THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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America asks nothing for herself but what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.
WOODROW WILSON.

Mankind, in the gross, is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed.—Mackenzie.

TO THE SEA

A SHIP with a draft of 28 feet can now cross the Columbia bar at mean low water in perfect safety.

Such is the report of Colonel McKinstry, United States engineer in charge of the Columbia river improvement. With seven and a half feet of tide, a vessel of 35 feet draft could cross the bar at high water. It means that the largest vessels afloat can enter the river, and the end of the deepening process is not yet.

The same report says the channel of the Columbia to the mouth of the Willamette is 30 feet deep except at a few shoal places, and at these places the dredges are carrying on the deepening process. In the Willamette to Portland, there is a datum depth of 24 feet, which means a usual depth of 31 feet and a lowest-water depth in the dry season of 26. In the Willamette dredging is constantly pushed with a certainty of an ultimate channel that will float any vessel.

Such in effect is the finding of the engineers. The showing is in strong contrast with conditions before improvement of the bar and river channel was undertaken.

In the beginning, the available water on the bar was only 22 feet. In one of the bar channels there is now 32 feet which means an increase of 10 feet with only eight feet more necessary to secure the 40 feet contemplated by the project.

The same remarkable improvement appears in the river channel. Twenty-five years ago vessels drawing 17 to 18 feet of water were frequently compelled to lighter a considerable portion of their cargoes, and often had to wait for tide to get over the shoal places in the river. The difference beween the 16 foot and the present 30 foot channel from Portland to the sea is the fruit of the work done by the people through the Port of Portland. For practical purposes the river channel is almost double its original depth, and with the deepening agencies constantly in action, we are passing to a position in which the old clamor of rival ports about the inaccessibility of Portland from the sea can no longer be used effectively against us.

The things that have been accomplished in opening the harbor entrance and the river to vessels of the deepest draft should encourage Portlanders to strive for that great maritime commerce which is within Portland's easy reach for the effort.

A PROSPERITY FACT

GIVEN its first impetus by war orders, but stimulated since then by other business, the steel industry of the United States is reported running at maximum capacity.

The June report of the Steel Corporation says employment is being given to a quarter of a million men, and others are being taken on as fast as facilities can be enlarged. As many more men are said to be working with the independent companies.

The figures are proof of a complete revival of industrial activity, for the steel industry has long been recognized as the country's business barometer. The Steel Corporation's books at the end of June showed an increase of almost ten per cent in unfilled orders as compared with the end of May. This is the second consecutive monthly increase, the May gain being 2.46 per cent. In March and April there were losses of 2.06 and 2.19 per cent, respectively.

The significance of these figures is shown by comparison with returns for the past 15 months. In that time there were eight increases and seven decreases. The June unfilled tonnage—4,678,196 tons—was 400,000 larger than it was on April 30, 1914. In the interval the unfilled tonnage declined to 3,324,592 tons, on November 30, 1914. June 30, 1915, seven months after that date, scored an increase of 40 per cent.

Foreign business has been a large factor in this gain, but it does not account for the total increase. American railroads and other business undertakings are using larger quantities of steel. There is a steel boom, and business depression cannot exist in competition with it.

WHICH WOMAN?

A SPEAKER at the Purity Congress says woman's charm is all above her chin.

Something, of course, depends on the woman. For instance, that traditional and widely heralded tongue is located but a short distance above the chin. There have been tongues in that geography that have set the neighborhood into a status that could never be called charming.

Far be it from the purpose here to deny that the loveliest things ever said and the sweetest notes ever uttered fell from woman's tongue.

But there are tongues and tongues, and then some more tongues. There are tongues with a cracker like a cattleman's whip and there was a lady to whom an American poet referred as "the woman with a serpent's tongue." There is the tongue that butts in and spoils the crack story some one is telling in the social gathering, and there is the pulsating, palpitating tongue that can only be stopped by death or dynamite.

There is the tongue that backbites the village preacher, that buzzes over everybody in the community with the swish of a woodsaw, an everlasting tongue that never wearies or tires or takes an hour off.

Our purist can indeed blow strong on the charms above a woman's chin but, like Becky with the bear, he must be prudent enough to exercise a little discrimination as to which woman.

AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

A GREAT 14,000-acre playground is a benefit that comes to Portland as a result of the building of the Columbia River Highway.

It is the federal government's gift of a recreation park to match the efforts of Multnomah county in constructing the pike. The dedication of the 14,000 acres adjacent to the highway was ordered by Chief Forester Graves as soon as, by a personal visit, he had glimpsed the fitness and the broad purpose of the program.

Along with the park is the promise by the chief forester of all the influence of the forestry department in behalf of the road around Mt. Hood. There is in this the beginning of a scenic development to make Portland one of the most assiduously sought cities on the continent. In the slow ascending trip of a day from Portland around the mountain the summer traveler will pass through the flora of every season from midsummer back to early spring, and behold every form of nature from the bold crags on a mighty river or the deep fastnesses of the wild mountains to the far-flung wheat fields and the rich perspective of civilization and nature blended in their loveliest moods.

Man in such a playground gets a new glimpse of freedom and from nature learns anew that he was born more for liberty and living and less for blood and iron.

CONSTRUCTIVE POLICIES

TWO important announcements have been made at Washington. One is that postoffices and other federal buildings will be constructed in accordance with the needs and importance of cities where they are situated, instead of spending all that congress appropriates.

The other announcement, by Postmaster General Burleson, is that the size limit of packages for parcel post shipment has been increased. The old rule was that a parcel must not exceed 72 inches in combined length and girth. The new rule adds another foot to the limit, making it 84 inches.

The purpose of this change is to admit eastern standard sized fruit and berry boxes to the mails, but it is of general application and will prove acceptable to people generally. If a person wishes to know whether a large parcel is within the size limit, a tape line or a string 84 inches long should be used. First measure the girth, and then if the remaining string covers the length the parcel is within the limit.

These two announcements have been commented upon favorably, even by anti-administration papers, as indicating a constructive policy with a conservation reserve clause that will benefit all the people. The Pittsburg Chronicle thinks the resident of a rural community would prefer to have a market for his products than to have his town burdened with an ornate public building.

HEIRLESS WAR ESTATES

THE importance of birth registrations has been illustrated by the registrar of the Kansas department of vital statistics. He has been asked to furnish proofs as to the identity of Kansas people whom the casualties of war have made probable heirs to estates in Europe. But he says that on account of the incompleteness of the records these reports could not always be secured.

It is pointed out that the war will affect the landed interests of hundreds of thousands and in many cases develop a new line of descent. In Belgium, Galicia and Serbia, and in portions of France and Russia, whole families have been wiped out of existence. The result is that estates must go to distant relatives, some of whom live in the United States.

In 1910 our foreign born population was 13.6 per cent of the total, and those of foreign or mixed parentage was 23.1 per cent. It is the latter class that will be affected by conditions such as are reported from Kansas. The lack of birth registrations may not throw these people out of their right of descent, but it will prove to be a serious handicap on assertion of the right.

Vital statistics are what their name implies, "vital" to the people's welfare. The European war has shown their value to many people, and the lack of such records has often worked hardships in suits over wills and inheritances in American courts.

New York city's population, according to the state census just taken, is 5,245,812, an increase of 478,929 in five years. New York now claims to be the largest city in the world, unless the metropolitan and police districts of London are counted. In 1911 the population of registration, London, was 4,522,964, but with the metropolitan and city police districts combined it was 7,252,963.

Orville Wright says the United States needs 2000 aeroplanes for national defense. He estimates that the average life of a flying machine in war time is seven hours, and if that is so the 2000 would be junk before trouble got fairly started.

A newsy eight-page, six-column newspaper has made its appearance at Newport, and is called the Independent Enterprise. It is a creditable publication under the editorship of Otis H. Griswold and the business management of Cecil J. Emery.

To celebrate her seventy-ninth birthday anniversary a Goshen, Ind., woman rode a bicycle 12 miles with the mercury at 100 degrees. If women old enough to know better begin making a practice of such things, somebody will have to start a safe and sane birthday campaign.

The United States has developed a submarine with a cruising radius of 5500 miles, which is further assurance that we are not so unprepared for defense as some people are trying to make out.

Cold storage bread is the latest innovation at the University of Minnesota Agricultural school. It is said that bread thus kept will remain fresh and palatable for at least five days.

The first tourist automobile to enter Yellowstone Park legally will begin operations there August 1. Is it a sign that the horse is to be driven out of even a national playground?

EVEN THESE VACATION DAYS ARE MOMENTOUS

W. L. Chenery in Chicago Herald.

SUMMER, being a proper silly season, has a wilting effect upon serious thinkers. They retire who may to some sweltering Arcadia, substituting flies and mosquitoes for the minor irritations of the routine world. Even editorial writers are bitten by the vacation bacillus.

Yet it is a strange time for vacations. Was ever the world so full of a number of things? Nobody has leisure for holiday making in Europe. A year ago and who across the continent but the workers with a capital W thought of plodding on through summer?

Where today thousands of men are living in holes scratched into the surface of the earth shooting at each other 12 months ago happy parties were a-picnicking. Young men were taking walking trips, knapsacks filled with books and glasses for the study of birds and flowers and strange insects.

What does it all mean? The world was 16 a year ago. Maturity seems to be approaching. The same thing has happened more than once. Eighteen hundred and forty-eight was a great year for freedom among men. Nineteen fourteen marked the beginning of an epoch. What changes are being ushered in some of us may live to know.

• •

America is as full of momentous happenings as is Europe. Many of us now would like to have lived at the time of Lincoln. Who would not count it an immeasurable privilege to have stood bare-headed on the field at Gettysburg and to have listened to the priceless words of the immortal Lincoln.

Yet less than a decade before the great president had been repudiated by Illinois, when he ventured to enter the lists with Stephen A. Douglas, the idol of a section of the nation. All the world knows Lincoln and Douglas is becoming stuff fit only for historical societies. Who would not thrill at the thought of having been present when Jefferson was drafting the Declaration of Independence? Today we may be standing on the eve of greater things.

• •

Our blood quickens when we read the sentences of Woodrow Wilson. Who, before him, has loosed such winged words in behalf of all humanity? Where can eloquence and statesmanship be found to match the president's notes?

The picture of the great man retiring for solemn thought that he may better serve not only his own people but all mankind will not soon be forgotten.

• •

Or what can enkindle men's spirits more than the sight of that lonely woman gathering representatives of the nations to mediate upon war? For the first time in history one woman has meant so much to men that the greatest powers have deemed it wise to give her audience.

Miss Addams is so close to Chicago. Her career has been interwoven, warp and woof, into the destiny of the city. It is hard to get perspective. Yet humbly, without illusions, she has made a beginning.

Once at least women have found their voice and they have expressed an opinion that is not man's. The races are nobler for Miss Addams' effort. She has not brought the magician's peace. But she has established one of those inspiring precedents which gain momentum and power as time moves on.

• •

Chicago has just passed through two important strikes. They were relatively without violence; one was completely peaceful. That is a new thing among men.

Yesterday a great strike among the Welsh miners and another among the munitions workers at the Krupp factories were announced.

Such events could not have happened a generation ago. Partisans of each side will resent the action of the strikers, and naturally. But that isn't important.

Why do the miners and the gunmakers want to strike? For higher wages and easier hours? Certainly; but 50 years ago, with much longer hours and much lower wages, striking would have been inconceivable. The strikers would have been shot or hung for high treason. Some, it is true, may be today, but at the minute England is wondering how it is possible to fine 150,000 men.

• •

At this distance it isn't possible to look critically at the strikers' demands. Of one thing we may be certain. The shoe is pinching somewhere. For no group of people are more national, none are more loyal to the country than are skilled workers.

Yet some principle animates them which they deem of greater value than unquestioning obedience to the government. What is that principle? Does it mean a greater humanity? Suppose all the workers went on a peaceful strike when the next war is suggested. Not the workers of one nation, but the skilled men from all the countries.

There could be no war. There must be a consciousnes of great power or else the miners and the Krupp workmen would not take the present chances. That power is a new thing in the world.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

YESTERDAY I had a dream—which was not all a dream—because it had a local habitation—and contained the names of many persons—seen often in the public prints.

¶ The bright sun was extinguished.

—and in its stead — there rolled across the heavens—a great bowl of orange ice.

—with frost fringing it—like rays.

—and all the asphalt streets—that had been crawling in the heat—turned into smooth—clean sheets—of gleaming ice.

—and all the streetcars—were fitted with runners—and instead of clanging gongs—had sleigh bells—that tinkled a merry music—as the conductors rang up the fares.

—and the automobiles had runners too—and skidded terribly.

—and all the traffic cops — were frozen solid—in the ice.

—and the Benson fountains—were cascades—of solid crystal.

—and the people—were breaking the ice with hammers—furnished by Commissioner Daly—to get a drink.

¶ And along came Kernel C. E. S. Wood—looking like a Russian general—in great fur coat and cap.

—and on his feet were skates—with blades that turned up—at both ends.

—and he cut the corners with a swoop—and did the figure eight—in front of The Journal building.

¶ He set the fashion.

—and pretty soon—every one had skates.

—and Claude McColloch swung round the corner—with icicles on his beard.

—and stopped and told me—I knew what he was going to say—he had never seen—such a cold day in Oregon.

¶ And Oswald West came up—and he and Claude shook hands—cordially.

—like Bill Hanley—and Wes Cavaness—when they have just made a horse trade.

—and each knows—he has the best of it.

¶ And across the street—was Commissioner Dieck—with an ice cream cone—in each hand—eating first from one—and then the other.

—and Commissioner George L. Baker came along—on a sled—and Claude asked him—why Mr. Dieck—was doing that.

—and George said — "Don't you know?

—"Why, he's just trying—to warm up."

¶ And J. A. Currey slipped and fell—on upper Washington street — and bruised his elbow.

—and said he would start suit—against the city—for damages.

—and City Attorney La Roche—gave a statement to the papers—saying Mr. Currey couldn't get a cent.

—because his skates were dull.

¶ And when I woke up—there was cracked ice on my head—and I asked the nurse—where I was—and she said—kindly:

¶ "LISTEN—Just before you came to—you said you were—a strawberry nut sundae—and must be eaten—to be saved."

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.

Back to the Farm.

Portland, July 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—"Back to the farm" will apply only to those sons of the farmer that have left their homes to gain experience in the cities and find the cities already overcrowded with mechanics and laborers seeking something to do, and many, because they can't find it in the country and if they do it is under long hours and small wages. The lures of the city are wages and pleasures and in seeking these the sons of the former squatter what they take with them, and which they would be likely to place in the bank were they to stay on the home place in contentment. What is wanted is to make the country more attractive for country life. Education can do that, just as well as it can in the city, with less extravagance. Build more school houses, build nice halls and have nice picnic grounds in the vicinity of the school building, instead of just a bare lot for a playground, and not even that in some places.

But when you say back to the farm to a workingman it is unreasonable when he cannot get work. It takes as much to run a farm as it does to run a small business and a great deal of experience besides. What is wanted is to get men upon land now vacant and start them up. It takes money to get a start on a piece of land, and a man without any is up against it just as much as he is in a city, with the difference that he doesn't have to pay rent, and all the "rates" of the city. OSBORNE YATES.

Peace Plan Reiterated.

Portland, July 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—I observe some three or four writers have commented on my theory of the means by which universal peace may be attained, most of them unfavorably. And I notice a pessimistic editorial of your own, as if no earthly power can be availed of to prevent the diabolism of war. If right minded men are imbued with the desire for peace on earth and good will to men, so earnestly protested, the task is not an impossible one. But if Mr. Frank, one of my critics, is right, that it is man's nature to break out in occasional tantrums and do as much devilry as he can on one pretext and another, which may be true, then the only resolvent of this unfortunate situation must be illustrated in a national sense, just as we exhibit it in the police court in this city. The culprit must be dragged into court, cudgeled into court, if necessary, fined and imprisoned until over his attack of rabies, by which time he will be willing to conform to the social customs. Recalcitrant nations must be treated in the same way. Soothing syrup and prayer are innocuous and vapid. Force must, until the tiger in man's nature is thoroughly lambasted out of it, be the only recourse for us.

If civilization is an exploded fatuity, and all our protestations of civic virtues a humbug, there is nothing to do but lie down and wait for the final cataclysm, which cannot be far off. The opportunity yet remains for the nations not engaged in carnage to gather under the panoply of peaceful brotherhood, intent on the one purpose of perpetuating the rights of man, in which no despot or inflamed egotist may set up his decretals against the commonality. The peace compact must be ready and alert to assert its prerogative with every engine of destruction it may command, so that "out of the nettle danger we may pluck the flower safety." One stern repressive lesson will suffice to make the final disarmament close at hand. And this day is the one to set its machinery in motion.
CHARLES P. CHURCH.

The Navy League.

Portland, July 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—C. J. McLain attacks the propaganda of the Navy league again. In the absence of Dr. Bullitt, to whom he addresses a question, please allow me to answer for Dr. Bullitt.

The question is, "If the government were to build its own warships and merchant ships and manufacture its own guns and ammunition, does he think there would be any Navy league?"

First, to wipe away a few errors: Some of the best ships of war we have were built by the government, within its own yards and by its own men, the latest being the superdreadnaught Arizona, recently launched in Virginia. The great naval gun factory in the Washington navy yard turns out government made guns, and has done so for years. Despite this fact, the Navy league survives the blow, if such it be in Mr. McLain's conception; and in answer now to his question, if all the ships, guns, shells and ammunition were government made the great mass of people would yet require to be systematically educated on the great policies of government, none the least important being that of national defense which the Navy league is carrying on.

During times of war, peoples are educated on things military by the enemy. They pay a terrific price. During times of peace, like children, nations rest secure and agitate themselves not with that which appears to be remote. At such times, the most important for defensive preparation is that, as George Washington said, it requires a systematic course of education to keep before the public eye the needs of the military arms of government.

The Navy league is not composed of military men. Its personnel is civil. There are, of course, honorary members from the army or navy, but 99 per cent are from the voting citizenry of the nation. This is proper for the same reason that civil heads were given the army and navy in the cabinet. The fervor of professional men is eliminated in this way, allowing the full play of disinterested people to dictate the affairs of the league. If Mr. McLain desires to learn from first hand the aims of the Navy league, I will very gladly enroll him in our membership. No one can have a basis for criticism of any organization until he has been a member and studied it from the inside, whether Navy league or church or society it be.

The Navy league is simply gathering together, and making effective, the demands of patriotic citizens who have been conscientious enough to keep an eye on things relating to national defense. This concentrated demand, based on study from official information, may then be listened to by the governmental leaders. Whether the navy is publicly built or privately built, this necessity to represent things naval to the government remains the same, and the Navy league rests upon this basis only, and not upon that of contract seeking firms, as stated by Mr. McLain. JOHN M'NULTY,
State Secretary of Navy League for Oregon.

Oregon's Wonderland.

From the Denison (Texas) Herald.

For distribution at the Panama-Pacific exposition, the Portland Press club has issued a neatly bound volume entitled "Pictorial Oregon, the Wonderland," which presents both by illustration and description some of Oregon's prettiest scenery, and especially along the Columbia highway, where the views are said to equal the best in Switzerland. A copy of this book has found its way to this office, through the courtesy and kind remembrance of Colonel I. M. Standifer of Portland, who for long years was an honored citizen of Denison, and who takes occasion to invite all of his old friends to visit the exposition and take a drive over this famous highway, a portion of which is being constructed by the Standifer-Clarkson company. There is no question but what such a trip would be one of the great sights to be seen by those fortunate enough to visit the Pacific coast, and in addition to meet Colonel Standifer again and with him go over the interesting events of Denison's early days would more than compensate one for the trials of such a long and tedious journey.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Oklahoman: A speedometer isn't a license for reckless driving.

Pittsburg Press: See America first. But wherever you go, travel with your own collapsible drinking cup.

• •

Baltimore Star: Seems strange for the Balkan states to be onlookers while the rest of Europe does the fighting.

• •

Seattle Post-Intelligencer: What the man who has no vacation needs to do is to demonstrate the power of matter over mere mind.

• •

Chicago Post: The big German ships of war can't go out to work, but they seem to have found some fairly efficient little fellows to "sub" for them.

• •

New York American: Just as a man has proved that tea can be successfully raised in this country, along come the police and threaten to abolish the tango.

• •

New York Globe: It seems an invitation to disaster to name war vessels Lightning, Terrible, Invincible and the like. Tortoise, Lady Mary and Vulnerable might fare better.

• •

Boston Globe: Marked intelligence is said to be a characteristic of the immigrants now coming into our country from Europe. It was so when the Pilgrim fathers came.

• •

Chicago News: Too many cooks and housemaids have an idea that these "Typhoid Mary" cases are all moonshine. They are nothing of the sort, and cleanliness ought to be universal, anyway.

• •

Philadelphia Telegraph: One can hardly blame Ambassador Marye for resigning his post at Petrograd. It must be rather tiresome to sit around all day with nothing to break the monotony of listening to the natives telling each other how it happened.

MUNITION MAKING AT SOUTH BETHLEHEM

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Thirty cars, loaded with projectiles and cannon for the allies, are shipped from South Bethlehem, Pa., every 48 hours by the Bethlehem Steel company. The three mile works, in which 15,000 men are employed night and day, are reaching their highest efficiency. Military experts predict it will be possible to double the output of war munitions by August 1.

Charles M. Schwab, president, is reported to have obtained contracts from the allies amounting to 100 million dollars. He has astonished steel men by the rapidity of his extensions to transform the plant into a bristling arsenal, the peer of the Krupp works. Hundreds of men are at work in buildings, the foundations for which were undug six months ago.

Furthermore, improvements to the works, including the Saucon plant for rails and structural steel, and a new Bessemer plant on the New Jersey Zinc company site, are about completed, and will be running soon.

• •

With 15,000 employes receiving an aggregate monthly salary of $770,000, and the Lehigh Valley profiting by the boom, South Bethlehem is a calm city. Visitors may form an impression in daylight of an endless stream of begrimed workmen, each with a lunch basket over his arm. By night, the skies are lurid with the glare from the blast furnaces.

Officers of the allies, whose task it is to inspect war materials, form the most picturesque of South Bethlehem's added population. There are 35 Russians, 15 French and 10 English officers. The inspectors formerly were quartered in hotels, but now have apartments.

The mills, it is said, have been concentrating on Russian contracts, and since June 1, 500 freight cars loaded with materials for the czar, have been shipped to Vancouver. At that port the munitions are transported to Vladivostok.

A French officer, who left here a few days ago, commented on the denial by the French government that American shells were being fired.

"I can state that no projectiles have been shipped from this plant for my nation in time to be used up to date," he said. "But that does not mean that no projectiles and cannon are on their way to France."

The munitions are shipped from Redington, the lower end of the works, where are situated the fuse and loading plants. Sightseers are halted half a mile away. A tall board fence, topped by several strands of barbed wire, forms an impassable barrier. Behind them and at gates are uniformed guards.

A secret police composed of more than one hundred detectives is maintained by the company to supplement its watchmen. The detectives are sprinkled over the plant and the majority of them work in departments where shells are made. South Bethlehem residents, conversant with precautions taken to safeguard the plant, say a stranger could not penetrate the property more than 100 feet at any point without being detected. In some of the plants workmen not only must present a number or card, but also must whisper a "watchword" to the gateman. The watchwords are changed daily.

Although the company maintains a discreet silence and questioners are informed that the Bethlehem Steel company is strictly in business and is not telling its secrets to the world, it is common gossip that many cranks have visited the offices. Their number, however, is exceeded by letters, each mail bringing scores of missives from peace propagandists and pro-Germans.

INDEX OF ADVANCING TIDE OF PROSPERITY

From the Chicago Herald.

United States Steel corporation orders full operation of subsidiaries' plants, with total annual pay roll of about $450,000,000 and total working force of about 500,000. Net earnings for June quarter expected to exceed $26,000,000.

Gary plants of American Sheet and Tin Plate company put at full capacity. All coke ovens there in operation.

War orders recently enabled American Locomotive to pay dividends, and concern now has $8,000,000 contracts for engines, irrespective of war munitions contracts it sublets.

Packers enjoy best year's profits because of war.

The General Motors company earnings are at high rate and melon cutting in near future is hinted.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Democrat says home building is going on in Baker to a much greater extent than for several years past.

• •

The Salem Journal, having observed that Portland is busy entertaining exposition visitors, remarks that they all leave Oregon "with the idea that there is one city in the state and nothing more."

• •

Building note in Albany Democrat: The Wallace block is now up one story. The first floor is 19 feet, with plenty of room for the mezzanine floor, and this is being gotten ready for the second story.

• •

No better booster for the town band than the Grants Pass Courier, which thus exhorts the townspeople: "Let's dress it up and give it some more new tunes. Let's not take it just as a matter of course, but let us make it really and truly a 'town band.'"

• •

"Reports continue to come from the Greenhorn country," says the Sumpter American, "indicating increasing activity in the mines of that district. The reports are generally encouraging and point to still greater mining activity and consequent increased prosperity for that section."

• •

Medford Sun: The farmers of the Lower Rogue near Grants Pass built their own irrigation system and with the aid of a pump will put water on 2000 acres at an initial cost of about $3 an acre. As a last resort why not dig for water in the floor of the valley as they formerly drilled for oil?

• •

Baker Democrat: In the search for dredging ground there is great activity manifest in Baker and Grant counties by representatives of western capital, and it looks like some of our most fertile and picturesque valleys were yet to be turned into heaps of gravel to appease the ravenous maw of the gold hunter.

OREGON THE OREGON COUNTRY

"IN EARLY DAYS"

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal.

"Uncle Burn" and "Aunt Jane" Veatch are two of the best known, most respected and best loved of Cottage Grove's citizens. While there recently I went to their home where I spent several hours very pleasantly. Uncle Burn, in spite of his 87 years, was out in his garden with his hoe putting the weeds to route. Pointing to the dirt on his knees he said: "I have been on my knees after the weeds. As a matter of fact it wouldn't hurt most of us to spend more time on our knees. You want to know about the early days of Cottage Grove? Well I will knock off and call it a day's work. The sun is pretty hot and I was just looking for a good excuse to go to the house and sit on the porch in the shade."

A little later we were seated in a couple of comfortable chairs and Uncle Burn said: "My name is Harvey Claiborne Veatch, but everybody calls me 'Uncle Burn.' My father was a Kentuckian. He was born in 1799. My mother, Mary Miller Veatch, was born in South Carolina. Her folks were Scotch Presbyterians and come of the old covenanter stock. I was born on November 10, 1828, in White county, Illinois. I had, in all, three months' schooling while a boy. After I was grown I went to a writing school a term and also to singing school and I have been married over 60 years and that is a school of experience that beats all the others.

"From 1847 on for the next few years each spring the divides between the streams in Iowa bloomed with the white canvas covers of the prairie schooners as the emigrants gathered for their start across the plains to Oregon. The spectacle gripped a man's imagination and it was harder not to go than to go. In the winter of 1852, when I was 24 years old, I went to writing school. One of my classmates was Martha Jane Knox. I wish I could make you see her as I saw her then more than 60 years ago. She was 21 years old. She was a regular frontier girl, large, strong, a good hand in the house or in the field. Ready to do her share and then some. She always seemed glad to be alive. She was a Scotch girl, buxom and overflowing with life and vitality. When I saw her I knew that I need look no further for a companion for life if I could get her.

"Next spring her father, Samuel Barton Knox, prepared to go to Oregon. I decided to go along. If he had decided to go to China and his daughter went along I would have decided that China was where I wanted to go. Mr. Knox hired me to drive one of his teams. Mr. Knox was well fixed. He had Scotch thrift and was a good manager. There were 10 in the Knox family. He had several wagons, and brought along 100 head of loose cattle and 10 blooded mares. Jane, my intended, rode horseback and drove the loose cattle every day of the six months it took us to cross the plains. I drove the team one day and helped Jane drive the cattle every other day. On still days the fine alkali dust kicked up by the hoofs of the herd of loose cattle rose like the pillar of cloud by day that led the Israelites. At the end of the day Jane and I were the same complexion—dust color. How much dust we swallowed I don't know but it was a plenty. We wintered near Ralston's, not far from Peterson's Butte, near what is now the town of Lebanon.

"In the spring of 1854 I took up 320 acres a mile and a half from what is now Cottage Grove. On the day before Christmas in 1854 Jane and I were married. We were married in a log cabin on what is now known as the Harding place. John T. Gilfrey, the county judge, kept a store at Cloverdale and owned a mill on Bear creek. He married us.

"My wife had a good voice. It had lots of volume and power so she was pretty much in demand at churches and entertainments. I sang pretty fair myself. Hugh George, a brother of Judge M. C. George of Portland, and of Pressley George, had a singing school. I went to his school. He came to me and wanted me to take a principal part in an entertainment he was getting up. I told him I only sang by ear and that I would not read music. He soon taught me the difference between sharps and flats and before long I was teaching a singing school myself. I taught singing school here or hereabouts for 10 winters. The Presbyterians, Christians and Methodists went in together and formed a union church here. I was the choir leader.

"We used to have some exciting trials in the early days here. I was a juror in the celebrated 'Ben Mulkey case.' Twice the jury had disagreed. This was the third jury. Mulkey had a habit of getting drunk and going to town and hurrahing for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy. He was arrested by the military authorities and taken to Fort Vancouver and confined for a month.

"He sued for $10,000 damages. Two of one jury wanted to award him the full sum sued for, two wanted to allow him $30 for his month's loss of time and eight of us wanted to award him $600. The jury was discharged and Captain Rinehart settled with him out of court for $600.

"I was a juror in the trial of John Southwell for killing his uncle, George Clark, on Row mountain. It was the result of a feud. The neighbors took sides and the coroner's jury nearly come to blows over the case. Campbell Christman led one faction of the jury. I led the other. He was smarter than I was and won out. I wanted to say in our verdict that a crime had been committed. He didn't think it was a crime to kill a person in a feud. The final result was the murderer was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for killing his uncle. I have served on juries when United States Senator John H. Mitchell, Judge R. S. Stratton, S. F. Chadwick, George W. Williams, Dick Williams and Judge W. W. Thayer were the attorneys. Senator Mitchell was a master hand with a jury. He could make a witness who was telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth seem as if he was telling nothing but lies. He generally won his cases."

They Wouldn't Be Surprised.

From the Chicago Herald.

Independence Day brought forth in many quarters the expression of the conventional idea of how greatly the founders of this nation would be surprised if they could today see how much it has grown.

They wouldn't be half as surprised as some people imagine. They would find that the country, in population and area, approximated what they had believed it would come to in a hundred years and more. They would be more surprised not to find a nation such as this than they would be to find it. They believed in America and its destiny. They would see in this country merely the results of their faith.

Result of Publicity.

From the Hartford Times.

"Has the income tax made any difference in your affairs?"

Theatrical Star—Yes. I have had to make good to the government on the salary my manager mentions in advertising.