THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON ..... Publisher

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If there is anything that is a burden, if there is anything that is an obstacle, if there is anything that is difficult for a young man to overcome, it is an income that will enable him to live without work. —William H. Taft.

THE FALL OF TAMPICO

THE fall of Tampico will exercise a powerful influence on the negotiations at Niagara Falls.

It will weaken the hands of Huerta's representatives. It will strengthen the United States before the mediators.

It will make Huerta's envoys less contentious. It is unanswerable proof that they are representing a crumbling regime. It will take the enthusiasm out of their arguments and the power out of their claims.

It will have an exactly opposite effect on the American representatives. They can point to the fall of Tampico as a sign of the swift disintegration of Huerta's power. They can establish before the mediators that it is an omen of the approaching doom of the Huerta dynasty.

The mediators themselves will be largely influenced. The acquiring by the constitutionalists of a seaport will weigh heavily with them in making up a verdict. It will be used with telling effect by them in meeting the contentions of the Huerta envoys. It places the constitutionalists on a footing in which they are entitled to recognition, which will give them a new international aspect, a fact that the mediators will naturally embody in weighing the issues of the case.

No victory of the rebels is more important in solving the Mexican problem. It foreshadows other successes yet to follow speedily and is a far step in ending the military despotism at the city of Mexico.

It is another vindication of the wisdom of President Wilson's Mexican policy. He is permitting the Mexican problem to be solved by Mexicans. He is standing by and permitting the Mexican constitutionalists to right the great wrong of the overthrow of constitutional government in Mexico. He is giving Christendom a magnificent example of the exalted motives and splendid humanism of the great republic.

He is writing a new and beautiful chapter in the history of Christian civilization.

A FAVORABLE SHOWING

A CHECKING up of the work done on the Columbia river highway in Multnomah county by a disinterested engineer shows a most satisfactory condition in respect to the progress and the cost of the work.

A computation of what has already been done on the section between Thor's Heights and a point three-quarters of a mile east of Latourelle discloses that one-third of the grading is completed and that the net cost has been between 38 and 39 cents per cubic yard. Compared with similar work on railroads this is a gratifying showing. The average cost for railroad work is 48 cents per cubic yard. In some localities it has reached nearly 57 cents.

The conditions that prevail on the section examined and the Multnomah and Bridal Veil falls sections are similar and the result found may be applied to the entire work. On this basis it can be predicted that by September 1 the road may be traveled as far as Multnomah Falls and that the entire cost will fall far below the estimate.

The results achieved demonstrate what can be expected when road making is placed in the hands of men like Roadmaster John B. Yeon and Consulting Engineer Samuel C. Lancaster and gives assurance that the taxpayers are receiving a dollar's worth of road for every dollar expended.

WAGES INCREASED

THE average rate of wages per week in 40 of the leading cities of the United States for more than 60 of the principal industries was higher May 15, 1913, than on May 15, 1912, with the single exception of the mill work carpenters which showed no change, according to a statement issued by the bureau of labor statistics. The greatest average increase was for marble setters, which was 6.6 per cent.

The highest scale per hour paid in May, 1913, was as follows: Bricklayers, 87½ cents, in Dallas and San Francisco; carpenters, 65 cents, in Chicago; hod carriers, 50 cents, in Portland, Salt Lake City and San Francisco; painters, 65 cents, in Chicago; plasterers, 87½ cents, in San Francisco; plumbers and gasfitters, 81¼ cents, in Seattle; structural iron workers, 75 cents, in San Francisco; stone cutters, 70 cents, in Portland; iron moulders, 50 cents, in San Francisco; compositors, day work, 75 cents in Seattle.

The bureau reports that 34 trades showed a reduction of hours, 28 reported no change and one reported an increase.

WE OWN THE CANAL

THE New York World says:

"Who owns the Canal," asks the Oregon Journal. This is an honest question that many Americans have asked, and it deserves an honest answer.

The United States built and owns the canal, but it owns it subject to certain restrictions. These restrictions are embodied in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as amended in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Most suburban property is now sold, subject to certain building restrictions. The owner owns the property. He has a warranty deed to it, but there are many things he cannot do with it. Any owner of a suburban home can explain to the Oregon Journal what a building restriction means.

The United States government is in the same position as the owner of a suburban home. It owns the canal subject to building restriction, and this restriction prohibits any discrimination whatever in rates.

The World is splendidly able, but its analogy is faulty. Building restrictions on suburban property are only fixed by the original owner. He must hold a warranty deed to it, or his restrictions will be futile.

Great Britain has no hand in fixing his building restrictions.

Great Britain would have, however, if the World's analogy were sound. If the British right to fix building restrictions and traffic arrangements at Panama is sound, then Great Britain has a right to establish building restrictions on suburban property at Kokomo.

Great Britain held no warranty deed to Panama. She owned nothing, contributed nothing, vouchsafed nothing at Panama, because everything at Panama was as far beyond her reach as the judgment day.

Our rights at Panama came from a $40,000,000 purchase of franchises and finished excavations of the French, and from a solemn treaty with the republic of Panama, a treaty as sacred and binding as any treaty with Great Britain. Our dealings with the Panama republic gave us sovereignty over the canal zone, and by that sovereignty it is the United States and not Great Britain that has the right to fix the building restrictions and traffic arrangements about the canal.

We own the canal. We hold the title.

SECRET OF LONGEVITY

MRS. ANNE POUDER of Baltimore celebrated her one hundred and seventh anniversary a few days ago. She has no living relatives that she knows of. She has outlived the friends of her youth, yet withal she is happy. The secret of her happiness is, as she expresses it, "to make the best of what comes." To her, life seven years past the century mark is worth the living. She has no fad in diet or fixed mode of living. She says she has eaten and lived as she pleased all her life.

As a flower of the field she has flourished, making the best of that which came.

She did not borrow trouble of the tomorrow nor give herself up to fears of loss of health or uncertainty of income.

When that which happened had happened she went on to another battle, soothed and sustained by the thought that all is for the best.

Why should she borrow trouble? How much does the wisest one know of what will happen tomorrow or even twenty minutes hence? How long does it take a ship to strike a rock or the walls of a weak building to collapse? What a wise dispensation of Providence that it is not given to the workman to see the end of his work. From what profound disappointments is he saved!

There is no infallible prescription against the fear of sickness and the fear of poverty but Mrs. Pouder has read the book of life and death forward and backward and through it all has preserved her cheerfulness, "making the best of what comes."

A NEEDED SOCIETY

WHY not organize a Society for the Suppression of Superfluous Societies?

While it is invidious to mention names there comes into being every day some new society with a constitution and bylaws which has for its laudable purpose the removal of some human ill. Every day there is a personal visitation or a letter in the mail appealing for a contribution.

It would be an uncharitable thing to suggest that some of these societies are organized to give employment to a staff of executives or salaried secretaries, or for the vain purpose of giving notoriety seeking individuals an opportunity to emblazon their names at the head of a letter sheet as, president, vice president or honorary director.

No sooner does an active organizer gather around him a band of fellow enthusiasts to form a League for the Non-Osculation of Infants than another equally enterprising reformer fathers a movement to teach the proper way to handle a spoon or to form a bridge club in the Fiji islands. There are societies to promote and societies to abolish everything under the sun. Societies instructing how a postage stamp should be put on, how to sit, how to walk, how to eat, what to eat, how to breathe, how to sleep and how to snore, societies for killing and societies for preserving pests. What is meat to one is poison to another.

All these manifold societies are a sign of the intellectual restlessness, the emotional ferment of the age. Reform is carried to excess. Why not reform the reformers?

THE PUBLIC MARKET

OVER one hundred farmers have signed agreements to be present with their products at the opening of the Portland public market tomorrow.

The farmers are one principal factor for the success of the plan. The other is the buyer.

The cooperation by both parties to the program is absolutely necessary to complete success. For lack of buyers, public markets have failed in some cities. For lack of farmers, they have failed in others. In still others, there has been complete success by the smooth and harmonious working together of producers and consumers.

There is every prospect that the housewives of the city will be on hand in large numbers with their market baskets. There is no doubt that this personal contact between the man who grows the products, and the ultimate consumer, will result in reduced cost of the articles of necessity that come from the farm.

The United States Department of Agriculture has frequently given out figures to the effect that the farmer gets less than fifty per cent of what consumers pay for what he produces. It is the result of a system which places too many middlemen between the man who grows things and the man who consumes them. Too many high rents and expensive devices in distribution add to the tolls on the traffic.

There is the other deadly fact that men make gentlemen's agreements, and over-capitalize their privilege of standing between the producer and the final buyer.

We shall continue to have middlemen. We shall continue to have watered rents. We shall continue to have gentlemen's agreements. But there is going to be a change. The public market is evolution. It is the germ of transformation.

It is the American people working out a great problem.

A SECOND DANIEL

TO THOSE who have achieved greatness in a single night must be added the Viscount St. Aldwyn. From obscurity he has risen to the highest power of statesmanship. He was one of the one hundred and four members in the British House of Lords that recently voted against the woman suffrage bill. With an almost endless breadth of view he gave as his reason for so voting that the men were in the minority in the United Kingdom and if women were granted the parliamentary vote it would result in handing over to the female electorate the destinies of the empire. This would be a perilous step. The fact that the extension of the suffrage to women in the United States has been attended with good results is because the women are in a minority, says his lordship.

The Viscount evidently has never read the history of his country. "It is such a bally bore y' know, old top."

Boadicea, the "Warrior Queen," it is true, was overcome in battle by a foreign conqueror, but the same fate overtook King Harold.

Under Elizabeth, England exceeded all her previous power and prosperity. The reign of Anne was attended with commerce and culture. Taking the long rule of Victoria as an example, why should the "noble Lords" fear to hand the destinies of the empire over to the female electorate?

JEWISH SOCIAL SERVICE

THE presence in Portland of leading officers of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith is a reminder that the Jews are in the front rank in the United States in social and philanthropic work, taking particular pains and pardonable pride in caring for their own people. They usually find a happy medium between mere system and sentimentality.

How to help the poor immigrant in his early struggles without making a pauper of him is the main problem of the Jewish social worker. For this purpose special loan organizations and self respect funds are operated in connection with social work.

Another important problem is to keep boys and girls from losing the ideals which have made the Jewish people what they are today. It is sought to Americanize them without, what may be termed, dejudaizing them.

The Jewish social worker seeks to implant in the young generation, either native born or immigrant, a mixture of American and Jewish ideals which will make for better manhood and better womanhood.

The women of Oregon owe it to the unenfranchised women of other states to vote today. The argument used with most telling effect by opponents of equal suffrage is the contention that women do not want the ballot and will not use it if enfranchised. It is up to the women of Oregon today to overthrow that contention by general use of the ballot.

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.

From a Disgusted Fisherman.

Portland, Or., May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have just returned from a fishing trip on the Columbia river sloughs, where I caught about 50 of those finest of all fish—carp. I also caught some suckers, pike and chubs, all of which, including the carp, make excellent fertilization. I had the pleasure of fishing in some of the finest bodies of water—places where one should be able to get plenty of good fish—but all you get is carp, chubs and suckers. I guess, though, that we who pay our little old dollar for the privilege of getting our hooks snagged are the biggest suckers of all.

I would like to ask The Journal a few questions:

How many dollars are paid into the county clerk each year for fish licenses in Multnomah county?

How much, if any, of this money is used to stock the waters in and around Portland with fish that one can eat and still be on good terms with one's stomach?

It seems to me that if we could catch a few good fish, we could enjoy a day's outing and cut down expenses at the same time. Here is one item in the high cost of living that could and should be remedied. It would not hurt those who are able to go after the trout if at least one-fourth of the money realized from the sale of fish licenses were put back into our own rivers, lakes and sloughs. It is a crime to allow those waters to go unstocked.

People tell me that when the fair closed here the fisheries people put a few croppies into the river, and there have been millions of them taken out since then. Now, why can't we stock our waterways with croppies, catfish and pike; also there are sunfish, ring perch and many other fish that should thrive here, and why should not some of our own license money be used for our benefit? We can't all spare the time or money to go to southern Oregon to fish for trout, and there isn't a place near Portland where you can catch trout unless you can afford to pay about four times what they are worth in carfare.

Now, we have heard plenty about I. W. W., Prohibition and other burning questions, but I believe there are a great many people in Portland who like to take the family and picnic on the river or sloughs, and also fish; but let's stock those streams, so we may get fish we are not ashamed to bring home

CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

Opium and Liquor.

Portland, May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have been following the arguments for and against prohibition for some time in your valuable paper, and have yet to see given the one reason in its favor, that should overcome all arguments to the contrary. I would like to illustrate my point with a picture, which, although not identical in every particular with the liquor question, will serve my purpose.

For many years Great Britain has been forcing China to buy and use an Indian product, which for generations has been a great curse to the nation. The Chinese government has remonstrated, pleaded and fought to be freed from the importation of opium, but to no purpose. Americans to a man are shocked at England's conduct, and their indignation and pity do them honor. Now turn from this to a condition of even greater misery and degradation, right here among our own countrymen. Forget, while we look, the people who can drink with moderation; forget ourselves who maybe are able to withstand the constant temptation to "have another," and who doubtless maintain our families in comfort; think only of the lost multitudes, sunken to such deplorable depths by a commodity manufactured for profit.

We all know that drink is not responsible for all the wrongs and poverty in the world; no sane person ever maintained it is, but we all know in our heart of hearts that it is one of the biggest curses of the nation. If you do not believe this, then for your soul's sake get out of your warm, comfortable home; forget your well spread dinner table; leave your motor car behind, and walk down the slums and see with your own eyes the horrors, the brute existence and unspeakable conditions to which drink has dragged its countless victims, among whom are thousands of innocent women and children, once as sweet, as good, and as refined as your own mother and sister, be you clerk or millionaire.

Let us forget our own selfish liking for liquor, and regard this question in the same altruistic spirit with which we viewed and condemned the opium curse.

The Chinese are a foreign people with totally different ideas, and yet we thought their slavery horrible; how much more ought we to ignore the petty and selfish obstacles raised by the ones who are making money from the traffic, in our determination to save our brothers and sisters from a temptation they themselves cannot resist.

HARRY P. BLOXHAM.

Oregon Women and Prohibition.

Portland, May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your editorial deductions on the result of the Illinois elections, you seem to have lost sight of several factors that will make a very material difference between the Illinois elections and the coming contest in Oregon, so far as the women's vote is concerned.

First, in Illinois the elections were held under the local option laws, and it is well known that many persons will vote dry locally who are opposed to state wide prohibition. The Illinois elections simply eliminated a few saloons; the coming campaign in Oregon is intended by the prohibitionists to wipe out one large industry and seriously cripple another. The failures of statewide prohibition are much better understood than the new scheme of prohibition by local option. There are also many who will vote dry locally that will vote against statewide prohibition for the reason that they believe in home rule, and naturally fear the evil results sure to follow if the present trend toward the centralization of power is not checked.

The women of Oregon are more intelligent than the women of Illinois. They have traveled more; their experience is broader—so are their minds. The women of Oregon can not be browbeaten, boycotted, ostracized or intimidated as easily as their sisters in Illinois. The pioneer strain has not yet been submerged in the tide of late arrivals from Kansas who come here to tell us of the beauties of prohibition when they couldn't stand it themselves. Yes, the intimidation and browbeating will be tried in Oregon; in fact, is now being tried, and will continue to be tried to the end of the campaign, but it won't work with our women further than to seal the lips of many in order to avoid argument with those dear sisters and brothers who profess to follow Him who said, "Love ye one another," and yet are more venomous toward any who hold views contrary to theirs than a coiled rattlesnake. In witness whereof, read the numerous caustic letters addressed to Mrs. Duniway and Ella M. Finney by the embittered but perfect ladies of both sexes.

No, there won't be any 64 per cent of the women of Oregon vote dry, nor even 50 per cent; for, in addition to reasons already assigned, the women of Oregon know that no prohibition state in the Union can show a better, soberer class of men than Oregon, and they know further that they have grown to womanhood here just as clean-minded and virtuous as the women of Kansas or any other prohibition state. The women of Oregon understand the fallacies of prohibition as well as do the men, and they are not going to vote to throw thousands of men out of employment, hamper the hop industry, cripple trade and ruin many of their neighbors, simply to encourage the sale of various prohibition tipples that as drunk producers have the liquors sold under license backed off the boards.

A. S. RUTH.

Party Labels.

Portland, May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—The comment of The Journal regarding lack of interest in elections as shown by small registration, needs further discussion. The Journal is an independent paper and therefore is best able to open and keep open the discussion on this subject. I have made considerable inquiry among men of standing throughout the state, especially men who refuse to register. The objection is to the party system. Men who are really able thinkers and conscientious about matters of principle, repeatedly tell me they refuse to be labeled with a party label. Therefore there is no particular use in their registering at all.

I can find no one to uphold the party system except those who profit by office holding. Men win places on the ticket because they are strong men. They are elected because of their personality and not because of their party affiliation. Governor West is not governor because he is a Democrat, but is governor of a Republican state in spite of the fact that he is a Democrat. It is not necessary to mention further instances.

All the argument for party rule, party opposition, etc., is utter rot, and I like The Journal's independent stand. The Journal can do a great service for the state of Oregon by helping to knock out party names on the ticket. The independent thinker wants to go to the polls and vote for men independent of party affiliation. We want a state ticket like our city ticket, no party name on it whatever.

M. A. RION.

The Journal's Monday Editions.

Portland, Or., May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please state through the columns of your paper whether or not during the past four months The Journal has printed as a regular edition as many as three 12-page papers on Monday evenings.

INQUIRER.

[Since January 1 The Journal on five Mondays has been of 12 pages. All others have been of 14 pages or more. However, The Journal's pages are of eight columns, compared with the 7-column pages of the other daily papers published in Portland.]

The Personal Liberty Plea.

Portland, May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—The president and secretary of the Women's Liberal league, in their letter of May 11, make some very egotistic assertions as to the sphere of high-mindedness occupied by themselves. In face of their claim I shall be glad for them to discuss the saloon question frankly, freely and without vilification. Let them tell us three things: What are the merits of the saloon according to the principles of altruism? What is the economic value of the saloon to the human race? From an ethical basis, of what value is the saloon to man or woman, physically, mentally or morally?

Let them not dodge the questions by pleas of "liberty." I have an inherent right to say that a parasite shall not contaminate society, to the detriment of my boy's or my girl's welfare, either mentally, physically or morally.

I quite agree that the home, home life and wealth of a person are inviolable so long as they do not conflict with the welfare of society. There is no principle of a democratic government that will permit the individual to jeopardize the welfare of the public; neither will any principle of justice permit one individual to interfere with the welfare of another individual so long as the latter individual complies with the laws of right and justice. The plea of "personal liberty" is a collosal absurdity when applied to the present saloon conditions.

W. S. HOLLIS.

The Mexican Press.

From the Omaha World-Herald

James Creelman took the precaution of getting out of Mexico before his articles concerning the personal habits of Huerta were published. It is altogether probable that he never would have got out if the papers containing them had arrived in Mexico before he left the country. It is said that Huerta was furious over the matter and he appealed to the "constitution" as authority for the drastic action he took against foreign correspondents and the press generally. Some of the refugees say that no paper in Mexico has yet printed the fact that Torreon has been captured by the constitutionalists. The only statement that has been made concerning that affair that has so far been printed within Huerta's lines, is that the federals at Torreon had executed a strategic move in occupying a position that dominated the city and there the government forces only waited reinforcements in order to "envelope the insurgents."

When the American people grow justly indignant over the mobs in the city of Mexico, the overthrowing of the statue of Washington, the stoning of the consulate and worse things that have happened or may happen, they must take into consideration the information on which the mob acted. If the real facts had been known, probably nothing of the kind would have occurred. They may have been told that the most horrid crimes had been committed by the Americans in Vera Cruz. The papers there print just what Huerta tells them to print. It is not the poor, ignorant people that are to blame. It is the infamous tyrants and dictators who keep them in ignorance who are the malefactors upon whom punishment should be inflicted.

Mexico has one of the best constitutions ever written, but the dictators and generals have defied it ever since it was promulgated and Huerta has been one of the most defiant traitors of the constitution that ever reigned in that country; yet when he wants to do some infamous thing he appeals to the constitution. If the people of Mexico City had the information that every common laborer in this country has, it would not take long to settle the present difficulty. When Jefferson provided for a free press he laid the foundation for liberty in this country. There can never be liberty in any country without it.

A FEW SMILES

Hem—Is Ravenyelp much of an actor?

Haw—Nothing out of the ordinary.

Hem—But he is always boasting about his long runs.

Haw—That's probable because he takes a prominent part in the chase films for a big motion picture company.

"Where's my umbrella?" demanded the wife of a member of congress.

"I'm afraid I've forgoten it, my dear,' meekly announced her husband. "It must be in the train."

"In the train?" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are entrusted to a man who does not know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"

In the old days of hand composition a printer known from New York to San Francisco as "Pilgrim' Hazlett wandered into a Pennsylvania town and asked the editor of the weekly for a "sit." "Well," said the editor, "I can put you to work, but I'm afraid I can't pay you much money."

"Make me an offer," said the Pilgrim. "All right. I can give you two meals a day at my house, you can sleep here in the office on this lounge, and I'll take care of your laundry. Then if you need tobacco get it across the street at the grocery. They run an account with us. And up at that brewery you can get a can of beer whenever you like. Besides, I'll pay you $4 a week. Is that satisfactory?" "Gosh," said the Pilgrim, after repeating the offer to get it straight in his mind, "if I get all that what do I want with the $4?"

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

An unlucky Friday for many.

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The wise candidate is slow to predict results.

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Young chickens are also pretty good fly swatters.

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But are the men who win the nominations the lucky ones?

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Again the time of year is near when picnic excursions are being planned.

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The Chinese government has a sure cure for the opium habit; kills its victims.

• •

Goodbye you southern strawberries; now people can get berries as is berries.

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"Federals retreated from Tampico." Perhaps the rebels fired a gun or two at them.

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Apparently some men who think themselves fit for judges are greatly mistaken.

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Campaign expenses are not an absolutely indispensable part of the high cost of living.

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Strangely, Gompers and Morrison lived long enough to get a final decision in their favor.

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The highways and byways will still be indefinitely ornamented with the pictures of the defeated.

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Anyway, law enforcement in western towns was a rare if not an unknown thing 16 years ago.

• •

There is no doubt about the righteous service of those engaged in war upon disease and their causes.

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At least the Americans will stay long enough in Mexico to make a few spots of it cleaner and healthier.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

A steel bridge with a 120 foot span is to be built by Yamhill county at Carlton across the North Yamhill river.

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The 11 girls of the La Grande high school graduating class have agreed to observe a $5 limit regarding cost of graduating gowns.

• •

The First State bank of Seaside has been incorporated with a capital of $25,000. The incorporators are W. J. Fullam, president; L. L. Paget, cashier, and A. F. Poley, vice president.

• •

Klamath Falls' latest bond issue, $7291.43, for the sewer system, has been sold at par with accrued interest and $30 premium. The rate is 6 per cent. An eastern house bought.

• •

Seven young men and women will be graduated from the regular departments of the Eugene Bible university this year, besides four who will finish in the evangelistic singing course. The nineteenth annual commencement has been announced for the week beginning Sunday, May 17.

• •

An interesting exhibit in a Pendleton store window, described by the East Oregonian, consists of baskets of all shapes and sizes made by patients in the industrial department of the eastern Oregon state hospital. The baskets are perfect pieces of handiwork, several of the patients being skilled weavers. They are made of white ash shipped from Hoboken, N. J.

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Street improvement record as recited by the Corvallis Gazette Times: "Six years ago the Corvallis residence section could not boast of a single full block of concrete sidewalk, and street paving was scarcely looked upon as a possibility. Today the concrete walk covers practically half the city, and more will be laid this season than ever before in the history of the city. And today the principal streets of Corvallis are paved with hard surface paving."

THE SECOND FALL OF VERA CRUZ

Arthur Ruhl in Collier's Weekly.

No novelist or stage carpenter ever devised a scene more curious and theatrical than that presented in the old plaza of Vera Cruz this morning, Friday, April 24, when I saw it three days after the marines and sailors took the city. The sun blazed down. The air was filled with waltzes and musical-comedy songs pounded out by a band from an American battleship under the palms on the plaza benches. Mexicans listened languidly, a trifle bewildered, rather pleased, puffing their cigarettes under arcades about the plaza; and the little cafe tables in front of the mirrors shattered by Wednesday's rifle fire were crowded with American refugees from the interior excitedly telling how they had got away, humming the band tunes; with business men who had left behind them the work of years, not knowing whether they could ever return; with their wives and children; with adventurers and soldiers of fortune.

The same lazy, sun-drenched air that carried the band music was crackling with radios from Tampico, Tehauntepec, and Pacific coast towns telling of hundreds fleeing, as they thought, for their lives; and of the 5000 troops preparing to embark at Galveston. Above the palms in the old cathedral belfry, on roofs, on the sand hills outside the town, sailors were incessantly wigwagging, sending and answering messages from the battleships in the harbor; and past the same tables went a steady procession of field guns, rapid-fire automatics, and commandeered wagons filled with tents and supplies, with guards, rifles in hand, watching the roofs, and companies of sailors in service uniforms of rusty yellow, and marines. Everything showed there had been a battle.

No one could tell what would happen next, and yet this was not war. The Mexican flag was still floating from the old fort of San Juan de Ulloa in the harbor scarcely 200 yards from the Prairie, whose fire against the naval academy was so accurate on Wednesday morning. From the deck of the Prairie, scarcely a stone's throw to the old prison, the commandante was warned that at the first sign of activity San Juan would be fired on. Yet as this is not war the two lie quietly side by side; and the commandante, who flies his flag in face of the fleet that could blow him out of the water, punctiliously dips the ensign when a launch carrying American dead passes by.

Peacefully to take a custom house and to continue civil government among a people accustomed to accept rules of conduct developed by highly civilized nations may be simple enough, but it is another thing among people who owe office to favor of a dictator they fear to offend, and to not a few of whom Red Cross flags are mere red marks on white cloth and nothing more.

While the great 12-inch guns of the fleet merely frowned in silence the navy was suffering losses many times greater than it sustained in all the Spanish war; and while officers and men were being sent ashore to march through empty streets to meet a death that took them unawares; while mobs were marching through the streets of the Mexican capital and Americans were crowding the refugee trains, the Mexican transport Progreso, crowded with reinforcements, steamed into the harbor under the very guns of the dreadnoughts, and then, this not being war, was told not to anchor, and left to wander rather crestfallen out to sea. Surely not often in international relations has a situation arisen so extraordinary as this. It is often said by Americans living in Mexico that the unexpected always happens, and the longer you know Mexico the less you pretend to understand it. As this is being written no one can tell what will have happened before it is printed, or how, having stepped into Mexico in this strange and tragic fashion, we may get out again. It is one of the grim and inevitable ironies of the whole mixed up business that those who fired from ambush on men who had no intention of firing on them should be regarded by Mexicans as patriots defending their homes from an invader—anonymous heroes, as "La Opinion" called them yesterday. Anonymous they were.

The very behavior of our own men was admirable throughout, forbearing under great difficulties. They went from their ships to the most disconcerting sort of land fighting resolute and undismayed.

While salutes were thudding out to a British cruiser this morning and radios pouring in from all four points of the compass from Washington to the west coast, in the midst of orders in official language came a message from the flagship, stiffly introduced like the rest.

"Following telegram," it said, and then quoted a sentence from parents in the far-off states to their son, a bluejacket on the Florida: "All our thoughts and sympathies are with you. Earnest prayers for your speedy recovery."

There was no hint of address. It had merely come out of the air, a human word faltering strangely across the spaces into this sternly beautiful company of great gray fighting ships.

There has been war for them at any rate.

EGG BASKETS OF A VERY RICH MAN

By John M. Oskison.

Three years ago last January D. O. Mills, one of the last of the rich California pioneers, died in San Francisco. A good while ago he had become a citizen of New York, and his estate was appraised under the inheritance tax laws of New York. After three years and a quarter the appraisal was completed and made public in April.

Mr. Mills left a total estate valued at over $36,000,000; of that only $1,366,460 consisted of cash in banks; the rest consisted of a very wide variety of holdings.

From the appraiser's report it would appear that Mr. Mills did not believe in putting all his eggs in one basket; indeed, the reader finds that at the time of his death he was using at least 108 baskets! Out of that number 23 held worthless eggs.

Mr. Mills evidently did not believe in real estate as an investment, for the only items listed were a ranch in California valued at less than $22,000, town property in California of about equal value, and one office building in New York valued at $4,225,000; his bond holdings were appraised at $3,733,111, and something like $25,000,000 was in stocks. The appraiser showed a list of 52 stocks owned by Mr. Mills.

Nine of the blocks of bonds held by Mr. Mills were railroad bonds and 12 blocks of his stocks were railroad stocks. Two blocks each of the bonds and stocks of street railway companies were among his holdings. Gas, electric and power companies had sold their bonds and stocks to him. A steel company, a mining company, a paper company and a drydock company had sold him bonds; he owned stock in nine banks, eight public utility companies, eight iron, coal and gold mining companies, and an even dozen items of stock were distributed among such industrial holdings as the Pullman company, a transfer concern in Chicago, the New York concern that gives grand opera, a hotel company, a breakfast food company, a grain elevator company and a steamship company.

In the variety of his interests Mr. Mills was typical of the successful American money maker and investor.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

William B. Jolly is a pioneer of 1847. "I was born on May 26, 1843, in Illinois," said Mr. Jolly. "My parents started from Illinois for Oregon in the spring of 1846. They went by way of Oskaloosa, Iowa, to visit my father's sister, Mrs. Isaac Harrell.

"Mr. Harrell was a blacksmith. He took the Oregon fever and wanted to come along with my parents, but he could not dispose of his business right away. He persuaded my father to stay there until the next spring, when he, with about 20 of his neighbors, would be ready to come west. My folks stayed over, and in the spring of 1847 about 25 families started for St. Joe. At St. Joe they were joined by others, so that when they organized and crossed the Missouri there were 72 wagons in the train.

"My father was a Presbyterian minister, and so they usually laid over and rested on Sundays. My uncle, Isaac Harrell, was a natural frontiersman and hunter. In the winter of 1846, while they were preparing for the start in the coming spring, he made a gun in his blacksmith shop. It was a good one, for he did the hunting for the whole party coming across the plains and kept them well supplied with antelope and buffalo. He lived to be 96 years old. He died here in Portland and was buried at Hillsboro.

"William D. Canfield, who laid out the town of Oskaloosa, and several other families in our party from Oskaloosa, decided to winter with Dr. Marcus Whitman at Walilatpu. The Whitman massacre occurred a short time after their arrival. Canfield was shot in the hip during the massacre, but he escaped and made his way to Lapwai, where H. H. Spalding and family were living among the Nez Perces.

"My father settled north of Hillsboro. He traveled from Astoria to as far south as Eugene preaching. In the late forties and early fifties he was a very popular minister with young couples. They called him the marrying parson because he officiated at so many marriage ceremonies. He was a Presbyterian. My mother was a German and a money saver. I am a hop-grower and don't belong to any church or society. They say I look exactly like my father, but I inherited my mother's German thrift. I have lived most of my life on the original donation land claim father settled on in 1847.

"In 1865 I married Harriet R. Griffin, daughter of Rev. J. S. Griffin, the missionary. My father-in-law was a great scholar. He was a very severe man and a very peculiar man.

"He and another preacher, Asahel Munger, were sent out from Connecticut as missionaries. At St. Louis, on the way out, Mr. Griffin met, fell in love with and married a young woman, who came out with him. They traveled with the American Fur company to Westport. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin spent the winter of 1839-40 with the family of Rev. H. H. Spalding at Lapwai, while Mr. Munger and wife wintered with the Whitmans at Walilatpu. Mr. Munger spent some time in the spring of 1840 at Fort Boise as a guest of Payette, the trapper and mountain man who gave his name to the Payette river. He spent the winter of 1840 as a guest at Fort Vancouver and in 1841 he took up a farm on the Tualatin plains. Mr. Munger secured work as a carpenter at the mission at Salem, and, becoming deranged on religion, decided to perform a miracle. He nailed himself by the hand above a fire and was burned to death.

"I remember," continued Mr. Jolly, "how angry Mr. Griffin used to become when the Indians would pick up trifles on his place. He built a log jail and he used to catch the Indians and lock them up, feeding them bread and water to try to break them of stealing. They stole more from him than from any one else, largely, I believe, because it annoyed him so.

"Mr. Griffin secured the printing press now owned by the Historical society and published a paper on his farm. The press was sent from the Sandwich islands to H. H. Spalding in Lapwai. It was the first press ever used in the northwest. Mr. Griffin published a monthly religious journal, hiring a printer. But his publication didn't live very long; Oregon couldn't support a magazine 60 years ago.

"Mr. Griffin's last wife was a young woman. She thought he wouldn't live long, but he certainly fooled her. He lived to be 96 years old."

The Ragtime Muse

Nature Study.

The sky, preposterously blue;
Is that its customary hue?
I notice, now, your eyes are, too—
A fact I had not known before.
And, as I live, the grass is green,
'Tis like, I think, I've never seen,
And you are fairer than a queen;
I like you more and more.

How strange to see the breezes blow
The apple blossoms to and fro!
Now, tell me, is it really so
That May's always like this?
I did not know that birds could sing
So many kinds of songs to spring;
Meanwhile I would give anything
For just one tiny kiss!

Here's something I can't understand—
I tremble when I touch your hand;
To hold it—say, that would be grand!
Much joy must therein lurk.
Whoe'er so happy was as I?
Here, in my bliss I'd sit and sigh,
But then, perhaps we'd better try
To find the license clerk!

Pointed Paragraphs

A good cook may be one who attends church regularly.

• •

Some fool men try to gain a woman's sympathy by whining.

• •

Misery may love company, but the company seldom reciprocates.

• •

The best thing to be said in favor of women is they are different from the men.

• •

A man usually makes an exhibition of himself when he starts out to shock people.

• •

The girl who is always trying to attract attention usually attracts the wrong kind.

• •

A joke isn't necessarily new because it has never appeared in print. It may have been on tap before the art of printing was discovered.

The Woman's Page

The Journal each evening presents a number of striking features. Many of them are of exclusive interest to women; others are of general appeal.

They all are worth while. Cultivate this daily feature page; you will find it profitable.