THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—G. MacDonald.

EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS

YESTERDAY, The Journal published the official declaration by which the German government extended the war zone and began a program of trying to starve Great Britain through a blockade of British ports by use of submarines.

January 31 a powerful German submarine appeared off the mouth of the Mersey, the entrance to Liverpool harbor, more than 800 miles from its base, and spread terror to British shipping by torpedoing three British merchantmen.

The sinking of these ships in the Irish sea is one of the most significant events of the war. If one hostile under sea vessel can pass unmolested through narrow waters patroled by the greatest navy in the world and actually destroy shipping at the very entrance to Liverpool harbor, others may be expected to accomplish the same desperate feat, and the question becomes, what are the possibilities and what is to be the end of this daring conception in naval warfare.

Equally extraordinary is the fact that on December 22, The Journal published an interview by Karl H. von Wiegand of the United Press with Admiral von Tirpitz, head of the German navy, predicting that these premier events in the great war would happen. Admiral von Tirpitz said in this remarkable interview:

Great Britain wants to starve us. We can play the same game. We can bottle England up by torpedoing every British or allied ship which nears any English harbor, thereby cutting off the island's large food supply. Would not such action only be meting out to Great Britain what Great Britain is doing to us?

Forty days before, the German submarine, with unprecedented skill and intrepidity, threaded its way through vigilantly guarded and well nigh impassable waters and sunk the British merchantmen. Mr. von Wiegand, writing from within the German lines in the heart of the most colossal war in history, gave to the world the story of one of the most startling war secrets ever related. His personality and his skill as an interviewer so won the confidence of the master of the German sea forces, that the United Press writer was able to give the world what subsequent events have proven to be perhaps the most extraordinary war story ever written.

The new program of attempting the blockade of British ports is the most desperate and daring event of the European conflict. That it can succeed seems impossible, but that it is actually programmed and has already sent British ships to the bottom awakens a field of speculation and expectation not hitherto encountered in naval warfare.

It throws new aspects on the general situation. It raises new problems for the Washington government. It places our commerce in peril of clash, not only with British, but with German men of war, and doubles the complexities of neutrality.

Above all, it vastly increases the need of American shipping.

THE NAVAL BILL

THE naval bill passed by the House carries an appropriation of $144,648,902. It provides for two battleships of the dreadnought class costing $7,800,000 each, exclusive of armor and armament.

Representative Underwood led a fight against authorization of two battleships, pleading for economy, asserting that the nation is in no more danger of war now than it was a year ago, and warning that if this country enters into an armament race it will "mean war at the end of the story."

There is another reason for not building the proposed dreadnoughts at this time. They will not be of the battle cruiser type such as the British used in the North Sea engagement. They will lack speed, and if the European war has proved anything so far, it is that speed is as essential as armor and armament. The Bluecher was lost to the Germans because it lacked speed.

There is another naval factor, the importance of which is unknown. A paragraph in Admiral Beatty's report of the North Sea fight is significant. He says:

The presence of the enemy's submarines subsequently necessitated the action being broken off.

Admiral Scott has predicted the passing of the huge warship. Admiral Beatty's report is practical confirmation of the prophesied supremacy of the little submarine. If it could drive off swift battle cruisers, what would be its effectiveness against slower dreadnoughts such as the United States proposes to build?

Senator Tillman, chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, says this country should learn all it can from the European war before investing further in big battleships. It is advice worth heeding.

THE BINGHAM BILL

SENATOR BINGHAM ought to withdraw his compensation bill. He has never been a pleader for private interest in opposition to the public interest. He has never been disposed to run counter to the edicts of the popular will. He cannot well afford to change his position and repudiate the things he has stood for in the past.

The present system of compensation in Oregon is based on the best public policy. It permits nobody to make a profit out of the injuries and death of workers. It does not throw the crushed limbs and broken bones of the victims of industrial accidents into the ring to become material out of which to coin dividends.

On the contrary, it follows the plan of the Washington law, one of the best in the country, and makes the state the real administrative agent managing the compensation fund. It does so without fees and without profits, so that the money paid from private sources into the fund goes intact to the injured workers. It is a system framed on the true ideal, and the true ideal is always the best public policy.

There is no loud call, except from the casualty companies, for the kind of compensation proposed in Senator Bingham's bill. On the contrary, the House at Salem has just indorsed the present system by passing the required amendments with only two dissenting votes. The 1913 legislature adopted the system with only three dissenting votes.

When the system was referended, the people of Oregon indorsed it by a majority of 40,000. The bill carried every county in the state, some of the counties returning a majority of three and four to one. Last Saturday at Corvallis, the Willamette valley editors unanimously indorsed the plan.

Senator Bingham stands almost alone in his position. He ought to withdraw his bill. It cannot pass the House. What is the use of pushing it in the Senate?

Why doesn't he withdraw it and give his support to the bill that the public is calling for?

MAKING MEN

HENRY FORD, Detroit automobile manufacturer, testifying before the commission on industrial relations, said his idea is to aid men to help themselves. He said nearly all are willing to work for an adequate reward.

We have all kinds of cripples in our employ, and they are making good. We have a great many who have been in prison, and who are outcasts from society. Every one of them is making a good showing and is gaining in self respect and strength of character. We will guarantee to take every man out of Sing Sing and make a man of him.

Mr. Ford is not a visionary. He has built up a business which last year paid profits of more than $25,000,000. That return on a capitalization of $2,000,000 was secured with the aid of 150 former convicts, employes of his company. They are all making good. One holds an executive place and devotes much of his energies to helping those who had been as unfortunate as himself.

Mr. Ford may be mistaken in thinking he could take every man out of New York's notorious state prison and make a reliable, useful citizen of him. But suppose he is too sanguine as to latent possibilities in twenty-five or even fifty per cent of the convicts. The fact remains that a hard-headed business man, through experience, has learned that even a convict may be made a man.

And what, if among all the men in his employ, he only salvages one derelict? Will it not have been worth while?

The Man of Galilee marked even a sparrow's fall.

Mr. Ford says, give the convict a chance and aid him all you can. That is what intelligence says, what the Christian spirit of brotherhood says.

NO CUT IN ROAD TAX

A TACIT agreement has been reached by the two houses of the state legislature of Washington not to reduce the state levy for highways. The mill and one half levy for the permanent road fund and the mill levy for the public highway fund are to be continued. This makes a total levy of two and one half mills.

The money derived from the permanent road levy is applied on farmer's roads or trade center roads. The public highway levy is devoted to scenic or mountain roads connecting different parts of the state.

Highway improvement is making rapid strides in our neighboring state. A few days ago a hard surfaced road connecting Seattle and Tacoma was thrown open to travel. The King county end of the road is a vitrified brick pavement which cost $27,000 per mile. After experimenting with cheaper pavements the King county authorities have come to the conclusion that the most expensive one is the cheapest in the end, the cost of maintenance being reduced to a minimum.

In Washington as elsewhere there is an urgent demand for economy in state and county administration but the legislators with the approval of taxpayers have taken the position that it is not economy to curtail road development which is becoming an asset of permanent and tangible value to the people of the whole state. It is the general opinion that the best economy is to build roads right and as rapidly as possible.

OUR TRADE BALANCE

RETURNS from thirteen customs districts handling 86 per cent of our foreign trade show January exports of $238,574,096 and imports of $107,440,208. The trade balance in our favor was $131,133,888, said to be the largest favorable monthly balance we have ever had.

The San Francisco Chronicle finds fault with the figures because in 1914 our exports were nearly $370,000,000 less than in 1913, because imports have declined, and because the big gains in exports are in wheat, oats, flour and beef. The Chronicle says:

In international finance, the favorable balance which we are accumulating from the sale of foodstuffs at exhorbitant prices is doubtless very convenient. But a similar balance resulting from turning our foodstuffs and raw materials into manufactured products for export would be something worth while.

Such petulence is more amusing than convincing. The Chronicle wants to blame the Wilson administration and in its fault-finding has to resort to the fact that Europe is at war, unable to buy many manufactures. The implication is that somebody in the United States, presumably President Wilson, is to blame for conditions brought about by world war.

How can Europe buy agricultural implements, steel rails, machinery and other American-made products when every cent the warring nations can raise by mortgage is spent for gunpowder, cannon and food for armies, and when, by the reactionary hold-up of the ship purchase bill, we cannot carry all our products to world markets for lack of ocean carriers?

PROGRESS OR REACTION

COMMENTING on the realignment of senators on the ship purchase bill, the Boise Capital News says:

It is worthy of note that when a number of reactionary Democratic senators at Washington desired to join with reactionary company, they went with the Republicans, while a number of progressively inclined Republican senators who wanted to join in a progressive movement went with the Democrats. Who says that the alignment between those progressively inclined and those of reactionary tendencies has been completed?

In his Indianapolis speech President Wilson gave warning that a few reactionaries within his party promised trouble. His warning was:

If any group of men should dare to break the solidarity of the Democratic team for any purpose or from any motive, theirs will be a most unenviable notoriety and a responsibility that will bring deep bitterness to them.

It is perfectly plain that the president knew what he was talking about at Indianapolis. The Capital News in one paragraph has outlined the fight now going on in this country. It is a contest between progress and reaction.

THE OREGON SENATORS

IN THE House Friday, Representative Hare, in discussing the irrigation bill, is quoted as saying that "the Oregon senators" are at fault because Oregon has not received more reclamation funds.

There is no better way to strengthen the Oregon senators in Oregon, where the people know all about why more federal reclamation funds did not come to Oregon. Their answer to that unjust charge in the case of Senator Chamberlain at the late election was a majority for him of 23,451, a majority greater than was ever received by a Democrat in the state of Oregon, a majority which came to Senator Chamberlain through support of him by 60,000 or 65,000 Republicans who were weary of seeing him made the target of unjust criticism.

POLL ON EMBARGO

THE Literary Digest has made a poll of the press of the United States on the question "Do you favor stopping by law the exportation of war materials to belligerents?"

Of 440 replies received, 244 answer "No", 167 "Yes" and 29 are noncommittal.

Considering in a special group the replies from cities of over 50,000 inhabitants, the "Noes" are even more in the majority, the vote standing 85 to 24. Turning to cities and towns of smaller population the opinion is much more evenly divided, 164 answers opposing embargo legislation and 140 approving it.

Some papers considering the question from a commercial viewpoint say in effect: "Sell the belligerents whatever they will pay for. Our business has suffered enough already because of the war, so let's take what compensation we can get." Others would permit the exportation of food, clothing and other supplies not directly used in killing men, but would prohibit the sale of arms and ammunition.

A concise statement of the general basis of the opinions against embargo legislation is that since "international law as it exists today does not forbid the exportation of contraband subject to seizure it would be a breach of neutrality to take cognizance of any specific advantage to one nation or another."

THE JOURNAL NATIONAL EDITORIAL

THE COMMERCIAL THEATRE'S FAILURE

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON
Dramatic Critic and Essayist.

THE commercially conducted theatre in America is an avowed failure. This season has seen prominent commercial managers going into bankruptcy, theatres dark or running at a loss because of lack of paying attractions, and actors and actresses accepting anything that is offered in order to keep the proverbial wolf from the door. If the commercial theatre cannot justify itself by being a success from the box office standpoint what else has it to justify itself?

Walter P. Eaton

But its failure has been more complete. It has failed to develop any body of native drama worthy of comparison with our printed literature; it has failed to develop acting which, save in rare instances, is above mediocrity; it has failed utterly to keep pace with the European stage in mechanical equipment or in lighting and scene painting; it has failed to provide stable occupation for the actors or dignified conditions for the authors; finally, above all, it has failed to keep the confidence of the public and to furnish any but the largest cities with worthy and reliable dramatic entertainment.

* *

The chief reason why the commercial theatre has not developed a native drama is because it does not encourage, and does not dare accept, the serious work of serious authors. It dares accept only work which seems avowedly "popular." This is bound to be the case so long as the theatre remains entirely a competitive gambling game. It has failed to develop acting because there are no permanent companies where young players can be adequately trained. It has failed to keep pace with Europe in scenery, lights and mechanical equipment because these things cost money, they are a "risk," and in commerce one takes as few risks as possible. It has failed to provide dignified conditions for the artists, because the kind of men who are now attracted into theatre management are for the most part unacquainted with the meaning of this adjective.

But why should the commercial theatre fail to keep the confidence of the public and fail to furnish the best it can offer to this public who bring it its profits? Self-preservation alone would seem to dictate the opposite policy. Yet, more and more in recent years, and strikingly this present winter, when people have been affected by the hard times, the theatrical business in the smaller cities has grown less and less profitable, an ever greater number of the smaller cities have been gradually drifting toward a condition where a really excellent play, well acted, is as rare as the dodo. The managers would now assert, no doubt, that self-preservation compels them to abandon these cities altogether.

* *

A great many reasons have been put forward by a great many people to explain the situation. The most common is that the movies have "knocked the bottom out" of the spoken drama in the smaller towns. Such an assumption is manifestly an absurdity, for the spoken drama still flourishes in the large centers, and as a nation we are not yet reduced to the intellectual level of children. We must look deeper. Why are the movies more popular in the smaller towns? It is because they are cheaper, and also because much of the time they are relatively better, and all the time more reliable.

The commercial theatre, in the first place, sends its plays out "on the road" at much the same prices asked in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and these prices are too high for the pocketbooks of the smaller towns. In the second place, the commercial theatre has sent to these towns in recent years second, third, even fourth and fifth companies, which were often mere parodies of the original production. In the third place, the public in the lesser cities have no means of finding out in advance whether either the play or the production is to be worth while, and they have been "stung" so often that now they prefer not to take the risk. In part, the stupidity of the commercial managers is to blame for this, but in part, also—and perhaps in larger part—the blame is inherent in our present system. The result, however, is the same—scores of American cities of from 20,000 to 50,000, or even 100,000 inhabitants, are practically without reliable dramatic entertainment today, entertainment worthy of the intellectual capacities and better ideals of the communities.

* *

This is not a theory, it is a fact. The hard times of the current year are not to blame for it; they have only made the situation a bit worse. The fault lies in our commercial system of theatre management, with the sole headquarters in New York. And unless the bulk of the 90,000,000 Americans wish in the future to subsist solely on motion pictures and let the beautiful art of the drama remain a property of the larger centers, the remedy will have to be found outside of our present system.

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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.

The Economy That Economizes.

Portland, Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—This letter is written to commend The Journal upon its keen discrimination of appropriations that are strictly state investments, those involving a necessary expense of maintenance and those which are not justifiable since they do not return results proportionate with the money spent. Such editorial comment is constructive and not destructive of the state development.

Merely to set up a cry of economy and then doggedly to pursue that cry regardless of consequences is maudlin in origin and impotent in results. Such a plea for economy is based on ignorance of state affairs and instead of proving economical in the last analysis, ends in the grossest extravagance and waste. This negative attitude also gives rise to a sense of temerity in coping with this vital problem of state expenditure.

Your endorsement of the $450,000 appropriation to match dollar for dollar the United States reclamation service has offered for state cooperation in reclaiming the arid land of the state is fully justified. I am convinced that the people would vote a large majority for this state investment if they knew that this federal aid is limited to June 30 of this year. Unless the legislature does vote an equal amount Oregon will lose the $450,000 which has been a standing offer so long a time. The people have too much common sense to overlook so good a piece of business. This is decidedly a state investment, since the money is returnable upon the sale of the lands.

The tax levy for the construction of roads is no less important as a matter of state investment.

I have talked with many taxpayers in all sections of Oregon and they agree that this talk of economy has been exaggerated and that there is danger of its being misconstrued to the detriment of the state. The local tax average is 87½ per cent of the total tax and the state tax is 12½ per cent. It is quite evident that the cutting could be done more effectively on the 87½ per cent. By the careful investment of state funds this local tax might be lessened considerably, but I anticipate that even radical cuttings of state budgets, while it may lessen the total state tax by the fraction of a mill, will probably result in a reaction in local and county expense and that our ultimate tax will be increased.

Unless Oregon assumes a more progressive attitude in state affairs which will increase the production and tax value of its land so that it will sustain a larger rural population, and a less progressive interference by legislation affecting business and the expansion of industry, the people will get no relief from the abnormally high local tax levy and will not receive much needed aid from outside, either federal or individual. TAXPAYER.

Indorsing House Bill No. 448.

Portland, Feb. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal — House Bill No. 448 stands for safety to our homes from a humanitarian standpoint. It is sponsored by the public safety commission to protect the lives of those who are careless and indifferent to the danger of walking on the railroad tracks and trestles. During the past 24 years 108,009 persons have been killed and 117,257 persons have been injured, a total of 225,266, trespassing on the railroad tracks in the United States. Oregon contributed its full quota. Of these, 149,163 were citizens of the locality in which accidents occurred, mostly wage earners, or 66 per cent; 31,049 were children under 18 years of age, or 14 per cent; 45,054 were tramps and hoboes, or 20 per cent.

A bill enacted, such as is now before the legislature, will be a step toward reduction and final elimination of this fearful record. It will become a menace to the tramp, who will make a detour of Oregon in his hibernations. It will assist communities in getting rid of obnoxious hoboes by placing them at work improving our roads, and enable the authorities, where needed, to protect the foolhardy and chance-taker. HARRY P. COFFIN,
Chairman Public Safety Commission.

Good Roads Bill Indorsed.

Portland, Feb. 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—A bill has been introduced in the senate that ought to become a law. I refer to the bill prepared by S. H. Moore of Corvallis, known as the road lime and cement bill. It provides for the acquiring by the state of lime and shale deposits for the manufacture of cement for the building of hard surface roads by convict labor, and for the quarrying and crushing of lime for use on the lands of Oregon, to be furnished to farmers at cost.

All western Oregon farms would be greatly benefited by the application of lime, but it cannot be used at the prices at which it is sold. This plan would place it within reach of all farmers, and all farms would be rendered much more productive.

One of the greatest needs of the state is good, substantial roads. The plan most often advocated by good roads enthusiasts is to issue long time bonds. It is useless to talk to people already overburdened with taxes about bonds. They will not stand for it, and they should not. Convict labor, used for road building, will not come in competition with free labor, for road building on an extensive scale is out of the question if attempted by bonding; so here is a plan to which no laborer or taxpayer can object.

I do not claim that this plan alone will build all the hard surface roads needed, but it is a step in the right direction and should be passed and a start made in permanent road building. J. A. GILKEY.

Commends Merciful Watchman.

Portland, Feb. 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—Through your paper I wish to commend the night watchman, C. P. Johnson, for his big manliness in not having the heart to shoot down one of his fellow beings, even though he was in the act of robbery. Who knows this robber's past life? Who knows what motive was the cause of the robbery? In the beginning he was one of those precious little child lives of God's which we love so much. Undoubtedly it once knew a mother's tender touch. If his mother was like mine or other mothers I have known, which I am sure she was, as all mothers are the same in this respect, she used to lay awake nights thinking of what a great and good man her little boy would be some day. But perhaps he lost his mother soon, perhaps many other misfortunes attended his way of life we never had to go through. Perhaps at the time of this robbery his body was aching and gnawing for a bit of something to eat, so he hardly knew what he was doing. Perhaps he had a wife and child at home that were hungry, and, being unable to secure work, in his great love and devotion to them he had taken this last desperate means.

Perhaps a thousand and one other things.

"But," you ask, "should we let him go unpunished?" No, of course not; but never take a man's life just because he took a few pieces of worldly metal from you. If necessary I would much rather step out and be shot down than to kill my fellow man.

I have never owned a revolver. I wish to praise The Journal for its splendid editorials against the deadly weapon. I am also highly elated over the abolishment of capital punishment.

In my estimation, Mr. Johnson is a big, kind hearted fellow, a lover of his fellow man and worthy of a much higher position than a night watchman.

I'd like to shake hands with him. B.

"When You Were Unemployed."

Portland, Feb. 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—Were you ever unemployed? Did you ever walk the street, from early morn till dark of night, trying to get work, and when Saturday night rolled around, you were no better off than you were the first of the week, although you might have had a wagonload of promises? Did you ever try feeding your wife on oatmeal three times a day; your baby on milk, half of which you watered? Did you notice the bloom fade from your wife's cheeks and hear your baby's pleading cry, and did your dreams of work depart, leaving you to face the leaden future?

How lightly human sorrow moves the world! Unmindful men pursue their petty ways, swathed in their individual aims. Grim death smites some lone fellow creature, or dire want carves a pathetic picture of distress. We yearn and suffer, struggle and expire, unheeded by the tide of life that sweeps upon its multitudinous ways engrossed in splendid ignorance of our plighted woe. False hopes swarm the dark, but bright day depicts reality.

Life? What is life when your last dollar is gone, and you are unable to get work? If you have a position your friends are legion, but if unemployed you have none.

A mood of bitter reflection is the result of being unemployed. The heart is wounded in the very essence of its being. Yet I live on, and to live I must work; still, no work, no money, no comforts, only desolation and despair—my wife broken hearted, my baby pleading, and I unemployed and helpless to relieve the sufferings of my loved ones.

The silent, lonely, forlorn battle that has been going on in my heart during these past few months seems more than I can well endure; but sometimes, perhaps, when the roses bloom again, I can walk out of these shadows into the golden beauty of life—if I can find employment.

If you've never been up against it, you won't understand; but some day, you may. "JUST IT."

Asiatics That Are Excluded.

Mohler, Or., Feb. 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please state through your paper if there is any law at this time excluding Chinese and Japanese from the United States. A SUBSCRIBER.

[Chinese laborers are, by direct and specific enactment, excluded from this country. Japanese laborers are, by indirection, also excluded. That is to say, the law provides they may not be admitted to the United States without passports from the government of Japan; and that government refuses to issue the passports. Subjects of both China and Japan, such as merchants, travelers, students and others of like standing, are admitted.]

No Such Movement Apparent.

Portland, Or., Feb. 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—Is there a movement in Portland or other coast cities to organize the unorganized women, such as milliners, dressmakers, stenographers, domestic servants and so forth? How would such organizations be brought about? If there are any of The Journal's readers interested in this subject, I would be glad to have their opinions. VI DEL JENNE.

Trial by Ordeal.

From the Detroit News.

A man suing a railroad company in the United States court in New Orleans sought to convince the jury that his legs were paralyzed by having fire applied to the flesh. He manifested no discomfort during this demonstration.

Next day the railroad's attorney stabbed himself five times in the back of the hand to prove that any man could steel himself to endure pain without wincing.

We await word that the plaintiff has appeared in court wearing patent leather shoes two sizes smaller than his feet; that the opposing counsel has pulled his own eye teeth; that the plaintiff has retaliated by violently kicking a brick, and that, in summing up, the railroad lawyer pours a sackful of bees down the back of his own neck.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

A man has no real kick coming when his wife talks to herself.

* *

Many an expert swimmer has been drowned in the sea of matrimony.

* *

Anyway, we admire a cheerful idiot more than we do the other kind.

* *

Some girls become squint eyed from perusing the magazine beauty hints.

* *

When an old fashioned farmer travels he carries most of his baggage in his pockets.

* *

It takes a man to offer an explanation to his wife that doesn't explain anything.

* *

The road to success is open to all, but too many want to get there without the trouble of going.

* *

When a man tells a joke to half a dozen women and they all laugh but one, that one is his wife.

* *

Every man who thinks he does all the work he is capable of doing would probably do more if offered a bonus.

* *

There are not many couples that can live up to what the papers said about them when they were married.

* *

If a man could live to be 200 or 300 years old he might have sense enough to leave off cotton whiskers when he played Santa Claus.

* *

If all people were forced to pay as they go, many of us would not only have to quit going forward for a while, but we'd have to retreat.

* *

Strange things happen in this world. The story comes from New York of a woman who thought her husband dead, and when he appeared on the scene alive and well he found that she had not married again.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Macksburg correspondent of the Canby Herald writes: "When it is considered that for many days the past month the children have had to wade through water ankle deep, on the way to school, too much credit can hardly be accorded to parents and children in homes from which pupils keep up an unbroken record for steadiness and punctuality in attendance throughout an entire month."

* *

"Should the gold discoveries in this section turn out as successful as predicted," says the Redmond Spokesman, "there will be no need to ask the federal government for an appropriation to complete irrigation projects in this part of the state. There will be enough money, and to spare, taken out of the ground to finance every irrigation project in the state."

* *

Willamina Times: Some of the leading business men of the county condemn the wholesale planting of large tracts to orchards to be sold to outside investors. They are right. More cows, clover and mixed farming will prove better in the end.

* *

Salary scale adopted February 2 by the Lebanon council: Recorder, $300 per year; treasurer, $120; attorney, $300 and extra pay for extraordinary work; marshal, $65 per month; health officer, $10 per year and $1.50 per call.

* *

The Moose committee at Hillsboro, the Argus reports, is winding up its work preparatory to getting the papers ready for the issuing of the bonds for the new building.

* *

The Sheridan Sun states that, counting the trees that are to be planted this year, there will be 5000 acres in fruit in the vicinity of Sheridan.

* *

The rural press of Oregon is unanimous in the report that the ground hog peril is safely past, for this year.

FARM MORTGAGE LOANS

By John M. Oskison.

A recent circular from the controller of the currency to the banks in the federal reserve system makes quite clear the conditions under which the "country" banks may lend money on real estate; that is, make farm loans. It is a new line of business for the national banks; and, of course, the regulations look to the safety of the loans.

Ordinary buyers of farm mortgages ought to know these requirements and follow them as closely as they can. Of the seven restrictions on bank farm loans, five are of interest to you and me:

1. The farm land on which loans are made must be improved.
2. There must be no prior lien.
3. Property must be located in the district of the bank making the loan.
4. The amount of the loan must not exceed 50 per cent of the actual value of the property upon which it is secured.
5. The loan must not be for a period longer than five years.

The third requirement — that for localizing the loans—will not be of general interest to private investors. Owners of money who live in cities will not be able to satisfy themselves with farm mortgages on land which they can inspect. They will have to depend upon mortgage dealers who can satisfy them that the other tests have been met.

Another regulation dealing with the banks that make farm loans suggests for the wise investor a measure of safety which he will find profitable to study. It is that the bank may not invest in farm mortgages more than one-fourth of its capital and surplus.

Diversification of investment is required of the banks either under national or state control. Experience has shown its necessity if the banks are to remain solvent and prosper. I believe the average active man who makes money and invests a part of what he makes is under the same necessity.

Follow the government's practices in the regulation of bank investments and you will achieve the first and most vital end—that of keping your money safe. And next, you will not be caught with all your eggs in one basket if you have to raise money.

A FEW SMILES

To the grouchy looking person who had boarded his car the conductor said, as he returned him his transfer:

"This transfer expired ten minutes ago."

Whereupon, with a growl, the man dug for a nickel and, as he handed it to the conductor, observed:

"No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—Harper's Magazine.

In a certain Arkansas logging camp the company maintains a physician who attends the residents of the camp and also the families of such employes as live back in the hills. One day he was summoned to the home of a newly hired native, with the assurance that he was "wanted powerful bad."

With all haste he started, winding up one rough hollow after another, where the road was a mere tradition, and came at last to a decrepit log house. As he opened the gate a hungry looking woman came to the door and called:

"Be yo' the comp'ny doctor?"

"Yes, I'm the doctor. Who is sick?"

"Don't reckon thar's nobody sick, doctor."

"Well, why in the world did you send for me if no one is sick?"

"Hit's this way, doctor; we-uns is on the puny order a right smart, an' mought need yo' most any time. My ole man said yo' sure would come whenever we sent for yo'; but he's such a no 'count liar thet I dassen't trust his sayso, so I wanted to see fo' myself. An' here yo' be!"—Everybody's Magazine.

"Dear May," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forget whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I know I said 'no' to some one last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."

THE OREGON COUNTRY

"IN EARLY DAYS"

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal.

The midsummer sun beats mercilessly down upon the eastern Oregon desert. The whole plain is like the top of a vast superheated range. There is no escape from the grilling sun above nor the reflected heat from the shimmering sands under foot. The whole landscape is a-quiver with the rising heat waves.

The wheels creak as they sink into the yielding sand while the perspiring horses plod onward slowly. From the scanty shelter of the dust-covered sagebrush a jackrabbit lopes awkwardly away, pausing a few yards distant, its mule-like ears pointing forward with curiosity. The horned toads, like miniature gargoyles, squat inert by the roadside, or, alarmed, scurry to shelter beneath the twisted roots and contorted limbs of the sagebrush.

Here the whitening bones of an Indian cayuse are scattered promiscuously, a grim reminder of some long-past banquet of prowling coyotes. The bare, weather-bleached skull with its broad expanse of teeth seems to wear a perpetual smile, but the gayety of the teeth is belied by the sombre and cavernous eye-sockets, eloquent of desolation. A mottled yellow-brown snake moves with sinuous grace among the bleaching bones. At your approach it pauses, throws its body into coil, raises its triangular shaped head, and you hear the weird, nerve racking warning of its vibrating rattles. With sinister, unblinking eyes, it watches you, while its forked tongue plays angrily back and forth. A shadow moves slowly across the road in front of your horses. From the shadow you look upward to where a buzzard floats in ever-widening circles, a black silhouette against the cloudless turquoise of the sky.

The whitened bones, the cactus with its blotched and spine-covered lobes, the circling buzzard, the cowardly coyote slinking up the draw—the scene is typical of death and desolation.

When you pass that way again, you will see here and there khaki clad figures with their stakes and chains and instruments. A great gash has been cut across the sagebrush waste; scores of men and teams are extending and widening the gray scar across the face of the desolate plain. The clank of chains on scrapers, the creak of sweat-covered harness as the straining horses drag the finely pulverized, flour-like volcanic ash up the banks of the cut, comes to the ear. Eventually, a yellow-brown flood is led from the Umatilla river into the reservoir and drawn through miles of radiating ditches.

Come back again. Lo! a miracle has taken place. Here, in the land of little rain, where sand and sagebrush reigned supreme, you will see an ever-extending carpet of velvety green. Where the rattlesnake crawled over the bleaching bones stands the Hermiston school house with a score or so of bronzed-faced young Americans playing in the yard.

Here in the desert, water is king and the desert is the bride of the king. For centuries, the great gray waste has lain passive, dormant, asleep. The desert has been waiting; she has not known for what. At the coming of the king she feels a thrill of life, throws off her trance-like sleep, and, as though by magic, adorns herself in wondrous green, as befits a desert bride. When the desert and the water meet, things do not seem merely to grow—they almost leap from the fertile earth, so rapid is their development through nature's wondrous alchemy. Here in the one-time desert you may now see mile upon mile of waving alfalfa.

Stand by the side of a vividly green field of alfalfa, on a day in early summer, and watch it swaying and bending beneath the caress of the west wind until the whole surface ripples with tiny waves, like the surface of some inland lake; the blossoms form a purple haze over the surface of the field, and as the delicate tints of green and purple blend and merge in the vagrant breeze it is as though you were looking at a field of changeable silk shimmering in the sunlight. The swaying stalks, the nodding leaves and blossoms keep up a gentle murmur as though they were whispering age-old secrets learned from the Arabs who gave alfalfa its musical name, and who grew it when Mecca and Ispahan, Bagdad and Damasous were but villages.

We are apt to think of alfalfa as a newcomer among the forage crops, yet it is as old as history. Long before the Christian era the shepherds by the shores of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf knew its worth. The flocks and herds of the ancient Greeks were fed on alfalfa and the world-conquering Romans carried the seeds of alfalfa to the countries they conquered.

When the Spaniards came from Aragon and Castile to the new world on their mission of exploration and conquest, they brought in the holds of their vessels alfalfa hay for their horses, and with a thought for the future they brought along and planted some alfalfa seed. From Mexico it was carried to the west coast of South America. It did not come to to our own coast until the discovery of gold in California. The first we know of in the west was planted in California in 1854. It has turned the barren sagebrush waste of eastern Oregon into a farmer's paradise and has built railroads and cities throughout the semi-arid region.

The Ragtime Muse

Divided Allegiance.

I used to be the meanest kid
That ever wuz, I guess—
I'd let my pup chase all the cats
And muddy sister's dress;
I'd play in school, an' shoot a lot
O' paper wads about,
An' shin up trees, an' scuff my shoes,
An' bust the winders out!

But now I'm sick in bed, an' so
I ain't so awful bad;
I can't tell just how sick I am,
Ner what I've gone an' had.
I used to do just what I pleased,
But now, I'm tellin' you,
I guess I ain't a-doin' much
I shouldn't ought to do.

Perhaps I ought to try an' be
A whole lot better boy
An' make my parents proud an' glad
An' fill their hearts with joy.
I kind o' almost want a chance
To be as good's I kin;
But I won't know fer sure until
The doctor has been in!

Q. E. D. Answer.

From Puck.

Teacher—If a batted ball travels 28½ feet in a second, how far will it go in 3 1-3 seconds?

Boy—It depends on the outfilders, ma'am.

Too Much to Bear.

From Judge.

Friend—Why are you crying, Bobby?

Bobby—Ma whipped me because my face was dirty, and then washed it.