THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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In all the affairs of life let it be your great care not to hurt your mind, or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.—Epictetus.

PORTLAND'S FIRE LOSS

PORTLAND is discussing local fires.

Fire Marshal Stevens declared in a public address recently that over 50 per cent of the fires in Portland are of incendiary origin. He said that Portland's loss by fires last year totaled $1,500,000, when normally the amount should not have exceeded $100,000. The loss was $6 for each man, woman and child in the city.

Sixteen lives were sacrificed. Some were destroyed in fire-trap lodging houses. Three children lost their lives as a result of playing with matches.

The facts make fires a legitimate theme for local discussion. With property burned up at the rate of $6 per capita in Portland against the 19 cents per capita loss in Germany, it is time for men's thoughts to turn in search of the cause. When fifty per cent of Portland's fires are declared by the city fire marshal to be incendiary, it is time for the city commission to undertake to find a remedy.

It is largely better governmental regulation that reduces the fire loss in Europe to about one-tenth the proportionate average loss in the United States. Another part of the fearful loss in this country is caused by the recklessness with which otherwise perfectly sane persons throw away lighted matches and half burned stumps of still smoldering cigars and cigarettes.

Some figure that because insurance is collected on burned property that there is no loss. On the contrary every loss is so much wealth actually obliterated. It is property absolutely annihilated, for the insurance companies not only collect from the public the whole amount of the loss but in addition collect good round profits for the risk and the service.

Indeed, were there less liberality in insurance, there would be fewer fires. If stocks of goods, for instance, were assessed on a basis of the amount of insurance carried on them, there would be fewer fires, because their owners would be less reckless and their employes would be required to be less reckless in the disposition of inflammables about the premises.

PARDIA TRIPUNCTATA

ACCORDING to rose experts the only way to get rid of the Pardia Tripunctata is to crush it between the fingers. You may spray the rose bushes if you will, but this member of the tortricidae family will cling to it still.

It is not a very pleasant task to hunt it out in its concealed place in the bud and crush its life out, but the use of rubber gloves will render it less disagreeable. It is heroic treatment but it must be resorted to if the roses are to be preserved.

If your rose leaves have holes eaten in them or are bound together by a web you have only to look to find Pardia Tripunctata at work. Nothing short of murder will stop him.

THE INDEPENDENTS

INDEPENDENT newspapers in New York state are warning voters against bossism in both Republican and Democratic parties. Party organs have joined in the protest against continuing the state a prey to partisan politicians. The Christian Science Monitor says there is ground for hope in this appeal to independents:

The balance of power in the coming presidential campaign will be in the votes of persons who have no sympathy with bossism, or the spoils theory of public office, or with state aid to favored interests. They may be willing to see a halt in constructive social legislation, while the nation adjusts itself to conditions caused by the war. But they will not favor repeal of laws based on higher standards of conduct of business, on effective protection of women and children that labor, and on stricter guardianship of public rights in the public domain.

As the Monitor says, "Revolutions do not go backward." The situation in New York, as reflected by both independent and partisan newspapers, proves it. Protests against Republican bossism are not an indorsement of Tammanyism. Republican newspapers are almost as critical as Democratic, but they do not ask a change from one to the other historic party. They say it is the duty of the party in power to represent the people and not the politicians, and they declare it the duty of independents to insist upon genuinely representative government.

Hope in the future is possible because of the independent voter. As President Wilson said in his Jackson day speech, no party should be continued in power unless it merit the independent voter's support.

AT THE CITY HALL

SALEM is preparing to vote a third time on commission government. On two former occasions, commission charters have been rejected by Salem voters.

In Portland, there has been a new public atmosphere since the installation of commission government. Everybody has a new confidence in public administration. Everybody knows what is going on at the city hall, and everybody knows who's who and what's what.

Up to the present, there has not been one breath of political thimblerigging. No little political bosslets hang around the corridors of the city hall and parcel out jobs. They don't even try to mix politics with public business.

Nor has there been the slightest suspicion of anything crooked in city affairs. Nobody suspects the honesty or intentions of the five men who conduct the city government. There never was in any municipal government a more general air of cleanliness and conscience.

These conditions alone should be, and doubtless are, a source of great pride to all Portlanders. They, alone, are a splendid compensation for the trouble and pains of preparing a charter and passing under the new form of government. They, alone, are a sufficient reform to make the change a most welcome transition. It is a status of great value in the clean repute it gives government at home and in the example it sets for clean government elsewhere.

It is an especially desirable status in the fact that it gives the young people who are coming on the thought that government is not hopeless and purity in public affairs not an irridescent dream.

A SILENT WITNESS

NEW YORK has erected a monument to Isador Straus and his wife, who lost their lives in the Titanic disaster. It was unveiled last week, and one of the New York papers says:

We do not know of any public monument in this city more worthy of this generation or more inspiring or ennobling to future ones than this will be.

"Worthy of this generation and ennobling to future ones" is a fitting description of such a monument. It will stand as silent witness of appreciation of real devotion to humankind, of lives lived and snuffed out while thinking of others. Mr. Straus was a philanthropist of the human type. He was a business man, but he was never too busy to think of and to work for human welfare.

When the Titanic was sinking he calmly aided women and children to find places in the lifeboats, accepting certain death for himself unquestionably. And when the final choice had to be made Mrs. Straus decided that death should not part them. Isador and Ida Straus were last seen, standing together, hand in hand, waiting for the rising waters to engulf them. There was no hysteria, only calm resignation.

New York honors the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Straus because they lived outside themselves. Their lives formed a fitting setting for their death. It is such people who furnish the world with its greatest inspiration.

THE FRANK CASE

THE United States Supreme Court has refused to interfere with the sentence of death imposed upon Leo M. Frank. Its decision is that the Georgia Supreme Court's ruling is final, that all forms of law were complied with and that federal authority cannot be invoked against a state tribunal in this case.

Justices Holmes and Hughes dissented. They gave little heed to the contention that Frank's absence from court when the jury's verdict was rendered was a violation of his constitutional rights. But on the question of the trial court having lost jurisdiction because of "mob domination" Justice Holmes went to the root of the matter.

Frank was not in court when the verdict was rendered because of fear that an acquittal would result in a lynching. The people had been worked into a frenzy against him. There is reason to believe that the jury was influenced by public sentiment, that the verdict was as much the result of public clamor as of testimony submitted at the trial.

Frank never should have been tried in Atlanta. He should have had a change of venue to some other Georgia city where sentiment was neutral. But this was not done, and now the United States Supreme court says the Georgia court was right in refusing to take cognizance of facts other than as they appear in the record. It may be good law, but many people not learned in the law will think that Justice Holmes had a higher conception of justice than the majority court.

He said it was the duty of the federal court to declare lynch law as little valid "when practiced by a regularly drawn jury as when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death."

Meanwhile, what of the statement of the trial judge when he said: "Although I presided daily at the trial, I don't know even now whether Frank is innocent or guilty!"

HUNTING EASY MONEY

A RECENT suit in Multnomah county was for damages totaling $159,381.

It was brought against a railroad company by a young woman. As ground for action, she alleged certain injuries sustained in a fall at Union, Oregon. When only three of her witnesses had been examined, the suit was dismissed on motion of her attorneys.

Yet the original demand was for $159,381. The fact that such heavy damages were asked and that the claim was voluntarily abandoned before the suit had fairly advanced to a hearing is a clear indication of the unfair character of the proceeding.

The number of these flimsy suits is very great. They are brought on the slightest pretext and on almost no pretext at all.

Mostly, they are an effort to get easy money. They are easy money for the plaintiffs and easy money for the lawyers.

The reference here, of course, is to the unjustifiable suits, those without reason and without substantial grounds. Many suits for damages are legitimate and the damages deserved. Often the maimed and marred victims of accident get less than they deserve, and often nothing at all.

But the shoe-string suits, brought because there is a remote chance that a jury will vote damages against a "soulless" corporation are a buccaneer business. They rely on popular prejudice against corporations for a verdict. In short, it is always, in the shoe-string suits, an attempt to capitalize human prejudices against railroads and kindred activities into easy-money dividends, and in the main it is the lawyers who are responsible.

The Journal holds no brief for railroads. It knows that the roads do many things they ought not to do.

But they are entitled to justice. They ought not to be preyed upon. Particularly, they should not be preyed upon when the process is teaching people to make immoral and unjust demands, and building up an industry in flimsy damage proceedings that is corruptng in its influences.

Lawyers should discourage damage suits in which there are no reasonable grounds for action. They owe that much to a profession that in its true sphere is one of the honorable callings of society.

ONLY DETAIL LACKING

SENATOR BORAH of Idaho announces that he will not be a candidate for the Republican nomination for president in 1916.

Commenting on the gossip connecting Borah with the presidential nomination the New York Evening Post says it has been discovered that the senator from Idaho resembles Lincoln not physically but mentally, morally and geographically. He hails from a region which has many points in common with the Illinois of the later fifties and from a capital which bears about the same relation to the frontier that Springfield bore when Lincoln made it famous.

If it were a mere physical resemblance, though, he would stand no chance whatever. There has been a long list of men who outwardly recalled the martyred president, but none of them ever reached the White House. Notably among them was the late Senator Cullom of Illinois.

The Evening Post suggests that the only detail lacking to make a nomination certain is evidently for Borah to have a joint debate with some Democrat who looks like Douglas.

A SUGGESTION

COUNTY COMMISSIONER HOLMAN calls attention to a subject that is entitled to serious consideration. It is the desecration of nature along the Columbia Highway and other beauty spots which people frequent. Ferns are pulled up by the roots, shrubbery destroyed and trees stripped of their blossoms and foliage. It is all the work of "man, false man, smiling, destructive man."

If no check is placed upon it it will only be a short time until the underbrush along the world's greatest highway is gone and the ground as barren as a California hillside.

A great deal of it is the result of thoughtlessness and the natural destructive instinct of humanity.

It ought not be necessary to provide police protection to curb the practice, but this is probably what will have to be done unless public sentiment frowns upon "the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

The last will and testament of the late William R. Nelson, proprietor of the Kansas City Star, is in keeping with the principles that controlled his life. It is provided that his large estate shall be kept intact for a fund to be used for the public benefit after the family shall have enjoyed the income from it. It is a hopeful sign for the future that rich men are realizing that their wealth came from the public and that they are under obligation to give something back.

Governor Withycombe has designated the week of May 4 to 11 as clean-up and paint-up week. It is a plan backed by the new Portland Chamber of Commerce to put Oregon in her best robes. It deserves universal and enthusiastic cooperation.

Slowly but surely, the uncoffined victims of the F-4 are being brought with their house of tragedy from the bottom of the sea. Before long, some of the long-awaited secrets of the disaster will be revealed.

ABSENTEE LANDLORDISM

J. H. DILLARD IN THE PUBLIC

A GOOD story is told of Charles A. Dana giving instructions to a young reporter. "Young man," said the great editor, "if you see a dog running down Broadway at top speed with a tin can tied to his tail, and everyody laughing at the sight, that is not worth reporting. But if you see a dog with a tin can attached to his tail walking leisurely down Broadway, with nobody paying attention to him, that is the stuff for a good story." That the dog should run at full speed when he has such an attachment is the common thing. Perhaps it is because absentee landlordism is such a common thing that newspapers pay so little attention to the subject.

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Whatever the reason, the papers paid very little attention to a remarkable committee report which was made at the meeting of governors held in Madison, Wisconsin, on November 10. This report of the committee on rural credits, of which Governor Emmet O'Neal of Alabama, was chairman, contained the following sentence: "Absentee landlordism is annually becoming more and more a menace to our agricultural progress and gradually sapping the foundations of rural prosperity." The report went on to say that there has been an alarming increase of tenant farmers during the last decade of 15.3 per cent.

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Now when we consider the importance that is attached to the question of rural betterment, when we consider how much has been said in recent years about the unfortunate trend from country to cities, when we consider that this whole problem was considered so vital that we had a few years ago a national commission on country life, is it not surprising, in spite of the Dana story, that so little attention has been given to this report that was made by governors of states to governors of states?

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A few years ago I drove in a buggy about a dozen miles through a county in Governor O'Neal's state, and was informed that I had seen only three people's land, and that these three people lived in cities. It is so in other states. I am somewhat familiar with conditions in Louisiana, and was about to make a statement in regard to that state which might sound rash. But I wish some investigating commission would find out and tell how much of Louisiana is owned on Prytania street in New Orleans. I will venture to make this assertion, and run the risk of rashness, that Ireland in her worst days never suffered from absentee landlordism more than the southern states are suffering today. I do not know so much about the east and west, and I am not writing from statistics, but from personal observation. I know that the regeneration of the rural life of the south, in any healthy way, depends upon taking measures which will check the growth of this fundamental evil of absentee landlordism. The farming lands of the south have increased enormously in value and will continue to increase. The assessments have by no means kept pace with the increased value. Owners and investors know these facts. Hence the results which Governor O'Neal and his committee deplore.

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Let us hope that more publicity will in time be given to this report. Why not? Do we not all profess to be concerned for the improvement of country life? Have we not heard the repeated cries of "Back to the land?" Why not go into details a little more fully and ask about the remuneration for the toil and the holdership of the soil? When Charles Lamb's physician advised him to walk a mile on an empty stomach, Lamb said, Whose? When a man is tilling the soil it is a quite important question. Whose?

What Right to Complain?

From the American Lumberman.

We hear in this country of ours complaint of business depression, of the high cost of living, of disappointment and loss in business enterprise. We hear the rich bemoaning the "loss" of profits they had hoped to make, and the poor, with more reason, lamenting an income inadequate to their needs or desires.

But what right have we to complain?

We bemoan the effects of the war on our comfort and our ambitions. Sitting safe, far away from the awful realities of the war, we hold up our hands in horror; but perhaps are more really concerned with our own disappointments and inconveniences.

But what right have we to complain?

Some of our plans for business or pleasure we have had to abandon. Some things we cannot make and sell in the quantities we would like.

But what right have we to complain?

Look to Europe for a moment and consider.

Ten million men turned from production to destruction! A million killed outright and other millions doomed to be cripples for life! Three hundred and fifty million people living directly under the horrible shadow of war! A hundred thousand square miles of the fairest country in the world absolutely devastated, with its hamlets, villages, cities, factories, churches, schools, museums—the stored wealth of civilization — destroyed; the land uncultivated and the works of men and their hopes swallowed by the Dragon!

By what right do Americans complain?

While in those stricken countries land is uncultivated or is to be inadequately cultivated by the labor of women and children and old men reinforcing the men who are left, we have our undisturbed agriculture, promising bountiful harvests and absolutely assuring all the people of the United States of food. Millions starving abroad and a surplus of food here.

While there factories are idle or producing for the support of war, rather than for the needs of peaceful civilization, here mines and forests, forge and factory contribute to the progress and upbuilding of our people.

There, women serving war instead of the home, abandoning the duties of motherhood for the work that men should perform; here sheltered, secure and happy.

There children leaving the schools for the fields, with the light and promise of childhood shut out. Here steadily going on to a broader and happier future.

And yet we complain — we whose lives are safe and untroubled in any vital way! We of this America which is not only to be blessed but already is blessed by a kind Providence in peace and all the essentials of prosperity.

Let our prayer be that we be not punished for our ingratitude, our foolish complaints, our impatience and our lack of faith, by being somehow drawn into this fiery whirlwind that is sweeping over so much of the earth today.

A FEW SMILES

"I've taken the most important step toward building a fashionable apartment house."

"Let the contract, have you?"

"No. I've selected a fancy name for the building."—Judge.

A popular sea captain had died and his fellow townsmen thought he should have a suitable headstone with an epitaph. The four leading men of the hamlet were selected to write a poem, and it was decided that each should write one line. The first found it very simple and wrote his easily. The second looked at the first line and puzzled a little, then wrote his. The third examined the other two lines and at length wrote his. The fourth contemplated the three lines and sat and chewed his pencil a long time. At last he wrote his line. The townspeople were considerably surprised when they saw the headstone. The verse read:

"Here lies the captain of the sea,
Here lies him, here lies he,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
A, B, C, D, E, F, G."
—Harper's Magazine.

A young officer rather new to his work was drilling a squad of recruits and gave the word of command. "Lift the right leg."

One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the astonished officer, "that fool has lifted both legs!"

The Ragtime Muse

Sure Sign.

I was perturbed by Europe's state;
There guns are booming early, late,
And armies marching up and down
And shells are wrecking tower and town.
The war is such a horrid thing
I can't go there vacationing.

I was put out and worried, so
I sought for some place else to go;
I knew I dared not cross the sea,
Of floating mines thoughts came to me;
So while I pondered in despair
Someone suggested: "There's a fair."

Then I was presently employed
To find if folk the fair enjoyed,
To learn if it was new and nice—
In short, if it was worth the price;
But with the answers friends supplied
I was not wholly satisfied.

I said to one man: "Prove it, please."
"I'll do it with the greatest ease,"
He answered. "You need only look
In each returned friend's pocketbook."
They all were broke. And so I know
The fair's a splendid place to go!

Beauty and Joy.

From Collier's Weekly.

A part of our regular reading is the weekly Emporia Gazette. Every issue starts off with a passage from the Bible, and the second thing in the paper before us is a two-stanza poem, of which the second reads:

Come home where Kansas lies under the stars
Twinkling back beauty and joy;
Come and let homely love poultice your scars,
Leave off your restless employ.
Come home where summer winds billow the wheat,
Where golden tides cover the sands;
Come—let your hearts' longing hasten your feet
And let love unfetter your hands.
Come where the sunflower eagerly bends
A tawny frank face to the light;
So do our hearts seek the joy of old friends—
Come home tonight.
—W. A. W.

It's a fine thing for a man to think this way about the place that is his home. Why aren't there more editors who love their communities the way Will White loves his? Why don't more young men take up this extremely attractive career, the small town editor? If experience is any guide, some time during the next three or four months no fewer than 50 or 60 young men will come into our office with letters of introduction from college presidents, all of them seeking work on a city newspaper. If each of those young men would go to a smaller city to become, not a reporter, but a country newspaper man, and acquire an affection for his community, he would do much better by himself and by the universe.

Character.

From the Ohio State Journal.

We are so apt to omit the character of a man in our estimates of his fitness for some important duty, and to regard his skill or knowledge in some special line of work as the test of his efficiency. This won't work. Character is the first thing to be considered. Proficiency in any direction will not supplant the actual need of the inmost truth of a man's life, his make-up, his personality, his trend, his tone, his impulse. These constitute the character of a man—something far above his special qualifications.

In fact, a man may be a person of no character at all and at the same time be proficient in whatever duty is assigned him; but his character goes with his work and in the end will show exactly what it is. In the final analysis a man's work will not rise above his character. Elect a man to office who is an able and skillful man, but whose character is below par, and the whole community will feel the depression of his character, and that depression will last for years. And so everywhere, in business, in school, in church, in politics, the first thing to consider in the selection of a man for duty is his character, his personality.

Strictly Cash Basis.

From Judge.

Shortly after the reconstruction period began, an old southern planter met one of his negroes whom he had not seen since the latter's liberation.

"Well, well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Josh?"

"I's a-preachin'."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yessah, marster, I'se a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. At the fust I use notes, but now I de-mands de cash."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

A man who is pound foolish may not be penny wise.

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It's a good brand of fertilizer that will raise a mortgage.

• •

And many a corporation has been sunk by its floating debt.

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Some people borrow trouble for the purpose of giving it to others.

• •

"Pleased to meet you" is one thing a man never says to a sight draft.

• •

The world seems all the brighter to lovers when the gas is turned low.

• •

Perhaps pin money is so called because most wives stick their husbands for it.

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Some people seem to think you should pay rent for the place you occupy in their thoughts.

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Marriage is a lottery in which a blank is a man whose wife has to take in washing to support him.

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Isn't it disappointing to go to a show and then find that it isn't as bad as you were afraid it would be?

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A prominent citizen is one who can talk 20 seconds without having everybody else in the crowd interrupt him.

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It's enough to disgust a hypocrite when he discovers that the man he has been posing for is no better than himself.

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Some men would rather go barefooted while waiting for a dead man's shoes than get out and earn sufficient money to buy a new pair.

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In order to encourage him to go ahead and buy the license, why don't you tell him that none of your people lived to be more than a hundred?

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Weston Leader is among those boosting for good roads by the Multnomah county method. This issue in Umatilla county is in the paramount class.

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"Building operations of the past 10 months," says the Eugene Register, "totaled nearly a half million dollars. Come what may, Eugene goes right on growing."

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The Baker Democrat's North Powder correspondent reports the bringing in of the nineteenth flowing well within the corporate limits of the town. Every attempt has been a success.

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Molalla Pioneer: Assessor Jack was in Molalla Monday checking up the real estate assessments inside the corporate limits. He stated that the business lots were not assessed anywhere near that of other places with property of similar values. The rapid growth of the town and the new conditions made it necessary that the matter be gone over carefully.

• •

Ashland Tidings: The ladies in charge of the city beautiful plans are busy all of the time and effects are beginning to show. Some big improvements are under way on the motor depot grounds. The work which the ladies have set out to do cannot be accomplished in a few weeks, but will take a year before really big changes are apparent and still longer before the plans are carried out.

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Continuing upon the topic of southern Oregon's mineral resources, the Grants Pass Courier says: "If word should be brought down from the north that discoveries had been made of gold and of copper as rich as some of the discoveries in southern Oregon, or of deposits of coal such as those found here, there would be crowded ships for Alaskan ports for days to come. Here these things are taken as a matter of fact, and create hardly a ripple of excitement."

A SUBMARINE WIRELESS

Cleveland Moffett in American Magazine.

In one corner of the factory, in a fenced-off space, we came to the newborn oscillator, a smallish metal affair no bigger than a sewing-machine, with many copper parts for the electrical connections and a drumhead of solid steel, 22 inches in diameter and five-eighths of an inch thick, that vibrates astonishingly under the electric current and gives forth a sound of terrifying loudness.

"Would you like to hear it?" asked the professor. Then, turning to an assistant, "Are you ready?"

He switched on a buzzing generator, adjusted a rheostat, pressed a black key, whereupon—"Whoo-oop!" the thing barked at us suddenly like an angry calliope, and the tone persisted as long as the key was held down. A shaft of the rheostat handle brought a current of greater frequency and the tone rose to a piercing shriek. Another turn and the shriek was deafening. Louder and shriller screamed the quivering drumhead as the scientist manipulated the rheostat handle in the manner of a motorman speeding up his trolley-car. The whole factory resounded. I covered my ears and waved for mercy.

"But it will be unendurable on a ship, a thing like that sounding all the time," I said.

The inventor shook his head. "When you hear the oscillator sounding on a vessel you will scarcely notice it. Here we are right at the source of sound, but on a ship the oscillator is deep down in the hold and is submerged in water. You will see."

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Professor Fessenden then showed me a gray steel tank like a big bathtub, with ends made of steel plates, such as are used in battleships. Experiments have been made with this tank filled with water and the oscillator welded to one end, so that the vibrations pass through the liquid.

"When we sound the oscillator in this way," he said, "the water in the tank is thrown into a state of extraordinary agitation, so much so that if you dipped your hand in during the experiment it would be hurled out violently and painfully. I scarcely know whether this shock is physical or electrical. It is due to the fact that under the rapid and powerful impact of the vibrating end-plate the mass of liquid is literally squeezed together, about a thousandth of an inch for each vibration, and then torn apart. One thousandth of an inch is an enormous amount when you reflect that water is practically incompressible. It is almost as if the atomic structure of the water had been twisted or distorted."

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It is simply a matter of making the oscillator toot out dots and dashes according to the code. Now you see the importance of these oscillators in naval warfare, for a battleship equipped with such instruments can talk to its own submarines while they are miles away and submerged, and can actually direct their movements against an enemy's vessels.

The submarines need not come up until just before launching their torpedoes, say at a distance of a thousand yards from the vessel they wish to attack. Then they will only show their periscopes for a few seconds while they make final observations.

• •

The professor went into another room, and I recited "Mary had a little lamb" to the oscillator and then counted slowly up to nine. Whereupon I heard the inventor's voice issuing distinctly from the disk of steel and repeating word for word what I had said. Standing in the next room he had heard my remarks to the steel diaphragm through a telephone connection, and had spoken back to me by this telephone. In other words, the minute vibrations of my voice and of his voice had been sufficient to set that thick metal plate quivering so that audible words were transmitted through it in either direction.

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Not less startling in its bearing on the present war is the theory advanced convincingly by the Submarine Signal company that the German raid on the east coast of England in December could never have taken place if British dreadnoughts and superdreadnoughts had been equipped with listening oscillators. It is generally believed that the British naval authorities, fearing the destruction of their proudest and most powerful ships, withdrew these from the triple blockading line that had previously guarded closely the North sea waters off Helgoland and the German naval base at Kiel. This gave swift cruisers of the German fleet their chance to steam through the weakened and attenuated barrier and come out into the North sea, and they took the chance.

Had the British dreadnoughts felt themselves safe against submarines, as they would have been safe with electrical ears to warn them, they would never have left their original positions; they would have maintained an impenetrable blockade outside of Kiel, and the enemy's ships would never have broken through this blockade and shelled Scarborough.

REBUILDING RAILROAD FROM EARNINGS

By John M. Oskison.

"Since 1901," said a recent report, "the Erie has expended for additions and betterments more than $100,000,000, or over 50 per cent, in excess of the average total annual income of the company for the last three years."

This road, the notable prey of stock market jugglers of the last generation, is now all but double-tracked along its whole length from Chicago to New York; its grades are low; and its equipment is being brought to a point where as a freight carrier it can compete with the best.

Erie stock, meanwhile, has paid no dividends. For years the road's owners have received nothing. The road's credit has been shaky and little new money has been borrowed; the management, after paying the interest on its bonded debt, has devoted earnings to new construction and regeneration—the sort of work that most roads pay for by borrowing money.

The report on the Erie I have mentioned, says:

"Only a practical railroad man can appreciate fully the magnitude of this improvement work, which has given the Erie for long distances as fine a roadbed and track facilities as are enjoyed by any railroad in the world. Prosecuted intelligently and persistently for more than a dozen years past, it has tried the patience of the preferred stockholders, who have gone without dividends most of the time."

It is reasonable to suppose that when this reconstructed wreck of a road does begin to pay dividends on its stock they will be earned.

What the Erie has been doing is the sort of job that a few other roads have already tackled, and which more will have to tackle. There has been much disappointment over returns on borrowed money spent on railroad construction and improvement in the last ten years. As a consequence the credit (borrowing capacity) of some roads has suffered.

It has come to a point where the investor who wants a fair assurance of income can not afford to buy railroad stocks; and the railroad bonds he puts his money in must be carefully chosen.

Holders of railroad stocks ought to watch with care the growth of bonded indebtedness which is being piled up against their roads. At a certain point they are sure to stop paying dividends and adopt the Erie policy of using earnings to pay for improvements.

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.

Aboard the Great Northern.

Vancouver Wash., April 19.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Kindly let me know through The Journal what was the fare on the Great Northern steamship from her eastern port to San Francisco on her maiden trip.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[The charge depended upon the character of stateroom, but the minimum was $90.]

Unfortunate Doubt.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

One could express himself more clearly about these nice little spring hats if he really felt sure of the difference between a casserole and a ramekin.

OREGON THE OREGON COUNTRY

"IN EARLY DAYS"

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal.

Recently while in Walla Walla I took the elevator to the seventh floor of the Baker-Boyer building to visit ex-Governor Miles C. Moore. "How long have you been in Walla Walla, governor?" I asked. "More than 50 years," replied Mr. Moore. He stepped to the window and said: "Right over there is where I camped the first night I spent in Walla Walla. At that time there was a grove of fir trees there. We started out in the fall of 1863 from Alder Gulch for Portland. We missed our trail and got to Walla Walla in place of Lewiston, where we had planned to take the boat for Portland. At that time Walla Walla had about 500 permanent residents and several hundred miners and packers who wintered here and helped make the town a very lively place. We struck town about dusk, and while the others took care of the horses, I went downtown to buy some things for supper. I saw a sign in a bakery, 'Bread, two loaves for a quarter.' I went in and asked for two loaves of bread. I laid down a 25 cent shinplaster. The baker shoved it back scornfully and said: 'What do you call that?' I said, 'That is money in a civilized country.' He said: 'Well, it is no good here. Haven't you any dust?' I got out my poke and he weighed out two bits in dust. He had a woolen blanket under the scales, and when he blew out the black sand I am inclined to think some of the finer gold was blown out on the blanket. The merchants used to burn the blankets under the gold scales and make a good cleanup from the spilled gold dust. When the old saloons were moved from the main street here they panned the dirt under the floor and had rich diggings, especially under the bar, where the gold dust would spill on the floor and sift through the cracks. Yes, that baker borrowed money from me some years later, and—but that is past history.

"We put our two pack mules and our saddle horses up in the livery stable. A man named James Fruit asked me what I would take for the mules. He offered us $300. We accepted. He was a Southern sympathizer, so when he paid for the mules he said: 'You are Republicans, are you not? You are for the north?' We said 'Yes.' 'All right,' he responded. 'I'll pay you in northern money,' and he started to pay us in greenbacks. We refused to accept them at more than 50 cents on the dollar, so he finally paid us in gold coin. My old school teacher, Professor Yocum, lived in Walla Walla, and decided to remain and establish a private school. A day or two later while I was walking down the street with Sam Buchanan, who had come with us, we were accosted by a man who said his name was Captain Mullen. He asked us if we were not strangers in town, and where we came from, and various other questions. He told us he lived just south of town, and invited us to come out to his house for Sunday dinner. We had a fine dinner at his home, and after dinner he asked us what our plans were. We told him we were going to the Willamette valley. He made no comment except to tell us an incident that made us change our plans.

"'In the winter of 1862,' he said, 'I was dining with a party of Catholic priests at Coeur d'Alene. The discovery of gold at Pierce City was referred to and I said: 'You have been in the country many years; it seems strange that you have never discovered gold.' One of the priests said: 'We did, many years ago.' He stopped and looked at Father De Smet to see if he had said too much. Father De Smet nodded to him and said: 'Go ahead if you wish.' The priest said: 'In the late forties at St. Ignatius mission on the Pend d'Oreille Father DeVos and Father Accolti discovered gold. The Indians at the mission were digging a ditch when they came across a large quantity of fine gold. They showed it to the priests, who told them it was of no value, and had them fill the ditch up so no wandering white man would see it. We were there to save souls; not to work gold mines, and we knew that if we let the news of the discovery get abroad our work among the Indians would be over.'

"Captain Mullen asked us not to breathe a word of what he had just told us, and asked us if we cared to go along and rediscover this gold. We eagerly assented. We made our plans to meet at Silcott's ferry, on the Snake river, just below the mouth of the Palouse. Our party consisted of Captain Mullen and his brother-in-law Mr. Williamson, Charles Addis and Tom Beall, now living at Lewiston, Mr. Silcott, Sam Buchanan and myself. Our party stayed at Antoine Plant's ferry while Captain Mullen went to visit the priest who had told him about it. Captain Mullen came back with a carefully drawn map of the old mission, which showed the location of the ditch where the gold had been found, and also the place where the old roothouse was where gold had also been found. Antoine Plant went with us as guide and interpreter. From what the priest had told Captain Mullen, the gold was very abundant; and we knew there was no chance of our not making a rich strike.

"We went through a beautiful country, that gradually changed from the rolling bunchgrass covered hills to a country of streams and lakes, on which were thousands of wild geese. We secured a boat from the Indians and crossed to the old mission. The old barn was still there, but the other buildings were gone. Captain Mullen said to me: 'While the others are getting supper, you and I will look about a bit and see if we can locate the old roothouse.' We found it and got a pan of dirt. I panned it, but there wasn't a color to be seen in the black sand. It was about dark, so we didn't say anything to the others about our lack of success. Next morning bright and early our whole party located the old ditch, and we got busy with our shovels and pans. About two feet from the surface we struck a big deposit of mica, or 'fool's gold,' as it is called. This was the big gold deposit the priests had covered up. They were sincere in their belief that they had found gold, but we had made a water haul and were a very much disgusted party. We prospected from there to Lewiston, finding some gold on the Palouse, but not sufficient to rich to work. When I got back to Walla Walla, still intending to go on to Portland, I found that my old teacher, Professor Yocum, had borrowed the $200 I had left with him and had bought furniture and books to start a private school. This left me broke, so I stayed in Walla Walla, and have been here ever since."

Too Much for Her.

From the Yale Record.

He—They say after marriage the husband and wife grow to look like each other.

She—Then consider my refusal final.