricken the shackles from the office holding class of the Young Turk, is hereafter to be classed with the means in the American struggle a matter for remembrance, but of no current interest.

Whenever the muckrakers start on the orient it's a cinch that the first book will be on "The Shame of Constantinople." That's Sultan Abdul Hamid. It's the shame in the East, it's known. He's the original humbug, with bells on and glorifying Gladstone called him "that great assassin," and the Young Turk called him a dead one, and he has modestly admitted that, measured by the standard of the Young Turk, he is a failure. He's a lot of things, but he isn't a coward.

PARTY RULE NOT WANTED

TO THE people of Portland we strictly partisan administration of municipal affairs? Have such administrations proved beneficial to cities that have tolerated them? Such an administration necessitates the operation of a party machine, under a boss or a clique of bosses, of whom the mayor may be the principal boss, or only a large figurehead.

Now, invariably, this machine is operated chiefly for the benefit, the advantage, in one way or another, of those who run it and support it, a comparatively few people. It requires for campaign purposes a good deal of money, which is largely obtained by contributions of large special interests, public utility corporations and others. In return for these contributions the machine grants these special and usually corporate interests whatever favors and advantages, in taxation and otherwise, they desire.

It is almost universally acknowledged, even by party papers, except during a municipal campaign, that party rule in municipal affairs is a bad thing. It is generally admitted by partisans in national elections that partyism should be extinguished or minimized in the government of a city. There is properly no national politics in the conduct of a city's business affairs. Not one citizen out of 100 will be benefited in the slightest degree by having local officials of one party or the other. This is known and said by nearly everybody except the machine politicians themselves, and they do not deny it except when a campaign comes on and for their own purposes they seek to make voters believe that the rule of the dominant party is very important in the city as well as in the nation.

Letters from the People

Letters to The Journal should be written on one side of the paper only and should be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The name will not be used if the writer asks that it be withheld. The Journal is not to be understood as endorsing the views of the writer unless they are clearly stated to be made as brief as possible. Those who wish their letters returned when not used should so indicate.

Not Its First Offense

To the Editor of The Journal.—In the Oregonian of April 22 appears an editorial entitled "A Modest Request," in which the author quotes or alludes to a verse from Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." No quotation marks are used nor is Gray given credit in any way. Kindly "moderate" the Oregonian's editor, and quit the practice. R. N. B.

Another Way to Kill Files

Waldo, Or., April 24.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In reference to the destruction of common house files which I have written you about, I have found that the best remedy I have found is to shoot them with a small rubber band cut in two. I have killed 300 of them in a few minutes. I never allow them to live in the house with me. This is a quick and efficient remedy and there is no waiting for them to bite. Besides it is one way to go hunting and skill in shooting them becomes a science. A large band makes them wild and they will not bite, but a small one is O. K. READER.

Steam Rollers

Portland, April 26.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In yesterday's issue of your paper an article appeared regarding the purchase of a steam road roller by the executive board of the city of Portland. I am a resident of Portland and have been in the city since the year 1856. We have a substantial establishment here and are in the habit of doing business with your city for many years, and have always met with the best of treatment.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

But when wheat drops, will flour follow? Some of the Young Turks are old people. Patten doubtless can afford to take a vacation. Yet a smaller loaf of bread may not be lighter. It is well that Taft likes baseball as well as golf.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Many Marion county hopyards being renewed. A stallion bought by Joseph parties weighs 1850 pounds. There is cement building stone around Echo, says the Register.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

"The Roll Call of the Fathers"—By George F. Hoar

From a speech against imperialism in the Philippines, in the United States senate, April 17, 1909. It was once my good fortune to witness an impressive spectacle in this chamber, when senators answered to their names in rendering solemn judgment in a great state trial.

Easy Luncheons

Veal milk soup. Deviled bread. Stewed prunes. Cocoa. Corn chowder. Bread and butter. Oranges. Molded salmon. Lettuce and cheese sandwiches. Preserves. Gingerbread.

The Pitcher

I'd like to be a pitcher, and on the diamond stand, a cap upon my forehead, a ball in my hand, and with applauding thousands, I'd throw the curving sphere, and from the eyes of burning, spring forth the briny tear. I'd make my occupation a thing of pomp and grandeur, I'd be myself in bow knots, and stand upon my head; a string of wild contortions would mark my every throw, and all the fans would murmur: "Oh, girl, ain't she a JO!"

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THE REALM FEMININE

The Child's Garden.

RE YOU not touched by the sight, not uncommon at this time of year, of a little child trying, against most adverse conditions, to make a flower garden? It always strikes a particularly responsive chord to see a little youngster digging, watering, sowing, and with no proper means at hand for obtaining seeds, and trying to get some green thing to grow in a desolate, shabby yard. It is so evidently the strife of the soul against the north conditions of life.

Now it is not perhaps necessary to organize another society or association to supply seeds and needs to eager little children; we do not need laws or officers or cues or equipment. We do not even need a constitution. All we need is that those who have should be generous to those who have not. We never mind, just for the present, whether that in true of all the other needed things in the world or not. This is merely a colloquy on how to help a child to make a flower garden.

It you have as a neighbor (and remember that term means every man, woman and child) who is planning in your own well ordered den, do in the name of humanity, hand down to him some cuttings, seeds or slips of garden stock, and have them for his very own. And if you know that he cannot, by any possible childish effort, make a garden, then watch every minute of his hard beaten or tangled weed choked yard, take a few minutes' time to be a real friend. Help him clear a little space, if you can, dig some holes, get a boy to help. He will help if you enlist his interest. Be a real neighbor and in kindliness, give him the permission of a mother or father to help the child in his efforts, and give him a start.

It pays better than almost any other mere neighborly deed to do this. It cultivates the child's appreciation of the beautiful; it shows him that in growing things which none may miss and live a completely useful life. And you tired mothers who have too much to do to be watching every minute what the restless little people are doing, see whether it is not worth while, as an experiment, to start your children in a little garden. They will make mistakes, of course, but they will be learning, and the actual outlay is so little.

And then it is inevitable that the suggestion should creep in—don't deal harshly with a little child who unknowingly plucks a few flowers from your own or your neighbor's garden. Remember that the child is not the most rudimentary ideas of property rights. If they may pick wild flowers they can see no earthly reason why they should not pick flowers in any other place.

And they love them so, I think we forget a floral scent and soil and burdens have somewhat encased the spiritual in us, how we used to thrill with pleasure over the color or scent of flowers, and how we used to be so moved, almost to tears. Oh, we forget so much that it is worth remembering. But to teach the beauty of flowers to him or to wound his sensitive heart with reproach for picking a flower that he could not afford to pick, is to wound a child's soul. No one has a right to wound a child's soul. But you say the child must be taught not to touch the flowers. Yes, but by a gentle explanation, and by being taught to care for his own. If your child has no beauty at home, if he has no garden, if he has no search of it, the fault is yours, not his.

Give him his own garden and make him happy. It is not much trouble, and it pays well. Easy Luncheons. Veal milk soup. Deviled bread. Stewed prunes. Cocoa. Corn chowder. Bread and butter. Oranges. Molded salmon. Lettuce and cheese sandwiches. Preserves. Gingerbread. Lamb and macaroni. Hot biscuit. Stewed rhubarb. Cookies.

Veal Milk Soup.—Cook a knuckle of veal from which all fat has been removed until the meat falls apart. When it is tender, boil the soup, and add to it a quart of milk, butter the size of an egg, and get aside to jelly. On the following day add to three pints of stock one quart of milk, butter the size of an egg, and a few pieces of celery. Thicken to the consistency of cream, and when the soup has cooled, knead the boiling point, and stir over three well beaten eggs, stirring constantly; reheat carefully, season and serve. (Half quantity ample.) Knead the milk, and a few pieces of butter may be served one day and enough stock set aside for next day's soup.

Deviled Bread.—Break bread, baker's bread preferable, into neat slices, and trim off the crust. Spread the slices lightly with butter, sprinkle with cracked wheat, dust of paprika and a little salt, and put into a baking pan. Set in a quick oven long enough to brown the cheese a little, and crisp the bread. Corn Chowder.—One can of corn, one half can tomatoes, one can peas, one can milk, one can butter, two tablespoons butter, one quart milk, one pint potatoes, sliced, and one milk can corn. Boil together, parboil potatoes and add to the corn and milk. Fry the onion, sliced, in butter or pork drippings, and add to the corn and potatoes. Melt the butter and stir in the flour till it is a smooth paste; add the tomatoes. Just before serving, pour in the milk and mix ingredients together. Do not leave on the fire. Lamb and Macaroni.—Boil the macaroni broken into inch pieces, in salted water till tender; then drain, put a layer in buttered baking dish, then a layer of chopped raw ham, then a layer of onion mixed with it, if you like. Repeat layers, having macaroni on top. Then add hot broth, enough to show through. Cover with breadcrumbs and bake until brown.