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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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I have cut off the nations: their towers are desolate; I made their streets waste, that none passeth by: their cities are destroyed, so that there is no man, that there is none inhabitant.—Zephaniah iii, 6.

WATCHFUL WAITING

GENERAL VILLA, in response to President Wilson's note, offers to resign or take any other course that will lead to pacification of the country. General Carranza has so far manifested no hostility to the American proposal.

"Watchful waiting" has brought many people in Mexico to their senses. The leaders have fought one another to the point of exhaustion, and fought the country to the point of starvation.

A year ago, the suggestion of American intervention was universally resented in Mexico. Today, even the leaders of the various revolutions realize that all revolutions have failed, that military resources are exhausted, and that there is little hope for either to succeed. What is more to the point, the people are spent, worn and starving as a result of the anarchy, and for the first time, many would welcome some kind of American leadership that would re-establish constitutional government and restore order.

The masses in Mexico realize that any change would be a deliverance from things worse to come from the factional fighting in the country. With no more blood to be shed, with famine and disease stalking through the land, distracted and disheveled Mexico is ready to listen to wise counsel and to consent to disinterested and humane guidance.

Meanwhile, too, South and Central American nations have been shown by President Wilson that America covets no foreign territory, seeks no extension of sovereignty, harbors no ambition to dominate her neighbors, but desires only the welfare of all mankind.

Instead of having the distrust of Pan-America, we have now the confidence of Pan-America as well as the confidence of most of the Mexican people in any enterprise we may embark upon, south of the Rio Grande. Such is the result accomplished by "watchful waiting," and it is a reward well worth the patience, the fortitude and the courage of the man who was wise and brave enough to originate and apply the policy.

THE FESTIVAL CENTER

EVERY indication is that Portland has ample reason to be grateful to the Rose Festival management. The men and women who have charge of this year's attractions have given the city the best in them, and already there is evidence that their best represents Portland's expectations.

It is too early to pass final judgment on all features of the festival, but it is not too early to say a word about the festival center. Nobody in Portland, even for a few hours this week, should fail to see and admire this exquisite work of art, for it is a work of art in every sense of the term. Whatever the coming attractions may be, the festival center alone is of a character and a surpassing beauty that justify the festival management's conception of Portland as the home of flowers, of shrubs and trees, and of the beautiful in nature.

No description of the festival center could be adequate. It must be seen and seen again to be appreciated. Any person could spend profitable hours, even days, absorbing beauty there. It is more than a flower garden, more than an exhibit of the beauties of nature massed under overhanging green branches and illuminated at night by myriads of lights leading from many centers to the circumferences of many circles. It is a fairyland such as children sense and grown people hope for.

WILLIAM L. BREWSTER.

IN W. L. BREWSTER, Portland has had a splendid city commissioner.

In every public act, he has been clean and courageous. Considerations as to his political fortunes have weighed not at all with him in the discharge of his public duty. The one and the only thing that has counted has been the welfare of the city and the efficiency of public service.

There has long been a cry everywhere for higher standards in public life. Cities everywhere are groaning under the burdens of inefficiency, incompetency and indifference in officialdom. The clamor for officials who would render a dollar's worth of service for a dollar's worth of salary is now, and long has been, country wide.

As a commissioner, Mr. Brewster measured up fully to the ideals of those who have been asking for better government. After such a record, it is an anomaly that another should have been given preferment in Monday's election. It is one of the fitful changes of moody and variable politics, and is not in the slightest degree a sign that Mr. Brewster has been found wanting.

His successor has been set a high example. He has been set an example in which there was no facing in all directions, no juggling, no side stepping, no pettifogging, but a straightforward and open course toward all men and all measures.

To make a record so excellent will require all the powers, all the intelligence and all the moral fibre of Mr. Baker, and The Journal counsels him to employ them to the full in order that the commission government with which he is in part entrusted may be passed on unimpaired to his successor.

That is what Mr. Brewster has done and it is what every city commissioner should have an unalterable ambition to do.

THE CLOVEN FOOT

SO, there was method in this meter madness of the Oregonian's.

It wasn't meters, but Commissioner Daly that the Oregonian was fighting, and it was fighting Daly for fear he might be a candidate for mayor two years hence.

The cloven foot is disclosed in a cartoon which caricatures Mr. Daly as losing in Monday's election his chance of "the mayoralty in 1917." An editorial aids the interpretation with this statement:

"The real issue in the city election Monday was Mr. Daly. The meter and garbage questions were merely incidents to the organized political and socialistic activities of an astute and aggressive commissioner.

That is to say, through fear that Mr. Daly might rise up for the "mayoralty in 1917," something nobody else had thought of, the Oregonian deliberately fought meters as a means of discrediting Daly. It substituted politics for the welfare of the water system of Portland. It falsified the facts about meters as a means of crucifying a man.

As further evidence of this cloven-footed game, the Oregonian said yesterday:

It is known that the mayor has not been entirely satisfied with the manner in which the water bureau has been operated, and it is said that there is a possibility of this part of the city service being turned over to Mr. Baker.

By the end of the current fiscal year, Commissioner Daly will have saved a total of $200,000 in the cost of operating the water department. Until Daly's administration, the operating cost of the system was a constantly mounting expenditure. Daly is the first man who ever made reductions in the operating cost. In addition, Daly, the first of this year, lowered water rates 18 per cent for household use and 25 per cent for lawn sprinkling.

Because Daly has made a signal record for economy and efficiency in the water department, is the management of the water system now to be taken away from him?

Is it because he was making such a showing and because meters would enable him to still further reduce operating cost, that the mayor and the Oregonian made the fight on meters?

Is Daly to be handicapped, and obstructed, and his efforts be opposed by the Oregonian and the work Daly is doing so well be taken away from him by the mayor for fear Daly might succeed so well as to become formidable for mayor?

We know what has happened. We know from the Oregonian itself that its "real issue in the city election was Mr. Daly," that the "meter issue was a mere incident," and that the possibility of Daly for "the mayoralty in 1917" was the Oregonian's secret for fighting. We know that meters were lied about as to their cost and their effect, not because of meters, but to harm Daly. We know that the system of waste and profligate expenditure for million-dollar pipe lines and enormously expensive distributing mains is to be perpetuated through fear that Daly would so greatly reduce the cost of Portland water that his popularity with the public would be so well established as to make him formidable for another place in the city government.

What else is to be done in this effort to assassinate the standing of a man who is saving $200,000 to the water system, is yet to appear, and whether or not the mayor of Portland is to help play the game will be fully revealed.

TROUBLE FOR TRAVELERS

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has decided that railway passengers may be required to make a signed statefent as to the value of their baggage. If it is worth more than $100, the railroads can charge ten cents for each $100 of value above the $100 allowed free transportation.

This ruling is creating unfavorable comment. It is an outcome of the Cummins amendment to the interstate commerce law, which provides that common carriers shall not be exempt for liability on the full value of property carried by them. To avoid the filing of unjust claims against railroads, it is provided that a shipper shall declare in advance the value of his property. This declaration is made under penalty, so that the passenger who overstates the value of his trunk and contents may be punished.

Objection to the ruling is based on the assertion that it will impose a heavy burden on many travelers and also open the door to much trouble concerning valuations. The ordinary traveler seldom knows the value of his baggage, but under this ruling he must know it or run the risk of inviting punishment. Commercial travelers have long paid extra for excess baggage, determined by weight. Now they must pay that charge and in addition another 10 cents for each $100 valuation in excess of the minimum.

The railroads are asking this extra charge for insuring the passenger's property entrusted to their care. It may be a just charge, but it is bound to make a lot of trouble for both men and women. For instance, what is a woman's gown three weeks out of style actually worth in dollars and cents?

BLAMING THE FARMER

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, president of the City National bank of New York, has accused the American farmer of being only 40 per cent efficient, because only that portion of farming land is productive.

The St. Louis Star comes to the farmer's defense, saying it is his business to cultivate his own land. He is efficient or inefficient to the extent that he gets out of his land all it should produce, just as a banker is efficient only as he conducts the affairs of his bank to the best advantage.

On the latter theory, bankers may be called as inefficient as farmers. Surely, with money in New York in almost unlimited amounts at 4 per cent or less and in Arkansas almost impossible to be secured at 10 per cent, banking as a whole is not more than 40 per cent efficient.

It has come to be the habit to blame the farmer whenever thought is given to the need of more farm products. But he is doing the best he knows how, and he is accomplishing great things for the country in spite of big odds against him. Are the banks, of which Mr. Vanderlip is a representative, doing as much?

There will be much unused farm land so long as land is kept out of use through prohibitive prices. The farmer should not be blamed because land held by speculators is not tilled. He should not be blamed for refusing to invite bankruptcy by agreeing to pay more for land than it is worth as a farming investment. The farmer may be inefficient in cultivating the land he has, but he is not blamable for the millions of acres that are denied tillers of the soil.

Mr. Vanderlip should come to Oregon and see the result of land speculation. Vast tracts of the best soil outdoors are idle because the farmer cannot acquire them at a reasonable price. Let Mr. Vanderlip tell the bankers to finance farmers instead of speculators.

Constable Jack Frost, of Clackamas county, declined in court to taste the contents of a bottle that figured in an alleged "bootlegger's" trial, saying he would rather pay a fine than take a drink of whiskey. He must be an experienced officer. Lots of men who take a drink are fined for doing it, and some of them are asked to pay after their money is gone.

A New York youth was sentenced to not less than four nor more than 20 years in prison for selling a girl for immoral purposes. The judge, in passing sentence expressed the opinion that electrocution was "none too severe a penalty," and decent mankind coincides in the view.

"Prospects are favorable for a $10,000,000 wool crop in Wyoming this season, the greatest in years," says the Wyoming state board of sheep commissioners. Why, it has been supposed all along that every sheep in Wyoming had been asphyxiated by free wool gas.

Thirty-six Ohio pupils recently stood in a spelling bee all day and half the night without missing a word. Now we should hear from some of the people who insist that modern schools cannot compare with the old ones in teaching the fundamentals.

There is this about it: Right or wrong in his determination to quit the cabinet, Mr. Bryan acted in accordance with his convictions. It is more than can be said about some of his critics.

Queen Sybil has one big advantage over some of her royal sisters in Europe. She isn't dodging bullets and aerial bombs.

"One automobile party passing through your town leaves more money than a whole trainload of people going by the depot," said Buffalo Bill while in Portland. Keep it in mind. It might sink in. Then, may be, there will be less resistance to building a Pacific highway that will be passable before the first of June.

A Pittsburg judge offered to trade jobs with a mounted policeman. After talking it over with his wife, the policeman decided it were better to stick to his job of riding a beautiful horse than a bevy of bucking Pittsburg lawyers.

A news item says two trainloads of Texas garlic have been shipped to Italy for her soldiers. Does it mean that the Italians hope to get close enough to their enemies to asphyxiate them with a garbage breath?

Huerta says Mexico needs a big stick and a rope in the hands of a strong man. Perhaps so, but there are many well informed Mexicans who think Huerta also needs a rope in the hands of a strong man.

Columbia university and Sing Sing prison in New York, are to cooperate in a system of education for convicts. It's alarming the way intelligent people are "coddling" criminals.

"If we had had a jingo in the White House, this country would now be at war with Germany," said former President Taft. Who in the world could he have been referring to?

The weather man may just as well understand that while his assistance is desired it is not absolutely necessary to make the Rose Festival a big success.

STRANGE SURVIVAL OF SAN MARINO

From the Detroit News.

IT IS a curious fact that the two rival claimants among European nations for antiquity as independent governments are also the smallest and most insignificant. These are the tiny republics of San Marino and Andorra. Monaco, which is smaller than either, is an independent principality of later origin. San Marino stands near the Adriatic coast of Italy about 12 miles south of Rimini. It has an area of 38 square miles and a population of 10,000. This little republic, now completely surrounded by war territory, is a neutral state possessed of the common rights and privileges accorded to neutrals. An Austrian aeroplane could land in San Marino to procure gasoline or ammunition. A squad of Italian troops overmatched by a superior force of enemies might take refuge there and be interned for the period of the war. The rights of the republic and those of belligerents within its borders would be as much entitled to respect as though it were as large as the United States.

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The origin of San Marino is ancient and very obscure. It derives its name from Saint Marinus of Dalmatia, who took refuge there from Roman persecution in the fourth century. The fact that his chosen asylum was respected by a power which had little respect for the rights of others would imply that it must have enjoyed some sort of recognized independence even in that day. Saint Marinus established himself in a hermitage on Mt. Titanus, a rugged mount about 2600 feet in height, which is an outer spur of the Appenines but entirely separated from the main range.

At Mt. Titanus the refugee Christian was given the protection of Felicita, a woman of wealth, and presumably the titular owner of considerable territory, since she gave him and his little congregation the proprietorship of the mountain. The sovereignty had from time to time rested in the Roman republic, the empire, the Goths, the Greeks and the Germans. Afterward the papacy had a recognized claim to it. Its recognized independence grew out of the mutual jealousies of neighboring lords and princes, bent upon maintaining a sort of balance of power and all in agreement that the strategic importance of San Marino made it impolitic to allow its absorption by any one of the rival houses.

In the 13th century the papacy recognized its independence and in 1463 Pope Pius II sanctioned some enlargement of its area at the expense of Sigismund Malatesta, with the consent of other lords of the neighborhood. In 1465 the people of San Marino delegated their sovereignty to a council of 60 members composed of 20 aristocrats, 20 artisans and 20 agriculturists and the executive functions were divided between two Captain Regents.

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The government officials draw a small salary and during their six months legislative sessions they are free of taxation. San Marino carries on all the functions of a state government. It has a postoffice department and a standing army of 950 men and eight officers. Its artistic stamps are prized by collectors. It has diplomatic representatives in Paris and Montevideo and consuls in several other cities. Distinguished services to the state or contributions to science are rewarded by the conferring of knighthood. The Sanmarinese government, though nominally Republican, is actualy oligarchic by common consent. From its early days to the present time the people of the republic have been singularly united, courageous, public spirited and prudent. When Garibaldi, beaten by superior numbers in 1849, his little tatterdemalion forces scattered to the winds and a price set upon his head, had no other refuge he sought asylum in San Marino and the little republic granted him its protection while Austria, and most of the other powers with the exception of Sardinia, were clamoring for his blood.

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When Bonaparte had made himself master of Italy in 1797 he sent a message to San Marino and told the people that if they wanted more territory, they could have it for the asking. They declined the offer very wisely, on the ground that they could not afford to accept any enlargement which might in time compromise their liberty and independence. They preferred independence in poverty and insignificance to territorial aggrandizement, which would arouse the cupidity of neighboring states and principalities. Their safety and freedom from molestation has been insured by their poverty. When Cardinal Alberoni attempted to disturb their independence in 1739 Pope Benedict XIV remarked: "San Marino is a hard bread crust; the man who tries to bite into it will get his teeth broken.' When protection has been necessary in the past it has always been furnished, sometimes by the Dukes of Urbino, sometimes by Napoleon and at other times by the Popes.

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When Italy was reunited after the long struggle, San Marino was regarded as in peril of absorption, but the Italians under Victor Immanuel declared that they would be ashamed to erase from the map of Europe a little republic that had existed so long and had had so many distinguished protectors. The public schools of San Marino conform to the Italian system. Appeals may be taken from its courts to the Italian higher courts. Extradition of criminals is granted. The people pay no tax and furnish no troops to Italy. San Marino is the most remarkable survival among European governments.

A FEW SMILES

A Louisville man went into a restaurant in a nearby town recently. He was dressed in his best clothes and his mortification almost overcame him when the waiter in passing spilled a bowl of gravy upon his trousers.

"Look, darn you, look!" he ejaculated! "You've spilled the gravy on me."

The waiter winked and whispered: "That's all right, sir. Don't say anything about it and I'll bring you another bowl of gravy without charge."

"What do you think?" A man brought back the umbrella he took from our hall stand!"

"H'm! It speaks well for the honesty of the man, but it's a terrible slight to the umbrella." — Woman's Home Companion.

"Thump-rattlety-bang!" went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise from my new instruction book, 'First Steps in Music,'" she answered.

"Well, I knew you were playing with your feet," he said grimly, "but don't step so heavily on the keys—it disturbs my thoughts."

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 Indestructible Kingdom.

Redmond, Or., June 2.—To the Editor of The Journal—In a leading daily paper (not the Journal) I read two communications, one from a German, one from an Englishman. The German gave our government fits because he seemed to think we were favoring the allies, while the other fellow gave us fits because he was things from the other side. After I had read both letters I could only conclude that the editor was at fault for publishing them and was equally wrong with the writers.

In a large church in San Francisco a sermon was preached on this subject a week ago last Sunday. An eminent minister took for his text, "And who Shall Be King," a gleaning from Daniel 2:44. "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all the other dingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

It was a glorious illustration of the course taken by America in her attitude toward the warring nations at this present time. The evidence produced should have been convincing to all those who heard it that President Wilson was following a path that must be near under the divine leading. Whether the present is the troublesome time of which the Bible speaks, we do not know; but we have the assurance that they are troublesome times, and not in our history has there been greater need of cool deliberation in all our acts and words. A misstep now made by him might wreck our nation. We should not think of Germans and allies, but rather of erring brothers who have gone astray, for in spite of it all they are our brothers still, and President Wilson recognizes this fact and is directing all his efforts toward the one great object of being in readiness to extend to the the aid they will be in need of when the armies shall at last be compelled to disband from sheer exaustion.

READER.

War and the Warrior.

Portland, June 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—Not many years ago it was the custom for a certain class of men to walk through life with an offensive chip on their shoulder, which they called their honor. Anyone who accidentally or intentionally disturbed this piece of wood was promptly challenged to mortal combat; if the first party succeeded in murdering him his honor was thereby vindicated. This spirit seems to still animate certain nations as a whole; they must sacrifice the best of their own country, and butcher as many as possible of another land in order to uphold their "honor." Is it not time for all civilized races to cast aside this folly. The only factors that can give a nation honor and dignity are humanity, justice and righteousness.

The only justifiable war is one in self-defense or in the aid of a weak and outraged nation. Even then it should be the last resort. The name of warrior is one to be abhorred. The men who were willing to give their lives that our country might live during the Revolutionary and Civil wars deserve our highest honor and regard; but men who fight for adventure or conquest, who make a profession of warfare, are worthy of nothing but contempt.

Only men who construct and conserve have my esteem; the warrior is a destroyer.

Hence our fixed purpose as a nation should be, not to plunge into hasty and thoughtless strife when we feel that our rights may not have been properly recognized, but to be cool and self-controlled, to suspend judgment until we have all the information necessary for righteous judgment, and then to act not from any selfish ambition or desire for vengeance, but that we may aid and serve humanity. Let us remember that the only real possession that makes a nation strong is an industrious, righteous and intelligent people. Such a body of citizens will, if there be a just cause, fight bravely and strongly.

AN AMERICAN.

When Chauncey Comes to Town.

By B. E. T.

When Chauncey Olcott comes to town
and brings his Irish play
We always look upon it as a sort of
holiday.
He seems like one of our own folks,
back to say "Hello,"
To talk with us and spice with us and
blarney us—but oh,
Those sweet love songs he sings to us
go straightway to the heart,
And touch the best within our souls
and cause the tears to start.
Oh, some may long for riches and
others seek renown,
But none can know the joy we feel
when Chauncey comes to town.

When Chauncey Olcott comes to town,
it seems somehow to me
There is a whisper in the air that Ireland will be free;
For all of us with one accord assemble
and rejoice,
And listen to old Erin's tale, and hear
the silvery voice
The voice whose haunting melody can
banish life's deep woes—
The voice that sang "Mavourneen"
and "My Wild Irish Rose."
Oh, when the heart is lonely and sorrow bears us down,
What pleasure at the theatre—when
Chauncey comes to town.

Portland, June 8.

The Trip of a Lifetime.

Portland, June 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—I had pictured in my mind a long tiresome ride from Portland to Mount Hood, over rough roads, with perhaps an accident, which so often occurs on the best of roads with autos. Now, I must say, words are inadequate to express my happy disappointment, for, far from being tedious, it proved to be a joy ride from beginning to end.

Starting from Portland at 8 a. m., I arrived at Hotel de Government Camp at 5 p. m., several stops being made along the route. I found the trip to be one continuous transformation of good to better, splendid to resplendent. I became intoxicated under the influence of varied sceneries, combined with the exhilarating mountain air and the fragrance of the pines and wild flowers that adorn both sides of the road. The babbling brooks we occasionally crossed and the feathered songsters added greatly to the enchantment of the road.

In veneration and awe, I could not or rather would not, break the spell with loud praises. I wanted the inner soul to feel the power of admiration and reverence to the brim, without interruption.

As we neared Hotel de Government Camp, like magic, "Presto, change!" there loomed up her majesty, like a queen on her throne, a full view of Mount Hood, robed in white, with sparkling jewels. How beautifully grand are God's works; no wonder one gets entranced, enchanted—yes, intoxicated.

At the hotel we found best of accommodations and excellent meals. We met Mr. and Mrs. Pridemore, whose hospitality and genial smiles greeted us with an assurance that we were welcome to the home of perfect rest and quietude.

We rode there in a seven-passenger Pierce-Arrow, of the Reliance company. Mr. Sneed, who is a competent driver, banished all previous fears of a wreck by his careful way of not rushing and not disregarding possible dangers.

I must not forget to pay homage to the beautiful rhododendrons, which were in full bloom and grow so thriftily on their native soil. It is to be hoped that the people will not be allowed to break them and spoil their growth; it would be a crime deserving a penalty, as they are a grand tribute in honor of the late Mr. Henry E. Wemme, who so nobly contributed towards building an ideal road. Destroying the natural beauties is an outrage to his memory. L. L. BEAUDETTE.

Seattle, Wash.

Imported Human Values.

From the Detroit News.

There has been a disposition on the part of a certain type of American to speak patronizingly of the assimilation of the alien population as though that process meant merely the adoption of American manners and the English speech, with the abandonment of inherited ways and tongues, and all for the unquestionable improvement of our foreign citizens.

The great mass of immigrants arrive here without wealth and, no matter what their intelligence or aptitude, are compelled to occupy a lowly level. Quickly they ascend in the second generation and as they do they give fully as much as they take.

The authorities at Ellis island see to it that incomers are supplied with a modicum of cash. The real riches they carry, of moral and physical vitality, of thriftiness and loyalty and colorful temperament, are hidden away, and remain hidden to careless Americans. Yet America and her expanding cities, such as Detroit, benefit immeasurably through the values imported and gradually exchanged for the larger opportunities found here. "Americanization" of our foreign neighbors is not a one-sided process.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The homely girl's face is her chaperon.

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People always remember the things they should forget.

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A near-argument is one in which nobody gets angry.

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Most of the sin on exhibition is anything but original.

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If it wasn't for men, fewer women would dislike each other.

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You don't need bank references in order to borrow trouble.

• • •

Many a good reputation has been stabbed by a pointed tongue.

• • •

You can't hurt some men unless you hit them on the pocketbook.

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Consider the bald headed man; he combs not, neither does he brush.

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It's sometimes hard for a man to adjust his religion to fit his business.

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But a small boy doesn't have to saw wood in order to develop an appetite.

• • •

A woman can usually manage a man if she doesn't let him know she is doing it.

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If a man has any good points adversity is apt to bring them out by the roots.

• • •

When father whips the children, mother thinks they don't deserve it, and when mother whips them father thinks the same thing.

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It is absurd to contend that there is nothing perfect in the world. There is hardly one of us who at some time or another has not made a perfect fool of himself.

LENDING AND SELLING IN SOUTH AMERICA

By John M. Oskison.

A second Argentine loan (this time $25,000,000) was offered to American investors on the morning this is written. Treasury gold bonds, due in five years from May 15, paying 6 per cent, are offered by a syndicate of 10 of the biggest banks in the country at "99 and interest."

Buyers of these short-term bonds will receive a return of about 6.20 per cent on their investment—if they apply in time.

Here is a concrete illustration of what financial and trade experts have been saying concerning our chances of building a profitable trade with South America.

First, the experts say, you must lend South America the money with which to buy the things you have to sell; then, you must grant to South American purchasers long credits—give their merchants six months to pay, instead of 30 days.

In a recent talk, the president of the steel trust said:

"At the beginning of the European war more than five billion dollars of British capital had been invested in Latin America. Investments of French capital were variously estimated at from $400,000,000 to $1,200,000,000, and German investments at somewhat less.

"British investments were estimated to yield an average annual interest of over 5 per cent, or $250,000,000, more than two-thirds of the value of the United Kingdom's yearly imports of Latin American products.

"In other words, the Latin American natural products imported for the life and industry of the British Isles were largely paid for by earnings of British gold invested in securities of Latin American governments and in the shares of enterprises in those countries, such as railroads, steamship lines, plantations, mines, manufacturing industries, railroads, fields, etc.

"Moreover, this British investment ensured preference for British exports, as a railroad financed in Great Britain was usually equipped with British materials, and the British-owned mines were operated with British machinery, etc."

We are accepting the conditions, apparently, for the present loan is the second to be offered here since the outbreak of the war in Europe.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The man posted in the Eugene Guard's watch tower has the honor to report that Penzance is figuring in the dispatches for the first time since the days of the Pirates.

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Baker Democrat: You didn't know Baker county was producing $200,000 in gold per month? Well, it's a fact, and before you know it the terms "Eastern Oregon gold fields" and the "Denver of Oregon" will be appropriate.

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Still another use found for the gasoline vehicle, according to the Fossil Journal, is as follows: "Andrew Patterson has bought a Mitchell car from Bert Brown to tend sheep camp with, as the grass in the mountains is getting too scarce to permit its being consumed by pack horses."

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What is always one of the very best of prosperity symptoms is registered by the Merrill Times, which says: "The sound of the hammer and saw is being heard every day in Merrill and although no large buildings are being erected, many new alterations and improvements are being made on a number of our residences."

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House famine report in Ashland Tidings: "Many strangers are now visiting Ashland and many new families are coming in for the summer. There is need for many more modern furnished cottages. There are some vacant houses, but few of them are habitable for the class of tenants now coming. Modern bungalows are needed."

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Silver Lake Leader: A. H. Canterbury has been appointed as trapper for the southern portion of the Fremont national forest by the biological survey. With Mr. Snyder on the northern part, the forest will have two of the best trappers that are known. The rabid coyotes will have to hunt new quarters, for these men know their business to perfection.

THE OREGON COUNTRY

"IN EARLY DAYS"

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal.

"We settled near Lebanon in the fall of 1851," said Mrs. J. H. Hope of Lebanon. "At that time there was only one house on the site of the present city of Lebanon. That was owned by Jeremiah Ralston, whose son, Charles H. Ralston, still lives on the original donation land claim of his father.

"We reached Ralston's on September 9. It was a hot day. We stopped to get a drink, near the wooden pump a little fair-skinned yellow-haired boy was playing. His name was Robbie. We children were dirty and tanned until we looked as dark as gypsies. I thought I had never seen as pretty a baby as little Robbie Ralston.

"Mrs. George was sick. Mr. Ralston advised father to settle near his place. Mr. Ralston had a log cabin on a place joining his claim, which he rented to us. When we were settled father and the George boys went to Portland to lay in a supply of provisions for the winter. Father brought back a cook stove for mother. It was a two-story affair. It had two lids in front and two lids on the upper story in the back. He also brought back a barrel of dried apples. He sawed the barrel in two so the Georges could have half of them. I was delighted with the smell of the dried apples. The grown folks laughed at me and explained the apples had been put up in brandy to keep them from spoiling and to keep the worms out and the 'good smell' was due to the brandy.

"Hugh George taught school that winter and the other children and I went to school in the log house that had been built by the Methodists for a church. That was Lebanon's first school.

"The next teacher was Mrs. L. J. Woodward. Her husband was a Methodist preacher and held services in the scattered communities throughout Southern Oregon. He was often here between his preaching trips, and he started to take subscriptions for an educational institution to be known as Santiam Academy. Jeremiah Ralston gave five acres of land, so did Morgan Kees. Others gave labor, lumber, wheat or money, and pretty soon we had our academy. Jesse and Melvin George went there, so did Volney Smith and James Douglas and many others who later became well known. Melvin George is now Judge M. C. George of Portland. James Douglas became a Methodist preacher. Volney Smith was the son of U. S. Senator Deleyon Smith and was appointed to West Point and became an army officer.

"Col. E. D. Baker and Senator Joe Lane and Senator Kelly and Judge George H. Williams used to talk at the chapel exercises whenever they were in Lebanon on a political campaign.

"There used to be a double plank walk from town to the Santian Academy, and whenever a couple were in love they would walk close together and only use one plank. Oh yes, I have walked the plank a good bit myself.

"I used to be at home on horseback when I was a girl. I usually rode in the contests at the county fair. I used to win out, too. I remember how proud I was the first time I took the first prize, and they fastened the blue ribbon on my horse's bridle.

"The best girl rider in the state in those days was Sis Waldo. She used to say any fellow who could overtake her on horseback could marry her. Many a young fellow tried it, but she had the best horse in the country. Yes, she got married, but I rather think when the right young man came along she pulled her horse in a little so she could be overtaken.

"I was married on October 14, 1875, to Dr. Joseph Holmes Pherls Hope. We took a wedding trip to California and stayed there five years. My husband died in 1899. The first store here in Lebanon was kept by Jeremiah Ralston. The next one was owned by Conner & Wakefield. D. W. Wakefield, one of the charter members of the Portland Y. M. C. A., used to be a clerk in the store. My father was postmaster when you could bring all the mail that Lebanon got in an ordinary pair of saddle bags. Writing or receiving a letter in those days was an event. A few of those who were here 56 years ago are still here, but most of them have passed on."

What's to Become of the Turk?

H. G. Dwight in the Century.

The Turk comes as near as anyone to being a man without a country. None of his neighbors or fellow citizens regard him as other than a usurper among them, yet his own people have forgotten him. He cannot now go back to the plains from which he came; neither can he be annihilated or otherwise disposed of. He must continue to live, move and have his being in whatever corner of the earth is least unfriendly to him. And Asia Minor is surely that corner.

There at last, cured of his old sickness, freed from the intrigues of jealous neighbors, purged from the ridiculous pretension of trying to manage the affairs of half the east, he may have a chance to learn how to manage his own. He might even become a new force to be reckoned with in the family of nations. • • • I mean that he is a person of a certain force of character, endowed with virtues of honesty, simplicity, sobriety, patience, courage and endurance. If numbers and calculations are somewhat foreign to him and a certain instinct to organize, who shall say that the world is the poorer for a savor of the contemplative temperament? He also has pride, our Turk.

The Young Turks have proved, furthermore, that he is not without ambition and a sense of nationality. Nor is he likely to forget the estate from which he fell. It may be, of course, that the heart will be crushed out of him, and that he will sink to the condition of the Persian. It seems to me more likely, however, that, given the chance, he might make something out of a homogeneous kingdom of Asia Minor.

Grain Handling at Astoria.

From the Astorian.

The Port of Astoria is making the right move when it sets in motion the machinery that will establish a boat and barge line on the rivers of the Inland Empire, to ply between this city and the upper washes of the Snake river, and will construct grain elevators at the public docks. Time is the essence of all shipping. To load quickly and clear quickly is the first thing uppermost in the minds of those who operate big vessels. Loading grain by elevator is so far superior to loading via sack that there is no comparison. The wheat is in the Inland Empire. It is ours to go after and the world wants it. The Port of Astoria has it within its authority to establish water transportation lines to bring it to Astoria and to erect elevators to hold it. Once we get it here and in the elevators there need be no worry about the ocean transports calling for it. The Morning Astorian is anxious to see the port go to the bat on this proposition, for the time is ripe for a good inning.

High Brow, High Price.

From Anderson (N. C.) Intelligence.

"Farm products cost more than they used to."

"Yes," replied the farmer. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin' an' the entomological name of the insect that eats it, an' the pharmaceutical name of the chemical that will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

INDEX OF ADVANCING TIDE OF PROSPERITY

From the Chicago Herald.

Wholesalers and manufacturers who specialize in railroad material report increased activity in the buying on the part of the railroads and carshops. This improvement has been noticeable for the last week, and while as yet few of the roads or shops are buying in large volume, inquiries are numerous, indicating plans for future requirement of yellow pine, fir and hard woods for the building of new cars and general construction work. Some of the outside work planned will require ties and heavy timbers in large quantities.