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.

No books that do not improve by repeated readings deserve to be read at all.—Thomas Carlyle.

THEIR GAME

AN ATTEMPT is on to kill off progressiveism among the masses of the people in Oregon.

It appears in the onslaught which standpat leaders are making on the Wilson administration.

That administration has given the country an income tax which is a tax on the rich instead of the poor.

It has given the Pacific Coast an Alaska railroad act to break the strangle-hold of the Guggenheims on Alaska.

It has passed a currency bill which takes control of credit and banking away from Wall Street and gives it to the people.

It has passed a tariff bill which lessens the tax on the shelter, food and clothing of the people, a tariff which the Taft platform pledged in 1908 and which Mr. Taft promised on the stump in the campaign of that year.

It has pending in Congress a bill to create a trade commission to defend the people against the tyranny of the trusts, a bill for government supervision of the issue of securities for preventing stock watering, and a bill to send to the penitentiary trust magnates who violate the law.

This is legislation that the people have demanded for years.

It is legislation that Republican masses and Democratic masses have sought for years.

It is legislation that has been promised to them for years.

It is legislation that the standpatters have resisted for years.

And now that a president and congress have appeared and are giving the people what they have fought for, struggled for and voted for, standpat leaders are howling calamity and assailing President Wilson.

Their game is perfectly apparent. They are out to kill progressive legislation. They are striving to turn back the tide of progressivism.

They clothe themselves in the garb of progressivism and talk the language of progressivism, but they are resisting everything that is legislatively progressive.

Though robed in the livery of progress and displaying badges of progress, they are fighting the best and most progressive legislation the country has been given in a generation.

THE WINTER UNEMPLOYED

IN THE effort to minimize the severity of the unemployed problem everywhere presented each recurring winter season, a field is found for practical service to mankind.

By constructive endeavor, there could be a heavy minimization of the ordeal that annually comes to a large army of men. Because there has been no effort at solution, the problem has grown larger and larger each winter.

In two weeks, there is to arrive in Portland, an economist who, with a local committee, is to make a survey of the Oregon situation. He is one of a large number of men who will cooperate with local committees in all the great cities of the country, in an effort to gather facts and present remedies. Father O'Hara of the Oregon Industrial Welfare Commission is now assembling a local committee which will devote time and endeavor to the subject.

It is demoralizing to a community to have throughout each returning winter season an incongruous mass of idle people, who, in many instances through no fault of their own, are forced to accept charity at the hands of the more fortunate. No community is well situated in which many persons are without means of support and compelled to turn to alms for survival.

That community is most civilized and most successful, in which all its social atoms have an independent and self-reliant living. The rich in such a community are securer in the enjoyment of their possessions than in communities where the pangs of poverty and the menace of starvation create unrest, dissatisfaction and community demoralization.

In Oregon, there are both public and private activities that could be so conducted as to be operative to an increased extent in the winter season instead of resorting to the total shutdown that is now largely the rule. In such a climate, it is not essential for everything to be done in June and nothing to be done in January.

It is a wise policy to so program the work that there can be a better balance between the seasons, so as to lessen the number of unfortunates in the ragged regiments of the winter unemployed. To meet and solve the problem is one of the highest duties of every community, and to help forward such a movement is the duty of every citizen, whether a baron of industry or captain of a delivery wagon.

IN THEIR ABUNDANCE

THE price of wool continues to climb. Sales at Shaniko Thursday totaled 1,032,296 pounds and prices ranged from 16¼ to 20⅛ cents.

Among the sales were Thomas Brogan, over 50,000 pounds at 19⅛ cents; L. L. Jones, 44,000 at 18¾; E. McLennan, 77,000 at 18¾; Hilton and Burgess, 68,000 at 18; M. J. Finlayson, 45,000 at 17; J. E. Hinton, 40,000 at 19¾; F. C. Brock, 17,000 at 16¼; J. W. Fisher, 40,000 at 20⅛, and many others in which the lowest price was 16¼ cents and the highest 20⅛ cents.

The advance in prices over last year is illustrated by the following news dispatch printed in The Journal in June, 1913:

Heppner, June 3.—At the wool sales here today, about 280,000 pounds had been sold up to noon, bringing from 12¼ to 14⅝ cents. Only a few of the choicest clips brought better than 13½. There will be offered this afternoon about 300,000 pounds. Growers are very much dissatisfied with the bids, but see nothing in the near future that warrants holding for better prices.

Between the top price in the Heppner sale of a year ago and the Shaniko sale last Thursday, there was a difference of 5½ cents. At the Condon sales last year, there was a similar difference in price. The following news dispatch from The Journal of June 20, 1913, tells of wool sales that day:

Condon, June 20.—At the wool sales here yesterday, the prices ranged from 10½ to 14⅞ cents, although one choice lot was sold for 16 cents. Practically 700,000 pounds were sold.

The difference between the lowest price last year and the lowest price at Thursday's Shaniko sale was 5¾ cents, and the difference between the average high price last year and the highest price at Shaniko was 5¼ cents. There was a sale at Shaniko, June 24, 1913, at which the prices ranged from 11¾ to 14¾ cents. At Heppner, June 25 last year, there was a sale of nineteen lots of wool at prices ranging from 9½ to 14⅛ cents. The same day, in 1913, in a sale at Madras, the highest price for coarse wool was 16 cents and the highest for other grades 14⅝ cents. The lowest lot was 12¾ cents.

With a margin of 5 and even 5¾ cents a pound over last year's prices, there should be great prosperity for the wool growers of Eastern Oregon. Their abundance should give them a delightful contentment.

ALMS AND SERVICE

NO LESS than $12,000,000 has been dispensed in charity by the American Red Cross in the last nine years.

In the period, beginning in 1905, when the Red Cross was re-incorporated, there have been more than 75 disasters caused by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, fires, floods, famine, mine explosions and wars in this and other countries.

Not included in the $12,000,000, is the sum of $1,800,000 raised by the sale of Red Cross Stamps, and used exclusively in the war against the White Plague in this country. The Red Cross continually fights tuberculosis, maintains a system of free nurses for the poor, looks after the safety of miners, and has a volunteer life-saving force.

It can be truthfully said that the American Red Cross is one of the greatest, if not the greatest single institution for human welfare in the world. Contemplation of its work and comprehension of its purpose, awaken a boundless admiration for the humanism that is the inspiration of this almost matchless organization.

INTENSIVE SLEEPING

ACCORDING to Frederick Peterson in the June Atlantic, there seems to be such a thing as intensive sleeping just as we have intensive gardening and farming. By sleeping intensively for two or three hours, says he, we might secure as much actual rest as we now obtain by dissipating it over seven or eight hours.

Edison, it is reported, only sleeps four or five hours. He would probably be classed as an intensive sleeper. Napoleon was an intensive sleeper but he paid for it in the end when his power of resistance became so reduced that he went to sleep during battle.

A man can live seven days without food or water, but few men can live seven days without sleep. Dumas makes his D'Artagnan say "He who sleeps, dines."

Of course a young man can go without sleep for a whole night occasionally and go on with his work. He can do this because he has inherited a certain stock of vitality which he can squander just as he squanders the money left him by his parents.

Many a fashionable father and mother look with envy upon the healthy child of another and wonder that their own child is so different.

The reason may be that the healthy child was not cheated of his vitality by his parents who lost no sleep by keeping late hours.

The man who does not get enough sleep will make a failure of his life, or at least greatly diminish his chances of success.

A GREAT PUBLIC WRONG

OREGON has paid a heavy price for the skulduggery of legislatures.

This is emphasized by the filing of the Tideland amendment and an accompanying initiative bill with the secretary of state Wednesday. The two measures are an effort to save a remnant of the tidelands and submerged lands in navigable rivers to the people of Oregon for public uses.

All such lands are inalienable to the people in California. No legislature can legislate them away. No California court can deprive the people of them. No corporations can gather them into private monopoly and use them to cinch the public.

But, along with swamp lands and other public domain, such lands are precariously near private monopolization in Oregon. By thimblerigging in the legislature, a large part of them are now beyond reach of Oregon people and forever lodged in private ownership. A sample clause in the legislative act of 1874 shows how it was done. Here is the clause:

That the Willamette river shall not be deemed a river in which the tide ebbs and flows within the meaning of this act of which this act is amendatory, and the title of this state to any tide or overflowed land upon the said Willamette river is hereby granted and confirmed to the owners of the adjacent lands; or when any such tide or overflowed lands shall have been sold, then, in that case, to the purchaser or purchasers of such tide or overflowed lands from such owner of such adjacent lands, or some previous owner thereof, as the case may be.

The wording of the act is proof of its sinister purpose. Its devious and sinuous phrasing shows that it was a job. It was retroactive and evidently passed to legalize transactions that had already taken place, transactions in which "some previous owners' as the case may be" had bought submerged or tidelands to which the seller held no legal title.

The language is a plain disclosure of intent by its framers to transfer the state title to a purchaser who had bought the land of a seller who held no title and in a transaction that was not straight.

It is on this flimsy and crooked legislation that it is planned to rob the state of the remaining remnant of tide and overflowed lands.

It is to save this remnant to the people for public uses that the Tideland amendment and its accompanying initiative bill have been proposed. It is an effort to right a great public wrong.

FOR THEM TO SAY

IT IS now squarely up to the people of Hood River county to decide whether they shall construct their unit in the Columbia River Highway or allow their beautiful valley to remain a "terra incognita."

With an expenditure of $75,000 it is estimated that a highway can be built from the Multnomah county line to the Wasco county boundary and the Hood River county court is considering the submission of a bond issue in that amount to the voters of the county.

Should it be decided not to contribute to the highway there are two alternative routes. One of these is to carry vehicles on barges from Shell mountain to Mosier. This will give a good road from Portland to The Dalles. The other is to establish a ferry service between Cascade Locks and Stevenson and Between Biggs and Maryhill.

Skamania and Klickitat counties on the Washington shore are very appreciative of the importance of the highway and are solicitous to have it routed that way. The Washington state highway commission has made an appropriation of $60,000 to improve the road from Stevenson to Lyle and the Klickitat county court has made an appropriation of several thousand dollars for betterment between Goldendale and Maryhill.

At Biggs, connection will be made with the Central Oregon highway that leads to California and the road that leads to Pendleton, Walla Walla and Spokane. At Maryhill connection will be made with the road that leads through Klickitat and Yakima valleys into the Okanogan and British Columbia. These roads can be traveled the year around and of the entire system the Columbia River Highway is the key.

In the scenery of the Columbia river Oregon has one of its greatest assets, which will be capitalized, when the highway is opened to travel.

Furthermore the highway will supplement the open river, carrying products between the river and the interior country.

It is for Hood River county to say whether she shall share in this great improvement or not.

Norman Angell, the author of "The Great Illusion," in a recent address at St. Louis said that it might be a good thing for Mexico, if the United States should intervene but it would certainly be a bad thing for the United States. It required ten years fighting for 400,000 British soldiers to subdue 100,000 poverty stricken Boers at a cost of $1,250,000,00. These same figures would apply if the United States ever attempted to subjugate the Mexicans.

The prize of $10,000 for the best American play, offered March 21, 1913, by Winthrop Ames, a Boston theatrical man, has been won by Miss Alice Brown of Boston, who defeated 1646 competitors. The usual is reversed in the fact that though writing against many of the best known American playwrights, the winner was practically unknown in dramatic writing, her efforts having been devoted chiefly to short stories and similar literary work. The prize play is entitled "Children of Earth," and will be produced early next season.

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.

Mr. Chafin's Prophecy.

Portland, June 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—When Mr. Chafin, one of the national Prohibition leaders, spoke in Portland he indulged in the usual prophecy as to what prohibition was going to do this fall. Among other things he said California would vote dry by 100,000 majority. Just how absurd this statement was will be understood when the fact is taken into consideration that since the adoption of the local option law in California in July, 1911, practically all of those units in California that could be depended on to vote dry have held elections, and with the total vote considered the liberals are over 110,000 votes ahead of the Prohibitionists. No contests have been held in Sacramento, Alameda and San Diego, large cities that are overwhelmingly liberal. Since Mr. Chafin's appearance here several of the smaller cities in California have changed from prohibition to license, and Eureka, for instance, that only carried for license two years ago by less than 300, the other day defeated prohibition by 1142 majority in a total of 4596 votes. California is awake to the great injury prohibition would inflict on the hop and grape industries, hence Eureka is a good sample of the change in sentiment.

Oregon has just as great material reason for defeating prohibition as has California. The moral reasons are, of course, the same. No law can be classed as a moral uplift law that has been proved a dismal failure as often as statewide prohibition, enacted in 24 states and only nine now under its ban.

Mr. Chafin also declared Oregon dry, but that's nothing; the dry ladies of Eugene sang "Oregon Dry in 1910" to ex-Mayor Rose of Milwaukee while he partook of a lunch after his lecture in that town, and they were just as good prophets as Chafin.

G. A. MORRIS.

Will An Ax Chop?

Portland, June 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—I make the emphatic assertion that prohibition does not prohibit. In the very nature of things it can't prohibit. Its advocates do not expect it to prohibit. Why should they? Why expect any prohibitory law to prohibit? So I array myself on the side of those who say, "Prohibition does not prohibit." Still I am going to vote for prohibition this fall.

I am quite consistent. Did you ever see an ax that would chop, or a scythe that would mow, or a gun that would shoot? I never did.

It is the man behind prohibition that makes it prohibit. I am going to work for prohibition in order to get an effective tool to work with—an ax and a mattock, if you please, with which to chop down and grub up the legalized liquor traffic tree.

Step on a street car here with a lighted cigar in your mouth and see if the prohibition ax will not chop the thing off right under your nose. Why? Because there is a man behind it—the Portland Railway, Light & Power company—to enforce the city ordinance. Our railroad companies have made a law prohibiting the use of intoxicants by their employes. They put the tool into the hands of a man and made it work. There is a law in Oregon prohibiting railroads from carrying drunken passengers. In my much traveling several times have I seen drunken men prevented from boarding trains. A man behind the law, you see.

I want the law for a tool. Then, to put the tool to working, I am going to vote only for men who are willing and able to effectively work the tool. Kansas had a tool for years that could have been used to demolish the saloons of Kansas City. But not until Charles W. Trickett, state attorney, picked it up did it do effective work there. He made prohibition prohibit in Kansas City, Kan. Bring the proper tool and the proper man together, and prohibition will prohibit. E. S. MUCKLEY.

Remarks on Wets and Drys.

Madras, Or., June 1.—To the Editor of The Journal — Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hara says the drys try to make it a moral question, and the wets talk about personal liberty, and adds that drunkenness is not a moral question, nor a question of personal liberty and that no one has a right to do anything that will injure anyone else, for an injury to one is an injury to all. If I understand the issue, it is state wide prohibition, irrespective of the injury it might bring. The prohibitionists don't deny that prohibition will injure a great many people, but argue that under prohibition there will be less drunkenness. Remember, one of them has just said that no one has a right to do anything that will injure another; is not that carrying water on both shoulders? The drys quote all the scripture they can find to favor their argument, but never mention any scripture which would disprove their contention. The wets quote all the scripture favoring their side of the argument, as well as the views of great historians. While the issue is prohibition, the cause leading up to it is licensed saloons—places where men can go and drink themselves drunk. I don't blame the prohibitionists for wanting to put the saloons out of commission. I do not approve of the saloon; and I do not think there would ever have been any, except for economic reasons. Neither do I believe any class of people under the constitution has the right to say what other people shall drink. Notwithstanding the fact that the people have clamored for reform of the traffic in whiskey, the general run of the saloons have not undertaken to bring about better conditions, though there are always some saloons properly conducted.

G. L. PAXTON.

Criticises Public Financing.

Portland, June 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—There are city and county expenses that are opening the eyes of taxpayers. At the reckless rate at which money is being spent, it won't be long that we can be called a city of homes, for the people can't afford to keep up the heavy taxes, with all of their street assessments. Before the election last year, we were told that the commission form of government would be a much more economical way of running our city, and of course we knew we were to pay the mayor and commissioners large salaries, but we supposed they would manage in so economical a way that the city would gain by it, as other cities had. With nine automobiles bought in the past six months, and $171,000 invested in autos and motorcycles, and more demanded, with several private ones being kept and used by the officers at the city's expense, I wonder how the city fathers ever did manage before autos were invented.

I also notice when the county clerk had to go around to instruct some of the election board, instead of using a municipal car, $9 was paid for auto hire.

Now, in regard to raising the salaries on account of efficiency, or any other reason, are they not fortunate to get the salaries they are already getting, which are the best some of them ever had? If they are dissatisfied let them resign.

If Mr. Lightner or someone else will watch the county's bill, they will find other unjust ones besides Superintendent of Bridges Murnane's paying $32 for laying 30 planks on a bridge.

MRS. TAXPAYER.

The Creator of Alcohol.

Reedville, Or., June 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—To give God the "credit" for making alcohol is all wrong. He is responsible for the material alcohol is made of, but he never created the pure stuff itself. Man alone is responsible for alcohol. It may be true, in this day, that the supply of liquor is regulated by the demand, but Mrs. Duniway cannot deny that the people were educated into the use of the intoxicant. Now that the habit of strong drink has been formed, the demand natufally must increase. It will also be noticed that saloon men in a good many cases get themselves into trouble trying to educate minors into the use of liquor. Our papers tell almost every day of their persistent attempt to teach boys the booze habit.

China once sought to bar opium, and only after it was forced to yield at the point of British bayonets did it let down the bars. Yes, Great Britain, the greatest Christian nation on earth, has been for years trying to educate 400,000,000 Chinese in the use of opium! Where is the Mrs. Duniway who will dare to say it was the demand that created the supply?

So we find it with the liquor traffic. So it is with tobacco and with the cigarette. There never was created in a human being a desire for any habit-forming drug.

To say that liquor and alcohol cannot be prohibited by votes is to say the people do not rule.

O. E. FRANK.

"Molding" for Dr. Smith.

Portland, June 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have heard much praise for the fairness of The Journal, for the clean, fair, editorials before the primaries, but as a "molder of public opinion" the Oregonian is doing some splendid work for Dr. C. J. Smith. I have received letters from all over the state, sent me in care of The Journal, from strangers to me, which bear me out in this statement.

One from Medford says: "My wife and I read the Oregonian, have for 20 years, and that paper writing so much more about Dr. Smith than any other candidate, we investigated him before we registered, and his record caused us to register Democrats."

One from The Dalles has this: "It was said when McKinley was assassinated that the assassin's weak brain was fired to the act by a cartoon in a daily paper. The cartoons that appear in the Oregonian from time to time, both of our president and Dr. Smith, might well serve such a purpose."

Another from Corvallis says: "Have been a Republican 20 years. Am voting for Dr. Smith. Must be a big man, for he has 'The Oregonian' on the rampage."

From Ontario: "The Oregonian has been so unjust to us (a Republican), not helping our candidate at all, but working over time to advertise Dr. Smith."

"Let the good work go on." Mr. Dooley says. "We are never 'hard' on the man we don't 'envy.'"

Dr. C. J. Smith has a record to make men "invious."

Let the great molder of public opinion "mold" right along."

CENIE JUNE NISSON,
President Women's Smith-for-Governor Club.

Protests Prohibition.

Portland, June 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—Are the Prohibitionists trying to stop evil by legislation? If they are, they are trying to do more than the Almighty can do unless they destroy the whole nation. It is absolutely absurd for a civilized nation like ours to attempt such radical things. If the prohibition agitators and orators would go out among fathers and mothers and tell them how to teach their children good morals, dignity, will power and self respect, it would no more good than Governor West's entire militia.

These few lines are not from a breweryman, a saloon keeper, a drunkard or a prohibition orator, but from a conservative man who lives his own life and attends strictly to his own affairs.

J. G. GUSTAFE.

Kansas Automobiles.

Portland, June 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—A. S. Ruth quotes figures to show that Kansas does not lead in the number of automobiles. Now, I ask, what difference does it make which state owns the most automobiles? Owning an auto does not always indicate prosperity. How many farms are mortgaged that the owner may buy an auto? The point is, Does prohibition make for prosperity of the people? During the recent terrible drouth in Kansas, the governor declared that with $200,000,000 on deposit, the state was well able to weather a storm worse than that. Kansas' boast is an average physical and mental ability not equaled by any other state.

LILLIAN M. OSTER.

The Question of Anthems.

Portland, June 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—In Tuesday's Journal D. M. O'Sullivan comes out as wishing to discard our national patriotic song, "America." He refers to "millions who rightly believe," etc. Now it is not a matter of belief or opinion at all, but of fact. First, neither piece of music can be correctly called an anthem; next, neither piece of music is of American composition. But I think he will concede that the words of both are American. The tune "America" is called "God Save the King" in England, and goes by another name in Germany, where it was composed, if I am rightly informed, while the music of "The Star Spangled Banner" is a British composition, or I am misinformed.

WILLIAM H. WOODRUFF.

A FEW SMILES

Salesman—Here's an alarm clock that's guaranteed positively to make a fellow jump out of bed.

Mr. Tardee—That's what they all say—but let's hear it ring.

Salesman — It doesn't ring — it honks.—Puck.

"My husband is just getting over a spell of sickness and I want to buy him a shirt," said Mrs. Binks.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk. "Would you want something in a stiff bosom?"

"No, sir," said Mrs. Binks. "The doctor says he must avoid anything with starch in it."

"I wish," sighed James, plaintively, "that I was Billy Jones."

"Why, James!" cried his surprised mother. "Why should you wish that? Billy doesn't have such a good time as you do. He doesn't have a nice home, or good clothes, nor any pocket money, nor such good things to eat, and he's not nearly so strong and well as you are. His father never gives him presents, nor takes him on nice holiday journeys, and——"

"I know all that, mamma," persisted James, "but——"

"And think what nice books you have, and what a nice room to sleep in. And you never have to go out into the cold and wet to carry papers, and——"

"I know," grumbled James, annoyed by his mother's lack of understanding, "but Billy can wiggle his ears."

"Then you didn't ask her for her hand?"

"No; when I went to interview her father he was busy with the furnace. He said to come down, and after watching his struggles for half an hour I didn't want to get married."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

If any of wisdom, profit by that of others.

Only tongue-tied women suffer from brain fag.

Painful duties are best performed by an understudy.

Swallowing his pride never yet satisfied a man's hunger.

If you would discourage trusts, neither borrow nor lend.

But few men can tell what a woman means by what she says.

Lots of fool men exchange single bliss for matrimonial blisters.

Many a benedict is an exbachelor who was overtaken by a widow.

The gangway seems to be in the path that leads to political glory.

Figures may not lie, but statisticians frequently get their dates mixed.

A woman in love is more or less foolish—but a man in love is always more.

It makes a woman heartsick every time she has to cut a piece of valuable old lace.

If it is true the good die young, will the oldest inhabitant please offer an explanation?

The average man might just as well fall in love, for he has to make some kind of a fool of himself.

We are admonished to look not upon the wine when it is red—yet one little cider apple did the world more harm than all the wine ever produced.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Eugene is in the midst of a sidewalk crusade, with 100 property owners hired to build new walks or repair old ones.

Medford Mail-Tribune: Three beggars, all with their legs off, came to town Monday night, begged for alms and were ordered on their way by the police.

Gardiner Courier: A young seal was caught at the landing near the mill company's wharf one day this week. It appeared to be very gentle and the boys are making a great pet of it.

The Willamette Institute of Scientific Research, an organization for scientific study, at Willamette university, is planning a large scientific display for the state fair next fall.

W. Abdill has been chosen by the Yamhill county court to be the ferryman at Dayton. There will be maintained a 24 hour ferry service at a place up stream about 200 feet from the site of the bridge that tumbled into the river recently.

Bend Bulletin: Mrs. Hannah Neifert of Bloomfield, Neb., accomplished an unusual feat on Tuesday when she climbed to the top of Lava butte. The butte has been climbed many times but perhaps never before by anyone of Mrs. Neifert's years. She is 80 years old.

Something extraordinary in the way of congregational singing is to be undertaken at the Unitarian church in Hood River. The congregation will be divided, so far as can conveniently be done, so as to separate the different voices, as in a chorus. The singing will be conducted under the direction of O. T. Wedemeyer.

THE MINERS' WAR IN COLORADO

From Collier's Weekly.

In some respects our civil war in Colorado is of more national consequence than events reported from Tampico or Chihuahua. More lives were lost at the battle of Ludlow than in the American occupation of Vera Cruz. Collier's views have been misinterpreted by the more extremely partisan part of the capitalistic press in Colorado, but probably most of our readers share Collier's conviction that wrongs have been committed on both sides. It is significant that when, shortly before the outbreak of the present strike, representatives of the labor unions tried to secure a conference with the representatives of the "Big Three," the request was refused on the ground that the labor leaders were not citizens of Colorado. To quote State Senator Helen Ring Robinson:

"Perhaps all the wasted millions and the wasted lives of the past red weeks might have been saved if at that juncture the people of Colorado had realized that it was the time and place to . . . burst into universal, echoing pearls of mocking laughter at the idea of absentee mine owners refusing to treat with absentee labor leaders because of their absenteeism."

That is by no means all. The state has made itself a party in a dispute where it should have been a mediator standing for legality, plus human justice. The state militia has not only served the mine owners instead of serving the state—in many instances mine guards, still on their companies' payroll to the tune of $3.50 or more a day, were enlisted as militiamen and wore the state's uniform and drew the state's dollar a day while continuing to take orders from the operators. These facts are reported by Senator Robinson in the "Independent" and also by Mr. McFarlane in this week's Collier's. "Some of these men," writes Mr. McFarlane, "never reported to their officers for drill and were never disciplined." So-called business interests have undertaken to suppress the truth about Colorado and bitterly opposed Governor Ammons' appeal to President Wilson for federal troops. Before the situation demanded federal action, before the present strike was declared even, the miners had a grievance in the non-enforcement of labor laws on the statute book. A specific instance is that of weight checking.

Whatever one's feelings may be about the inherent merits of trade unionism and the "open shop," the fair minded reader is impressed, in reading Mr. McFarlane's article, by certain questions plainly and dispassionately put:

"Is it to be wondered at if the working miners of Colorado lost some of their respect for law? Would it be strange if this record with regard to the laws which have not been enforced—the control of elections, legislatures, courts and juries—kindled rebellion in the hearts of working miners against the very government itself? Perhaps this, too, will explain why the coal miners of Colorado have grown so stubborn in their devotion to the union idea. The conviction has been hammered into them . . . that they are helpless as individuals . . . The state having utterly failed to protect them, their forlorn hope now is that the union may."

WHEN "HAVE NOTS" BEGIN TO SAVE

By John M. Oskison.

These are strange times to the old fashioned observer of the financial health of the country.

First, he sees the deposits in the savings bank used by the very poor increasing at an unusual rate. Second, he sees the grocers and butchers and clothing merchants who serve the comfortably situated striving desperately to make ends meet. Third, he sees the sales of what he regards as luxuries mount higher and higher. He is puzzled.

Probably it means a shifting of classes. He who today is trying in nervous fear to support an automobile existence on a bicycle income will sink to the wage earning class, and the thrifty wage earner who is living within his income and laying up money in a savings bank will rise to take the place of the other.

Mr. Have-Not is working with a much stronger purpose and a less worried mind than Mr. Want-More. He knows what it is to fear mere hunger and to value decent shelter. He means to insure himself against going hungry; he is going to see that his children are equipped to earn more than he has earned; he is going to build up the most effective "reserve" a family can have—that against poverty.

Mr. Want-More is worrying about adding another non-essential to the list; he dreams of his children engaged in some genteel, highly profitably occupation; he thinks his daughters ought to marry money.

Of course, Mr. Want-More is going to be disappointed, for the supply of genteel and highly profitable jobs, as well as of rich young men, is strictly limited. When his smash comes he descends with poor grace and much muttering against a badly adjusted fate, to the class where the problems of existence are simple but pressing.

It is in just such a time as this that Mr. Have-Not sees his opportunity. With a comfortable balance in the savings bank, he is ready to take over Mr. Want-More's suburban house and lot. Perhaps he turns the house into a two family dwelling and rents half of it. In another two or three years he is ready to take another—Mr. Want-More's automobile (at a reduced price).

So the classes shift, and always the thrifty land on top.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

Here and there throughout the west you may still meet an occasional 49er. Men like H. C. Leonard, the owner of the Goodnough building, or Charles Hutchins, also of this city. Ask any of these old California Argonauts and they will tell you of General Beale, the transportation king of California in the early days. Most of the pack trains and stages running out of Sacramento and Marysville to American Fork and the rich diggings in 1850 and '51 were controlled by "Ned" Beale. Commodore Stockton, Edward F. Beale's old commander when Beale was a lieutenant in the navy, had resigned from the navy and engaged in mining and merchandising in California. He was associated with Mr. Aspinwall, a wealthy New York merchant. Beale was placed in charge of their enterprise and made of it a great success.

In 1852 Beale was appointed by President Fillmore as superintendent of Indian affairs for California and Nevada. General Beale had seen service in the Mexican war. He had made numerous journeys across the continent, being the first man to take California gold to the east, starting in April, 1848, with sample nuggets from Sutter's mill race, going overland by way of Vera Cruz and old Mexico and arriving in Washington late in the summer of 1848. He had been a companion on numerous expeditions with Kit Carson and he knew of the difficulties of transportation throughout Arizona, New Mexico and Lower California by personal experience. In 1854 when the war department, on account of Indian troubles, wished to send supplies to the few scattered army posts in the southwest they consulted General Beale about the matter. He suggested organizing a camel corps. He told how he and Kit Carson had nearly died of thirst while exploring Death Valley and how camels with their ability to go for days without water would solve the transportation problem of the southwest.

Jefferson Davis, who had been a fellow officer in the Mexican war with Beale, was secretary of war and to him General Beale explained his plan. Jefferson Davis was enthusiastic over the plan and, enlisting the aid of the navy department, the store ship Supply was furnished and General Beale secured the interest of his kinsman, David Dixon Porter, who applied for the command of the ship.

In May, 1855, Porter sailed for Tunis. The whole country took the camel corps as a huge joke. This made Jefferson Davis, General Beale and Commodore D. D. Porter all the more anxious to make a success of the project.

Commodore Porter secured two camels in Tunis and at Alexandria and Smyrna he secured 33 more. He arrived off Indianola, Texas, in April, 1856, with 34 out of 35 of his camels. Porter was at once sent back to Asia Minor and the following summer, 1856, he returned with 44 more camels.

General Beale was made commander of America's first camel corps. In the records of the war department you will find the following report from General Beale to Jefferson Davis, who had succeeded Jefferson Davis as secretary of war:

"El Paso, Texas, July 24, 1857.—Sir, I have the honor to report my arrival at this place with the expedition under my command. We have progressed rapidly and without a single day's delay from San Antonio. We have used the camels every day with heavy packs and have found some bucks to be less than would have been the case if traveling with pack mules. On starting I packed 700 pounds on each camel, which they have carried daily.

"It is to be hoped a larger number will be imported. For Indian scouts with infantry companies in a country as hot and ill supplied with water as Texas and New Mexico they would prove invaluable. I desire to call your attention to the fact that they live on food which the mules reject and which grows in the greatest luxuriance in the most barren of our deserts, greasewood. The road from here to San Antonio is certainly the most trying on unshod feet I have ever seen. I have not an unshod horse or mule that is not lame—and I have not a single camel that is even tender footed.

"They are the most docile, patient and easily managed creatures in the world and infinitely more easily worked than mules. Kneeling down to receive his load they may be put on without hurry, as these animals remain quietly on their knees until loaded. Contrast the lassoing, blinding, saddling, pulling and hauling of ropes on a kicking mule with the patient quiet camel kneeling to receive its load. On this journey we had them go 26 hours without water with the mercury as high as 194 degrees in the shade and when we came to water not all of them drank and those that did with indifference. The Americans we have employed for drivers are harsh, cruel and impatient and are unfit for camel drivers. The Greeks and Turks we secured know no more of camels than a New Yorker does of Buffalo. In spite of their gentleness our men are prejudiced as a camel has a most ferocious looking set of teeth which it sometimes displays with a roar like a Bengal tiger."

On January 21, 1858, General Beale with his camel corps arrived at Los Angeles. In making his report from Los Angeles General Beale said his camels had gone from six to 10 days without water, carrying kegs of water for the men and mules. He reported they would travel from 35 to 40 miles a day with from 600 to 1000 pounds and live on prickly pear, greasewood and sagebrush. The teamsters and mule drivers refused to handle them so finally they were sold under the hammer. Those not sold were turned out to shift for themselves and in time they increased until there was a considerable herd of wild camels on the Arizona desert. The Indians were terrified by the occasional appearance of the strange looking beasts. In time they were all killed by hunters and prospectors.

And Then the Wagon Backed Up.

"Whadda ya think of this new pitcher Ingersoll?" asked the barkeep.

"Well," replied the Rummy, "he has a good face and he knows how to use his hands. Of course he won't spring much at this time, but he works nicely. I like his movement and the way he winds up. I'll bet a dollar he'll watch the bases——"

But just then the Barkeep bounded a club on the Rummy's head.

The Ragtime Muse

Yearnings.

Al want to go back to my home on the prairie,
I long for the dust of the alkali plain,
To see the horned toads and the jack rabbits wary.
And never be bothered with clouds or with rain.
The hot, heavy winds of the desert are calling,
The coyote's howl will, it seems never cease,
And all city's comforts I find grow more galling—
I long for the cactus and mesquite and peace.

I would lie down and rest on a tattered old poncho,
My head on my saddle, and watch the bright stars,
While hobbled, is grazing my truculent broncho,
See skies full of angels a-smoking cigars!
Where the centipede crawls, the tarantula dances,
And the rattlesnake camps in the prairie dog hole,
And the cattle stampede and a man has fair chances,
I would find happy dreams and repose for my soul!

I long for the scent of the fat bacon frying,
The black, muddy coffee a-boil in the pot,
The leathery flapjacks, the cook's cheerful lying;
The toil and the stir of that heavenly spot!
But here I am doomed to a life in the city,
The feathers and fuss of a shiny hotel,
And up in my eyes well the tears of self pity—
I am stifled by comforts amid which I dwell!

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