THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES—Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Ave., New York; 1218 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Subscription terms by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico:

DAILY

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

The conqueror is regarded with awe; the wise man commands our respect; but it is only the benevolent man that wins our affection.—Anonymous.

PENDLETON'S REPLY

IN THE whole political history of Oregon, no more dramatic reply has ever been made to the calumniations of a newspaper than was the answer of Pendleton citizens last night to the slanders promoted by McManus and the Oregonian.

The one remarkable incident of Mayor Matlock, standing on his crutches throughout the meeting, constitutes an indorsement of Dr. Smith by an oldtime fellow citizen to which there is no answer. Beside it, the assertions of the Oregonian reiterated day by day on the authority of McManus, are unreasonable and unbelievable. Writing of the incident, The Journal's Pendleton correspondent says:

And towering above all on the platform, towering because in his crippled condition, he could not sit, was Mayor W. F. Matlock, the man quoted by the Oregonian in an interview, never given, to the effect that Dr. Smith, as mayor of Pendleton, had permitted gambling to flourish. Supported by his crutches, he stood behind the gubernatorial candidate throughout the meeting as evidence of his loyalty and sympathy for Dr. Smith, a striking repudiation of the statements credited to him.

There could be no higher tribute. Central figure in the packed theatre, grizzled and battered with the storms of many winters, rugged in spirit even while he must depend on his crutches for support, Mayor Matlock is an unanswerable indictment of those who have slandered Dr. Smith and an irresistible credential as to Dr. Smith's fitness for high public position.

Scarcely less powerful as an indorsement was that of Rev. A. McKenzie Meldrum, a Christian minister of Athena, Umatilla county. He said:

I have come out of my party for the time being in order that I may cast a ballot for a man who is a man in all that the word implies. Dr. Smith is one of the cleanest, one of the ablest, one of the best and one of the noblest men I have met in all my life, and how any man outside the doors of the asylum can say anything derogatory of his character is beyond my comprehension. Whenever a man of his lofty reason, high character and warm heart is maligned as he has been, it is time for every decent man and woman, regardless of party, to rise up in his support.

One other testimonial in the Pendleton reply was as powerful as it was picturesque. It came from Colonel Jim Raley, who, as a barefoot boy, followed the surveyor as they set the stakes for the town. No name is better known in Democratic circles in Oregon. He said:

When a man, as just, as honest, as able and as conscientious as I know Dr. Smith to be, is attacked in the manner in which he has been, it is time for every loyal friend to take a stand behind him. In the early days, it was considered almost an honor to be a gambler. I have seen the time in this city when the doors of gambling halls were as wide open as are the churches now on the Sabbath day, and where the floors were strewn with cards almost ankle deep. Gambling was a profession that ranked along with all others in those frontier days. The change to the ban of today could not be accomplished in a day or a year, but I say to this audience and to the state of Oregon, that Dr. Smith made the first steps toward bettering moral conditions in the old Pendleton. I say it because I know it, for I was here. He did not cleanse the town of all its iniquities, for there is no human being that ever lived that could have accomplished that result, but he did do all that one man could do toward eradicating the open vice and starting a new era of reform.

Such is the testimony of the Raleys, the Matlocks, the Meldrums and others, whose reputations are state-wide and whose knowledge of the facts absolute.

Against it are the wild, reckless, discredited and desperate assertions of the Oregonian, now fighting Dr. Smith alone of all the sixteen candidates for governor. It is fighting him on the testimony of McManus. It is fighting him alone in spite of the fact that among its own party candidates are men whose reputations are putrid.

The Pendleton reply is complete. It is unanswerable. When ex-Mayor Murphy moved "it to be the sense of the meeting that the campaign made against Dr. Smith is slanderous and without foundation," the meeting burst into a roar of ayes. At the call for the negative vote there was profound silence, followed in a moment by thunderous applause.

In this controversy with the Oregonian and McManus on one side and the people of Pendleton on the other, Dr. Smith is honored by the character of his backers as well as by the character of his opponents.

Nine years is a long period for an estate to remain unsettled. It has been in the hands of Judge Cleeton since 1910. It was an estate of $4500 in the beginning, and after nine years, the sister, who is the only heir, has received something over $1600. What is worse is that the lawyers have been permitted to grab so much that she will get little if anything more. The case is a travesty on the name of probate justice.

JIM HOGUE

THERE is a whole world of revealed trials in the act of James S. Hogue, who failed in his attempt to rob a passenger train near San Francisco, and then attempted self destruction with his own revolver. Afterwards, he said:

I am sorry the bullet failed to reach a vital spot. My wife and babies will be worse off than ever now. They are destitute, and necessity drove me to this crime.

When told by a newspaper man of her husband's act, the wife said:

Why, it can't be true. Jim was the best husband in the world. He wouldn't leave my two little children and me to starve. We are destitute. If Jim has gotten in trouble, it is not wholly his fault. He could not bear to see us in want, and when he kissed us good bye yesterday morning, he said he would come back with enough money to put us on our feet.

There can be no justification for crime. There can be no excuse for suicide. Jim was wrong.

But he was under great provocation. There was a hungry wife. There were two little children that needed shoes and clothing and food. Jim looked into their eyes and at their little faces and thought of the empty cupboard.

Jim couldn't get work. He was turned coldly away at every door at which he applied. The granite walls of the great buildings where there was work to do were closed against him. In all the great, busy human bee hive, there wasn't a niche for Jim.

Day after day and night after night he strove on under the heavy load. The doors that were closed in his face were mockery. The great world around and about had nothing for him.

What are the inner thoughts of a man whose children look into his eyes and ask for bread? What of the thorn in the soul of a man when the wife who says, "he is the best husband in the world," looks with hope for news that he has found employment and he is compelled to disappoint her?

Jim Hogue is a mute but momentous appeal to mankind to remember the Nazarene's message of "good will on earth." Do the conscience of men who sit amid millions they cannot use, never prick them when they read of the Jim Hogues?

If the life and teachings of the man of Galilee mean anything, the gates up there will not swing ajar so-called to pious gentlemen who revel and roll in their millions while the wives and children of the Jim Hogues are destitute.

FARM MORTGAGES

FIRST steps in organizing the Farm Mortgage Bankers Association of America were taken at New York last week by delegates from all over the country, gathered to secure by cooperation whatever benefits are to be derived by borrower and investor from the Federal Reserve act which is expected to widen considerably the field of dealers in agricultural mortgages.

The qualifications for membership in the association are: Any national or state bank, trust company, corporation, partnership or individual, in good standing, having a paid-in capital stock and surplus of $50,000 or more and which makes a practice of loaning money on the security of improved farm lands and publicly offers such securities for sale.

Farm mortgages are not yet fashionable in the great financial centers of this country but they are growing so. Within the last ten years, two great New York companies have begun to invest in farm mortgages and now there are not half a dozen large life insurance companies that are not taking them up. Gradually but surely the tide is turning towards fundamentals in investment and when the country really wakes up to the fact that its agricultural lands are its mainstay and a foundation for a security superior even to the government itself, then the borrowing facilities of the American farmer will be second to none.

As legislative barriers are removed, as farmers become more uniformly business like and the farms more uniformly of known value as collateral, farmers' credit will become more and more standardized and less dependent on personal discrimination.

IT IS COMING

THE crystal of conservatism is disintegrating in the air of modern progress that is now enveloping Massachusetts. The towns of Revere and Attleboro are seriously considering the question of abandoning the old time town meeting government. Revere is credited with a population of 20,000 and Attleboro with over 16,000.

Attleboro rejected one city charter given it by the state legislature and is now seeking to devise another. In theory when any municipal business is to be done the whole population meets in general assembly and does it. In practice though, only a part of the citizenship gathers. The antiquated system has become intolerably burdensome and a change is demanded. There are yet in the old Bay State fifteen towns who still retain the old town meeting system.

Some day these towns may adopt a modern commission government and some day we in Portland will drop our antiquated custom of levying school taxes in mob fashion.

DEMOCRACY'S GUARDIAN

AFTER the nominations are made, is it the Oregonian that will make the fight to elect the Democratic nominee for governor?

Is it the Oregonian that the Democrats must rely on to bear the heat and brunt of the campaign for electing the Democratic nominee to be selected next Friday?

If the Democrats are sure they can depend on the Oregonian to elect a Democratic governor, it might be a good thing for them to listen to the advice of the Oregonian about what candidate to nominate, or not to nominate.

A BIG QUESTION

WHO will feed the one hundred and thirty-eight million people who will inhabit the United States in less than twenty years? Who will find sustenance for a population of two hundred million by the middle of the century?

These questions are asked by James J. Hill, the Empire builder, who sees the grim face of that specter which confronts the unemployed tramping hateful streets in the hope of food and shelter. The farms stretch out their hands in vain. They offer the lazy tramp a sum for a day's work in the field unheard of in any other country in the world. Immigration lingers in the great centers and adds to the difficulty of obtaining employment. A considerable portion of each year's crop is either reduced in quality or altogether lost by reason of the impossibility of getting labor to handle it properly. Discouraged small farmers are selling their land to large proprietors who can profitably substitute machinery for men.

No nation in history, continues Mr. Hill, was ever confronted with a sterner question. What are we to do with our brother whose keeper we are? How are we to provide our own children with shelter and daily bread?

Rational consideration of our potential resources and of available future employment must proceed together. Labor must have material to work upon and labor and material must also be so conjoined that the sum total shall be an increase of product equal to the advancing demands upon it, while at the same time our natural resources shall not be exhausted.

To solve the food problem Mr. Hill urges the study of the soil, to prevent its being carried away to the sea and to restore to it the elements taken from it. He says:

What we must come to is the smaller farm with a more intensive agriculture. We support today in round numbers ninety-seven million people on three million square miles of land. We should be able to support one hundred and fifty per square mile as easily as thirty-two.

Even then we should have but a fraction of the density of population of Denmark with one hundred and sixty-seven inhabitants per square mile, or Holland with four hundred and forty-eight.

Mr. Hill finds a ray of comfort in the reflection that farm life, more attractive and more remunerative than ever before, is beginning to be sought for its own sake. Intelligence is being applied to farming as it has been to mechanics, discovering an even larger and more delightful field for its range and a reward as ample.

AFTERNOON NEWSPAPERS

IF THE rapid growth of the afternoon newspaper were noted only in isolated cases it might be ascribed to local conditions but when it is uniformly distributed, it leads to the conclusion that it is the afternoon edition that makes the larger appeal to the home circle.

Containing as it does the news of the world the day it happens and presenting it with a human touch that is absent in the morning newspaper it goes to the home in the evening when everyone has time to read it.

The advertiser is not moved by any consideration of sentiment. He employs the medium that brings the best results. While he reaches a certain clientele through the morning newspaper he finds a larger response through the afternoon paper. For this there is a reason and that is that the household has come to find the afternoon newspaper an indispensable factor in its daily entertainment

LLOYD-GEORGE AGAIN

ENGLAND and Scotland have something nearer home to think about than the Irish question in the recent budget of Lloyd-George. There is a large deficit in the government's finances and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has in the frankest manner possible applied to the wealthy class once more.

The first Lloyd-George budget saved the government and pushed the House of Lords to the brink of the precipice. Can he "do the trick" a second time? His task will be harder now.

In his new budget he proposes a grant to a national tuberculosis insurance scheme, educational grants to poor districts, grants for better roads, poor law relief, help for embarrassed municipalities and an increase in maternity benefits. The pressure for imperial defense has not slackened his zeal for social uplift. He is willing for the nation to have a better navy but it shall not be at the expense of the poor man.

Mr. George has the faculty of seeking gold where it may be found in largest quantities. He has now gone after the man who has an income of $5000 a year and more. This includes not only the large landowners but takes in a lot of other people whose income arises from trade, industry, finance and what may be called the activities of modern life.

The Morning Post pays the budget the compliment of calling it a "cleverly drafted electioneering document." That means that the Post believes it will be popular with a majority of the voters.

Letters From the People

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

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Ella M. Finney's Figures.

Gervais, Or., May 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—Here is a crude anti-Prohibition problem; a copy of it should be sent to every voter in Oregon, and every one should figure on it. Declaring that statewide Prohibition would cost growers of California $150,000,000 a year, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce went on record against it. For a fruit and hop growing estimate, multiply that three times for the Pacific states, three times for the Atlantic states and three times for the central states. Corn, potatoes, hops, berries and fruits, multiply by 12 times the size of the United States. We have the world loss $16,200,000,000. Add the cost of labor, as all but one-fourth, and we have $12,150,000,000 more, or $28,350,000,000 loss for liquor purposes. The United States commissioner of internal revenue gives the yearly use of grain for liquor at 114,497,878 bushels. Multiply that 12 times, multiply by $1 a bushel, and we have $137,397,453,600 loss and a loss to labor is one-third off. Labor loss added makes it $228,995,755,000 grain loss for liquor purposes. Add those two great losses and we have a world Prohibition robbery to growers of fruit, hops, potatoes and grain, used for liquor purposes, $257,345,755,000. Add to that an enormous manufacturing loss. Loss to commerce and labor surely must be half as much more. We get none too much for our wheat, cattle and hogs now. What would we get if everyone raised nothing but wheat, cattle and hogs? There would be too much supply and no demand. God knew that in 1914 Prohibition would try to destroy his world's production. He took wine, materially, as his most sacred gift, and said, "Do this in commemoration of me," teaching temperance, not Prohibition.

"Hopgrower's Wife," writing against hopgrowing, is like a minister's wife tearing down her husband's church—perfectly ridiculous. Governors and others who will not vote wet to save the country are too narrow minded to guide the ship of state. Fruit and hop growers and others who want prosperity must not stand around like a lot of bawling calves but should send a wet ticket to every voter in Oregon, and do it quick. Everybody should vote wet, for enforced law, order and temperance. ELLA M. FINNEY.

Fair Warning to Fido.

Portland, May 12.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Dog days are coming on apace and the subject, very naturally, turns to dogs. Much can be said for and against dogs. There are good and bad dogs, sheep-killing dogs, suck-egg dogs, and just plain good-for-nothing dogs. These last are in the majority and very much in evidence. Every man has the inalienable right to keep a dog—if he pays the dog tax. But the question is, has any man the right to pasture his dog at large? Does payment of the dog tax license the dog to demolish flower gardens and lawns and roam the land without let or hindrance? In the event of damage to property, could one recover from the owner of the dog, or must he sue the dog? As matters now stand it would seem that dogs are a privileged class of animals. They take more liberty with other people's property than do men, women and children. If a man went into a grocery store and took the liberty allowed common curs he would bring up in jail in 10 minutes; yet the grocer endures the dog's conduct without a word of protest.

Now, I'm not looking for an argument. I have nothing against dogs. They are all right in their places, but I cannot believe my premises any place for another man's dog. Nor do I believe another man's garden should be invaded by my dog. And surely a dog should not be allowed in a store or market where foodstuffs are sold.

But what is to be done? Must we continue to suffer from the depredations of visiting dogs or shall we hunt up the owner and demand satisfaction? For my part I want no lawsuits—no dog judgments. I have no means of knowing what man's dog damages my garden, but all signs point to dogs. I am then forced back to first principles, must protect my property, and I propose to take the law into my own hands. Patience has ceased to be a virtue, and the next dog I catch prowling in my yard will receive a dose of "high life" that will make him tuck his tail between his flea-bitten hinder legs and flee to the mountains of Hepsadam.

Yes, indeed, he will.

ROBERT G. DUNCAN.

The Oregonian Ticket.

Portland, Or., May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal.—On the eve of the primaries those who are interested in the outcome of the political cauldron may for a brief moment stop and consider. There are so many seeking office whom we, the voters, must eliminate. For whom ought we to vote, and who cast out? To determine this we must get down to bedrock. Let us specialize. The Oregonian has always opposed reform, reform measures and reform candidates. It was the Oregonian that fought recall, referendum and initiative. It was the Oregonian that wished, and advocated, plunging the knife to the hilt in Statement No. 1. It was the Oregonian that got up the assembly to kill the initiative and Statement No. 1.

Are not most of the Oregonian ticket, members of that assembly? Are not they the same old crowd who wished and intended to knife the initiative? Beware of "the hand of Esau but the voice of Jacob." Look out. That ticket of the Oregonian has a deceitful lure. While there are good men—perhaps all are—I say vote against the whole ticket. It is an Oregonian ticket. That settles it.

By the way, is S. B. Hewston my old friend from Washington county—he who ran against Tom Tongue for state senator? He then ran and was elected as a Democrat, and I tried to give him, and did give him, some aid. If the same, how is it he is now yoked up with the Oregonian bunch? Has he changed his spots? Whether the same or not, I feel instinctively opposed to him as well as to the entire bunch, or immaculate Oregonian ticket. "Beware of the ides of March." I say beware of the ides of May—next Friday—that the Oregonian don't get one over us. J. B. DILLEY.

Examples at Pisgah Home.

Pisgah Home, Lents, May 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Election day is drawing near. I wonder how many of our sister citizens—citizens, do you hear?—are giving it any heed. Are those who are thinking on the subject thinking more of taxes than of the far more important moral questions of the day? We are so ready for the commercial interests; so indifferent to the questions that affect welfare of spiritual and moral life. Could the sister citizens of Oregon spend a few days in our Pisgah home at times, and see the devastation in the lives of men and women, wrought by the drink demon; could they see the men who have been educated in our colleges and universities—some of the brightest minds—walking about picking imaginary ravelings from their clothing, brushing off cobwebs and spiders where there are none, crawling under chairs to get away from wild animals in our peaceful parlor, trembling, shaking quivering with fear and horror; if they could see a once beautiful little girl—little Nell—educated in a convent, cultured, refined, beautiful in character, but under the curse of wine; could you see her follow up the wall and with one oath after another pop the dishes at the imaginary creeping things she sees there with her fiery eyes; could you only for a little while stop and think that this might have been your little Nell, or that poor miserable wretch, 20 years from now your bright, beautiful boy, you would forget for a little while our high taxes, business and commercialism, and clean our hearthstones of this awful curse to our homes, our children and all our loved ones.

Vote, vote, every woman, every man! Vote it out of existence. Vote now. If prohibition is not sufficient, make it sufficient. It is the nearest to it, anyway, and we will enforce our laws. We, the sister citizens, will bring it to pass, under God, to clear our beautiful land of this blackest of all curses, the liquor traffic. No more jails for drunkards, no more Pisgah homes for the poor. It is this thing that clothes a man with rags. Vote, every sister; vote, every brother; vote for prohibition. MRS. HATTIE B. LAWRENCE, Pisgah Mother.

Martial Law.

Reedville, Or., May 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—Once more the Oregonian's peaceful slumber is disturbed by the awful clash of arms. Again we behold lynch law stalking abroad. Governor West, tired of waiting for our attorney general's due process of law, is making preparations to clean up another den of vice with the military forces. It is the same old story of officials who have become blind to their duty, who lack backbone to enforce the law. Of course, Governor West should have held a council of war with the Oregonian before proceeding with the investment of the Friars' club at Milwaukie, but he evidently forgot to do so and we shudder to think of the explosion which no doubt will rock the Oregonian's tall tower. This Friars' club came under martial law once before. It is the oft repeated story of debauchery. It is another point against the liquor traffic because liquor is forever associated with vice conditions. How much longer will state and nation tolerate this legalized outlaw? Crush out this recruiting station for all that is evil. Down with the liquor traffic. Vote dry for enforced law and order. Vote dry to protect that priceless jewel, virtue. O. E. FRANK.

A Kansan on Kansas.

Portland, May 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read with much satisfaction and amusement the letters in The Journal from time to time regarding so-called prohibition Kansas, my native state.

The statistics quoted are, I am proud to say, in the main true, which is a splendid argument against prohibition; for Kansas is a wet state—just as wet as any other state in the union, and what is more, Kansas never was anything but a wet state.

There is a musty old clause in the constitution of the state that is only enforced on some community or county that had the audacity to oppose the governor when he was running for office. In the city in which I was born and reared in so-called dry Kansas, we had until about four years ago 150 wide open saloons, two breweries, one distillery, several wineries, besides local warehouses of all Milwaukee, St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo., breweries, saying nothing of the saloons in the county, which easily numbered 100 more. All this in dry Kansas. But the people of this community and also of a neighboring city had opposed a certain governor when he was aspiring for office, and as a result the musty old weapon of revenge was brought from its resting place and with one fell stroke this hypocritical governor transformed those 150 saloons into 300 dirty blind pigs and robbed the city of its revenues. Blind pigs flourish in restaurants, barber shops, drug stores, private rooms in hotel and clubs of fraternal orders. In pool rooms, livery stables and private residences blind pigs can be found, and it is not considered out of order for some respectable family to do the liquor dispensing for the neighborhood.

The conditions in this city are illustrative of what goes on in all other cities in Kansas. The liquor wholesalers in neighboring states wax fat on Kansas. The state of Kansas will have open saloons as soon as she gets the initiative and referendum. Until that time the blind pig will flourish and the people will drink liquor, just as they have always done, and are doing right at this minute in every city in the state.

I repeat, that all statistics favoring Kansas are merely substantiating the argument against prohibition, for Kansas is a wet state—decidedly so—in spite of the musty old constitutional clause. CARL SCHMIDT, 124 Fourteenth Street.

Indorsing Mr. Crawford.

Milwaukie, Or., May 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—The voters of Oregon have it in their power to reward Attorney General A. M. Crawford for establishing the validity of the initiative and referendum before the state courts and the supreme court of the United States, and incidentally collecting over $60,000 disputed taxes in this case.

Mr. Crawford has shown himself to be on the side of the people, and his advancement to the governorship should follow as a matter of public approval for the good work he has done for the people of this state.

S. V. LEWELLING, President Oregon Direct Legislation League.

A FEW SMILES

Walking from Hope to Hayfield by a path over the moors, writes a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, I found the hills covered with snow.

A freezing east wind made things anything but pleasant. At one point I had to admit that I had lost my way, and it was with relief that I found a signpost. The inscription was blotted out with frozen snow.

I climbed the post and with great difficulty and personal discomfort thawed the snow off with my already half frozen hand and succeeded in deciphering the inscription. It said:

"Keep to the path."

Mrs. Brown had just registered and was about to turn away when the clerk asked:

"Beg pardon, but what is your name?"

"Name," echoed the indignant lady, "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," returned the clerk calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

"Papa, you remember the pretty little plant I had in my window?"

"Yes, dear," replied the parent.

"You know, I used to sing to it every morning."

"Yes."

"Well, it's dead."

"Then I don't wonder."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Villa talks well, but he may need watching.

• •

Some men don't need money in order to spend it.

• •

All things seem sticky to those who art stuck.

• •

The high price of eggs has done much to reduce stage fright.

• •

Old hens are not absent-minded, yet their eggs are often mislaid.

• •

Many—too many—voters of Oregon don't care who is nominated.

• •

The race isn't always to the swift; it often depends on the jockey up.

• •

Some men waste a lot of their time looking for words of encouragement.

• •

But will all the defeated ones "fall in line" and "stand shoulder to shoulder?"

• •

If most of the reports about Huerta are true, the man must be simply crazy.

• •

When a man is cornered he imagines that he did not get a square deal.

• •

Complete party harmony is something often mentioned, but seldom if ever realized.

• •

It isn't really essential that the members of a legislature be all members of one party.

• •

Congress will have to do more work in proportion to its talk if it maintains its last year's good record.

• •

"Business prospects good," says a prominent bank's circular. Evidently the bank is not sending out anti-administration dope for political effect.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Coquille's policemen will in future be required to do white wings duty, by order of the mayor and council.

• •

Bandon merchants have agreed to close their places of business at 6 o'clock every evening except Saturday.

• •

Willamina is to have a two days' celebration of Independence Day. The first day will be given over to the fruit growers' picnic.

• •

Lapine Intermountain: As a proof of the confidence our own farmers have in this country, one of them brought in a 20 horse power tractor yesterday and took it to his farm south of here. It is planned to use the new machine for clearing land as well as for plowing.

• •

Pendleton East Oregonian: Joe Maye, who works for Stanfield brothers, is rearing a new breed of dogs, a cross between a sheep dog and a coyote. With half of their parental instincts being to guard the fold and the other half to prey upon it, the dog will probably lead a Jekyl-Hyde existence.

• •

"With Main street lighted by modern cluster lights," says the Baker Democrat, "the principal thoroughfare will look like that of a real metropolis. The present streamers are all right in their way, but they are soon to be discontinued. Other streets in the business section will also be likewise improved."

• •

In testimony that "Woodburn is not asleep by any means," the Independent lists the following: "Woodburn is not asleep by any means. The city hall is to be erected at once, the Carnegie library is to be built, the Moose will give a three days' street carnival in May, the glorious Fourth will be celebrated here and there are a few other things on the carpet."

GENERAL BLISS, COMMANDER ON BORDER

By Herbert Corey.

General Tasker Harmon Bliss is in command of the United States troops along the Texas border. Every one hopes that there will be no conflict there between the American soldiers and the Mexicans. But—if there should be a conflict—those who know General Bliss are fairly easy in their minds. He is regarded as one of the most thoroughly competent soldiers in the army. And as a fighter he's simply grand. But his especially long suit is in feeding the brutes.

"A well fed soldier," says Bliss, "can march farther and stay awake longer and shoot straighter than the other sort."

Some one told the other day a story of the Spanish war. Bliss was in command of a company stationed near a village, which was held by an overwhelming force of Spaniards. Bliss' orders were to keep his eye peeled like an onion. If he saw anything—if he heard anything—if he just had a telepathic hunch of anything—he was to gather his men and fall back as far as he could and as fast as he could. Bliss heard the orders and saluted. No one, to look at Bliss, would dream that he had anything in mind except an immediate and infuriated falling back. Instead of which he tied his sword on a mule, so it wouldn't trip him, and chased the loathsome Spaniard out of that village with whoop and hallo. Next day headquarters happened along to find Bliss sitting in front of the village hotel, wearing a smug and satisfied smile. Headquarters issued a hard call.

"Why did you attack this village," asked headquarters, "when you knew you were largely outnumbered?"

"Shucks," said Bliss—except that he used the regular army substitute for shucks, which isn't a West Point word—"shucks, I didn't attack this dogtown. My men have been living for four days on half a cracker and a swallow of water. And last night the wind was just right, and some squaw over here started to fry onions—"

Bliss was born in Pennsylvania in 1853. Those who know anything about that state know that it just reeks with pies, doughnuts, beans, raised biscuits and other things that keep the inner man happy. He graduated from West Point in 1875 and was assigned to the artillery as a second lieutenant. He made his mark there and then that Pennsylvania sentiment for food came over him. He saw an opening in the commissary department—and he knew that the soldiers were not being as well or as promptly fed as they might be—and he hopped right into the opening. Then he went right up the line. He knows all about rations, how many of them a man needs, and how few of them he can get along on if the merry villagers keep chickens. Just previous to the Spanish American war he was military attache at Madrid.

The Spanish war gave him his first chance to make good in a conspicuous way. He knew Spanish as well as he does English—he knows most of the continental tongues, by the way—and had specialized in coast defense plans. He became chief of the customs service and secretary of finance in Porto Rico. Five years ago he won the war game in Massachusetts, being in command of the Red forces. Perhaps civilians didn't know it, but the war game attracted international attention, and Bliss won more praise on the other side of the water, perhaps, than he did here. It was held by the visiting attaches that he displayed a real genius for war and that the measures he took for provisioning his men under modern conditions in a populated countryside were worth studying.

Perhaps no officer is more thoroughly familiar with our coast defense system than Bliss, nor is there a better linguist in the army. As a strategist, as has been said, he is ranked very high by foreign experts. And in the months that have prefaced the actual breaking out of hostilities in Mexico he has been of infinite assistance in planning to defeat hunger and cold as well as snipers and bandits when our men cross the border. He never loses sight of the first base of any army—its digestive apparatus. He isn't a gourmand, but one would certainly call him a "good feeder." Some one told him the story of the Klondyke miner who came back with nuggets in every pocket and headed for Delmonico's.

He had heard of a $40 dinner served in that person's restaurant, and he had determined to eat one. But when he looked over the French menu card he couldn't find the dinner.

"Oh, hell," said the miner, in disgust, "bring me $40 worth of ham and eggs."

"Well," said Bliss, "well, what's the joke?"

MONEY FOR THE MAN WITH AN IDEA

By John M. Oskison.

There is general belief, founded on a great deal of evidence, in the theory that when the man with an idea goes to the man with the dollars for assistance in carrying out his idea he loses his idea and gets no money. That is one charge brought against "Wall Street."

About 20 years ago, according to a story that is generally believed, Edison sought financial backing from a very rich and influential banker of New York; he wanted money to push his inventions and develop others which were in his mind. That banker advised Edison to forget it and leave the matter of financing to people who understood it.

But Edison didn't take the advice. He found capital elsewhere than in Wall street, and his inventions and developments continued to grow in number and increase in importance until the total amount involved in companies exploiting Edison processes had risen to an estimated two billions. Edison's personal fortune, in spite of his lavish expenditures on research (his laboratory takes about $200,000 a year out of his private pocket, according to report) is said to be great.

Edison has built his great business and his private fortune without relying upon the professional financiers; he has proved that the man with the idea can find backing (provided the idea is sound and the man is really in earnest in seeking backing) from money owners who will not insist upon taking the control of the idea out of his hands.

For the comfort of the ambitious American the truth about the power of organized wealth represented by the term "Wall Street" ought to be known. That power is real and it is great, but it is not great enough to control the destiny of a single individual in this country who has the brains and the nerve to go ahead independently of it.

There is plenty of money waiting to help the man with the idea; it is owned by the people next door—in a dozen blocks surrounding him, on a score of farms near by, can be found backing to start any man with a real idea.

The Ragtime Muse

Lay of the Languid Lover.

The sky is blue above you,
the grass is green below,
And, heart o' mine, I love you—
Er so!

The dickey birds are singing
Sweet carols in the trees;
The radiant warmth is bringing—
Ouch!—fleas!

Here, on the lawn beside you
I sit and hold your hand;
You are my bonnie bride, you
Understand?

Long for us have had tarried,
But then, at last he came;
Ten years have we been married—
Dad blame!

You know that I adore you,
I know you know, but then,
With love songs I must bore you
Again.

As honey of Hymettus
You are as bland and sweet,
And now, my dear one, let us
Go eat!

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

Captain Thomas Mountain lies very low at the home of his daughter at 714 Overton street. He had a cerebral hemorrhage recently and his physician doubts whether he will recover.

Captain Mountain is one of Oregon's pioneers. He was born at Gosport, on Portsmouth harbor, in England, on April 1, 1822. His father followed the sea, being a fisherman on the Newfoundland banks, and later a tar in the British navy. His son Tom, when 12 years old, ran away from home, sailing for Newfoundland. He got work as a cabin boy on a ship bound for Salem, Mass. He joined the United States navy 78 years ago, enlisting as a naval apprentice on the United States frigate Ohio, a 74 gun ship, on January 1, 1836.

In 1838 he was transferred to the sloop of war Peacock, which was one of the vessels placed under the command of Commodore Charles Wilkes to conduct an exploring expedition for the United States, which expedition sailed around the world between 1838 and 1842. Commodore Wilkes visited Oregon, being a guest of A. F. Waller at Oregon City, Dr. McLoughlin at Vancouver, Father Blanchet at the Catholic mission on French Prairie, Governor Abernathy, Jason Lee and many others. Mr. Mountain was assigned to the Peacock, under the command of Captain William L. Hudson, with which vessel he remained until it was wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia river on July 18, 1841. A vessel was purchased at Vancouver and was renamed the Oregon. This was used in place of the Peacock, and in 1842 Mr. Mountain, aboard the Oregon, returned to New York city.

For the next three years he worked in the Brooklyn navy yard. At the time of the anticipated difficulty with Mexico he was assigned to the brig Sampson, which, as a supply ship, went to Point Isabella. General Zachary Taylor on May 7, 1847, started from Point Isabella to the relief of Fort Brown, and was accompanied by some of the marines from the brig Sampson. Mr. Mountain was assigned to Captain Duncan's battery. The following day the battle of Palo Alto took place. The Mexican cavalry charged Duncan's battery and attempted to cut down the gunners as they served their guns.

A Mexican cavalryman slashed Mr. Mountain in the hand with his sabre, necessitating his being sent to the hospital at Pensacola.

At the close of his enlistment in the navy Mr. Mountain became a boatswain on the Sea Serpent, a clipper ship bound from New York to San Francisco. At San Francisco he joined the Tonquin and came up to Portland. At Portland he secured a berth as second mate aboard the clipper ship Flying Cloud for China.

Coming back to Portland, he worked on board the Multnomah and the Express on the Columbia, and later he signed on the steamer Columbia.

In 1859 he went to Puget sound on the steamer Julia. While on the sound running between Olympia, Steilacom and Port Townsend, he took reinforcements to Captain Pickett, then a United States army officer at San Juan island, and later the distinguished Confederate general who made the famous charge at Gettysburg.

In 1861, Captain Mountain brought the Julia back to the Columbia river. He was captain, in turn, of the Cowlitz, the Wilson G. Hunt and the New World.

On account of his service in the navy, he was employed to mount the cannon at Fort Stevens. Ben Holladay placed him in charge of his wharf on the Portland waterfront. Mr. Mountain was next employed by the Oregon Steam Navigation company, and later by the O. R. & N., with which company he stayed until the fall of 1903, when at the age of 81 years he retired on a pension.

Captain Mountain married Margaret F. Barry in New York city in 1842, and is the father of 12 children.

Few men in Oregon have had more picturesque and interesting lives than Captain Mountain. His history in Oregon spans the stretch from before the provisional government to today, a period of 72 years.

Measure of the Modes.

The fashions come and go
As seasons go and come;
What might long favor know
Is yet a dreary sum.

As seasons go and come,
What yesterday was new
Is yet a dreary sum—
Is now a dull review.

What yesterday was new
In feather, fur and cloth
Is now a dull review,
A food for mould and moth.

In feather, fur and cloth
All things at last must be
A food for mould and moth—
For Time must have his fee.

All things at last must be
Turned back to earth again;
For Time must have his fee!
He works new things for men.

Turned back to earth again
(Fool he who 'gainst it strives!)
He works new things for men—
Or shall we say, their wives?

Fool he who 'gainst it strives!
For who of men has peace?
Or shall we say their wives
Allow them no surcease?

For who of men has peace?
New feather, cloth and fur,
Allow them no surcease
If they be tried of her.

New feather, cloth and fur,
What might be brave array,
If they be tried of her
Can please for but a day.

What might be brave array,
What might long favor know,
Can please for but a day—
The fashions come and go.

Rev. Mr. Sunday's Success.

From the Memphis News Scimitar.

Billy Sunday gets the money and goes about with his pockets bulging out, while ordinary clergymen are going from one lean year to another. Here is a sample of the argument which Billy uses when he wants to make the boys cough up: "David looked at Goliath and asked who this big stiff was. Then he hit him between the lamps, chopped of his block, and the rest of the gang beat it." When a soul-saver can handle the king's English in this manner, he is sure to get the money.

The Sunday Journal

The Great Home Newspaper, consists of

Five news sections replete with illustrated features.

Illustrated magazine of quality.

Woman's section of rare merit.

Pictorial news supplement.

Superb comic section.

5 Cents the Copy