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

Defeat may be victory in disguise—the lowest ebb in the flow of the tide.—Henry W. Longfellow.

NOT A BLATHERSKITE

IN AN interview with Samuel Blythe, President Wilson said:

My ideal is an orderly and righteous government in Mexico; but my passion is for the submerged 85 per cent of the people of that republic who are now struggling toward liberty.

It is not likely that there is in all the United States, one person who questions the president's statement. He wants to aid the submerged people of that hapless country, who have been dispossessed of their lands, who have been denied even the rudiments of education, and who are largely tenants and trespassers in the land of their birth. The pawns of alien land-owners and alien oil barons, the Mexican people present a picture of pathos that should be an appeal for justice to every American citizen as it is to the president of the American republic.

It would have been easy for President Wilson to have played politics in Mexico. Well knowing that a country is always loyal to war operations, President Wilson could long ago have led an army into Mexico and been supported by public sentiment. If a demagogue or blatherskite, he would have made his party safe in the fall elections by such a move.

War administrations are never denied approval at the polls. War presidents always receive the plaudits of the multitude. The president could easily have created conditions to force a war. A less conscientious president would long ago have plunged the United States into hostilities as the easy means of solving a troublesome situation.

There is no other way in which he could so easily have secured in the fall elections a vote of confidence in his administration. There is no other way in which a cunning and selfish president could so quickly capitalize the war spirit and patriotism of a devoted country for his political purposes.

But Woodrow Wilson has done nothing of this kind. He is not a demagogue. He is not a blatherskite. He is not an exploiter of the lives and limbs of American boys in blue for advancement of his political fortunes.

He is a friend of mankind. His sympathy goes out to the submerged, whether in Michigan or Mexico. His passion is not to fight the revolution-bedeviled Mexicans, but to lift them up, to give them liberty, to make them a part of mankind.

A DEMOCRATIC PREMIER

THE accession of Count Okuma to the premiership in Japan marks a new era in the Land of the Rising Sun. It is the substitution of constitutional government in a true sense for the rule of the clan.

In his statement of policy the premier insists upon the necessity for a constitutional government as well as on the adoption of a foreign policy which will maintain peace in the Far East. The question of national defense, he says, must be secured by a complete agreement between the treasury on the one side and the war and marine office on the other. He dwells on the need of encouraging commercial enterprise, reducing taxation and maintaining the financial equilibrium of the country.

His succession to power is auspicious for the preservation of good relations between Japan and the United States.

Whenever these relations have been discussed he has always emphasized that friendship with the American government should always be a cardinal principle.

Count Okuma is 75 years of age and is an interesting personality. He has but one leg. The other was blown off by a bomb in 1889.

Illustrative of the change in the political sentiment in Japan the last few years it is recalled that twenty years ago Okuma tried to maintain a party cabinet, himself as premier, but he was forced out of office in a short time by the clan powers. The recent political upheaval and navy graft disclosures have completely broken the hold of the clans and the sage of Waseda has again accepted the task of state.

For the first time, says the New York Japan Review, the people of the Mikado's empire have placed at the helm a man who knows the people's heart and who would sympathize with the hod carriers and rickshaw men just as readily as with nobles and shinninkan with brilliant uniforms decorated with medals of the Rising Sun and the Golden Kite.

THE LIBEL INDICTMENTS

THERE are grand juries and grand juries. Some of them are accused of inactivity. But no such charge can be made against the Portland grand jury which has returned the libel indictments.

There is no purpose here to impugn the motives or question the judgment of the members of the investigating body. Men who take solemn oaths to properly discharge the sacred duties and responsibilities in a grand jury room are, or should be, contemplated with, at least, reasonable confidence and respect.

As to the libel indictments, however, there are extraordinary facts. The district attorney did not favor them. Nearly a year elapsed before the indictments were brought. Grand juries have come and gone, but it was not until an intimate and militant friend of Mr. Heusner became foreman of a grand jury that the acts described in the indictments were returned as libels on Mr. Heusner.

What is more to the point, throughout the time the so-called libels were under consideration, the foreman of the grand jury was in daily consultation with Mr. Heusner in Mr. Heusner's office. The path between the grand jury room and Mr. Heusner's office was kept hot. The consultations were so frequent that it was almost as if Mr. Heusner were foreman of the grand jury by proxy. Or, as if the real headquarters of the grand jury of Multnomah county were not in the public courthouse, but in Mr. Heusner's private office.

As to the merits of the indictments, The Journal has nothing to say. That is a matter for judges and courts and lawyers and law. But on the general principle of having the sacred proceedings of a grand jury directed from anybody's private office, not only The Journal but every citizen of Multnomah county with life, liberty and property at stake, has something to say.

The integrity of every grand jury must be maintained inviolate. There must be no proxy foremen of grand juries. There must be no private guidance of grand jurors or grand jury foremen by personally interested parties.

RURAL CREDITS

THAT there will be no legislation relating to rural credits at this session of Congress is indicated. It is probably for the best that the matter is to go over, as there are differences of opinion to be reconciled. Agrarian interests are not satisfied that the pending measure is what they want. Complaint is made that instead of being a measure to authorize agriculturists to form and operate their own cooperative banks it is a measure to enable banking interests to lay long time mortgages upon the lands.

It is understood that President Wilson condemns some of the provisions as paternalistic, holding that the purchase of farm loan securities by the treasury to the amount of $50,000,000 during any one year will place the government in the questionable position of possessing a lien on a vast amount of farm lands in the country.

One of the worst features in the bill, in his opinion, it is said, is the provision that the government shall purchase securities which private investors do not want. The postal savings bank trustees, for example, are required to invest in the land bonds when they go below par, a circumstance which would indicate lack of confidence on the part of the public, it is contended.

It is furthermore pointed out that the government will not be called on to subscribe to the stock of the land banks or to purchase the bonds unless the public fails to absorb the securities. This would place the government in a position of holding the bag in a scheme lacking public confidence.

Representative Bulkley of Ohio, who introduced the bill, contends that the plan is not paternalistic for the reason that the aid of the government to agriculture upon which all society is dependent, is no more paternalistic than the numerous aids given by the government to trade and commerce. He says the United States is the only nation in the world pretending to encourage agriculture which does not extend financial aid to farmers.

Independent of the views attributed to President Wilson there seems to be objection to the bill for the reason that it refuses to provide an actual system of rural credit and restricts the farmer to borrowing money solely upon his land. The rural credit systems of Europe permit a farmer to use his personal credit the same as any other business man.

A LURING OCCUPATION

THE growing importance of improved rural methods is reflected in the demand made upon the Oregon Agricultural College for trained young men and women.

Since the first of February there have been calls for fourteen men skilled in horticulture. Out of some fifteen seniors who will finish this term in agronomy there are eight who will take positions in farm management or similar work available for immediate summer engagement. There are eight or ten permanent positions which will begin in September for which agronomy students have already applied.

The necessity for better farming methods is an urgent one and there can be no more inviting or more healthful field for the expert.

THE ASTORIA HANDICAP

IN ORDER to familiarize themselves with the issue, members of the Portland Rotary club have postponed for one week the consideration of a resolution declaring for common point rates for Astoria. To aid them in their study of the question, The Journal submits for their consideration a document that it regards of great importance. It is a letter written February 6, 1900, to A. B. Hammond by Collis P. Huntington. After saying that "substantially all the tonnage coming from the Columbia basin must follow the gravity line determined by the course of the river," Mr. Huntington said:

This result may be prevented for a time by people who are interested in real estate (in Portland) but these people will sometime learn that in opposing Astoria as the embarkadero of their region of the country, they have been making a mistake, although they may continue to strenuously hold to their views, until the people living on the borders of Puget Sound shall have had time to so increase and improve their facilities for the transfer of tonnage between rail and ship, that the danger and injury to Portland shall have become everywhere recognized, and it might then take years for the gravity line to assert itself—as it is bound to sooner or later—since no other power can continuously compete with gravity. The time to act for Portland and the great country of which she is and, no doubt, will remain the financial center, is now, and I have no doubt that the wisdom and justification of my action in declaring in favor of making Astoria a common point now, will be seen in the comparatively near future by all people of your part of the country.

It is not likely that this country has produced a man more profoundly skilled in the science of transportation than Collis P. Huntington. His vision of trade routes and traffic possibilities is reflected in the great transportation systems of which he was one of the founders. It is doubtful if there is anywhere an authority to which members of the Rotary club could turn for guidance with greater confidence. Concluding his letter, Mr. Huntington said:

If Astoria shall be made the embarkadero of Portland, only a small percentage of the Columbia river watershed will be lifted over the Cascade mountains to go to Puget Sound; and even that small part will take that course only for a short time, for gravity lines on the land and great ships on the sea, are going to determine the line of trade and the direction of tonnage hereafter.

What further testimony do members of the Rotary club require in making up their minds to declare for common point rates for Astoria?

MAN'S APPAREL

THE foibles of woman in the matter of dress have been the target of ridicule from time immemorial. This has been a great injustice and in partial reparation, attention should be called to the spreading futurism of mere man's attire.

In Paris, the seat of fashion, there has recently been organized an anti-collar league. The aim of the league is to incite people to rebel against the mode of locking up their Adam's apple in a "prison of starch." That the league has strong opposition is indicated from protests that come from the Latin Quarter.

One student writes, "the collar is an excellent institution and forces us to carry our heads high." Another says: "Its various degrees of cleanliness enable us to size up a man. Tell me whether your collar is clean and I will tell you what kind of a man you are."

In the West End of London the very latest thing is the cubist pajamas, which have squares, oblongs and triangles of white on a black ground. Shirts are of the brightest imaginable colorings. Many of them are strewn all over with dice on strongly contrasting shades. A necktie of the brightest violet has a pattern of pale emerald and mustard yellow remindful of serpents in different stages of contortion, wriggling all over it.

Going back to Paris we find colored beards for men as well as colored wigs for women. A young poet who was invited to attend a soiree given by a well known painter created a sensation by appearing with a dark blue moustache. Paul Poiret, the dressmaker, has adopted the new fad and announces that he will dye his close cropped beard a bottle green, after the fashions of the Kings of Assyria.

"First cast the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to pluck the mote out of thy brother's eye."

REFORM IN TURKEY

THE work of reforming the Turkish army has begun in earnest. On top of the requirement that every soldier shall learn to read and write comes now the edict that he shall sit up to a table and eat with a knife and a fork. The faithful Musselman is not only alarmed at this adoption of the customs of the Giaour but is hurt by the reflection that faithful hands used long before the birth of Mahomet should be deemed no longer fit for service.

He is not proving an apt pupil in the use of his new instruments and when his superior is out of sight he relapses into the good old fashioned way of squatting on the floor and carrying his food to his mouth with his fingers. At the approach of an officer he scrambles to his seat at the table and falls to wielding his new accessories with all the skill he is able to command.

Gradually are the nations of the world becoming as one family.

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 reform ers. 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.

Mr. Hollis' Questions.

Portland, Or., May 22.—To the Editor of The Journal—We shall venture a reply to W. S. Hollis, and endeavor to answer his three questions, mostly by referring him to men of high intellect and broad experience, who have spoken or written on the subject.

We assert that the saloon is one of the most altruistic institutions of American birth. Bishop Potter, who urged and advocated temperance and education, emphasized an oft-repeated assertion that the saloon was "the poor man's club." Rev. C. W. Helt of Evansville, Ind., at one time a leader in the Anti-Saloon league, declared that the saloon had those altruistic qualities which appealed to real democratic minds, and that the drink habit was larger than the liquor traffic, hence the destruction of the saloon would only change the channel through which liquor would flow. And he might have added that the channel was made crooked and the quality of the flow impaired, very much to the detriment of the consumer. Rev. Phillips Brooks, a noted divine, said: "Law without obedience is a dead letter," and Cardinal Gibbons said: "Prohibition means legislation brought into contempt." Prohibition's lack of success is largely because it violates the principles of altruism in that it aims to do away with the saloon—an institution demanded by a great number of our citizens for their personal convenience.

To Mr. Hollis' second question, "What is the economic value of the saloon to the human race?" permit us to suggest that probably Mr. Hollis could be answered by several questions regarding the "economic value" of several other institutions besides the saloon, which as yet have not been assailed by the busy regulator of other people's lives. We refer him to the writings of Professor Walter A. Wyckhoff, famous for his first hand studies of social conditions. He says: "The laboring man out of employment knows that in most saloons he is likely to find not only temporary relief, but assistance in finding employment." These views are concurred in by such men as Francis Peabody, Charles Eliot of Harvard, Washington Gladden and others of equal standing.

His third question is one that might be asked about a great many of the institutions that go to make up the machinery of our complex civilization, and betrays the "cuttle fish" policy of those who would rob us of the precious boon of individual judgment, under the guise of looking after our moral welfare.

It is indeed strange that men of the Hollis type cannot indulge in a little introspection. Mr. Hollis, we presume, is a teetotaler. If so, does it never occur to him that he became a teetotaler of his own free will and accord and without external force? Let him ask himself if he could have been made a teetotaler by force and against his convictions. If he is a man entitled to walk upright and eats salt in his food, he must answer no. Then isn't it some egotism to try to force on other men a principle that he would not permit forced upon him? This question of prohibition is larger than the saloon, larger than the drink habit, larger than personal liberty; in its final analysis it is a question whether a majority of the people of this country shall become abject slaves through their own indifference to the best organized effort of modern times to control through governmental machinery man's every movement, from the cradle to the grave.

URSULA MEISTER,
GERTRUDE REGULA.

Says Prohibition Is Wrong.

Bandon, Or., May 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Listen to the drys, and you imagine the one supreme evil in this world is drink. It is claimed that beer and wine are stimulants. So is tea a stimulant, and coffee. So is a beefsteak, for those of us who can buy it; nay, even at times a sermon is. Society has no more right to tell you what you shall drink than it has to dictate what you shall think. Let no one attend to another's business until he is hired for that purpose.

You can vote a town dry, but can you vote a man dry?

You hear people say frequently that they can prove anything by the Bible. That is not true.

They charge that saloons cause 80 per cent of the poverty. It is utterly absurd. If it were true the wets would be poor and the drys would be rich. If this charge were not false, Turkey, where not a drop of liquor is made or sold, would be almost free from poverty. It is the poorest nation on earth. Before we vote this state dry, let us get some prohibitionist to give the name of just one dry town that ever made a great city, where prohibition always existed.

Crime is due to greed, jealousy, lust and revenge, and these passions exist in drys as well as in wets.

They also ask, "Would you want a saloon next door to your home?" No; nor a boiler factory, a steel mill or a packing plant.

I am against prohibition, finally, because it is the enemy of liberty, and I believe in liberty to take a drink. I do not care much for drink myself, but I do care for the right, whether I exercise it or not. People who are despotic enough to tell me what I shall drink today, would tell me tomorrow what I shall think.

F. J. ENGELKE.

Additional Figures.

Gervais, Or., May 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—Declaring that statewide prohibition would cost the growers of California $150,000,000, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce went on record against it. Taken from The Oregon Journal and vouched for by Rev. Mr. Harris, a Prohibitionist, 170,000 acres in wine grapes is reported from the state board of viticultural commissioners of California and Mrs. L. H. Additon, a Portland Prohibitionist, and 700 wineries thrown out of business. The United States commissioner of internal revenue gives the year's use of grain for liquor at 144,497,878 bushels. This is taken from a Prohibition letter. Let them deny any of it if they dare. Besides, we have millions of acres in hops and fruit in our three Pacific states. The industry is so great that the month of September has changed its name to Hoppicking. Count all the hops, fruit and potatoes grown in 25 other states and the manufacturies, breweries, saloons and all the labor, multiply by 12 times the size of the United States and you have a small average, for other countries raise far more fruit and hops and grain than we. Then throw in a few more ciphers and you will be apt to hit the nation-wide prohibition loss. And don't forget the ships upon the waters. Why, the robbery is so great that compared with it Jesse James' robbery was but an atom. Grow everything in grain, cattle and hogs to feed the poor. They would starve, because the profit would be below the price of production and could not be grown or manufactured. Without profitable agriculture the city can not live. Drunkards' wives, may we stamp on the inside of your husbands' thumbs a tiny whisky bottle, to save him for you and from himself, and woe be to anyone who dares to sell him liquor. Let no man kick you around like a clod. Don't want to spoil his pretty hand? Then he must quit drinking to excess. A mother once told me that the unborn child would be just like the one the mother hated. Let Prohibition mothers beware, or their children may all be born saloon keepers and hopgrowers. Vote wet, for enforced law, order and temperance. ELLA M. FINNEY.

Rural Problems.

Heppner, Or., May 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—Many papers and magazines are crying, "Back to the farm," and telling what a happy and prosperous life the farmer enjoys.

The farmer has the hardest life of them all, and to speak of the farmer's sons and daughters, about 90 per cent of them never get inside a theatre or show, or a museum of any kind, to say nothing of the longing of the little tots just to take one ride in an auto, as they see them go flying by. One will often hear the remark from some little boy, "Papa, why don't you go to town to live, so we can have an auto to ride in? When I get big I'm going to town to live and I expect to have me an automobile, too." These remarks are often heard and the desire is ever growing.

Now, if the state and government would take a hand in this rural life instead of yelling all the time, it might make things some a little different after a while. In most parts of the country the roads are not what they might be made. Of course we can't expect all the roads paved, but there are roads that get little or no attention, when they are all the time in use, and under such circumstances the farmer is compelled to use four horses to do the work that one should do on the road.

The rural schools usually run, where there is any school at all, from three to eight months, and many patrons have to keep two or three saddle horses all the winter for their children to ride three or four miles to get to school. Such a family, it frequently happens, desires to move to town, to make it easier; or the children get no schooling. Now, if we could cut out some of our high salaried parasites and use the money for the improvement of roads and schools, we would have a better satisfied people.

We have 18 or 20 legal holidays and pay all teachers, clerks, etc., $3 to $10 each for each of the days, when we know they are not entitled to a cent. What we are thus paying would pay the widow's pensions and probably have money left. Or we could use it to good advantage in road building, or to improve the rural school system.

Let the state of Oregon be ruled by the people, for the people, not by a few crazy representatives that don't care a rap for the will of the people.

W. P. HILL.

Construction and Destruction.

Hood River, Or., May 22.—To the Editor of The Journal—What right have we to change the nature of our farm products from the constructive to the destructive, and bring all kinds of suffering upon our fellow man, simply to gratify our own selfish ends? People who do this thing are placing themselves in a position of responsibility in the sight of God. Can we find anything constructive in whiskey, beer, tobacco, or coffee? Ask any well posted person. No wonder death and destruction hound many tracks day by day.

War is the culmination of many things of a destructive nature. Foolish we are to suppose that God's edicts can be set aside by votes. "Woe to him who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips."

To the voter in Oregon I would say: "Are you a Christian and trying to build up a kingdom of harmony and brotherhood upon the earth as it is done in heaven," and are you also working hand in hand with the destructive principle on the material plane, by giving aid and influence to a business that is destructive in its nature and antagonistic to the kingdom you profess to pray for? "Ye cannot serve two masters." Many evils grow out of the use of strong drink and drugs, and the love of the money obtained from the traffic is the root of all evil. "Love your neighbor" is the key to the kingdom. The time has come to line up. Which side are you on—constructive or destructive?

JOHN B. POLK.

Rest Room at Nye Beach.

Newport, Or., May 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—The people of Newport should be congratulated for their enterprise in building a commodious rest room for the comfort of the public at Nye Beach. It stands out about 100 feet farther than any other building on a solid bulkhead and 20 feet higher than summer tide. It has a full glass front 50 feet in length, a fireplace for four foot wood, electric lights, ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms, all modern for comfort, and has a view of the ocean that cannot be surpassed. There are writing tables, also a register. Eighty people can be accommodated at one time.

A VISITOR.

A North Dakotan's Testimony.

Oregon City, Or., May 20.—To the Editor of The Journal — As I was reared in the prohibition state of North Dakota, I would like to give my views on the subject. When our "wet" friends boldly assert that prohibition does not prohibit, I think it is their wish, and not a fact, they tell us. It is strange what arguments the liquor interests will dish up. They tell us prohibition will ruin the state. Why has it not ruined the other dry states? I never heard anyone in North Dakota complain of high taxes. They certainly do in Oregon. The liquor business is a humbug business from beginning to end, and people now begin to see it as it is. We have fattened the brewers and kept the saloonkeepers in luxury long enough. It is high time they were thrown out and the poor people given a chance.

Ella M. Finney tells us to teach temperance, not prohibition. But how about her hop industry, if everybody should become temperate? No, that won't do. Better encourage everybody (especially young people), to drink beer and thereby raise the price of hops. She always closes her letters with the advice to "vote wet." For my part, I would never be under the leadership of saloonkeepers and their crowd. Vote dry, and help yourself and others. JOHN MOSTUL.

A FEW SMILES

Judge Hanington, when leader of the opposition in the New Brunswick legislature, representing the county of Westmoreland, was once delivering a vigorous address in the house against some measure of the government, then led by Mr. Blair.

"Oh, that my constituents in Westmoreland could hear me now!" exclaimed the opposition leader in violent tones.

Mr. Blair motioned to an attendant.

"Open the windows," he said.

A farmer was going through an art institution where a number of models of ancient Greek sculpture were exhibited. He noticed that on one hung a placard saying, "Hands Off."

"What'n thunder do they have to tell ye every time that the hands is off?" he exclaimed at last. "Do they reckon we can't see it? An' why don't they never say nothing 'bout the arms and legs bein' off, too?"

Pat one day bought a sack of flour and was proceeding on his homeward journey with the flour on his back when he resolved to take the car. When he got up on the car he still retained the flour on his back, standing up all the while. A stout old lady, being the only other occupant of the car, asked:

"Why don't you put your flour down on the floor, Pat?"

"Well," says Pat, "the poor old horse has enough to pull wid the likes of you and me, so I'll hold the flour meself."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

It's easy to find money—in a dictionary.

• •

Many a broadcloth man owes it to his calico wife.

• •

While the fool is asking advice the wise guy gets busy.

• •

A four-flusher is a man who drinks beer from a champagne bottle.

• •

Nothing destroys a mean man's memory like doing him a favor.

• •

Race prejudice keeps many a dollar out of the bookmaker's hands.

• •

When a girl begins to talk she may be a speaking likeness of her mother.

• •

A man's talk of old flames is apt to heat his wife's temper to the boiling point.

• •

And occasionally a man has money in a bank because he doesn't own an automobile.

• •

At the age of ten they called him Archie; 40 years later they changed it to Archibald.

• •

The income tax law grants a married man $1000 additional exemption—a consolation prize?

• •

You may be able to convince yourself that contentment is better than great riches—if you have both.

• •

If a woman still laughs at her husband's jokes five years after the wedding bells have jingled the divorce lawyers get discouraged.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Stone for the postoffice building at Albany has arrived and is being chiseled preparatory to placing in the foundation.

• •

A statute de non expectorandum has been enacted by the Brownsville council, with a unanimous vote. An ordinance to keep farmers' dogs out of the town has been tabled.

• •

The Reporter boasts that the P. R. & N. agent at Wheeler reports a 33 1-3 per cent increase in the business of his company at that point compared with a year ago.

• •

A small rattlesnake was killed in Cottage Grove last Friday, the first reptile of this species seen near that town for many years. Oldtimers say a den of rattlers used to exist in a rock ledge in West Cottage Grove.

• •

Sherwood News-Sheet: The work of moving the old hotel was begun last Saturday, preparatory to the erecting of the new hotel and bank building on that corner. The old building is now comfortably settled and excavation in progress for the new.

• •

The new St. Elizabeth hospital, at Baker, after much delay in construction is to be rushed to completion and occupancy by early fall. The Democrat says it will be one of the largest and best equipped hospitals in the northwest.

• •

Landseeker note in Silver Lake Leader: "Elnor Olson, who owns a homestead near town, came in from Portland Monday. He reports that although much has been said to discourage prospective settlers, there will be a large immigration into the Silver Lake valley this summer."

FROM THE HEART OF THE PRESIDENT

From the Detroit News.

It was not a formal address. He had not written it in the quiet of his study and typed it on his machine as he does his state pronouncements. He went with the rest of the people in the funeral cortege, and when the time came to speak the words of memorial he rose and said what was in his heart. It was a president's faith and a president's feeling voicing themselves in words coined then and there in a mind of sincere sympathy, and lifted up that the light of a nation's vision might shine upon them.

The president spoke of the lads who had done their duty—duty which is always so common, yet always so noble. He spoke of them as not having died a dishonorable death in a war of aggression, but as having won the nation's everlasting remembrance for having died to serve a nation which did not know it was being served. The president showed a deep sense of the immortality of honor; there was not wanting in his speech that profound sense of the immortality of spirits who take their flight through death in honor; and he uttered that which will set man a-pondering the deeper meaning of it all when he said—"I know that the way is clearer for the future, for they have shown us the way."

There was one paragraph that will live amongst the great words of the presidents, and one sentence that will shine when the occasion for it shall itself have grown dim—"War is only a sort of dramatic representation, a symbol of a thousand forms of duty." We who are in the heat and dust of the temporary aspects of public questions do not always glimpse their ideal and eternal implications. War is a sacrament of the shedding of blood on the altar of an ideal. When all its lesser qualities drop away, war is revealed as the awful Calvary up which the nations toil, at the summit of which waits the higher vision. The "symbol of a thousand forms of duty" is not lightly to be taken down for use—we are learning that, we of the age of peace—but as such symbol it must ever remain, its uses to become more holy as man's eyes are opened to its terrible Siplatic significance.

The president spoke for the dead, and this always involves speaking to the living. Once more he had to tell the people the principle behind all the uncertainty of the times. "We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind if we can find the way." Tremendously human and yet loftily noble that word—"if we can find the way." People have not understood that presidents and cabinets are made up of fallible men beset with doubts and difficulties which often render the finding of the way a Gethsemane of sorrow. It is now as it was with Abraham Lincoln in the crisis of the Civil war when he said he was not so anxious to know that Almighty God was on his side as he was to know whether he was on the side of Almighty God. The White House where our president spends his busy days and harassed nights has known a long succession of men who have wrestled with time and fate to "find the way," and about that old building a loyal nation's prayers have gathered like a light that presidents might be vouchsafed a vision of the right way and the courage to walk in it.

It was a sign of the president's profound sense of the duty and responsibility that has been laid upon him that he spoke at the last of himself. The men at Vera Cruz died. Their country has suffered great uncertainty. But it has been a trinity of suffering—the president in his White House has suffered, too. "I never was in battle, but I fancy it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you, for when they shoot at you they take your natural life and when they sneer at you they wound your heart." Across the mystic barrier which separates the seen from the unseen the dead of Vera Cruz might well have hailed the chief who spoke these words as a warrior with themselves—a man who also tried to do his duty in his place, taking the stings that came thereby. The penalties of duty differ with the place of duty, but he is a true soldier who takes his duty, be its accompaniment physical death or mental torture. In all he said, Woodrow Wilson has shown himself to have a soldier's heart and a soldier's courage.

It is for us far from the scene of these high ceremonies to be soldiers in our places, and hold out helping hands to men bowed down with an nation's weight, men who bravely address themselves to the service of an oppressed people whose oppression has benumbed them to the kindly, healing touch of the hand that would help them.

A WOMAN'S EARNINGS FROM LITTLE FARMS

By John M. Oskison.

A woman teacher went to a small farm to rest during a vacation, taking her mother along. She wasn't satisfied with the rooms and board they had, and she began to look for another place.

Next to the farm she found another; on it was a small house; its 10 acres were much neglected; and she found that the place was for sale at a low cost. Both the teacher and her mother liked the location; they rented it, with an option to buy within a year. After repairing the house somewhat and clearing up the yard, the two women liked the place so well that they exercised their option very soon.

Once in their ownership, the place soon became transformed, and the changes did not cost a lot, for they were made largely by the labor of the teacher, herself.

During the next summer the teacher sold the renovated house and five of her 10 acres for $500 more than the whole farm cost her. Then to her remaining five acre she removed another old house she bought for a trifle; this she modernized at a cost of a few hundred dollars, and then it, with the five acres, went for $2000.

After that, the teacher bought six acres of farm and a big tumbledown house for $800; to modernize it and put the place in excellent order, she spent another $1200. Within a year she got $5000 for the place.

Half a dozen times after that this teacher acquired at low prices small places which had gone to ruin, and tackled with vigor the problem of making them attractive and then selling them.

It is something which almost any woman with sense and taste may do. This teacher operated in New England; she stuck to places near postoffices, stores, schools and churches. Her purchasers were mainly city people, who wanted to buy small farms attractively situated for summer homes. To such buyers she found that modern plumbing and heating devices made strong appeal. She found that such buyers like their "nests" ready made.

Near every city exists a like opportunity.

The Ragtime Muse

Sheep and Goat.

Perhaps it is immoral
And sin's reward I'll reap—
With that I shall not quarrel—
I would not be a sheep!
On growing fleece for others
I should not fondly dote;
Believe me, friends and brothers,
I'd rather be a goat.

The William goat is frisky,
He's cynical and wise;
His life is far less risky,
Less frequently he dies
Than sheep do, for his raiment
Is neither fine nor neat;
His shearing brings small payment,
He isn't good to eat.

Not lamblike to the slaughter
Is William meekly led;
Sometimes the creature's shot or
He's beaten till he's dead,
But as a usual thing he
Lives on year after year;
He is so tough and stringy
That death he need not fear.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"If we have war with Mexico it will be a very different affair than one war with that country nearly 70 years ago," said Alonzo Perkins of Portland. "I was in the central army under General Wool. Our transports from New Orleans landed us at Port Lavaca and we marched to San Antonio. We had no army wagons, and so we hired mules, oxen and half broken Texas horses and anything in the shape of a wagon to transport our supplies.

"As far as the eye could see, not a tree was in sight. The whole country was one vast rolling prairie, covered with grass in many places as high as a man. We started out in a norther as they call their cold waves in Texas. Soon the ground was flooded by from two or three inches to a foot of water and as we marched through the shoulder high grass we were soaking wet. For 20 miles we marched through the rain, water and tall grass and when we camped that night at Guadaloupe river we were tired, bedraggled, footsore and hungry.

"Next day we traveled over a beautiful rolling country interspersed with small groves of timber. Deer would run from in front of our column and stop a few hundred yards distant with their ears pointed forward in curiosity. We passed the abandoned town where Colonel James W. Fannin of Texas with a detachment of troops of the Republic of Texas surrendered in 1836 to the Mexican General Urrea under promise of safe conduct, and after his surrender and after turning over the arms of his men he and his 357 soldiers were shot in cold blood.

"Just beyond Goliad we passed a small field where a gray haired old negro woman was hoeing some vegetables. A middle aged, husky, looking man was sitting on the fence. One of our boys called out, 'What are you doing, mister?' He turned around slowly, pointed at the old woman at work in the garden and said gravely: 'I am overseeing my slave, sah.' You should have heard the shout of derision and laughter that went up from the troops.

"When we entered San Antonio you could see the stiffening of the boys' backs as we passed the Alamo where 10 years before Santa Anna with nearly 2000 Mexicans besieged the old stone building with 140 Texans for two weeks and finally took it when only six of its defenders were still unwounded. The boys remembered how David Crockett and the others had been butchered when the Alamo was captured.

"Some men have the faculty of getting along with their fellow men; others always stroke the fur the wrong way. While we were camped at San Antonio our captain made a rule that all complaints must be made to the corporal and through him to the sergeant and thus to himself. This didn't look like democratic simplicity nor equality and we resented it. A petition was drawn up asking the captain to resign. Seventy-five out of 80 men in the company signed it and it was given to me to present. The committee told me to hold it for the present and I did so. One night just at midnight the orderly sergeant came to my tent, gave me a shake to awaken me and said: 'The captain sent me to bring you to his tent and make you give him the petition asking him to resign. Don't you give it up; keep it.'

"The sergeant took me by the arm as though I were a prisoner and we entered Captain Dickey's tent. He and lieutenant W. H. L. Wallace were there. Captain Dickey said: 'Corporal, I am told you have a petition signed by the members of the company requesting my resignation. Give it to me.' I said: 'I have such a petition but I will not give it to anyone until ordered to do so by those who placed it in my keeping.' 'Consider yourself under arrest. Go to your tent. I will dispose of your case later,' he said.

"My tent mate had passed the word around from tent to tent, so the men were up and assembled around my tent. We held a meeting and the committee decided to have me hand the captain the petition, which I did. The captain resigned, his resignation to take effect as soon as we started for Mexico. At once a dozen of the men began an active campaign to be elected captain. We compromised the matter by electing B. M. Prentice, a lieutenant in the Quincy Rifles.

"At regimental drill on the following Saturday Colonel Hardin said all men not on guard duty could go to town the day following, which was Sunday. Next morning at roll call Lieutenant Holbrook read an order from Captain Dickey forbidding any of the company to go to town without a special permit. The men met and picked me out as spokesman. I went to the colonel's tent and told him of the reversal of his order. He said: 'Corporal, go back to your company, tell the men that all those not on guard duty desiring to go to town may do so. Inform them that I am in command of this regiment and my orders go.'

"I delivered the colonel's message and most of us started for town. We had not been there long when the sergeant of the guard with 10 men came with orders to arrest every member of I company. As we were being arrested Adjutant B. M. Prentice, our captain-elect, rode by on his way to General Wool's tent. He asked what was the trouble. The sergeant of the guard told him of Captain Dickey's orders. He said: 'Sergeant, release the men and dismiss your guard. All of you can stay in town.' Captain Dickey quit at once. Ben Prentice became our captain and our lieutenant, W. H. L. Wallace, was made adjutant."

Canning Whale.

From the Memphis News-Scimitar.

After laughing at him for years and ridiculing him, the west finally adopted George Francis Train's recommendation and has gone extensively into the salmon canning industry, which is one of the greatest food producers of the country. On the North Atlantic coast, where the remnants of the old whaling industry yet linger, they have begun canning the flesh of the whale, which is said to be a very nutritious as well as a very palatable article of food. The world is just beginning to learn a great many valuable lessons that it has overlooked for a long time.

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