

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"How old do you take me for?" asked G. W. Bryant at Tualatin. "Sixty," he answered. "His eyes were bright, his face was ruddy, his answers were quick and to the point. He was more than holding his own in our verbal fencing, so I said: 'You are about 65, but if you would cut your hair shorter and shave off your long, heavy beard you wouldn't look that old.' His eyes twinkled as he answered: 'Sixty-five? My, but you are some guesser! Sixty-five! Why, I have lived on my farm at Tualatin for over 60 years, and I had a wife and two children when I moved on the place. Sixty-five! You will have to guess again. I was 87 years old on the 28th of last March. I was born in western New York in 1827. In the spring of 1853 I took the boat to Detroit, and from there I went by rail to Chicago. There was only one railroad at Chicago in those days. I went to La Salle, on the Illinois river, and from there I went by boat to St. Louis. We charged the country, and then to Kansas City. Our starting point was called Westport, four miles from Kansas City. There was good grazing around Westport, so the packers and emigrants made it their headquarters. Now Kansas City has overflowed Westport and they are one. In those days Kansas City had a hotel on the place and a dozen stores and less than a dozen houses. I had brought my wagon with me. I believe it was one of the best, if not the best, in the country. It was made by the plains. It was a mechanic, so I took my time, selected the materials and built the wagon myself. The spokes were of hickory, the running gear was of iron. It was made as good as good when we landed in Oregon as the day we started, and I never had to do a lick of work on it clear across. I had my wife and two little folk with me.

"I took up 320 acres in the fall of 1853 at the head of Oswego lake. We brought two children with us and we had a fine home. I had a cow and looked around for red clover to get some seed. The old settlers told me it was too wet in the Willamette valley. The old settlers told me it was too wet in the Willamette valley. It became curious, so I asked and inquired and I could find no one who knew of any red clover in the Willamette valley. I sent back to my father-in-law in New York for some seed. It was as good when we landed in Oregon as the day we started, and I never had to do a lick of work on it clear across. I had my wife and two little folk with me.

HIGH TAXES

Whenever West vetoed an appropriation bill and the machine crowd passed it over the veto, the Oregonian had a fit of rage. It encouraged the bandits to new endeavors. It called the state to witness the repeal of the high tax laws, showing the "foolish governor" his place. The Oregonian smirked and smiled when the gang passed the notorious bill for 1912 and 1913. It was complacent when the conspirators passed 19 bills raising officials' salaries. It applauded when the machine passed the \$1,250,000 general appropriation bill over the veto in which there were nearly \$500,000 of items of foreign appropriations to which the governor bitterly objected. It approved when the gang put the emergency clause on the vetoed bill so the people could reach the referendum. The total appropriations for the two years as a result of the gang's audacious operations are \$8,850,995.42. That is the sum the taxpayers must dig up for 1912 and 1913.

History cannot be repealed. It is but a year since the facts herein described transpired. The Oregonian could not find its courage to tell the legislature. It was the public medium. It backed the gang. It sponsored the program. It bossed the bosses. It lubricated the machine. Its cant about the "high taxes" it helped to make.

It is sincerely hoped by this paper that the Oregonian will stand a little fresh in the memory of the voters. As it is now when they have to pungle up the "high taxes" which are entirely due to the state taxes being greater than ever before.

GOOD TESTS OF A FARM MORTGAGE

By John M. Oskinson.

In the recent discussion of the government's duty of providing cheaper money for farmers the question of security for loans on farm mortgages has naturally been taken up. It would be useful to the investor who cares for farm mortgages to keep track of the bills proposed in congress. He could find out what the farmers' interests regard as good security.

For instance, in a bill which would make the government itself the lender of money in the form of farm mortgages it must be shown by the applicant for a loan that the title to the property offered as security is valid; that the money is to be used in a practical manner for the improvement of the property and to aid in increased production of the soil; that the applicant is honest, thrifty and capable of conducting the business of farming; that the soil and climate conditions are such as will not interpose serious obstacles to the success of the application.

A further provision of this bill is open to the people who would file without having to make application and have to go through the usual procedure of the government. It is a great deal of this land and find but little land that ever would be good for farming. What is it that is proposed in the bill for the sale of this land to all hand, with benches that are very fertile, and we believe that the most of the hillsides could be used to grow the best crops of the west.

Phases of Liquor Question.

Portland, May 8.—To the Editor of The Journal.—The statement that more people suffer from excessive drinking in Oregon than in any other alcoholic liquor may contain some truth, since men, women and children must eat and drunkards are chiefly the same. It would be equally absurd to say that there are more diseases about than are cured because more people died from other causes. Delicacy forbids my discussing the sacred topic of conception, but can J. R. name anything more vile, more utterly revolting than a drunken, stinking, and filthy man?

Another question: Why does the government prohibit the sale of liquor to the Indian, if it is such a good thing for the white man? He is no more primitive than the foreigner who is suddenly transported into our own exhilarating American atmosphere and strenuous life, not a whit more susceptible to the temptations of the high-strung "clean-cloak" brigade.

Who is the "man behind" in cases like those of Evelyn Thaw, Ida Pearson and the scores of less notorious ones? It is the father of lust and the mate of prostitution. With liquor abolished, the other two would diminish amazingly. Never done anyone, outside of those engaged in its manufacture and sale, a mite of good. It has caused untold misery and suffering, and has killed more than any other American manhood. There is not the slightest excuse for its existence, and its banishment is the only course.

Let us consider it to the nethermost depths of oblivion, alongside the other scourges which are now but a matter of history. LORETTA YOUNG.

Good Lands in Forest Reserves.

Hecla, Or., May 7.—To the Editor of The Journal.—We, the undersigned, have been in the country described by the Bureau of Land Management in its report of March 25, which appeared in The Oregon Journal a few days later, and we find that there is an abundant supply of good lands. These lands could be cleared and farmed to advantage, provided the government would

SMALL CHANGE

It's neither war nor peace for a long time. Evidently the roses multi-million strong will be ready.

How deliciously fragrant is the early morning breath of May. Starting something good isn't enough; it must be kept going.

After the 15th many will have lost most of their interest in the campaign.

The late C. W. Post had a great business head, but one badly unbalanced. Let it be hoped that the nominees will take, and allow, a rest during the summer.

Many a popularly demanded appropriation condemned when taxes have to be paid. Get ready to look and be unusually pleasant; the Rose Festival will soon be on hand.

Yet it is too much to expect that the fly will become locally extinct this summer.

Constant abuse of the national admiralty is a very good exhibition of patriotism.

The returning colonel uses no soft speech in declaring his opposition to the repeal of the non-tolls law.

With prospect of the greatest and most valuable crops ever grown, the Pacific northwest has no occasion to grumble.

Of course the agitators must proceed very slowly; they do not have to endure that Mexican gulf summer climate.

Old Mount Etna is pouring out death and destruction again. Our greatest fear is that the volcano will continue to live—and die—within reach of its crater's deadly outpouring.

From the Milton Eagle of March 13: "Times really have changed. Not many years ago before the Portland Oregonian had any competition its utterances on all questions had to be taken by the great mass of voters as gospel truth. However, since the advent of the party agitators at the polls, the great only has had to recede from its position on many occasions. With no one to answer in rebuttal the party agitators have relied upon it almost entirely for their actions at election time. Just recently, however, the Oregonian was again taken to task by its contemporary, the Oregonian, which, with good memory regarding the big paper's past performances, the Journal last week made reply to the following Oregonian editorial:

"The state must be extricated from the tax bog in which it has been plunged by too liberal expenditures of public money. The Oregonian does not seem to realize that the referendum proposition is a very serious one, and it is solely responsible for present conditions. Everybody is responsible—Oregonian."

Nothing more than the Oregonian, replies The Journal. It applauded the senate and house machine, organized in secret to ride rough shod over West's veto of appropriation bills at the 1913 session.

The ambition of the gang was to override every veto, no matter what the merit of the measure. It was sufficient that the proposal for economy emanated from what the boss of the machine down with it was the slogan of the senate and house machines, and with it was the voice of the Oregonian.

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A FEW SMILES

Mrs. Wheeler's family and the new baby were being freely discussed by their next door neighbor.

"The churchman is so strange they didn't name the baby after her rich uncle," said one.

"Yes," he looked at it and said he gave them \$15,000 not to."

Bishop Rowe of South Dakota was upon that occasion obliged to start out foot to reach a church in an eastern state.

The August day was close and hot, and the road was dusty, so that after an hour's pedestrianism the reverend gentlemen were well pleased when a man drew along in a spring wagon and offered a lift. His reverence wore no clerical garb, and "what a relief," he said, "after the tramping gave small indication of his calling."

The team jogged into a deep wood. The churchman, after a moment's time and place fit for the broaching of spiritual things. Accordingly, he opened the subject—rather abruptly, he confesses. "Young man," he demanded solemnly, "are you a Republican?"

"Do you know," the bishop innocently explained afterward, "the fellow gave a whoop, dropped the reins, jumped up and ran as fast as he could. I say a word he had gone crashing through the woods. Now, why do you suppose he did that?"

We object to having our lives, our appetites, our amusements, our worship, directed by statutory mandate, the enforced enforcement of which breeds hypocrisy and undermines government. Prohibitory laws that would "control" citizens would also control for fundamental laws concerning smoking, profanity and a species of eugenics that would go away with the Imperfectible.

Such is the temperate preaching of all "John Stones." They are the fanatics, the parans, and our sense of motherhood and wifehood, which prompts us to oppose and protest against the abuse of our duty admission to the electorate, by those who, we contend, are endeavoring to force the country to live here.

Penal Records Compared.

Portland, May 10.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Permit me through your columns to thank A. S. Ruth for calling my attention to an error I recently made in an address on prohibition before the Oregon Civic League. I made the statement that during 1910 there were 427 prisoners committed to the state penitentiary, reformatory, county jails, city jails, etc., in Kansas. I was inadvertently in error. I had been making a study of certain numbers in the history of copying my rough notes for my Civic League address I copied my figures for Kansas from the wrong series of computations, listing only 100 prisoners.

Mr. Ruth is correct in his statement of the prison population of the several states mentioned, on January 1, 1910. In view of the surplus of the west naturally obtainable between prohibitionists and the interests that Mr. Ruth represents, I cannot at all blame him for questioning my motives in using the figure of 427 prisoners. However, my computation was correct, and, corrected, my statement should read that during 1910 Kansas committed to the state penitentiary, reformatory, county jails, exclusive of juvenile delinquents, this information may be found in that part of table 1 of bulletin 121, appearing upon Kansas, beginning on page 52.

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knowledge of its details, men who pay more attention to the clock than to their work, men who do not use their initiative. Because their fancied great abilities are not recognized the whole social system is wrong.

There is now, always has been and always will be room at the top for the man who is on the job all the time, the man who is willing to begin at the beginning, the man who cultivates his own initiative, the man who realizes that all things come from labor and that on him there is a moral obligation to return constructive productive labor to his employer and to society as an equivalent for the labor of others that he has consumed, in short to be always on the job.

CLINGING TO A STRAW

DISCREDITED but desperate, disgraced by the exposure of its alliance with McManus, asserting and declaring in utter recklessness as to truth, assailing President Wilson and Mr. Bryan with one breath and Dr. Smith with another, clinging to any straw to help it in its unfair, unjustifiable, unwholesome and untruthful fight on Dr. Smith, the Oregonian quotes from the paper McManus was editing in 1898 as authority on which to base its reckless and completely discredited assertions about Dr. Smith.

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out rendering value received nor is there any satisfaction in his hoard. Don't envy the rich man. He may not be so happy as you.

A CURE THAT FAILED

IT WILL be recalled that a certain Dr. Friedmann came to the United States from Germany claiming that he had a cure for "White Plague" (the unsatisfactory showing in America he returned to Germany where his cure was made available. Results are now being received of its unblasted use in the land of its origin. The Berlin correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association reports that the Friedmann cure is not only inefficient but also may be dangerous. After a fair trial the so-called Friedmann cure for tuberculosis is fully discredited.

One of the strong newspaper men of Eastern Oregon is James S. Stewart of the Fossil Journal. He is a courageous and straightforward citizen who stands by his convictions. He is a candidate for joint representative for Wheeler, Gilliam and Sherman, and is most excellent material for the position.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication are held in abeyance unless on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by return address and name of sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reforms. It is the only one that cannot be crushed back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

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C. B. JACKSON, Publisher

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The Brotherhood of Concentrated Lives admits all who are worthy, and all who are excluded exclude themselves. If your life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful. Only the free heart is free. —Erbert Hubbard.

WHY IT FIGHTS

DRIVEN from position, to position, at last the Oregonian confesses. It says:

The Oregonian has a proper concern about the candidacy of Oregon, whether the candidate for that exalted office shall be Republican, Democrat, or what-not, and will say frankly that it regards Dr. Smith as a formidable aspirant for the place. In a field contested by several candidates, it appears to the Oregonian that the candidates are women, him and Mr. Bennett, and the Oregonian makes no concealment of the fact that it thinks Dr. Smith ought not to be nominated or elected, or the nomination of Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Manning, or Mr. Miller, if Professor indifference.

There is method, then, in the Oregonian's madness. It fights Smith because it fears Smith. To use its own language, "it regards Dr. Smith as a formidable aspirant" for governor.

If nominated in the primaries, Dr. Smith, it thinks, has a good chance of being elected. As to the other Democratic aspirants, it says, "It professes indifference." It doesn't care whether they are nominated or not.

Expecting to do all in its power to elect the Republican nominee, it frankly admits that it is afraid of Dr. Smith as the Democratic nominee. Nothing could be plainer.

DO YOUR DUTY

IN THE average primaries, scarcely half the registered voters go to the polls.

It is unfortunate, but it is the fact. The responsibility for public conditions rests on the people. They can make them good, or they can make them bad. The way to make them bad is to stay at home on primary and election day, and let the politicians run things. There is complaint about high taxes. There is indignation because laws are not enforced. There is the confessed fact that many people do not take the laws seriously.

There was, for instance, anarchy at Copperfield. Law was suspended. Gambling was wide open. Boys of fourteen were made drunk in the saloons.

There has been more than one Copperfield. Sheriffs in many a county have winked at lawlessness. District attorneys have, by their personal will, suspended the law.

There is a way to end the setting aside of law by the fiat of district attorneys and sheriffs. The ballot is that way. Primary and election day are the time, and the voters must be the compelling force.

Any state gets exactly the kind of government it votes for. In the ultimate, it is the man with the ballot in his hand who can effectively dominate conditions.

But he cannot do it by staying away from the polls. He must impress his desire on affairs by going to the primaries and depositing his ballot.

To vote on primary day is just as important as to vote on election day. There are cases in which it is far more important.

The direct primary is the best system of nominating yet devised. But the direct primary cannot do it all. If the citizen remains away from the polls the direct primary can easily fail.

All the men and women in Oregon should do their duty next Friday. They know what that duty is.

BROWNING OF ROMANCE

RUTHLESSLY the present builds upon the grave of the past. The land of romance is invaded and the resting place of its heroes is desecrated. This is the order of life.

The sad news comes that the need of Glasgow for an adequate water supply makes it necessary to deepen the Lochs Vonn and Dohne some forty feet and that in doing this the famous braes of Balquhader are to be destroyed and the southwestern highlands are to be marred. It is feared that engineering operations will go so far even as to disturb the grave of Rob Roy.