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SEATTLE'S CONTROL OF PORTLAND

THE deep sea industry of Puget Sound, most of it Seattle's, totals \$70,000,000 a year. Portland's is nil. Portland is supplied mainly by Seattle, and with fish of which much is taken along the Oregon Coast.

It is altogether an extraordinary situation. The great staple deep sea fish is halibut, of which there is a bank off Yaquina Bay that is one of the best in the world.

Fifteen Seattle vessels fished on the Newport banks off Yaquina Bay the past season. Their tonnage was 35 to 300 and they invariably filled to capacity in four days' fishing.

The situation presents amazing conditions. It is most extraordinary that the Portland fish supply is under control of Seattle dealers. It is extraordinary that Portland consumers should be compelled to pay a tribute on food fish caught in Oregon waters to the extent of an extra sea haul of 300 miles and a railroad haul from Seattle to Portland.

Meanwhile there are 33 varieties of food fish in the waters off the Oregon coast, of which 15 varieties exist in commercial quantities. On the Newport banks there is black cod of the best quality and in unmeasured abundance, and there are millions of pounds of the finest sole to be found in the seven seas.

The halibut on the same banks goes through Seattle to every important city in the United States, including Portland, and to Canada. The Pacific Coast halibut, beginning with the end of the banks off the Southern Oregon line, and extending at intervals as far north as the well known Alaska banks, have the world for a market, some of the choice Newport halibut going even to Europe.

What a field is here for a vast fishing industry in Portland! It can be made an industry of far greater value to this town than is the annual wheat crop of the state.

Instead of complaining over a lost liquor industry? Why not devote our attention to a great fishing industry? Can we not, at least, take our own fish out of our own waters and buy it of our own people?

As much for education as it does for any one of the material necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter—it is not doing its full duty.

There should be no slighting of the rural schools. As much as Oregon desires material prosperity, no accumulation of dollar wealth can compensate for lack of an adequately educated generation of boys and girls.

THE auto bus is proving not only to be a strong competitor against the interurban electric lines in sections that have good permanent roads, but it is making its way in urban traffic against the trolley line.

Every important carline in the city is being paralleled by them. As a result there is a decrease in the profits of the traction companies, who will probably be forced to grant universal transfers.

Not long since the statement came from Seattle that the auto bus had severely crippled the interurban line between that city and Tacoma.

It is all in the line of modern development which points to gasoline as a keen competitor of electricity and steam in the field of local transportation.

Nobody knows what changes the new competition may work in the great issue of municipal traction enterprise, especially when progress in the perfecting of the auto bus is taken into account.

A FEW SMILES

"My boy," said a sergeant to a junior member of the staff, "you are a force, you can't say that I was lazy. Look at these stripes—well I didn't earn them by sprawling up and down corners or loafing about public houses."

"No," answered the other with a smile; "I know you didn't get them any way or you'd have been a zebra by now."

A bucolic individual paused the other day before the proprietor thereof, and put the following questions: "Quite a while," said the vender of wine, "do you know a man named Collins—Joseph Collins?"

"Sure!" exclaimed the newsman, "there are 3,000,000 people in Chicago. Do you expect me to know every man in the city?"

"No," said the rural one, "but I thought you might have sense enough to know one."

At a cafe in this town one of the patrons was much annoyed by the vulgar manners in which his neighbor sat at table. He tried to take no notice of the offending one, but after watching him pick a bone in an extremely primitive fashion he could not control his feelings any longer.

"Pardon me, but don't you think you'd be more comfortable if you took that bone out on the mat?"

The glories won in battle, thus cultivating a war spirit. He who stops worshipping false gods wars will cease. We pray for peace with a desire in our heart that our Germany or our allies may win.

THE Conditions of Peace. Reedville, Or., Nov. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—Peace can be brought about in this world only when the demon of selfishness is torn from the human heart; when we cease to hold the dollar above human welfare; when we cease to pray for all that is good to ourselves and our fellowmen on Sunday, and skin them the balance of the week; when we cease to meddle with the affairs of other nations; when we cease to force our ideas and religious beliefs upon a nation that has deep rooted ideas and religious beliefs of its own.

THE Foot and Mouth. From the Chicago Herald. The drastic measures adopted to stamp out the threatened epidemic of the foot and mouth disease are justified by a doctor in this city. The disease is reported from as far east as Massachusetts and as far south as Mississippi. As it spreads with extreme rapidity, it is evident that prompt action is necessary to isolate the infection and so prevent transmission to uninfected areas.

THE rural man needs him in his business. Our lands need settlers and as a member of the Willamette Exposition board I solicit the attention of every organization in our great Portland to its duty in furnishing a creditable exhibit before the world at the Panama-Pacific International exposition, where Oregon will make its mark.

Mr. Linscott's Forebodings. Brings, Or., Nov. 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the Journal of November 10 Edwin A. Linscott writes in a dismal tone regarding Oregon's recent adoption of a referendum and thinks that result may be chiefly attributed to the woman vote. If so, let us all give three cheers for the woman.

Advocates of segregation, going on the theory that vice must exist, have cited some of the larger cities of Europe in support of their claim. The Chicago aldermen say these people cannot be conversant with actual conditions, that segregation has not even promised solution of the problem.

Chicago has abandoned the policy of segregation and in a recent address Mayor Harrison declared himself to be in hearty sympathy with the new policy. He said that although the old "leaves" districts are closed, there is no more vice in the outlying areas than there was in the days when a red light district was tolerated because it was said to be necessary to the virtue of other sections of the city.

No city has given more study to the vice problem than has Chicago. The agitation there has been constant and aggressive for several years. It was in Chicago that the first important survey and report was made by a vice commission. The attitude of the authorities there at the present time is illuminating, although as a policy it will be disputed by many.

On one great factor in vice, the whole country has made progress. It is agreed almost universally that the war lords of Europe of the present are doing something before they die to place their names in history. We teach our children, in school,

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE. Homemade charity beats the trust brand. The woman who tells it all seldom claims to know it all.

ESSAGES from a lot of Wireless messages from his wife. "Coal may be high, but after it is once in the bin it soon gets lower."

Have a little sympathy for the chap who lets a famous comedian say: "The man who goes to law may rest assured that his lawyer will get justice."

The dollar spent buying the tiger will never keep the wolf from the door. The true gentleman pays for his horse suit before ordering a divorce suit.

A woman is seldom interested in her husband's letters unless they are marked "persona". A colored philosopher says there is less in a chicken's foot—proving the rest of the fowl is attached.

Luckily statisticians are never called upon to prove anything they have said, for the statistician who says that only five divorces every 100 marriages are happy marriages.

WHAT SHALL BE SAID OF VILLA? From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. His detractors have hoped and his clandestine admirers have feared that in the great crisis Panco Villa would be found wanting.

Again and again Villa has amazed all observers by his failure to prove himself either a scoundrel or a fool. The first great surprise was when the United States occupied Vera Cruz. The dussky and pompous Carranza was all for growing at Uncle Sam, and displaying the mailed fist.

Then, time after time, Carranza humiliated and slighted the one man who had made the constitutionalist triumph possible. At each demonstration he has been heard to utter words of State and whispered that it was not useful to give much weight to Carranza's vapors.

THE FAMILY PURSE AND THE CHILDREN. By John M. Oskison. Some time ago I passed on to my readers certain questions concerning the financing problems of the family in which children are growing up.

Parents should not expect a healthy child of 12 to earn money—there's no disagreement on that point. Between 14 and 16, if the earnings of the boy are needed, American parents who live in cities say that it's all right.

Great as is Europe's present need its needs following this conflict will be greater. The time will come when every nation will be called upon to contribute its share toward the solution of the moral fibre. Here were two precious lines of it:

Good-bye, self-indulgence. Farewell, the soft arm-chair; —to which the British infantry man responds: "Have a banana."

THE Ragtime Muse. Ballade of Consolation. Admit the world is out of plumb. That will be said, or condemned as black.

THE Sunday Journal. The Great Home Newspaper. Five news sections, replete with illustrated features. Illustrated magazine of quality. Woman's pages of rare merit. Pictorial news supplement. Superb comic section.

IN EARLIER DAYS

"I have lived in Oregon for over 50 years," said Mrs. James Hembree of Lafayette. "I was not quite 12 years old when we came across the plains in Peter Burnett's train in 1842."

"As I think back to the old days when we were crossing the plains, I can remember very plainly many of the meals we had. Supper was our best meal. We usually had a stew, and some kind, with buffalo or antelope steak fried with bacon. Then we had bread and stewed fruit, usually dried peaches, which were applied occasionally when we had dried fish. The men caught fish in the Platte. I think they called them catfish."

The Hembrees and our family traveled together one day. My husband's brother, who was 6 years old, tried to climb out of the wagon while it was going. He fell off the wagon, and he usually had a good stop, the front wheels had run over him and killed him. We stopped and they made a box to bury him in. One of the men went back and brought a stone of flint. He had a saw, and another man who was handy with the chisel shaped the stone and put it at the head of the grave. Another time we stopped on the Platte and this was toward the last of July—while Mrs. Hembree gave birth to a little girl baby. Then christened her Nancy Jane.

"In the spring of 1846 the Burnett and ourselves moved to Tualatin plains. My father took up 640 acres adjoining Lafayette. He built a cabin, set a open place in the yard for the smoke to go out, put up some pole beds, and with my brother Andrew, he went up to Fort Walla Walla to get a sack of flour. He had there preceding fall, while we moved into the unfinished cabin."

Peter Burnett's place was not far from the grave of his brother. My father, John Baker, and my brother, Captain Absalom Hembree, a man named Gilbert started a school about two and a half miles from Lafayette, where most of the smaller children went to school.

"My aunt had brought a spindle and a wheel from Missouri with her, and Andrew Hembree fixed up a spinning wheel. I put in all my spare time carding and spinning wool, when mother knitted into socks. She got a dollar pair for all she could knit. There were a good many unmarried young men, so there was plenty of demand for her output. One of my plainest memories is of my mother spinning with her in the kitchen, the fire light flashing on her long steel needles as she sat on a home made stool knitting socks. The flick of her needles and the hum of the spinning wheel, with the crackling of the fire kettle and the tapping of its lid mingled to make a song that I have never forgotten."

"My mother's evenings were worked. My father kept busy all day splitting rails and building fences, and later plowing the meadow land and broad casting this wheat by hand. They often harrowed in the winter with a small oak fork tree, and dragging it over the soil until the clods were broken up and the wheat thoroughly tramped in with the iron wheels by tramping it out with mules, and then they ran it through a hand tanning mill. We used to haul the wheat to the Mill. It was a long haul. When the water was high they swam the horses and floated the wagon over, or sometimes they would take the wagon to pieces, carry it over on a log across the river, and then get over on their shoulders, and put the wagon together on the other side. Nowadays all you have to do to get a sack of flour is to get a flour sack, phone, but then it was no simple matter, even if life was supposed to be more simple in the early days."

From the Philadelphia Record. Zanzibar! The name rings memories. It reminds some of us that we once knew what Zanzibar is. For a moment or two we are puzzled, to decide whether it is a threat, or a promise, or land. Anyway, it does not seem very important.

"The other day a small boy exclaimed, 'Why do you have to be changed?' But the enterprising business man who sells abroad has a different viewpoint. This is his view of the time when he should study geography, geology, in his commercial days."

Also an Interpretation. From the Springfield Republican. As a spokesman for the people of the United States, it is admitted that Woodrow Wilson measures up to the need. His gift of expression is admirably exhibited in his recent proclamation. Every citizen ought to read it for its poise and suggestion of the part which the United States should play in this crisis, which has hearts of the American people. We shall keep the peace, and we shall help those who need assistance. There is much of moral education in that proclamation. It is a lesson in passing, and it is well to have this side of our experience set forth so that all who read can understand. This proclamation is also an interpretation.

THE Santa Claus Ship. From the Detroit News. It seems necessary to touch the heart strings of Americans to produce a melody of sweetest sentiments. As a spokesman for the people of the United States, it is admitted that Woodrow Wilson measures up to the need. His gift of expression is admirably exhibited in his recent proclamation. Every citizen ought to read it for its poise and suggestion of the part which the United States should play in this crisis, which has hearts of the American people. We shall keep the peace, and we shall help those who need assistance. There is much of moral education in that proclamation. It is a lesson in passing, and it is well to have this side of our experience set forth so that all who read can understand. This proclamation is also an interpretation.

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