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I hate ingratitude more in a
man
Than lying, vauntings, babbling,
drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose
strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
—Shakespeare.

FRIEDMANN

WALKING on crutches for the
past three years, Sophie
Berger, aged 16, is declared
by a Providence news dis-
patch to have danced before the
governor of Rhode Island yester-
day, showing how she had been
cured of tuberculosis of the knee
by the Friedmann serum. She was
the first patient treated by Dr.
Friedmann after his arrival in the
United States.

It is unlikely that the statement
is other than true. If true, Dr.
Friedmann is entitled to the thanks
of the world.

If his serum never cures another,
Dr. Friedmann, in reaching down
and lifting up this lame girl from
her crutches, will have done more
for humanity than most of us have
done.

There has been a lot of unkind-
ness in America's reception of Dr.
Friedmann. There was a seeming
purpose at one time to deny him
a hearing. He was most bitterly
assailed before he had had a chance
to even make a demonstration
of his serum. He was, without
a hearing, publicly denounced
as a faker.

What is to be the value or non-
value of his cure is yet mostly con-
jecture. But if he has cured one
lame girl his service is splendid. If
he rescues one tuberculous sufferer
from death, his name is blessed;
for if he has power to save one,
he has power to save thousands.

Yet, what a precious achievement
it is, to save just one!

SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND

IT IS very easy to denounce the
suffragettes, who are making
life burdensome to thousands of
English people, from ministers
downwards. It is not so easy to
learn and to explain why the move-
ment has not been frowned out of
existence long ago. It certainly is
no nearer to either sudden or in-
creasing death than it was two years
back. It has all the martyrs it can
make use of, and its speakers make
up in virulence for any shortcom-
ings in logic. What can be said for
them?

The first point they make applies
to various classes of English men
as well as women. The English-
man's thought, tradition, and train-
ing, make him very slow to yield
fuller rights of expression to the
poor, the more or less ignorant, or
the oppressed, male or female.
Many Englishmen are yet advocates
of property suffrage, and the pend-
ing agitation and effort for man-
hood suffrage has not easy sled-
ding. Every one of them denies the
suffragists' argument that every in-
dividual who comes under the con-
trol of the law should have a voice
in its making.

Next, it is absolutely necessary to
convince the government before any
measure, however strongly advo-
cated, can get through Parliament.
If private members try the govern-
ment can thwart them in a hundred
ways. And though the present Lib-
eral government has benefited by
women's influence very largely in
campaigns, yet, once in office, it
has been very slow in paying its
debts to those same women. It
has not, and will not, make of the
woman's suffrage a government
measure.

Here comes the split between
non-militant and militant suffra-
gettes. The former trust to pro-
prietorship, party support, and
general good will to induce
change in the government's atti-
tude. The latter know that even
if they could get the present gov-
ernment turned out of office, their
conservative successors would, in
this matter, be even worse to han-
dle.

Hence comes their resolve to give
up all idea of working on parties,
after the good old English plan.
They now strike directly at the pos-
sessions, comforts, organized life,
of the people as a whole. They
have looked backward in history,
and have found that rioting and
disorder have attended every move-
ment for extension of popular gov-
ernment. So they sacrifice them-
selves—leaders and rank and file—
in the campaign.

Herein they are historically
wrong. The anti-corn law campaign,
that for reform of the male suf-
frage, have all been supported by
numbers which have made these
movements intrinsically formidable
to the whole machinery of govern-
ment. Whether a few scores or
hundreds of women resort to stone

throwing and building burning they
are as but a fly on the wheel of
the great engine of the British gov-
ernment. Had they enlisted the
majority, or even a large propor-
tion, of British women in their so-
called war, conditions would have
been widely different. When they
count heads their weakness is ap-
parent.

THE NEW POSTOFFICE

IT WOULD be a mistake to place
the main entrance of the new
Portland postoffice on Park
street.

This was the consensus of opinion
at a gathering of business men
at the Commercial Club yesterday.
Indeed, except for the dissenting
voice of a representative of the post-
office, and another voice that urged
a similar entrance on both Park
and Broadway, the unanimous
choice for the main entrance was
Broadway.

It would be a strange play to
have the main entrance face what
is the next thing to Portland's back
door. To the westward of the post-
office site is the warehouse district.

On the other hand, Broadway
will be the great distributing artery
for the huge section of Portland
population that will pass over the
Broadway bridge. A postoffice
facing Broadway will face approxi-
mately three-fourths of the popula-
tion of Portland.

The issue is one over which there
is little chance for division of opinion.
Broadway is ultimately to be-
come one of the greatest thorough-
fares in the city. It will be a
street so much used and so popular
that it would be a most inexcusable
act to make the postoffice turn its
back to it.

Moreover, for the most part, the
business district of the city is, and
always will be, east of Broadway.
How awkward it would be to have
a postoffice that is located on
Broadway, face west? How anomalous
to have the postoffice turn its
back on the business district.

UNCEASING WONDERS

WE READ day by day of the
constant efforts of the mil-
lions of all nations to
preempt the air for airships
and aeroplanes and hydroplanes
and hydro-aeroplanes—one to destroy,
and the next to destroy the destroy-
er, and the third to destroy the last,
and so on in a never-ending chain
of death.

Was the great work of Orville
and Wilbur Wright and their suc-
cessors to be so perverted, until
there should be no more "free"
air? Should each step forward
perfecting the machine for the safe
traveling of man through the at-
mosphere above be multiplied and
neutralized by converting it into
a tool and agency of destruction of
man and all his works?

It seems that warships and war
planes have outstripped the ma-
chines of peace—more deadly than
guns and rifles, more appalling
than dynamite charged mines, as
the dark heavens should rain
bombs, and no city, no forts, no
shelter, should spell safety.

Two paragraphs, however, were
interspersed between these stories
of projected aerial destruction. One
was that a gigantic hydro-plane was
being built in England with a motor
of 800 horsepower, with carrying
power for half a dozen passengers,
and estimated speed to cross the
ocean from Cape Clear to New-
foundland in eighteen hours.

The other story was from a Bal-
timore paper. Orville Wright, on
his recent return from his campaign
in European countries which sus-
tained his patents is said to have
announced that he is at work upon
a hydro-aeroplane, that, if perfect-
ed, will cross the Atlantic in forty
hours. This man is no vain boast-
er, but one who, as inventor and
improver, has held his place in the
science and art of flying against all
comers. If Orville Wright made
this statement or admission it takes
its place with similar announce-
ments by other inventors and more
will be heard of it in due time.

THE CHINESE ADDRESS

THE address to the world made
by the "Permanent National
Assembly of China," at the
opening of its first session on the
"Eighth day of the fourth
month of the second year of the Re-
public of China," at Peking com-
mands both respect and admiration.

If it be really the composition of
young Chinese members educated in
American colleges it is honorable
both to them and to the influences
which have made them what they
are.

Notice the introductory reference
to the will of the people as the
source of all government. Observe
the claim that the essential power
of the people was formerly entrusted
to the monarchy, which had
proved unworthy of its responsibil-
ities, but that with the introduc-
tion of popular government the rep-
resentatives of the people were now
to give expression to the desires and
voice the will of the people. That
"for success or failure, safety or
danger, adversity or good fortune,
they will be the merit or the blame."

The sense of power and respon-
sibility, descending through long
ages to this day, essentially un-
broken by the vicissitudes of dy-
nasties and reigns, but now vested
directly by the people in their rep-
resentatives, breathes through every
line.

Such a government, based in so
hoary an antiquity, seeking to ex-

press the will of three hundred mil-
lions of the Chinese race which has
been dormant through centuries of
Manchu tyranny but has now found,
through the republic its expression,
may well demand, as of right, recog-
nition by the nations of today.

Declarations for a just govern-
ment, the hope for the allay of
old prejudices, prayers for good
harvests, for happiness in the home,
and peace in industry, lead natu-
rally to the aspiration that neighbor-
ing nations may also rejoice in the
new life of the old nation.

The reader of this state paper
cannot fail to recognize the dignity
of its purpose and expression,
worthy of the historic act which it
records.

WAR WOUNDS

TO THE credit side of modern
war must be set the experience
of the German surgeons who
have been serving the wound-
ed in the Tripolitan and Balkan
wars, compared with the wounds
inflicted by the older rifles only
a few years ago.

Last week the congress of these
German surgeons was held in Ber-
lin.

Professor Goebel of Breslau was
the first. He said that wounds in-
flicted by the small caliber Italian
rifles healed quickly and left hard-
ly any scar. Bombs thrown from
aeroplanes did no harm. Professor
Coenen served with the Greek army.

War surgery there was chiefly a
matter of arm, leg and head
wounds. Injuries to the trunk,
breast, and abdomen were rare.
Out of 865 wounded men not one
had died. He said that men struck
by high power, small caliber, bul-
lets suffered little pain, not know-
ing they had been hit until bleed-
ing and weakness were felt. Pro-
fessor Goldammer described the
utter neglect of the "sick" and
wounded Turks after demoraliza-
tion from defeat set in.

Mr. Buxton, an English M. P. but
a doctor, has been writing his ex-
periences in the Bulgarian hospi-
tals much to the same effect. He
says that the Bulgarians are, as a
rule, so naturally healthy that they
survive being shot through and
through with the small caliber
rifle. The influx of the wounded
after the battles of Sulu Burgas
outran all provisions at Sofia, and
overflowed into churches, and of-
fice buildings. The greater trouble
there was from the lack of treat-
ment in the field hospitals. Many
of the wounded were brought in
after a week or more of exposure
from wounds which had only re-
ceived first aid on the field. Mon-
tegrin wounded suffered still
worse. Nothing but their splendid
constitutions and Spartan mode of
life have saved hundreds of them.
The tale of suffering from this
war will never be told in full.

AN AGE OF INQUIRIES

WAS there ever an age like
this for conferences and
commissions and commit-
tees and bureaus, to blow
off popular steam, to find out all
over again what everybody knows
now, and to make a fresh start
when the public is already half
way there? It is a perfect epide-
mic.

This Chicago conference of farm-
ers, economists, financiers, college
presidents and professors, is a case
in point.

For three days over five hun-
dred men have been in session—
all experts—all knowing enough
about "marketing and farm cred-
its" to be thoroughly convinced
that the time for ceasing talking
and going to work practically had
come. Hours of oratory and reams
of addresses have filled the three
days, and when ready to adjourn
the conference proceeds to resolve.

What does it all come to? That
they will lay on the over-burdened
president the tale of what they sug-
gest he shall have the nation do.
That state governments are also to
be invited to "take up the study
of more economic and efficient sys-
tems of marketing." More study—
more calling on Jupiter to lift the
cart wheel out of the mire.

People at large are informed that
the cost of taking farm products
to consumers is excessive and meth-
ods wasteful. This sounds familiar.
The deduction is that the govern-
ment should "establish an effective
agency"—to do something? No—
to "study the problems of mar-
keting," to distribute information
about this business. Then the state
governments are likewise to
"study." And universities, agricul-
tural colleges, newspapers, and so
on, are to "give the question their
immediate attention."

Studying, indeed? Four days
ago Director Cooke of the Public
Works Department of Pennsylvania
called together the presidents of
nine interurban electric roads cen-
tered in Philadelphia, and invited
them to reduce the cost of trans-
porting garden truck, milk, fruit,
butter, eggs and other food, stuffs
over their lines by a coordinate sys-
tem, extending the present trolley
freight service further into the
country and cheapening and quick-
ening transportation. And the first
steps were taken. There is study in
action.

Everybody knows that the Danish
farmers long ago solved their prob-
lem of collecting, transporting, sell-
ing, and distributing farm products,
and that the system that has made
Danish farmers rich will work in
the United States. Why did not
this Farmers' Conference popularize
the Danish system?

Then comes the regular song

about systems of rural credit. Has
it not come to the knowledge of
these people that a carefully chosen
commission from all states in the
Union is already on the way to Eu-
rope to see for themselves what
the German and French farmers
have done and are doing to pro-
vide plentiful and cheap loans for
the farming class there? What that
commission has to do is, first, to
verify what has been told us of the
systems in practical use there on
an enormous scale, second, to re-
turn and report their findings here,
and, third, to adopt those methods
to practical development.

Then they will have earned the
thanks of this people, and the time
to stop "studying" and to go to
work will be here.

BUY SOME BOOKS

IS THE public library, in all its
forms, an unmixed good? Is it
not the fact that its great use
is to make acquaintances, not
friends, of the books we get from
its shelves?

No suggestion is intended that to
buy nine tenths of the passing fic-
tion which one sees carried about
in cars and on the streets, with the
well known library mark on those
books, would be a wise investment.
Such books are hastily read and as
quickly forgotten, leaving a slight
mark on the memory, and that
often not a wholesome one.

But, whether one is contented
with Dr. Elliot's five foot shelf or
a hundred books, or if the wise habit
has been carried down from school
or college into late life to buy for
personal ownership from time to
time and as the pocket permits.
Such books as make undying addi-
tions to the mental stores that we
carry with us from home to home,
the fact remains that no other
money of all our earnings has been
as well and wisely spent.

Let the young man begin to col-
lect the treasures that he will carry
with the rest of his baggage, from
place to place as necessity calls.
When once the book shelf is filled
in the new room and the old
friends smile at him from their fa-
miliar covers, then one of the best
elements of a home has taken form.
And the longer he owns them, and
the older they are to him, the more
highly does he prize them.

No book should form part of
such a personal library that is not
worth, and does not invite reading
once and again. Even in the one
hundred limit there is abundant
chance for variety, adopted to the
varying needs and moods of its
possessor.

No one can prescribe for an-
other. Book buying to keep is an
essentially personal act. Here one
man's food is another man's poison.
But, to us another saying, variety
is the spice of life.

Good standard fiction should al-
ways have a place. That never is
out of date. An old friend of a
story book, when one is tired, or
half way sick, or convalescent, or
fronted with some crisis in life, has
the secret of rest and refreshment,
as chosen passages or scenes are re-
read. Good poetry, also, improves
with keeping, and has the other
property, that by much reading it is
unconsciously learned by heart.
Some stories of the lives of great
men, though not many, have the
gift of making their heroes live as
one reads, and great events and
great people move before us. The
daily paper and the magazine are
for very many the only literature. But
great lights fall on current events
as the well known history books re-
mind us that there is nothing new
under the sun, and histories should
be found in every library great or
small.

Ending as we began the well
tried advice may be repeated. Buy
from time to time good books, a
few if so it must be, more as years
pass and means grow. There is
no better paying investment for
young or old.

CLEAN ATHLETES CLUB

THE High school boys of Boston
have chosen a suggestive name
for their new club that has
quietly collected a mem-
bership of 1000.

A gentleman chosen as referee
in a basketball game between high
schools first noticed it, being moved
to inquiries by the progress of the
game, where squabbling and wran-
gling and objecting were very con-
spicuously absent. He found that
both teams belonged to the Clean
Athletes club. Their motto is "Play
the game." A threefold cleanli-
ness is their object—clean athletics,
clean speech, and clean living.
Members sign a pledge card and
wear a pin, but there is no close
organization, and little fuss.

That story tells the tale of or-
ganized and sympathetic effort, the
force of companionship in good.

This next incident from a New
York paper has to do with three
high school boys who were chums.

One of them, James Keegan, was
dying in the Union hospital, New
York, from loss of blood after an
operation. After a consultation be-
tween the doctors the two other
lads were called in and James Keegan's
plight explained to them. Would
you boys give some of your blood
to save him, they were asked.

"Surest thing you know," said
Thomas Barrett, and bared his arm.
Albert Brady followed the exam-
ple.

A pint of blood was taken from
each, was sterilized, the red cor-
puscles removed, and the serum re-
maining injected into their friend's
veins. He began to improve at
once. His life was saved. The two

chums were none the worse, and
made light of their sacrifice, as
manly boys should.

Any boy who reads these two
stories will draw the morals for
himself, for whoever runs may read.
They are make weights for many of
the stories of the other kind, and
the fruit of them is adding faith
in high school boys nature, east or
west. But they create or help on
a tradition that must be main-
tained, cost what it may, and the
standard is a high one.

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 100 words, and should be ac-
companied by the name and address of the
sender. If the writer does not desire to have
the name published, it should so state.)

The Shearing of the Angoras.

Portland, April 9.—To the Editor of
The Journal—If a man should get the
Christmas bills paid up, settle his fuel,
telephone, light, gas, water and grocery
bills, pay off his wife's Easter bonnet
expense, get his tax receipt, register for
the coming election, spend over the gar-
den, plant the flower seed, split kindling
logs, wash, go out and fix it and fine,
work all day and get no orders, pay his
fare, enter a St. Johns car, ride perpen-
dicular to Russell street, miss the cross
town car, wait 15 minutes for another,
hang on to a strap to Burnside street,
go to a Marathon for a moving box, wait
15 minutes for another car, find it carried
68 dividend producers, hung onto the
rain dripping down his shirt collar, wedged
himself and sample cases between the
Klaxon, make a dash and find a notice
of street improvement on the telephone
pole and bills for Sullivan's gulch and
Sandy boulevard sewer assessments in
the mail box, wouldn't it have a ten-
dency to make him slightly grouchy?

I opine that it plays on him a lit-
tle bit peculiar, slightly inclined to
down the park ponds, especially those
for Ross island, where the crawfish
have it easy, and the Council Crest,
where little men get the big view.

Talk about parks and playgrounds!
I was able to play in my own back-
yard if this little spendfest keeps up.
La! La! How I wish I could find a
poor man to associate with for a spell.
I'm so tired of millionaires! Percival
just jingling your money.

ROBERT G. DUNCAN, GOAT.

Values in Waste Products.

Scotts Mills, Or., April 10.—To the
Editor of The Journal—I was glad to
read the letter from a correspondent
in The Journal of April 2, in regard
to utilizing the surplus potato crop.
Many farmers living quite a distance
from market would be encouraged to
grow this crop more extensively if
they were sure of getting at least the
cost of raising and caring for it.
One of the best potato varieties is rich
in starch. I think with suitable machin-
ery at least enough of the starch
could be taken from the pulp before
drying to pay a good part of the ex-
pense.

Another waste that would mean a
good deal to Oregon if it could be
utilized is the sawdust that accumu-
lates in mountains around the mills.
Considering the high price of fire-
wood, the wonder is that no one has
converted this material into fuel. I
am no chemist, but I see no reason
why sawdust combined with pine
or fir needles to make it porous and
also added to the burning qualities, and
with the addition of something to make
the mass adhere so that it could be
moulded into shape, would not make
good firewood and perhaps a better
ordinary wood besides saving the
of the unsightly sawdust heaps, while
the gathering of the needles would
give employment to women and chil-
dren during vacation. J. E. T.

The Burden of Promotion.

Portland, Or., April 12.—To the
Editor of The Journal—The writer read
with interest the editorial in Mon-
day's issue, touching upon the mat-
ter of existing high store rentals and
in connection therewith, the pending
campaign of the promotion committee
for funds. The remarks made therein
every way conform to the facts.
The burden of many of our civic move-
ments has heretofore fallen largely
upon the shoulders of the merchant
class and it is, indeed, high time that
the privilege of giving and supporting
should be shared in a larger degree
by the rest of the community, and
benefits in the matter of realty values.
W. F. WOODWARD.

Width of the Mississippi.

Summit, Or., April 7.—To the Editor
of The Journal—Please tell me the
width of the Mississippi river at St.
Louis, Mo., and also at the Gulf of
Mexico. MISS HARRIET DAVIS.

One of the bridges over the Missis-
sippi at St. Louis is 1524 feet long.
Seventeen miles above its mouth the
river is 2470 feet wide. Below that it
separates into several mouths, forming
the celebrated "deltas of the Mississippi."

What Happened in Kansas City.

If there was ever a time when it be-
lieved judicial conduct to be circum-
spect, it is now. Yet we find a recent

emotion whereby we project our life
into the life of others.

But, wherever you find a life, so that one finds
satisfaction in living, one's labor or
giving up one's life for some "cause,"
as for the state (patriotism), for hu-
manity (religion), for a party, for any-
thing we feel to be larger than self.

Passion for righteousness; not doing
right from duty or prudence, or wis-
dom, but because it is right and wrong,
and it turns in our hearts.

Wherever these things exist you dis-
cover the stubborn conviction that death
is not the last word.

The conviction of immortality is the
natural phosphenescence of goodness.

In other words, as the proverb has
it, "Virtue is its own reward."

That is to say, the effect of virtue
is to make its possessor feel that he
cannot die. It is the thing that most
marks him off from the brute. A hog
might learn to count; a rat might
discern the difference between right and wrong.
There's only one thing virtue asks;
that is to go on living. Its instinctive
demand is, life.

The belief in the life beyond is the
distillation of all human goodness.

Tennyson expresses it.

"The wages of virtue be dust,
Would she have the heart to endure,
For the life of the worm and the grub."
She desires no life of the beast, no quiet
seats of the just.

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask
in the sun, and the life of the worm and the grub,
Give her the wages of going on, and
not to die!

The wages of going on, and not to die!

The wages of going on, and not to die!

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