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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

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Who lives to Nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.
—Young.

A CASH REGISTER PATRIOT

THE voice of Senator Fall of New Mexico is for war. He entertained the senate galleries yesterday with a jingo plea for armed intervention.

It is easy in the luxurious upholstery of the senate chamber for Senator Fall to declare war. From that comfortable asylum, he takes no chances in summoning the boys from the farms and shops to armed conflict.

In the Congressional Record, there is a personally prepared biography of the senator, who thus thirsts for the gore of the Mexicans. In it are the following clauses:

Albert Bacon Fall. Became extensively interested in mines, lumber, lands and railroads; now engaged in farming and stockraising in New Mexico and **in mining in Mexico.**

Senator Fall views his proposal for war with Mexico placidly and serenely. He will not be called upon to do any of the fighting. With fire flashing from his eyes, he can thunder down the aisles of the senate and encourage the nation's heroes with patriotic speeches. To the thousands of our soldiers who will die if we follow the Fall advice and invade, there will be the consolation that they did not die in vain, for Senator Fall's Mexican mines will certainly be worth more after American intervention than they are now.

At best, the Mexican situation is delicate. A three hours' speech demanding invasion ought to have come, if at all, from some senator who is not engaged in mining in Mexico. Coming from a senator so engaged the brazen appeal is a disgrace to the state of New Mexico and to the senate of the United States.

Except for a few enthusiasts, the jobbers, jingoes, contractors, gunmakers, oil and mining concessionaires, alien landowners and those who scent graft from the excesses of war, the country is in accord with President Wilson's Mexican policy. His plan of pacification is on the broad lines of world peace, and human brotherhood.

But yesterday, we beheld the spectacle of a United States senator with his cash register on the floor of the senate, demanding that the foreign policy of this nation be shaped for the benefit of his pocket book.

THE ULSTER COMPROMISE

PREMIER ASQUITH has outlined his proposed compromise with the Ulster anti-home rulers. The administration's plan contemplates elections in the several counties of Ireland, immediately after the bill becomes effective, to determine whether the counties desire to come under the act. In the event of an adverse vote, another election will be held in six years, with subsequent elections at six-year periods until all of Ireland comes under the law. In presenting the proposition Mr. Asquith said:

This concession does not mean that we are retreating. We admit that there are grave prospects of strife in Ulster if unqualified home rule is granted. But, on the other hand, the shipwrecking of this bill or its permanent mutilation promises an equally dangerous Nationalist outbreak.

Bonar Law, leader of the Unionists, replied that if the administration persists in adhering to proposals unacceptable to Ulster, then Ulster will oppose the bill, even though it gives them the privilege of rejecting home rule for themselves.

Must Ireland bleed again? Bonar Law and leading men of his party have given countenance to armed rebellion in Ulster. That was what he meant by his veiled threat in reply to Premier Asquith. It is a strange thing, boding no good for Great Britain, to find the conservative party encouraging civil war.

Ulster elects 17 Unionists and 16 Nationalists to the British parliament. Even in Ulster there is no great preponderance against home rule, while throughout the rest of Ireland the sentiment is overwhelming in its favor. But it is not the Ulsterites that are the powerful opponents of home rule; it is the landed aristocracy, that element of England who have never yet surrendered the power to oppress except at the point of the sword or in fear of the gibbet.

Premier Asquith takes a practical view of the situation. He says in effect that if a minority in Ireland who find themselves outvoted may resort to force, then force may be resorted to by a majority who are denied the right to vote. If the Unionists encourage armed rebellion in Belfast, why not encourage it in Manchester or Liverpool or London?

PESTIFEROUS SMITH.

AND now the nerves of the Oregonian are all upset because it conceives that Dr. C. J. Smith is going to demolish the Oregon legislature.

What a lot of trouble Dr. Smith is for the Oregonian! It had conniptions because Smith approved Westa's action at Copperfield, action that a circuit court has declared to be fully lawful.

Then it had fits because it miraculously discovered the diabolical Democratic plot by which the Republican game commission is to choke Oregon into a state of insensibility and then proceed to tango Dr. Smith through the twilight into the governor's office.

No old granny ever had more aches and pains than Smith has given the Oregonian. It is painful to behold the colics, headaches, paroxysms, convulsions, spasms, catfits and seven kinds of hysterics into which our agitated neighbor is plunged by its terrible fear that the pestilential Smith may steal both houses of the legislature, Dan Malarkey and Pat McArthur included.

Evidently, Smith must be suppressed. If left at large with his pestiferous plans of pulling down our institutions, shanghaiing the senate and house, ripping open the constitution, taking the teeth out of the tango and converting the Republican game commission into a darkling Democratic conspiracy, the sleeping hours of our nervous neighbor will be one long nightmare.

Down with Smith. Although he never has declared for abandoning the legislature, down with the fell Smith, because every time he moves, the Oregonian gets the jimjams.

AUSTRALIA'S FUTURE

THE 126th anniversary of Australia's first permanent settlement was recently celebrated in London. The event has been made use of by the New York Press to call attention to the development of that continent. There are some striking comparisons.

Australia is about the size of the United States. Assuming that the first settlement in America was at Jamestown in 1607, then 126 years from that date would have been 1733. That was 43 years before the Declaration of Independence, and any schoolboy has a fair understanding of the American colonies at that time.

But Australia now has about 6,000,000 people and some of the finest cities in the world. The population is remarkably intelligent, and for a number of years the longer-settled continents have been getting valuable ideas from these people. Australia is very wealthy, and has institutions which compare with those of any of the older countries.

Canada has been settled more than twice as long as Australia, and has had the advantage of being the next-door neighbor to the United States. Yet Canada's population is little more than that of the southern continent.

Australia's progress has been much more rapid than was that of the North American colonies in the same period. This was probably due, in large part, to the fact that the Australians profited from the general advance in civilization. But even with that advantage, Australia has demonstrated that its future, judged by the past, has great possibilities.

A CRY FOR HELP

THE winter placed a heavy strain on Portland Commons. The resources of the institution were badly strained by the heavy demands for aid.

Appeals are now made for contributions with which to carry on the work. No settlement workers are more closely in touch with the human derelicts or more keenly alert in salvaging them than is the Commons.

The overhead expense is but 17 per cent of the amount disbursed. Few philanthropic organizations can show so large a per cent of funds actually devoted to rescue activities.

The unemployment, the winter season, and the more than usual dullness of the time materially added to the organization's burdens, and at the same time reduced its revenues through contributions. There will never be a time when there is more reason to respond to the cry for help than to the appeal now made by the Commons.

OUR PORK RICH

IT DEVELOPS that 27 out of 37 supposed old masters bought in Europe several years ago by the late William B. Leeds are not originals, but copies.

How amusing when our American pork rich assume the airs of "culchah" and go abroad in quest of the pictures of the master artists. They know as much about what they are after as a jaybird knows of the multiplication table. They know every little movement and every little wheel in a cash register and can decorate a bargain counter with a genius to stampede a crowd of women but don't know a real painting from an amateur's daub.

Twenty-seven of the paintings in the Leeds collection bogus and only ten genuine is a discouraging proportion. It is one thing to corrall bonds and quite another to size up the handiwork of a real artist. Getting rich by the manufacture of brick, or by making sausages may furnish the wherewithal to buy Gwendolyn into a title and a family castle, but they are no adequate experience for guessing a real masterpiece.

Few things are more pathetic and more ludicrous than one of our newly rich at large among the crafty European art dealers with his ambition to astonish with his art treasures other and envious American nabobs of pork.

THE BLIGHT OF BOYHOOD

ARE all the boys in Portland who smoke cigarettes doing so with the knowledge and consent of their parents?

If so, how fares it with civilization? Four-fifths of the boys in some districts in Portland are smokers. Many a boy of 10, puffs away like a sea captain. Many a lad of 15 is already a veteran.

It is an alarming status. It wasn't so a generation ago. The boy smoker was an exception then. The lad in his teens who doesn't smoke is almost an exception now.

Undoubtedly, there are many parents who do not know what is going on. There are many others who do not know the deadly effect of cigarette smoking on youth. It is high time for them to find out.

The representative of a large southern tobacco house who has made the matter a study, says that the extent to which drugs are used in "doctoring" cigarettes is appalling. He says:

The drugs impart a sweet and pleasant flavor, and have a soothing effect, that in a little time obtains a fascinating control over the smoker. The more cigarettes he smokes the more he desires to smoke, as is the case with one who uses opium. The desire grows to a passion. The smoker becomes a slave to the enervating habit. To the insidious effect of the drugs is attributed the success of the cigarette in gripping its victims. By use of the drugs, it is possible to make a very inferior quality of tobacco pleasant. Manufacturers therefore put these vile things on the market at a price that makes it easy for the poorest to indulge in their killing delights, and boys and youths go in swarms for them. A popular cigarette flavor is made from the tonca bean, which contains a drug called mellolotis, a deadly poison, seven grains of which will kill a dog.

Sunken cheeks, dull and listless movement, quickened heart beat, and weakened eye sight are among the physical effects that come to the boy who is a victim of the cigarette.

WOMAN'S LOGIC

SEVERAL distinguished women have addressed an appeal to members of congress. It is an argument against a big navy program, and is deserving of more than passing notice on that account. But as evidence that women can be logical it is convincing. The women made six contentions as follows:

We have never been refused arbitration when we asked for it. With the exception of one war which we began ourselves, we have been at peace with the whole world outside of this continent for a century. Although we have maintained the Monroe doctrine, we have got along with a small navy. Japan neither can nor cares to go to war with us. The man who sells guns is the last man to give impartial advice concerning the need of guns. We are losing by preventable diseases yearly many times as many lives as we have lost all told by foreign bullets.

The women clinched their argument with one sentence: "Nations, like men, must prepare to deal with reasonable probabilities, not with fantastic possibilities."

Men accuse women of being illogical. Possibly they are, if logic is a system for arriving at a preconceived conclusion in spite of the facts. Perhaps the women addressing members of congress got off their subject when they called attention to deaths by preventable diseases. But a woman's habit of reasoning leads her direct to the point. Is it possible that she proposes taking armament money for use in saving lives rather than in taking them?

RAILROAD MISMANAGEMENT

THE affairs of the Pere Marquette railroad are an issue in Michigan. That railroad is in bad shape physically and financially. It faces the possibility of being sold out under foreclosure sale, and to avert this method of putting the property on its feet the people of Michigan are being asked to permit an increase in freight and passenger rates.

The Pere Marquette's story is similar to that of the New Haven and the Frisco roads. The Michigan railroad was a success until Wall Street financiers assumed control of its affairs and began exploiting the road itself and the people who live in its territory.

In 1900 the Pere Marquette's total funded indebtedness did not exceed $27,000,000. At that time it owned and controlled 1728 miles of road, including all of its present main lines. As a result of Wall Street mismanagement the indebtedness has been increased to $100,000,000, and only 360 miles of track of doubtful value has been added to the system.

The Pere Marquette is in politics for the reason that its financing has been done more for the purpose of putting large profits in the pockets of stock and security jobbers than for the purpose of building up and equipping an up-to-date railroad system. The exploiters have finished their financing and the road is physically run down and financially decrepit.

The people of Michigan will elect a legislature which will say whether the people of that state shall be required to bear the burden of financial mismanagement. The issue is whether rates shall be based on watered capitalization, or whether the water shall be squeezed out.

Somebody must lose because of the exploiters' activities. The question for Michigan people to answer is whether, to protect holders of the road's securities, it will be good business or moral to place the burden of higher rates upon the people themselves.

Ruby Pearl Myers was aged nine and in the fullness of health. Her life was snuffed out in an instant by a passing auto. There be few indeed who understand the fearful peril brought into society when the automobile was invented.

A permanent cure for the cigarette habit in boys will go far towards curing their diseased morals also.

Sir John Tenniel.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

There has just died in London a man who, during 50 years of continuous service, was one of the most influential political forces in England—Sir John Tenniel, the famous cartoonist of Punch.

Tenniel was a real artist. Ruskin said of him that he had "much of the symbolic mystery of imagination which belonged to the leaders of classic art." As a draughtsman, Tenniel could not compare in technical finish with Linley Sambourne, his immediate successor, or with Bernard Partridge, the present Punch cartoonist, or with that incomparable artist in black and white, Charles Keene, also a Punch illustrator. But Tenniel surpassed them all in his capability of seizing upon the salient with a prescience that was rarely at fault, and of expressing it with the simplicity and directness that invariably hit the mark.

It is perhaps as the original illustrator of Lewis Carroll's books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass House," that Tenniel endeared himself to the thousands in England and America who love those deliciously paradoxical nonsense books, and whose remembrance of their first delight in them was in part due to Tenniel's pictures.

Tenniel lived to regret and apologize most handsomely for his lampoons on Lincoln—one of the very few mistakes he made in his long and honorable career. He took whimsical liberties with his own countrymen, and always drew Lord Palmerston as a sport—which he was not—with a straw between his teeth; John Bright with a monocle—which he never wore, and Lord Randolph Churchill as a midget, whereas he was above the average height.

Tenniel represented a superior type of the pictorial jurnalist, uncommonly shrewd, more dignified and serious than the ordinary, and yet with a very real sense of comedy that did not degenerate into farce or depend on the slap-slick and the sign-post for its elucidation and enjoyment, and that was kindly and not contemptuous of genuine manly sentiment.

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, it 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.

Psychology for Workers.

Portland, March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—This is a word to the working class. Association, in its effect on the reasoning faculty, is analogous to clouds to a bright sunny day. Reasoning is a faculty of the mind; association is a faculty of the imagination. If the former faculty rule the latter the effect is a pleasurable sense of harmony on the mental or physical vision; if the latter rule the former the result is disastrous. Consequently the faculty of association must be ruled by reason in order that it may not assume undue proportions and for that reason exercise an undue influence on our mental conceptions. The ruling class have always held up to the workingman the most sublime pictures. They have pictured their great mission to the world in the various walks of life—pictures of self-denial, patriotism and all kinds of marks of superior merit. In short, they have done everything but defy themselves. However, they have taken care to studiously avoid showing their motive in doing this. Their prime object was to cultivate in the minds of the working class through this faculty of the imagination a certain reverence for them. And since the majority of the working class are ignorant, and since, moreover, this faculty is amenable to all kinds of suggestions, especially if it be not controlled by cold, clear-cut reasoning, the ruling class were wise enough to take advantage of this fact. Now, of all the forces, secret or patent, which submerge and enthrall the minds of men in the slough of slavery and ignorance, the misuse of this faculty is the most potent, and at the same time the hardest to rectify. To conclude, in proportion as working men control and conduct their own thinking, the better will they be able to see things in their true light and also see through the vileness and hypocrisy of others. But first of all, let them study themselves.

T. FARMER.

Mrs. Duniway to Mr. Cooper.

Portland, Or., March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal.—When a man, like my infatuated friend, W. A. Cooper, gets sufficiently enlightened over one phase of prohibition so that he can cast a vote against the prohibition of votes for women, he has made favorable progress toward full recovery from his intoxication over the other phase of his malady; and I thank Jack London for assisting him that far. I sincerely hope that Mr. Cooper, whose eyes are partly opened, so he "can see men (and women) as trees walking," will at last be able to see them (as they are), the parents of men and boys who are born (as they ought to be) with the innate strength of character that alone makes their existence worth while. Just how Mr. Cooper can comprehend what "Mrs. Duniway thinks" by quoting her as the author of things she never said, or implied, or thought of, can only be accounted for by the fact that he is only half way cured of his hallucination. What else but his desire to perpetuate intemperance would cause him to bewail a danger he thinks he sees in such a way as to make him ask, "what would become of the (liquor) business" if the man himself should be strong to control his own appetite? Time was when I felt impatient over the idiosyncracies that prohibitionists call arguments. But I have gotten over all that. I have learned that fanaticism is not capable of coherent reasoning, and I can afford to be charitable. But I do warn mothers, who depend upon the money they and their children earn in the hopgathering season, with which to pay taxes, buy groceries, clothing, school books, etc. (and of course pay the preachers), that the only way to "promote temperance" is to teach their children that it is the abuse, and not the use, of anything that is bad. "The time will never come when the saloon will be known only in history," until men and women are born with sufficient stamina to resist temptation. That is what God placed us here for. Let us begin at the other end of the temperance reform, of which the present craze has lost sight. The man who remains sober because he cannot find intexicants deserves no more honor than the man in the penitentiary who is honest because he cannot get hold of anything to steal.

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

The Tenant's Water Bill.

Portland, March 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—In last Saturday's Journal Mr. Daly is still harping on ninety days' water dues. I don't think the people are as dense as Mr. Daly supposes. Can he or The Journal advance one good reason why the owner of a few rooms should pay a renter's water bill, any more than his grocery bill? The owner could not collect for water dues until the 90 days were up. The renter could move out a few days before. Thus Mr. Daly could save the city $100,000 by taking it from owners who had faith enough in Portland to build, as against renters, who are prepared to leave in an hour. The Journal says the rent could be raised that much. So it could be raised to meet all his bills. Would it be business? The Journal had a similar claim in regard to raising assessments to full limit, the results of which are still seen and felt in humble homes. All through the Albina district seven room houses rent for $20 per month, with annual taxes $50 or more than one-fifth of income. The personal part of commission government was a huge mistake. Where would we have been had we granted all money wanted at the last election? If owners must pay for water used by renters, then Portland will have a funeral and commission government will be the corpse.

FAIR PLAY.

For Granite Bridges.

Portland, March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—In The Journal last week I read an article headed "Bridges Are in Bad Shape." It seems to me that laying steel girders and then putting in concrete is waste of time and money, when they won't stand an automobile truck's load being driven over them. This city would do well—yea, this country, I may say—if it fell in line with the old country in building roads and bridges. In England they would not think of putting in inferior material in constructing roads and bridges, and I believe this city should get at the mother material and build her bridges with granite, for there is nothing that can take the place of granite for durability, strength or beauty. It may cost a little more money to put up, but if we have to repair many bridges at such cost as that of which we are informed by Howard Holmes in relation to Sullivan's gulch, $16,000 for two bridges, I am sure this city would be thousands of dollars in pocket if it used granite. I am led to believe that granite can be put into these bridges as cheap as the steel and cement that are being used, or cheaper. Were granite put into these bridges all the automobiles in Portland with all the loads they could carry, would not break them down, for a granite bridge, built right, is stronger when there is a great weight on it.

I am greatly surprised to see the cement sidewalks breaking up. Portland would save money if she put down granite curbing. Vancouver, B. C., is waking up to the fact that cement is not durable enough, so they are turning back to granite for street curbing.

ED J. MARTIN.

Wants Inquiry As to Word.

Portland, March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Publicity has been given recently to an act of Sheriff Word. The facts upon which all the papers seem to agree are these: A woman gave to a one-time policeman certain information incriminating or purporting to incriminate Sheriff Word. The ex-policeman, no friend of the sheriff, it is claimed, tipped the information to a reporter of a certain paper. For the purpose of the statement, it is immaterial whether it was to a reporter of The Journal, the Oregonian, the Telegram or the News. It seems Sheriff Word in some manner obtained information of the matter and by certain means inveigled the ex-policeman to his office. So far, all seems to be right enough, but after getting this man into his office he calls him vile names, curses him and violently assaults him. This all the aforenamed papers agree upon in their account of the matter. The sheriff, after assaulting the man in his custody, orders him to prison, under orders to allow no one to see him or to communicate with him—neither attorney, wife nor friend. In fact, he is put "incommunicado."

Now, here is the "nut" of the whole business. Can such a thing be allowed in the United States of America? If such a thing is done in Mexico, or as we often hear, in despotic Russia, are not all our papers full of expostulations?

I am a Democrat. I voted for Word. I also voted for West, for Chamberlain and for Lane, but, in God's name, can such an act be perpetrated by a Democrat without protest?

J. B. DILLEY.

Deplores Mrs. Duniway's Attitude.

Reedville, Or., March 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mrs. Duniway's stand against prohibition is to be regretted, in the light of the fact that a good many of her sisters throughout the state welcomed the ballot for the one purpose of destroying the liquor traffic in Oregon. Pioneer in the suffrage movement in Oregon, Mrs. Duniway holds a very influential position in political circles. How sad indeed that she doesn't join forces with those she has so nobly helped to enfranchise and help drive out this uncontrollable monster, the saloon! Why flirt with it? They will not submit to regulation; they don't make one move to clean up and live within the law. They don't care a rap for the people or the law, as long as they get the money. They stand today ready for the slaughter. The votes of Oregon, when again counted against them, will close them up forever. When there is an epidemic of disease I believe in removing the cause, and also isolating the patient. They are both wise plans. There are those who go on through the world boasting how easy it is for them to escape the evil of the drink habit, and how utterly contemptible is the individual who gets drunk. How little love is wasted on the wretch.

It is enough for us to know that in the path of the liquor traffic nothing really worthy has even sprung up. Why, then, should we allow it to exist? The day of the respectable saloon, generally speaking, seems to have passed away. In its place has sprung up a monster, willful, law defying, with the temerity to ask to be let alone in its work of ruin. Let us get in line with Tennessee and put them through the ropes.

O. E. FRANK.

Tuberculous Cattle.

Forest Grove, Or., March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please answer through The Journal if it is against the state law to sell milch cows at auction that have not been tested for tuberculosis; also, does this state, by law, pay for cows that have been condemned?

S. J. T.

[It is unlawful to sell at auction unless within 12 months the animals have passed a test at the hands of a qualified veterinarian. When animals are condemned public compensation to the owner is made as follows: For heifers (between one and two years of age), $10; for cows, $25; for registered animals, male or female, $37.50.]

A FEW SMILES

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kep' his head under the bedclothes the whole time. That's wrong."—Puck.

Secretary Bryan, apropos of the Monroe doctrine's new interpretation, said at a dinner in Washington:

"We desire no territory, no advantage, from our weaker neighbors. We do not wish to be one of those powers that snatch all the profit from the quarrels of their proteges.

"The typical old time power, which we don't want to resemble, suggests the story of the business man who, on his return from the office, asked his two little boys:

"'Well, what have you been doing all day?"

"'Fightin',' they replied.

"'Fighting, eh?' said the father. 'And who licked?'

"'Ma, they said."

John D. Rockefeller, talking to a Clevelend clergyman, said one day with a whimsical but rather sad smile:

"From the stories that are told about my love of money and my disregard for humanity you'd think I was some such monster as the criminal in the anecdote.

"A judge once said to a terrible criminal: 'And you actually had the heart to murder this poor man for a matter of 50 cents!'

"'Well, your honor,' said the criminal, with an injured-innocence air, 'what do you expect? Fifty cents here and 50 cents there—it soon mounts up.'"

Two Irishmen met and fell into conversation on the street one day. It went something like this:

Reilly — Pat was drowned yesterday.

Fitzpatrick — Couldn't he swim?

Reilly—Yes, but he was a union man. He swam for eight hours and then quit.

Everybody's Magazine.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

If some people knew as much as they say, they would be very wise.

• •

Some people clamor for every expensive thing proposed, and then wail about high taxes.

• •

Bad spring frosts in Mars, says an astronomer. The Martians would do well to emigrate to Oregon.

• •

Now it is said by friends of State Treasurer Kay that the candidacy of Tom Kay will help and not injure him. Why all this roaring then?

• •

Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, has negrophobia so acutely that he sees the "negro question" in everything that comes up in congress.

• •

A conjecture: There will never be retrenchment and economy in public expenditures which has been the candidates' slogan for 100 years.

• •

Unless he dodges doing so, as in the case of other taxes, Grandpa Rockefeller will have to pungle several simoleons to Uncle Sam as income tax.

• •

There is nitrate of silver and nitrite of silver—quite different, one being made out of sulphuric acid and the other from sulphurous acid. Now you know all about it.

• •

There is a good long spell now before next winter in which laboring men can put themselves in such a financial condition that they can be independent and self supporting when the chill, rainy days come.

• •

Spring may be more enjoyable back east than here, for there it comes more quickly and noticeably and furnishes a delightful contrast to a long, cold winter, while here it is often near-spring in February and March.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Bandon council, acting on a petition of citizens, has ordered the city engineer to prepare plans, specifications and estimate of the cost of a city dock.

• •

The Eugene Register reports improvement in the labor situation locally, conditions being better than at any time since last summer. Large numbers of laborers are going out on railroad and timber work.

• •

As one of the many excellent results of the first short course in agriculture given at Klamath Falls, the Northwestern predicts that much of the now uncultivated tracts of alkali land in Klamath county will soon be made productive.

• •

Editor Pegg, of the Umatilla New Era, announces that henceforth the firm name is to be Pegg & Oftedal. The new member is further described as Dr. H. Oftedal, editor and manager, who has had previous experience. Mr. Pegg retires to the mechanical department.

• •

This will be one of the most prosperous years in the history of Silver Lake, in the opinion of the Leader, which says there will be more new business buildings erected and more new enterprises started than in many years, and that more new homes will be erected and more city work commenced than in any year in the past 20.

• •

Speaking of the prospective supply of water for irrigation the Baker Democrat says: "With the snow in the mountains from three to eight feet deep, the fear of scarcity of water the coming summer is allayed. There is now assurance that the reservoirs will be well filled and that those depending on irrigation will not suffer, as seemed possible early in the summer."

THE FORWARD LOOKING ANGLO-SAXON

From the Toronto Star.

The London Outlook says that the placing of a bust of George Washington in Westminster Abbey would convert the Abbey into a scene of permanent, visible outrage upon all loyal inhabitants of Canada.

"Are we to have a monument to Washington and none to his victims? Let us be logical and erect another monument to Paul Krueger (the late president of the Transvaal Republic). He had the same qualifications. Washington was the mortal enemy of England, and persecuted a British population."

We do not think that Canadians are worrying about the proposed outrage. As to Paul Krueger, though his bust is not in Westminster Abbey, one of his generals is prime minister of South Africa.

Whether a bust of Washington is, or is not, placed in Westminster Abbey, is a matter of less importance than what the celebration is intended to signify. In all the discussion about celebrating the hundred years of peace, rather too much stress is laid upon the past, and not enough on the present and future relations of English-speaking people. We ought not to be satisfied with commemorating the fact that there were two wars, and that we have managed to squeeze through a hundred years without another war. We do not need to thresh out all the old straw of the American Revolution and the War of 1812-14, and fight all the battles over again.

The Knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Loyalists and revolutionists, Canadians and Americans, acted according to their convictions, and fought for them. All honor to them. The fight is over. Their descendants have another long war on their hands—a war in which they are to stand side by side and fight against the common enemies of mankind.

Upon the North American continent are more than a hundred million people occupying a territory twice as large as Europe. Both nations are British in origin and are working for the same ideals of freedom and democracy. They are not enemies, but rivals in service for humanity. When the population is 200,000,000 instead of 100,000,000, the world will be much nearer to realizing the ideals of democracy and freedom than it is today. Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand are making even greater progress in some fields of social service than we are.

All these communities in the British Empire and the United States are natural allies, whether there be a formal alliance or not. Their common interests are of greater importance than all the controversies about fisheries, Panama canal tolls and other subjects of diplomatic intercourse put together. In the maintenance of that substantial alliance lies the hope of humanity. What is in Westminster Abbey is less important than what is in the hearts of hundreds of millions of British and American citizens. What was done in the eighteenth or ninteenth century is less important than what the twentieth century may bring about.

WALL STREET'S WELCOME TO NEW YEAR

By John M. Oskison.

Theoretically the stock exchange is a place where the values of ownerships in the country's businesses are adjusted. In spite of the purely gambling features of its operation, which have excited the unfavorable notice of many of the lawmakers at Washington, the stock exchange continues to be a barometer of business worth watching.

Hardly had the brokers come together after the disappearance of the New Year's Eve katzenjammer when the belief crept into their veins that 1914 was to be a year distinctly different from 1913. They opened their minds to the optimistic talk of the bankers and big business men, and they began to pass along to their customers written summaries of the cheerful talk they heard.

Certain brokers resumed the sending out of weekly letters—a practise they had discontinued during the stagnant times. Among themselves they began to force up the quotations of those much-dealt-in stocks which respond most quickly to manipulation.

Then, rather to their surprise (for brokers are not optimists by nature, whatever they may say in their printed letters), the buying public began to show up again. Certain of the good stocks began to march upward steadily. Those brokers who specialize on dealing in odd lots reported a surprising increase of business.

Before the January rise stopped such stocks as "Telephone" went up seven points, Atchison gained four points, Baltimore and Ohio rose six points, Canadian Pacific jumped 14 points, St. Paul rose eight points, Lackawanna gained 17 points, Illinois Central rose eight points, Pennsylvania Railroad rose seven points, Southern Pacific went up 11 points, Steel gained 10 points.

This was Wall Street's forecast of what will come in the revival of actual business for the next six months. Wall street likes to take its profit from a business revival before the revival actually comes; but there are any number of very shrewd and experienced prophets operating in Wall street, and unless they pretty well agree that added business would come to bear out their optimism in marking up prices, an upward movement would not last long. As a matter of fact, the January and February rise in stock values seemed to be legitimate.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"We arrived at Oregon City in the fall of 1843," said Mrs. John Kirkwood of Hopewell. "A man named Foster had just built a two room house. We rented one of the rooms and were soon under shelter. My father went to Mr. Abernathy to rent a boat. Father had heard that Clatsop Plains was a fine district and he wanted to locate a good ranch. It was Friday when my father went to rent the boat. Mr. Abernathy would not rent it unless father agreed to tie up over Sunday as he said he did not want his boat to work on Sunday. Father and the boys went down to Astoria and found a place. When he returned to Oregon City to get the family, my mother and two of the girls were sick. Of course he could not take the family as long as we were sick so he gave up all thought of going to Astoria and looked around for a place nearer at hand. Captain Thompson, an old mountain man, offered his place to my father at a very low price so father took it. Captain Thompson had an Indian wife and a house full of half breed children. His place joined Joe Meek's place. Joe Meek also had an Indian wife and a big family of children.

"My brother, Adam, got work from Joe Meek cutting fence rails. We spent the winters of '43 and '44 on Tuality river. Next summer we went up the river and bought Dr. David Leslie's farm, just across from Mission Bottom. Father paid $1400 for this place. It had a good house, built of logs. The doors and windows had been shipped around the Horn. It had one of the old fashioned large brick chimneys coming down in the middle of the house with a fireplace on each side. For years my father ran what was called the Metheney ferry, at what is now known as the town of Wheatland. Just above us at what is now called Lincoln there was another ferry which was called Jack Doak's ferry.

"The David Leslie house was back from the river a little way so father built a house nearer the rivef, the first house built in Wheatland.

"The Indians used to camp by the river as this was a famous place for hazel nuts and blackberries. In those days the Indians had slaves. A party of Indians was treating one of the little Indian slave boys so harshly that my father bought him. He was a good buy, smart as a whip, and as most Indians were, a fine boatman. He used to take me across the river every day to school. I went to school to Lorinda Bewley. As you know, she was at the Whitman massacre and was taken by Five Crows, a Umatilla chief, for his wife. Miss Bewley has often told me about the massacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and the others, and also of her experiences while with the Indians before she was liberated, but that is a long story.

"The only school books in my first school were a New Testament and a spelling book. I soon learned the spelling book by heart so that whatever word Miss Bewley asked me I could not only spell it, but tell the others which preceeded or followed it. Miss Bewley only taught three months. She married a man named Chapman."

The Ragtime Muse

Wonders of Science.

All these theories atomic
Strike me more or less as comic,
With their ions and electrons as a base;
For science now divorces
The atom into forces
That go sparking each the other all through space.

But force expressed in motion
In a three-dimension ocean
Can't exist without somewhat on which to act;
So savants return to matter
And resume the endless clatter
On the trail of the elusive, primal fact.

With the microscope and balance
And a theory of valence
They go prancing on an everlasting quest.
But material eludes them
And the obvious deludes them
And they fail to comprehend the cosmic jest!

Yet the truth they cannot swallow
And a straight path cannot follow,
So into their far horizons oft they bump.
Thus they reach the jumping-off place,
But they're looking for a soft place,
And sadly they turn back—afraid to jump!

Pointed Paragraphs

Some of our joys and most of our sorrows are due to ignorance.

• •

About the surest way for a man to gain a woman's respect is not to merit it.

• •

There's nothing more attractive and more numerous than unreasonable women.

• •

There are two kinds of men—the self-made ones and those who have to listen.

• •

The worst thing that can happen to a man is to win the first time he makes a bet.

• •

There are two sides to every story. The victory you win spells defeat for the other chap.

• •

Had the late Mr. Methuselah been a woman the world would never have known how old she really was.

• •

When a girl jilts a young man she may do him a great kindness—but he doesn't realize it until later.

• •

The woman with beef trust ankles might at least omit the noisy hosiery.

He who hesitates is bossed.

If.

By Forney B. Austin.

If you were a man forty-six years of age,
And your position in life was like a bird in a cage;
And were married to a woman who was a suffragette,
Do you think you would be happy. Well I guess not yet.

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