THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON ..... Publisher

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When You Go Away

Have The Journal sent to your Summer address.

The bigot for the most part clings to opinions adopted without investigation, and defended without argument, while he is intolerant of the opinion of others.—Buck.

IN OUR ABUNDANCE

THE prospect is that Oregon is about to harvest the greatest wheat crop that the state has produced in a quarter of a century. Only the severest and most unexpected weather conditions can prevent the fields, especially in Eastern Oregon, from turning off their greatest yield in a generation.

Yesterday, The Journal presented its monthly crop report, gathered by over 200 correspondents. It shows an estimated total wheat yield for the Pacific Northwest of 82,500,000 bushels. In 1913, The Journal's estimate was 73,000,000. The actual output was 75,500,000.

In the three states—Oregon, Washington and Idaho—the present condition of winter wheat is far above normal. For Oregon it is 107 per cent, and in both Idaho and Washington 106. The condition of spring wheat is 100.

In all the other great wealth producing farm industries, the yields, almost without exception, will be above normal. The aggregate farm output for the year will be greatly increased. There is a larger wool clip, and prices are three to five cents above last year.

There are many lines in which the diversified industries of the farm are swiftly expanding, notably in the Willamette valley. Poultry husbandry is among these, and the growing increase in the output is almost remarkable. We were formerly importers of poultry, even live chickens, from distant states. We have, so far, bought no poultry from other states in 1914, but on the contrary are producing all we consume.

How the industry has grown is shown by the difference in the output in 1912 and 1913. The total number of poultry in 1912 was 20,000,000 and 27,000,000 in 1913, an increase of 7,000,000. The value in 1912 was $17,000,000 and $23,000,000 in 1913, an increase of $6,000,000. In 1912, the value of eggs was $15,000,000 and $18,750,000 in 1913, an increase of more than 12 per cent. It is estimated that the increases in the industry for 1914 will be even more remarkable. Eggs are higher in price than in the same period last year.

The farm population of the Northwest is in the midst of an abounding prosperity. The whole face of nature is eloquent with blossom, fruitage and reward. Nothing stands in the way of a bountiful harvest and a season of splendid abundance.

OUR BUSINESS DISTRICT.

IT IS impossible to dam the flow of the ocean tides. Mr. Henry cannot stop the spread of the Portland business district. However able his arguments and energetic his endeavor, he cannot repeal the natural laws of city growth. They are fixed by the demands of population, and no imaginary wall can be erected by specious arguments beyond which business operations will not pass.

Third street is and will always be a splendid trade center. The aggressiveness of its property owners will do much to strengthen its position. Not one word in these remarks is to detract in the slightest from its popularity.

But a city of a quarter of a million is not a one-street city. Nor a five-street city. Its business district cannot be confined to any given number of streets. The matter of rentals makes it absolutely necessary for business to spread. The greed of landlords, which would know no bounds if business were confined within narrow limits, would make it impossible for business not to spread. It is necessary for the protection of tenants that the area of the business district be constantly enlarged, and that is just what has happened and will continue to happen in Portland.

The removal of great establishments like Olds, Wortman & King was not for the reasons urged by Mr. Henry, but is a part of the natural evolution of a city. It happens for the same reason that apples fall.

The Portland business district is spreading westward just as the New York business district in 20 years has extended miles and miles up Broadway. It is natural, and there is no way to resist it.

THOSE CRITICS

THERE ought to be a sufficient fund for the use of Governor West for law enforcement purposes.

It is seldom that a state is fortunate enough to have a chief executive with sufficient courage and sufficient concern for the public welfare to interest himself actively in enforcing laws. Experience has shown that a governor can apply the law and clean up vice where the courts and other authorities fail. No work by any governor has done more than that of Governor West to forward higher ideals as to law among the citizenry, or to leave a stronger impress as to their duties and responsibilities upon officials.

Treasurer Kay, Secretary Olcott and Governor West of the Emergency Board voted to authorize a $1000 fund for the governor's use. Mr. McArthur and Mr. Abbott voted against it. With two members absent and a requirement that five members must favor the proposed fund, the plan failed.

Mr. McArthur explained his opposition on the ground that there had been criticism of the board for its former allowance to the governor for law enforcement purposes. Of course, there was criticism. But from what source?

The Friars' club naturally criticizes such action. So do the saloonkeepers at Copperfield. So do all others who are violating the law. Any place that is selling liquor to minors of either sex and dragging the unprotected and unwary into degradation is obviously critical of the law enforcement endeavors of the governor.

The Emergency Board ought to reverse its action and supply the required fund, especially since the fines to result will return part, if not all, the expenditure.

THE MOVIES

IN THE June number of the World's Work is an interesting article on the moving picture industry by Henry W. Lanier.

We are told that the total business of the industry last year was more than $300,000,000 and that thirty new millionaires were made. To the 20,000 moving picture theatres there were 5,000,000,000 paid admissions and over 96,000,000 feet of film was unrolled every night. American film makers will export this year probably 25,000 miles of pictures and the royalty paid to Edison alone is said to amount to nearly $10,000 a week.

The figures for 1912 were less than half of those given above. This indicates the great development of the industry. With the great growth has come an increase in the cost of studios and accessories. Authors and actors are paid high prices in order to meet the exacting demand of the public for realism.

A few years ago the plant represented only a few thousand dollars. Authors who got $35 for scenarios were the best sellers of the profession and regular actors would starve rather than make two dollars a day before the camera. Now, a producer is handicapped if his studio does not represent from ten to twenty thousand dollars. The Edison building, 100 feet long, has a tank for aquatics, holding 130,000 gallons of water. The plant cost $100,000. Prices of $200 for plays are not rare and the new element of 10 per cent royalty is coming in, especially on novels. John Bunny, one of the star actors, is said to get a salary of $15,000 per year.

And yet the industry is in its infancy.

WILL THEY?

LOUDLY is it being proclaimed by the organs of the reactionaries that the Progressives have seen the error of their ways and like the prodigal son are coming home duly chastened and repentant. But no fatted calf will be killed for them. They will be welcomed as though they had never been away. They will not be upbraided and no especial humiliation will be imposed upon them. All that will be required of them will be a submission, like faithful oxen, to the old yoke and be driven by the old drivers.

In their secret jubilation over the alleged return of the prodigals the reactionaries show they have learned nothing from the past. They continue to judge the Progressives by their own standard. In their blind conceit they are still unable to realize that with the Progressive it was a matter of principle and not political expediency.

Why should the Progressives go back? Have they had any assurance that the leadership and control of the Republican party is to be reorganized and reformed? To the contrary, is there not sufficient evidence that the old bosses intend to remain in charge?

In Pennsylvania, the Penrose machine still controls. In Ohio, Foraker is again a candidate for the United States Senate. In New Hampshire, Gallinger is seeking reelection. In Illinois, Cannon declares that he can come back. In every state, the old discredited leaders will not be put aside.

In their lust of party control the reactionists fail to take into account an important factor. They are unable to realize that reform must be sincere and that the organization must be complete and that leaders who dragged the party to ruin must be overthrown before the Progressives decide to return.

NOT A BUTCHER

THE Oregonian says:

> Scores of unarmed prisoners of war have been shot down in squads by Carranza's orders to his master butcher, Villa. No doubt Bryan swells with pride at the achievement of his allies.

Why say such a thing? Why be so unfair? Why impute to Mr. Bryan a blood lust and declare that he is proud of the killing of federal prisoners by the rebels in Mexico?

There is not a man in the United States but knows that Mr. Bryan does not swell with pride at any killing. Mr. Bryan is acclaimed the world over as one of the leading peace advocates of the age. Then why slur him as a Nero, or a Caligula or some other butcher of history?

Mr. Bryan is a man of peace. Throughout his whole public career he has been an exponent of humanism. With all his strength and all his soul he has pleaded always and everywhere for the cause of good will and brotherhood among men and nations. He has been and is one of this country's most conspicuous pleaders for international arbitration and for the settlement of disputes between governments, not by artillery but by reason.

Why say that Mr. Bryan "swells with pride" at the butchery of Mexicans? Why be so unjust when one purpose of Mr. Bryan and President Wilson is to save the butchery of American boys in blue in Mexico? The whole policy of the Washington government beyond the Rio Grande is the exaact opposite of butchery. It is earnest effort to bring about just government in Mexico without slaughter of American lives, to cement the nations of the western hemisphere by such ties of friendship and mutual confidence as are already manifest at the Niagara conference, and to lift the submerged in Mexico out of the depths, not by going down with an army and butchering them by thousands, but by the gentle hand of good will, leading them forward and upward into a humanized civilization and a restored prosperity.

Mr. Bryan is not a brute or a butcher and is not proud of butchery.

IN THE DAY'S NEWS

A ROW boat carrying a pleasure party on the Delaware river began to leak. As it was slowly settling, three young men, to lighter it and as a means of saving the rest of the party, leaped into the stream. None could swim, and all were drowned. The four companions in the boat were rescued by a passing launch. Among those rescued was the fiancee of one of the young men drowned.

Not all the heroism of the world develops on the battlefield. There are also conspicuous heroes of peace.

Harry Corbett, an aeronaut, plunged 2,000 feet to death at Denver yesterday while attempting a balloon ascension and parachute drop. Several hundred persons saw the fall. A strap fastened about Corbett's wrist, and attached to the bar of the parachute, broke when the victim attempted to leap from the balloon.

Like the collision in which the collier drove her nose into the hull of the Empress of Ireland and sent 969 persons to almost instant death, it is the unexpected that so often happens.

At Baltimore, radium is reported to have effected a complete cure of cancer of the throat, in the case of A. L. Glass, a railroad official of Florida. Last January, Mr. Glass experienced an irritation of the throat which gradually grew worse. After an unsuccessful operation, the trouble was declared to be an incurable case of cancer. Mr. Glass was under the radium treatment for a period of two months.

With splendid aggressiveness, the medical scientists are striving to solve the problem of the red plague, and some day, they will succeed. One by one, they are taking the terror out of the main maladies of man.

The casualties in the Rockefellers' civil war in Colorado are 66 dead and 48 wounded, and it is said that the end of the strife is still far off. And still we draw our skirts imperiously about us, tilt our noses loftily into the air, and from the refined atmosphere of those heights on which we move, look down contemptuously on the barbarous Mexicans!

The long quest for the cup that cheers and leaves no headache behind seems to have ended in an Arizona well from which flows water that intoxicates and leaves no bad effects. Probably old Pluto's champagne cellar has been tapped.

Every day adds to the list of the dead in the Canadian disaster. The roll of the lost is now but little short of 1,000. It is a gory price to again pay for the old, old fact that somebody blundered.

The Bible continues to be the world's best seller. The American Bible Society sold last year 5,250,000 copies.

Notwithstanding critics and snipers, of withered hearts and little souls, men are judged by what they accomplish and the spirit in which they face their tasks.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written only on 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.

Questions the Land Board's Action.

Summer Lake, Or., May 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—In The Journal of May 10 appeared an article commenting on the action of the land board in the matter of the Bassler and Abert lakes' lease. This article was an interview with a Portland promoter commending the board for its action and purporting to show how much the state would lose by "selling for a song." The promoter says: "The lakes contain 40,000,000 tons of salts—15,000,000 tons of salt, 19,000,000 tons of soda and 1,500,000 tons of potash. These salts marketed at $10 a ton would amount to $400,000,000."

Sure it would. And if it was marketed for $100 a ton it would bring —. But who is going to pay this $10 a ton? The promoter uses other figures to show that the state should get $18,000,000 from the soda alone. Yet over at Alkali lake there are thousands of tons of soda over 98 per cent pure that has only to be sacked and shipped. No one is offering $10 a ton for it. No one is offering $1. Under present conditions transportation charges eat up all the profit. It is safe to say that under present conditions if the salts were taken from the lakes, separated, and piled on the shores of the lakes there would be no profit in shipping any of the salts except the potash.

The promoter says, "A New York capitalist placed a minimum valuation of $75,000,000 net, and a maximum of $200,000,000 net. And yet the New York bidders offered the pitiful sum of $1,250,000 to $2,000,000." And the another paragraph he says, "Is it any wonder that the cupidity of the capitalistic class was excited and that the bidding was fierce?"

These two statements do not jibe very well. The bidding could not have been very fierce if they refused to go than $2,000,000 to get a $200,000,000 a potent reason for not bidding more than $2,000,000 to get a $2000,000,000 profit. The reason is not hard to find. In the first place the company working the lakes will have to get the salts to a market as cheaply as possible. That means that they must build their own railroad to the coast. They cannot afford to pay another railroad company a profit for this work. Second: The three salts are mixed and in solution. They have to be separated by a chemical process. That means another big expenditure for reduction works. Third: The fresh water flowing into the lakes will have to be diverted.

There is the reason why only $2,000,000 was offered. I will use some figures to compare with the promoter's. To market these salts the company will have to spend $50,000,000 for a railroad. The lease was to be for 30 years. That means a plant that will separate 1,000,000 tons a year. The plant, machinery, buildings, vats, office buildings, etc., will have cost $20,000,000. Then the fresh water running into the lakes will have to be turned aside. For four months a year this water can be used for irrigation and new land put under cultivation. But for the other eight months it will have to be stored. To build the storage reservoirs will cost $8,000,000. And with the $2,000,000 paid the state, calls for an investment of $80,000,000. Using the promoter's maximum profit of $200,000,000, that would be a profit of $5,000,000 a year on $80,000,000, or a little over 6 per cent.

I do not hold that these figures are exact. But the company working the lakes would be paying taxes on its railroad and reduction works. The taxable value of the land lying along the route of the railroad would be increased. The other $200,000,000, still using the promoter's figures, would be paid out in the state and much of it would go to permanent improvements. In diverting the waters of Ana and Chewaucan rivers thousands of acres of land would be cultivated from which the state is now receiving no revenue. Thousands of men would be employed at the lakes who would be paying taxes on their homes. A small city would grow up around the lakes that would add to the wealth of the state. In fact, the $2,000,000 would be only a small part of the total amount of money that would accrue to the state through the development of this property.

Looking at the matter from this point of view the action of the land board in refusing the $2,000,000 offer is hardly to be commended. The board could afford to allow the lakes to be worked without any payment if necessary. The state is losing money every year that the lakes are allowed to lie idle.

Let the capitalist make his profit. The state does not want it all. The capitalist certainly has to venture enough money in order to get a profit. Let the land board act on the matter. We certainly don't want it to go to the legislature and be lobbied over for four or five years. C. L. WITHERS.

An Inherent Alcoholic Thirst.

Buena Vista, Or., May 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—Victor Newman writing in The Journal of May 29 says that prohibition is a failure because saloons are not the creators but the satisfiers of a demand. His whole contention is based on the generally accepted idea that demand creates supply. This is most surely true in the case of most commodities, but is as surely not true in the case of the alcohol habit. It is surprising that Mr. Newman did not know that he was flying in the face of all scientific students of the psychology of habit by the contention that he makes in his article.

Anthropologists are pretty thoroughly agreed that there is no inherent alcohol desire. There is a stimulation impulse—a desire for relaxation, stimulation and recreation. But this is far different from an "alcohol or intoxication impulse." It is unquestioned that primitive man was for centuries without alcohol; how could there have been an inherent desire in humanity for that which was not discovered for centuries after this desire must have manifested itself had it been present?

It is further true that students of heredity are agreed that the alcohol appetite is not inherited. Few persons if any are born with a positive desire for intoxicants. This is true of all acquired characteristics. We used to think that people inherited tuberculosis; but not so. The most that can be said is that they inherit a weakness that lays them more liable to the disease—a predisposition toward it. It is so with the alcohol desire. It would be interesting to Mr. Newman and probably instructive also to read Jack London's "John Barleycorn," in which he describes the difficulty under which he acquired the appetite for booze. That is a rather fair description of the fact that people have no "natural" desire for alcoholic drinks. hTen were is the "demand" for alcohol that gives rise to the "supply."

Mr. Newman also infers that people drink booze because they have thirsty throats. Not at all! Our friend is certainly unsophisticated. People drink booze for the "kick" that there is in it. They know the liquor does not slake their thirst. Like the horse leach it ever cries, "more, more!" J. K. NEAL.

Thinks Argument Fallacious.

Reedville, Or., May 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—The responsibility of the social conditions, mentally, morally, spiritually and otherwise, are all on the shoulders of the mothers and wives of the country who by their teaching and preaching are expected to make winged angels of all the booze fighters in Christendom and keep the growing boy and girl constantly in an atmosphere of angelic beauty, where each individual life is expected to grow in grace, through all the tangled and strangling vines of temptation which curse this world, straight into the heavenly kingdom, according to Mrs. Duniway. We are expected to keep our hands off this home-destroying monster, so that mother's boys and girls may grow stronger in their temptation resisting powers, or words to that effect, by having this thing ever near them to beguile them from the righteous prattle. A cheaper argument in defense of liquor was never offered. Contagious disease is not necessary to strengthen the disease resisting power of the individual, nor is the saloon necessary to test the resisting power of character. To teach and to preach cleanliness in character and let a thing flourish in our midst that is not clean is like trying to raise good corn among cockle burs. I have yet to see the farmer who could clean his field of cockle burs having a neighbor who let them grow in his field, who cared not whether he raised a crop or not. Liquor always causes trouble; it creates nothing. All the wealth coming from the manufacture and sale of it goes into the hands of a few bloated millionaires who have more love for their dog than they have for the man who drinks at their booze joints.

O. E. FRANK.

As to Alcohol's Creator.

Salem, Or., May 29.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I was glad of your remarks in Wednesday's Journal as to the discussions of the liquor traffic. I do not care to enter into a war of words nor to indulge in personalities. Taking it for granted that your wishes will be respected in this matter, I will now endeavor to reply to some of Mrs. Duniway's remarks and first to the statement that God made alcohol, therefore it must be good. Of course there are many things made which we do not consider good under present conditions whatever they might once have been, but alcohol is not one of these things—God never made alcohol. It is not a natural product and cannot be found anywhere in nature. It is the invention of man. The International Encyclopedia says two distinct processes are involved in the manufacture of alcohol. I cannot go into particulars in the scope of this article, but as I spent some time investigating the subject I know whereof I speak.

The second point I wish to notice is that the demand creates the supply. This we deny, and insist that in this case the supply creates the demand. There is no natural demand in any healthy normal individual for alcohol, any more than there is in animals. It is an acquired habit and has been fostered by suggestion and association until many men and some women have become abnormally obsessed by the desire for alcohol, and as such are just as fit subjects for legislation as if they were opium or cocaine fiends.

For the benefit of Mrs. Duniway, who has mistaken our sex, I will say that I have been a woman suffragist almost as long as she has. I belong to an order that has advocated the ballot for women always, led by that noble patriot Frances E. Willard. I was an abolitionist, and remember that the same line of argument as to destruction of property rights was advanced in those days against the abolition of slaves.

MRS. M. A. COOPER.

Says Drinkers Will Get It.

Portland, May 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—I want to write a few words regarding liquor. I think when a man wants to get a drink he will get it, whether the town or state is dry or not. I have been in several towns in the east that are dry; for instance, in Champaign, Illinois. I have seen more drunks there than in any place where it is wet, in Greece, where we let the wine run into the streets. And still you don't see so many drunks as you do here, in fact, I am not much of a drinker myself, but still I want a glass of wine with my dinner. Should the drys win it is going to be a disaster for our beautiful city of Portland. GUST. E. KARAMBELAS.

Personal Liberty.

Portland, May 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—Three pleas are being offered for the continued life of the liquor trade—personal liberty, the eradication of the unfit, and hops, or dollars to be made in selling liquor. We are to understand, all the time, that prohibition does not, never has and never can prohibit, but for fear it might curtail the drinking of alcoholics, they tell us our liberty is in danger, our nation will be flooded with moral weaklings, and we are going to lose money by the change.

As to liberty, there is no such pitiable slave as the one, often unknown to himself, a slave to a poison habit, which by its very nature binds him closer every day. His wife has the liberty to free herself and children by divorce. One woman tried to do so a few days ago, and her husband, who had been "drinking heavily," shot her down, one more martyr to the great cause of personal liberty. This is the liberty that causes the majority of the police to be marshalled around the saloon sections of a town, in order to protect the drinkers from each other, and the innocent from the criminal violence that issues therefrom.

These liberty lovers fear tea and coffee may be prohibited. This is a long jump from alcohol, and we promise not to try to prohibit them until policemen have to be detailed to quell the disorder at an afternoon tea, or some of our drinking friends go on a coffee bust and shoot or stab somebody. CARRIE L. PRATT.

The Gray Wolves.

Portland, May 30.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I want to say a few words on a very able article that appeared on the editorial page of last Sunday's Journal under the very appropriate title, "The Gray Wolves." It was about that person who contributed to the delinquency of a 9 year old girl.

My husband was once a juror on a similar case, only the child was 13 years old, and it was the third trial, as the other juries had disagreed. He said they all knew the scoundrel was guilty, for he showed it in his looks and actions; besides there was the evidence. But the jury disagreed, and one said he would hang out forever before he would convict.

Now what is the trouble? It is man's sympathy for man. The next time such a case comes up, have a jury composed of women and watch the result. MRS. TAXPAYER.

No big sheep man has starved to death yet.

A FEW SMILES

A young woman collecting coins for a reform tenement exposition appeared one day with an eye bag bound over one eye. She explained to the tenant that she had conjunctivitis. That was worse than Greek to Mrs. Kimmelbaum, who insisted on asking what such a long word might mean. Nothing was said till the afflicted lassie had rebandaged, when the Polish matron wise in experience, remarked with a sigh:

"Sorry. But I did not know you was married."

A large woman with a large hat was sitting in the orchestra directly in front of a mild mannered gentleman who, for the greater part of one act, was unable to get a glimpse of the stage. At last, unable to endure his enforced blindness any longer, he bent forward and whispered:

"Excuse me, madam, but would you mind removing your hat?"

"Why should I remove my hat?" retorted the woman.

"Because," protested the man, "I can't see the stage, and I want to laugh with the rest of the audience."

"Well," replied the woman, turning away, "you watch my shoulders, and when I laugh you laugh."

Edward D. Fisher, deputy controller of New York city, smiled when the conversation turned to marksmanship. He said he was reminded of the great shot made by Brown. Smith and Jones were walking along the boulevard one afternoon when Brown was incidentally mentioned.

"Speaking of Brown," thoughtfully remarked Jones, "I understand he is something of a shot."

"He is a wonder," was the prompt rejoinder of Smith. "We were out in a field practising the other day when he hit the bull's-eye at the first shot."

"Fine for Brown!" commendingly returned Jones. "Tickled him almost to death, I suppose?"

"Don't you believe it!" answered Smith. "He had to pay for the bull."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Penrose still smiles.

Glorious days for good work.

Make Sunday really the best day.

Sun worship may not be the worst kind.

It is an easy time of year to fall in love.

Really, Mt. Hood doesn't care about poetry.

Roses, like girls, are sure to wither and die.

When a thing is young it often seems all right.

City people seldom lie awake to pray for rain.

Sweet and sad, sweet and glad, are the memories.

The poet is yet to be born who can describe Miss Summer.

Huerta is yet a great success; he keeps in the news.

Women "assistant pastors" are a rather new and doubtless to-be useful profession.

The best music never was, never can be written or otherwise humanly expressed.

Some things that nobody would call sweet may be very useful—a mule, for instance.

Would it be profane to remark that even the Lord can't keep Teddy quiet during the otherwise good old summer time?

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Contracts for cluster lights aggregating $3000 are soon to be awarded by the city council of Eugene.

A police matron for Pendleton is proposed by the ladies of the W. C. T. U., who have appointed a committee to confer with the city authorities regarding the matter.

"That idea presented in this paper last week of oiling all our streets," says the Heppner Gazette-Times, "is being indorsed by our citizens and the only thing left to do now is to oil and thus make Heppner a dustless town."

With its issue of May 28 the Seaside Signal entered its tenth year. It was founded in the spring of 1904 by R. M. Watson, who sold the plant and good will in the spring of 1911 to the present owners, Hurd & Scott.

Salem Statesman: It will not do to give up the good roads fight, and something definite ought by all means to be done or decided upon before the great crowds of new people visit us next year, on account of the 1915 fair at San Francisco.

An effort to open a public playground and park at Scappoose is starting finely. Mrs. E. M. Watts has leased to the W. C. T. U. some lots on which two tennis courts, croquet grounds and swings will be put up at once. All indications point to success, it is reported.

In an editorial on the results of Good Roads' day in Baker county the Baker Herald says: "Baker county is among the pioneer counties to take up the plan of having a movement exclusively of a county. From the start made today it has proved a success and it is hoped the work begun today will continue."

MORGAN ALSO RAN THE PERE MARQUETTE

From the Detroit News.

How the late John Pierpont Morgan ran the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, as revealed in the testimony of Charles F. Mellen before the interstate commerce commission during the past week, must have been peculiarly interesting to persons in Michigan who seek to be informed as to how Mr. Morgan ran the Pere Marquette road—and those persons are, in a manner of speaking, legion.

Morgan came into the Pere Marquette through the entering door afforded by the purchase by the Morgan company of control of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. He came in upon the heels of the Harding-Zimmerman administration, and by virtue of purchase of the Ohio line inherited the financial entanglements which those gentlemen had helped to create. He came in at the close of the first period of exploitation which terminated in the receivership of 1905, a stroke which fell soon after the Morgan house took control of the Pere Marquette properties. The bonded obligations of the road at that date had been a little more than doubled. During the Prince-Erb and Harding-Zimmerman periods of manipulation and during the first few months of the Morgan control the exact increase of debt was from $25,700,000, the bonded debt at the time of the consolidation of the component lines, to $54,708,000, of which nearly $5,000,000 was in equipment notes, an item which sufficiently indicates the financial health of the system.

The Morgan doctor called into the case was George W. Perkins. He engineered the reorganization which followed, the reorganization being accomplished by a stiff assessment levied on preferred stockholders. The Morgan specialist saw to it that none of the bleeding was performed upon the distinguished patient who, on the face of affairs, would seem to have been the logical subject for the operation, namely, Mr. Morgan, chief owner of the road. There was a general impression spread abroad among the patients, however, that Morgan would "stand back" of the reorganization. He did "stand back"—so far back that no distressed party in interest ever was able to reach him with a tap auger; and his heirs and assignees to this date "stand back" at the same invincible distance.

On the eve of the Morgan assumption of Pere Marquette opportunities and liabilities occurred the purchase of the Lake Erie & Detroit River road, the Canadian property of the system. This may not have been a purchase of Morgan inception, considering the date, but irrespective of what the availibility of the property to the existing Pere Marquette system may have appeared to the purchasing powers, the purchase of it by a road so deep in the hole that it was already yelling for help as from the bottom of a pit, certainly bears a facial resemblance to some Morgan deals in behalf of the New Haven. The appetite of the P. M. for viands in excess of its ability to pay for plain board was one that probably did not strike the great financier newly come to the repast as singular or alarming. His New Haven operations make the supposition unlikely.

The Morgan activity on the Pere Marquette has been from that day to this the masterly policy of "standing back." The Morgans, meaning the great financier who has since passed from the scene and the men associated with him, still "standing back," have stood back and watched the road banquet itself by eating into its own vitals, until today it totters toward a seeming inevitable dissolution. It is generally taken for granted that denial by the federal court of the eastern Michigan district of the receivers' plea for privilege to pile $12,000,000 on the debt which under the Morgan control has mounted to over $100,000,000 will mean foreclosure by the underlying bondholders and the breaking up of the system into something like its components.

Morgan also ran the Pere Marquette. He ran it by "standing back" of the reorganization, not in the sense that the stockholders who financed the reorganization expected he would, but by allowing it to whirl along its descending course and accummulate something like $40,000,000 more of debts, while its physical properties deteriorated and bondholders got nothing and stockholders not even the conceded right to expect anything.

What the Michigan public, which ought to have been getting service, has been getting, it is not necessary to recapitulate. Where they have got it is in the neck. Where the house of Morgan might get it if the interstate commerce commission were to come out here and pry up the lid as it did in the New Haven deals is a far more interesting thing to talk about. There are some indications that it may shortly become a subject for conversation.

THRIFT AND A FANATIC'S PROMISE

By John M. Oskison.

I've been reading an extraordinary novel by Joseph Conrad. It is called "Chance." In it is drawn with wonderful effectiveness the picture of one De Barrall, a man who in England was supposed to have ridden the wave of agitation for thrift to a most spectacular height and then to have collapsed picturesquely.

De Barrall found himself living in a time when everybody was talking thrift. He left his job in a bank and, as Conrad goes on:

"One remembers his first modest advertisements headed with the magic word Thrift, Thrift, Thrift, thrice repeated, promising 10 per cent on all deposits and giving the address of the Thrift and Independence Aid association in Vauxhall bridge road. Apparently nothing more was necessary. He didn't even explain what he meant to do with the money he asked the public to pour into his lap.

"Of course, he meant to lend it out at high rates of interest. He did so—but he did it without system, plan, foresight or judgment. And as he frittered away the sums that flowed in he advertised for more, and got it. During a period of general business prosperity he set up the Orb bank and the Spectre trust, simply, it seems, for advertising purposes. They were mere names."

So De Barral blew up; those who believed that he could keep their money safe and pay them 10 per cent lost everything. It was inevitable.

We who are writing about thrift in this country are apt to create a situation somewhat similar. We are hoping to rouse a wide felt enthusiasm for thrift and saving. And, of course, the thrifty person will try to get as much return on his savings as he can.

But when any American De Barral comes along with his invitation to the thrifty to pile money into his lap I don't think he will be able to use the lure of 10 per cent. We don't intend to allow it. More is known about the earning power of money safely invested than was known in the England of De Barral's day; also, our laws are pretty apt to be effective in stopping such optimists.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"Two days after we had crossed the Rio Grande," said Alonzo Perkins, a veteran of the war waged with Mexico nearly 70 years ago, "we started on our long march for the interior of Mexico. A day or so after starting we experienced a norther. The thermometer dropped to about 50 that night. It had been 90 during the afternoon. Heavy thunder and vivid lightning were followed by a deluge of rain, driven by a 50-mile wind. Every tent went down and soon we and all our bedding were soaking wet.

"The next morning it was impossible to start campfires, so we rolled up our wet blankets, ate hardtack for breakfast and started forward. In a few hours the norther had blown itself out. We halted, spread our blankets and tents to dry and cooked some bacon and coffee. We arrived without special incident at the town of Monclava, where we lay waiting for the second division of the army to join us. While there word came to General Wool that Colonel Alexander Doniphan and his missionaries had marched on from Mexico, defeated the Mexicans and captured Chihuahua. As that was our objective point, we lay at Monclava to await orders from General Zachary Taylor at Monterey.

"While waiting there, we ran short of provisions. High water prevented the wagon trains from reaching us. All the cattle in the country had been driven out by the Mexicans. Soon we had eaten all our beans, bacon, hardtack, sugar and coffee. The quartermaster secured corn in the ear and issued our rations by dumping out a few bushels of corn each morning in front of the cook tent. Each company had a large handmill for grinding coffee. We fastened this mill to the hind wheel of a wagon and took turns grinding the corn. We had no salt nor bacon grease to use in our corn bread, so for three weeks we subsisted on unleavened corn bread. It was filling but it became pretty tiresome.

"At last we received orders from General Taylor to march to Saltillo, 180 miles distant. Companies A and I of the First Illinois regiment were ordered to garrison Monclava. I was a member of Company I, under Captain B. M. Prentice. We moved into the old barracks erected by the Spanish government before Mexico had seceded. I was taken with fever and for a month I was not expected to live, but I was young and tough, so I pulled through.

"Shortly after New Year's day in 1847 orders came for us to join General Wool at Saltillo. I was still weak, but Dr. Wilkinson, the surgeon, allowed me to ride on his horse and so I went along. Just after we had started Captain Prentice, who was afool, sprained his ankle, so I let him use my horse and I rode in an army wagon. The road was so rough that I felt I would be shaken to pieces. I slipped out of the wagon over the tailgate and tried to march. I was soon among the tailenders. When night overtook us, I and another straggler were far in the rear and I was too weak to go on. He shared his blanket with me and we camped in the grass by the roadside. I dropped in with different companions en route to Monterey who shared their meals with me. I arrived at Saltillo and to my surprise our two companies were not there. I had outraveled them.

"They came in at nightfall and tired as we were we marched on six miles to the camp of General Wool, where for the first time in several months we were issued regular rations. When you have been without bean soup, bacon, hardtack and coffee for a while you realize how good they taste.

"The next day our two companies were issued full rations and we marched out to an advanced post in the pass of Buena Vista.

"General Winfield Scott was to conduct an expedition agains Vera Cruz, so it was decided to withdraw a large part of General Taylor's troops to help in the taking of that city. The dispatch to Taylor telling him to send General Worth and 4700 of his veteran troops to assist General Scott was intercepted by Santa Anna, who at once planned to attack Taylor in his greatly weakened condition. With about 1000 regulars and 4000 volunteers Taylor fell back to a narrow defile, or pass, called Angostura, just in front of the hacienda of Buena Vista. The place is known in history as Buena Vista pass, on account of the battle we fought there, being named so from the hacienda of Buena Vista.

"Buena Vista is a rocky and rugged valley about three miles wide. On each side abrupt walls rise from 1000 to 1200 feet. It is cut up with ravines and bluffs. The center is a plateau whose edges are cut by deep ravines.

"Shortly after we had taken our position a force of 50 mounted riflemen under Major Borland, and about 30 under Captain Cassius M. Clay passed us and went forward on a scouting expedition. Cassius M. Clay was from Kentucky. While at college at Yale he became an abolitionist. The year before the Mexican war, in 1845, he started an anti-slavery paper called The True American, at Lexington, Ky. He was mobbed, but he fortified his office and stayed with his principles. He enlisted in the Mexican war, as he said that when your country is at war you are either for your country or against it, and he was with his country, not with its enemies.

"A week or ten days later a man was challenged by one of our sentinels. I was acting sergeant. The sergeant of the guard was called for, so I responded. The minute I saw the prisoner I recognized him as Captain Dan D. Henri of the Texas Rangers. He had gone with Major Borland to act as interpreter. He said they were surrounded at night at a hacienda near Salada by General Minon's cavalry and taken prisoners. One of the Mexican officers recognized Captain Henri as a captain of the Texas Rangers. Captain Henri, it was decided, should be shot. All of the troopers' horses were taken except Major Borland's and Captain Clay's. The Mexicans started with their prisoners for Mexico City.

"On the second morning Major Borland spurred his thoroughbred Kentucky mare until she reared and plunged. He asked the Mexican officer if he could have one of his men ride her until she became less restive. The Mexican officer consented. Major Borland called on Captain Henri to tone her down for him. Henri rode up and down and suddenly putting spurs to her he charged over the rear guard and was away. They fired at him and rode after him, but he got away. He rode at full speed until the mare sank to her knees and rolled over dead. He traveled on foot at night until he reached our command with the word that Santa Anna was preparing to give us battle."

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.