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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.

Let us not forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserve our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor to man.—Mary Lyon.

ANOTHER MIDNIGHT AFFAIR

FORTUNATELY, there is a higher authority than the grant land conference.

In the resolutions adopted and in the whole attitude of the bare majority that controlled the deliberations, the conference attempts to reverse the decision of the supreme court of the United States.

Thus, the resolution demands that the railroads "shall perform the terms and conditions" of the act under which the lands were granted, "and sell and dispose of said lands according to the true intent and purpose of said act to such actual settlers."

At least 1,000,000 acres or one half the grand land, is mountainous, barren, rocky and wholly unfit for settlement or cultivation "by such actual settlers." It is valuable for its timber only, and can never be used for other than timber purposes.

There is no good faith in any demand that such lands be devoted to so-called actual settlement. On its very face, the plan of selling such lands to so-called actual settlers is puerile and absurd. If done, the lands will pass into the hands of small buyers — dummy buyers perhaps—and at once be gathered together by timber barons and other exploiters of public resources at prices far below the actual value of the timber.

If the conference was trying to play into the hands of speculators, timber monopolists and exploiters, it made a tremendous success of the undertaking.

Governor West, Mr. Strain, Mr. Spence of the grange and Mr. Stack of the Federation of Labor, and others, urged that in these vast timber holdings all value over the railroad's $2.50 per acre should go to the public, preferably to the building up of a great irreducible school fund for the benefit of the school children of the state now and hereafter.

Instead, the majority, deceived and cajoled by "kept" leaders in the packed conference made recommendations that, if followed, will throw the really valuable part of the grant lands within the easy reach of the despoilers and looters of the public domain. They have done over again the thing by which over and over again the valuable public lands in Oregon have passed into the hands of swamp land rings, school land rings and the other buccaneers who have fattened upon the public resources.

There were honest men at the conference. But many were uninformed. Others were deluded by the sophistries of those who, pretending to act in the public interest were playing the game of the railroad and the allied timber interests.

VANCOUVER'S BUSINESS

VANCOUVER business men met the other day to consider "what's the matter with business?"

In the building of business Vancouver has responsibility well defined and opportunity clearly stated.

It is not necessary for Vancouver's business men to assemble for the purpose of asking hazily "What's wrong with business?"

Vancouver must fulfill her mission or be nothing.

The mission of Vancouver is to be the distributing center of eastern and southwestern Washington.

To be the distributing center of this great and productive area Vancouver must be equipped.

Equipment involves a terminal plan where there shall be public control of waterfront, water and rail connection and advantageous sites for industries.

To have public docks and rail terminal facilities and well chosen locations for industries will be a great step forward, but it will not be enough.

Vancouver must measure the field of possible business. Her business men should set about learning with exactness the wants and products of the area. It is excellent to have handling facilities, but the work is not complete without commodities to handle.

Vancouver has opportunity far beyond that of most cities. It is an opportunity that has been neglected too long. It is an opportunity that indifference, apathy or sluggishness may lose. It is an opportunity that prompt and decisive action will materialize beyond the reach of any present prediction.

Vancouver had a waterfront of 1300 feet but let the railroads obtain control of it. Vancouver should not rest until control has been recovered and a definite terminal plan has been started.

Let Vancouver do the obvious thing for business and there will be no time for any such question as "What's wrong with business?"

CANADA'S WHEAT DUTY

CANADA is unable to get top prices for its wheat, and the dominion's duty on imports of the cereal is blamed. The Winnipeg price is lower by several cents than the Chicago price, and Canadians are wondering whether protection can always be depended upon to protect the producer. The Toronto Globe says:

If ocean tonnage to carry out Canada's great crop this season is scarce, as it promises to be, and if the banks refuse to make liberal advances on wheat held in storage, the grain growers of the west will be confronted with the necessity of selling some part of their magnificent crop at sacrifice prices, and the spread between quotations on Canadian and United States markets will increase.

Canada is not hampered by the lack of ships more than is the United States. Removal of the duty on American wheat was refused, largely in the interest of companies engaged in transportation by way of the St. Lawrence, and for that reason there is a duty on Canadian wheat entering the United States.

The plan has not worked out to the advantage of the wheat growers. He has "protection," but the price of his wheat is lower than he has a right to expect. He has been feeding the transportation companies, rather than taking full advantage of the world's markets. It is another illustration of protection working to the advantage of favored interests rather than the people as a whole.

THE LIBERALIZED DUMA

JUST what is happening in Russia is obscure, but the prorogation of the duma indicates that the country may be facing an internal crisis.

There is a contest between liberal and reactionary Russia. The liberals had secured control of the lower legislative body, displacing the conservative working majority upon which the government rested. The new majority is said to have agreed upon a program of reforms, including autonomy for Poland, larger freedom for the Finns, liberal treatment for the Jews, amnesty for political and religious prisoners, and recognition of trades unions.

Some of these reforms have been definitely promised, but the time and method of granting them involve a question of power. No reform program can be put into effect without the approval of the council of the empire, which is the upper house in Russia's legislative system. The council is controlled by the reactionaries, and the presumption is that they do not care at this time to assume the responsibility of rejecting the duma's program. It is probable that prorogation was decided upon to avoid facing definite issues.

When the war started it was predicted that Russia would come out of it a more liberal nation. But it is evident that the progressive element has the Russian autocracy to fight. The situation is interesting, and especially so because members of the Liberal party have announced their determination to have the duma meet again in a few weeks just as the French chamber of deputies met in 1789 after Louis XVI had ordered the members to go home.

If the Liberals carry out their promise, what will the reactionaries do about it? Evidently Russia stands on the threshold of eventuations that may involve consequential change.

THE FERRIS BILL—NO. 2

WE ARE told in advance that the water power conference will protest against the Ferris bill.

Yesterday, The Journal showed that the Ferris bill reflects the effort of Secretary Lane and President Wilson to secure legislation for development of the West, that it is an effort to open western water powers to use without dissipation, that the keynote of the bill is use of undeveloped western resources, that it proposes to permit the use of these resources only by firms and corporations as will use them, that the government will enforce use and development by making the grants revocable for non-use, and that it will not allow these public resources to go into private ownership and be held in non-use for speculative purposes.

Is it against these provisions of the Ferris bill that the conference will "protest," and if so, why? What is to be the mood of the conference if, in advance, we are informed that these desirable and wholesome provisions are to be spurned by the delegates?

There are other equally wholesome and desirable provisions in the Ferris bill. Thus, in that measure, the government says to hydro-electric developers and investors: We will lease you a power site for 50 years at a fair rental for the land based upon the value of the use to which it is to be put. This rental will be fixed at the beginning of the lease. You will get your water rights from the states. The government will charge you no taxes.

If you do interstate or territorial business where the state has no power of regulation, we will regulate your business to see that you give your consumers a fair deal. Where there is state regulation, the state will regulate the business. All that will be required of you to keep your lease for 50 years will be to develop electricity, pay your rent, which will be nominal, and obey the law.

At the end of 50 years, we will either renew your lease on terms which conditions at that time make reasonable, or will see that you get paid the fair value of your property if the government, state or community wants the plant, or if you fail to renew and somebody else gets the new lease.

An assurance of being allowed to do business for 50 years, with a guarantee of full value for the property if the lease is not renewed, seems like an unusually fair and even liberal provision for a lease. A business that cannot be made to pay a fair return in 50 years is not a business in which any sane man should invest money.

To the people of the state in which the power site is located, the Ferris bill says in effect: The federal government proposes to retain title to this property, and to lease it for 50 years. As the property now stands, it is not taxable, and is doing nobody any good, despite its great potential value. By leasing it, the federal government will make possible the creation of new industries and new riches for the people of your state. The leasing will be followed by the construction of buildings and plants that will be valuable and taxable.

The lease itself may be taxed if the state so desires. The state will control the water, and whenever there is state regulation, the state will be given full power to regulate the intra-state business of those who make and sell this power.

What fairer provisions for legitimate investors!

What fairer provisions for the state and the public!

Is it to these provisions that we are told in advance that the gentlemen of the conference will object? If so, what do they want?

With its terms so reasonable and so just, why will the Ferris bill be protested by the water power conference?

Lafayette Young, editor of the Des Moines Capital, and former Republican senator from Iowa, declared in Portland that President Wilson is entitled at this time to the undivided support of every loyal American. If Mr. Young was right, what about the president's carping critics here in Portland?

The American merchant marine is now placed second among those of the nations. But this position is given it by including in the total our coastwise and lake ships and boats that ply the rivers. It sounds good to hear that we are second, but the statement hardly stands analysis.

District Attorney Neuner, of Roseburg, wants to know whether the Oregon Sunday closing law applies to baseball games where admission is charged. It may be a live question in Roseburg, but Portland fans refuse to worry about it, or about the score, either.

The president of the Women's Homestead association wants stenographers protected by iron cages during working hours, but the St. Louis Star asks whether baseball masks would not do as well.

The entire membership of Australia's house of representatives have pledged themselves never again to buy German goods. Such a pledge is foolish, for it won't stand the test of time.

Jane Addams has just celebrated her fifty-fifth birthday anniversary, something few unmarried women of 55 care to do. But everybody says Miss Addams is exceptional.

A New York young woman with stage aspirations has sued the grandson of John Wanamaker for $100,000 damages for alleged breach of promise.

There has been a lot of peace talk in the air, which causes the Chicago News to say that is where the peacemakers are, too.

American meat products valued at $15,000,000 shipped to Denmark last October, have been confiscated by Great Britain. Housewives are not interested so much in the international law question as they are in the possibility of beefsteak going up in price to reimburse the packers for their losses.

The big argument against the pacificists just now is "it won't work." Well, militarism has been working overtime for a considerable spell, and yet nobody is bragging about what it has done for nations or for humanity as a whole.

John D. Rockefeller has been decorated by Serbia in recognition of relief work in that country by the Rockefeller Foundation. That's good news, for now it can't be said John D. has no admirers.

KEEPING GOVERNMENT CIPHER CODES SECRET

From the Literary Digest.

WHEN von Jagow and Lansing exchange correspondence concerning neutral shipping and submarines, the notes, as we know, are laboriously coded and sent to the sender's representative in the other's country, there to be as laboriously decoded and translated before they can be presented to the addressee. What would happen should such messages be sent in plain English or German nobody seems to know. "Abracadabra" is the accepted language of diplomacy, and continues to be used without question. Manifestly, however, there are many messages sent by this government to its various departments and representatives concerning the purport of which secrecy is the prime essential. To this end, each department of the government has its own code, and these are guarded with the utmost vigilance. Copies of these are entrusted only to the chosen few, but in spite of this and other precautions several copies have at different times escaped. In the San Francisco Times Illustrated Weekly, Harry B. Kirtland, former military code expert of the war department, states that the war department has been the one to suffer most, as when, for example, several copies of its code disappeared in the San Francisco eathquake. He gives us one story to illustrate the pains taken at times to frustrate code thefts:

"When Secretary of Embassy O'Shaughnessy and his party left Mexico City for Vera Cruz in 1914, Captain William A. Burnside, U. S. A., our military attache, fearing theft of his baggage, carried his copy of the war department code in his hands. His trunks were broken into and searched surreptitiously, and while on the train the attache, in the presence of American witnesses, burned his code, leaf by leaf, igniting it from cigarettes. The witnesses swore to this, and on filing their affidavits at the war department the officer was relieved from all responsibility."

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In contrast to this story, however, is one of rare opportunity lost by foreign spies:

"Not long ago, a thousand copies of the war department code, lying in a covered, but unfastened, box in the war department attic, in an open room, visited daily by hundreds of curious tourists for a view across the city, were accidentally discovered by a clerk. Bound in gold and morocco, they would have been rare souvenirs of Washington. Investigation proved that they had lain there, forgotten, for eight years. Not one was missing."

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We are told that the navy department code is weighted with lead, and every commander is supposed to throw it overboard in the event of capture. But in spite of this rule at least two copies have disappeared. Only one code appears to have been kept wholly inviolable—that of the bureau of insular affairs, and this one has never been printed. We read:

"Its compiler, an expert codist in the office of the chief of that bureau, personally typed it on thin sheets, making four copies, which were then bound. One was sent by special messenger to the governor general of the Philippine islands, another to the governor of Porto Rico, a third was retained in the bureau, and the fourth is in the hands of a trusted government officer who, for confidential reasons, can not be named. No other copies exist, and the four made are guarded with the utmost vigilance. It is the vehicle of secret communication between the government and our colonial possessions, and is the only government code in whose certain secrecy absolute confidence is placed. Only the most vitally important messages coded in it are further protected by enciphering, and its use obviates the delay inevitable in enciphering and deciphering important messages coded in the more widely distributed departmental codes. It is the one really secret code of the United States."

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But a code discovered does not necessarily mean that all efforts at secrecy by the particular department affected are completely frustrated; for a message already coded can later be enciphered, whereupon the possession of a specimen code book is of no avail to the spy who waylays the message. He must have the cipher key word as well, and, as we learn, these are kept secret most effectually:

"These key words are never put into writing. High officers leaving Washington for foreign stations receive them orally, and commit them to memory. One famous commanding general in the Philippines, at a critical stage of our foreign relations several years ago, forgot the key word, and a young officer made the long trip from Washington to Manila to repeat it to him. This is common practice in the navy, and it is not unusual for officers whose only mission is to deliver orally a cipher key word to be sent on such missions half round the world. The secrecy of our government ciphers, as used in connection with the codes, is, for all practical purposes, absolute. It rests in the honor and fidelity of trusted and patriotic officers, and not one iota on any written book or paper."

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.

Safeguarding Munitions.

Albany, Or., Sept. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—It is certainly all right for us to sell munitions of war wherever we can; but, now, on the square, is it not just a little bit raw to insist on a safe conduct for them? It begins to look as if the munition manufacturers and some shrewd Republicans are putting one over on our president. He is easily the most popular man in the country today; but a war over a few foolish people who unnecessarily insist on riding on belligerent vessels, and the munition chaps, would certainly queer him when we all found out what it was really about. We all know that there is quite a noisy bunch that is taking good care of our honor when it comes in contact with certain people. For any publication to try to convince its readers that any of these great nations now at war would commit any act that the others under similar circumstances would not is all foolishness. We shouldn't blame England for trying to influence us against Germany; we should blame ourselves if she does. We are too great a nation to play into the hands of any country. I rather think most of us care very little for any of them. But we do care a very great deal for our old flag, and are always ready to show it, but there is a certain class of people in our good land that I, for one, would most awfully hate to die for.

MURRAY B. COLE.

Accuses Grocers' Association.

Portland, Sept. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—If the Grocers' association had their just deserts, they would have been convicted under the Sherman law. They set prices and forbid their members to sell under these prices. I bought flour for $1.35 per sack at a time when my grocer told me he could sell it at $1.15 and make a fair profit, but the association would not allow it. Public policy demands the free market, and not a few property-holders. Public policy is against supporting so many stores in our residence districts, because their overhead expenses have to be made from a handful of customers.

People show they favor the market by their patronage, and are blockading the street for their own benefit.

WILLIAM WHISTLER.

Grocers' Association's Position.

Portland, Sept. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—It has now been given out to certain sections of the press that the campaign being carried on for the regulation of the Yamhill street public market by the Portland Grocers' and Merchants' association is an attack on the commission form of government.

This statement is at such variance with the facts, that the Grocers' association feel it incumbent upon them to make denial of any such intention. There has not been one word of discussion among our members relative to the commission form of government, and we cannot but see in this statement a subterfuge to detract from the importance of the question at issue.

The campaign being waged for the regulation of the Yamhill street market is entirely separated from any other political activities, and has for its aim and object giving a square deal to vested interests that may be designated as landowners, wholesale and retail grocers, wholesaler's salesmen, telephone companies, railroad companies, commission merchants, peddlers, clerks, delivery men, accountants, laundry owners, fuel dealers, auto dealers, steamship companies and, in fact, every form and kind of business in which capital is required and help employed.

What we are after is a square deal for sound business. The form of government under which we obtain this is of no consequence, but if it should happen that the commission form of government is conducive to demoralized conditions, we, of course, would be impelled to tackle that also; but to this date not one word has been breathed relative to the form of government.

We feel that we have too much form, and too little substance, as it now stands, and we propose to get some of the substance.

ROBERT G. DUNCAN, Manager,
Portland Grocers' & Merchants' Association.

The Highly Critical Visitor.

Portland, Sept. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Once this "grouch" stuff gets into a man's system, it works wonders. Cocked and primed with a "grouch" a man unwittingly looks out, and frequently down, upon a busy world through his anamorphoscope and is wholly unaware of his topsy-turvey point of view. Getting away from home, eating food cooked by so-called "chefs," sleeping in strange beds, all help to change the point of view. Loving hands at home take every precaution to see that the "lord" has everything just as he wants it. Abroad, it is some different; just the difference, however, between domestic love and commercialism. What we call a "grouch" seems to arise from unusual conditions and everything to which we are not daily accustomed is unusual.

Some recent tourist takes Portland over the coals for its lack of entertainment offered strangers. The water is too cold, the charge for suits too high, the Heights are pretty on the way up (5c per way up), but bum stuff on top. The zoo is filled with half-sick stock and the municipal band is not playing music. And so on.

It is quite a popular thing to roast residents of a city or town, on the part of people coming from other cities and towns. So far as an ordinary observer can see, all cities and towns look pretty much alike, and all are deficient in about the same things. We might reduce the price of bathing suits, but how are we to make the river warm? We admit the top of the Heights is not an elysian garden and that we might give the zoo pets more meat, but how are we to play better music than Suppe, Donizetti, Grieg, Rossini, Weber, Rubenstein, Puccini, Wagner, Verdi, Sousa, Floto, Straus and Mendelssohn? Our music is free, the water is free, the zoo is free, and, thank goodness, the columns of The Journal. If a tourist wants to, he can have a pretty good time for 10 cents. Portlanders do.

When it comes to pleasing all these tourists, we have some occupation. There's nothing "funny" about the clown business to the circus manager, nor is there anything easy about pleasing all kinds of travelers. We are getting along as well as we can, under the circumstances, from day to day. We admit that we haven't the "best show on earth," as that always travels on wheels. We offer what we have, and have to let it go at that. Because we are not fastidious and our wants are few and small, is no reason to think we are dead ones. We know a few things, all right. Some tourists appear to be over-critical, but they should remember that it is a hard proposition to provide a man with a home away from home—especially the kind he is used to having.

X. Y. ZEE.

The True Americanism.

Portland, Sept. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Having been a reader of your paper ever since it started, I will say I am pleased with the true American spirit in which you handle the present critical situation. Also with the way you stand by our president.

I am sorry to note in your issue of Sept. 13th the utterances of a resident of the United States citing us to his ancestors for authority for his claim of patriotic allegiance to the United States. I am glad to know that we have only a few of this class of citizens to contend with, as we are enjoying the freedom of the grandest country on earth, with one of the greatest men at the helm. Though I have been a Republican all my life, I shall cast my lot and influence with our president. The utterances of such a citizen as this, writes Mr. Addis, only incite ignorant foreigners to such disgraceful riots as the Linnton affair. The ignorant only use such argument as an excuse to insult our wives and daughters. We don't like such patriotism. We have so called German-Americans distributing literature on our streets today, but they are not helping themselves nor their cause.

We believe we have the most trustworthy and capable man at the head of our government, and do not ask the dictation of foreigners. We would only ask them to be true American citizens.

A READER.

A Bigger Sunflower.

Portland, Sept. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—I saw in the paper here a week or so ago that L. Taylor had a sunflower that couldn't be beaten. Well, I have one taller than his. The dimensions are 12 feet 7 inches tall; thickness of stalk, 8 inches; the head measures 15 inches across the middle, and my sunflower isn't full grown. Anybody who wishes to see it may come, any time soon, to my residence, 836 Grand avenue north.

PEARL LEONHARDT.

The President's Great Victory.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Nothing can be said of President Wilson's magnificent victory in his controversy with Germany which will add in the slightest degree to its effect on the people of this country. They trusted him in the gravest of crises with a confidence and unanimity that were inspiring. At the very moment when old antagonisms might well have sprung to new life, the president found himself supported by an overwhelming number of his fellow citizens. The United States found itself in that crisis.

By the privilege of democracy it found its detractors at the same time. Those who would have rushed to war who spoke with sardonic words of note writing, of national cowardice and of national betrayal have now to rejoice at the failure of their worst hopes. Without the slightest force to make good his words in blood and desolation, the president has wrung from a belligerent, and ruthlessly belligerent, country a complete disavowal of its acts. He has, in the simplest terms, reasserted the rights of humanity.

He has accomplished this astounding thing without preaching or prating, without hypocrisy and without condescension. He has saved his own country from war and saved all other countries from a new barbarity. With an instinctive precision he has read the hearts and minds of his people.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Los Angeles Herald: Our idea is that naturalized Americans should "See America first."

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Pittsburg Press: Perhaps invisible government is so called because it is in everybody's plain view.

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Birmingham Age Herald: In a short while the ultimate consumer will be advised to do his Christmas shopping early.

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Philadelphia Telegraph: Speaking of the state of preparedness, you had better get busy and have your furnace fixed.

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Springfield Republican: That today President Wilson may finally succeed in restoring peace in a neighboring country by the methods of diplomacy is surely the widespread hope of his countrymen.

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Philadelphia Ledger: Lloyd-George is going to tell the workers of England that the munition manufacturers are not making excessive profits from their war orders. If that's the case, why not stop the war?

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Baltimore Star: Best example of the truth we have seen was that Georgia judge's statement that the grand jury convened to investigate the Frank lynching was not expected to turn detective.

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Seattle Post-Intelligencer: An Indianapolis newspaper has a lengthy editorial commending the program of the war department for the abolition of the many useless army posts and the concentration of troops at two or three different real posts, but says, of course, under such a program Fort Benjamin Harrison, in the vicinity of Indianapolis, must not be abolished, but made one of the great camps of the country. That's what they all say.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The municipal bath house at Grants Pass has been closed for the season. the cool nights having put a chill in the Rogue river that makes it too cold for comfortable swimming.

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Superintendent Steel, of the Crater Lake National park, reports that up to September 14 the tourist travel at the park totalled 10,463, against 6579 in 1914. The number of autos registered totalled 2064 against 1193 in 1914.

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An effort will be made by the grange public market committee to secure the use of the old city hall building at Eugene to house the market during the winter. The question will be taken up with the county court as the county owns the ground upon which the building stands.

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C. E. Ingalls, the Corvallis Gazette Times' new editor, has opened a funny column, which is funny, and in it, among other things, he says: "We had our first experience with the famous Oregon mist this week. Not so bad. In fact we wouldn't have mist it for anything."

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It is announced in The Dalles Chronicle of September 15 that Clarence Hedges, the new owner of the Chronicle, will arrive in The Dalles Saturday or Sunday from California and will assume active charge of the property next Monday. Mr. Hedges has been publisher of the Salinas (Cal.) Journal.

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Medford Mail Tribune: Indian summer weather prevails over the Rogue river valley today with bright sunshine and hardly a breath of air stirring. Grouse, quail and deer are plentiful in the mountain districts, but most of the hunters are waiting for a heavy rain before going to the wilds. A few more chilly nights and the leaves will begin to fall rapidly.

MAORI WAR DANCE AT THE DARDANELLES

From the Chicago Herald.

About a month after the first landing of the allies' forces at Gallipoli a group of men sat round the entrance to a dug-out on the seaward side of Gaba Tepe. In their midst squatted a Greek interpreter translating into bad English some of the news contained in a copy of the Constantinople newspaper Tanin. The article said, inter alia:

"Information is still lacking as to the composition of the enemy's forces, but it appears from indications received from Europe that they must consist chiefly of black men from America and Australia. Thus the straits for the first time in history have had to endure attack by cannibals."

No wonder the listening Australians and New Zealanders laughed uproariously.

The many-colored British force at Gallipoli has now been strengthened by the arrival of the Maori contingent, direct descendants of most chivalrous and warlike ancestors, to whom the poaka-roa, or "long pig," as a human joint was termed, was a much esteemed delicacy. Nowadays the Maori, instead of fattening his slaves on Mana island, spends his time, if he is ambitious, in getting his M. A. degree or in passing his accountancy examinations.

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These men who landed at Gaba Tepe, says a New Zealand officer in the London Times, are the first Polynesian troops to be brought overseas to fight for the mother country, and if the spirit of their ancestors still lives they will fight well. Back in the Maori wars the forbears of these dark-skinned, khaki-clad warriors were besieged by British troops. The Sixty-fifth regiment, it was, sat down round the fortress gates and prepared to starve out the men inside the pah.

The hikite peep, as the Maoris called the besieging regiment, ran out of water first, and the situation was getting serious when the palisade gates of the pah opened and a line of brown figures carrying gourds filled with water approached the British trenches. Fearing a ruse the colonel of the Sixty-fifth ordered his men to stand to arms, but the chief leading the water bearers smiled. He made a courteous speech, in which he said naively that both parties hitherto had been enjoying themselves, and it would be a pity if so small a matter as lack of water should put a stop to what was really a most pleasant siege. Such a thing was unthinkable. There was abundance of water in the pah for both besieged and besiegers.

With further complimentary references he took his leave, and the thirsty hikite peep watched the brown backs for a minute or two in amazement and then buried their faces in the cool gourds. The next morning the pah was empty, and the garrison had walked out a back way through what had looked like an impassable swamp. Only a few old women were left to shout and make a noise during the night.

Now the Maori fights with the English. He has exchanged his old Tower musket for the "Mark II Star L. E." with which he is a phenomenal shot.

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In the afternoon the Maoris started to dig themselves in. They made their bivouacs in an old watercourse on the left flank. Near the beach two swarthy young privates, working with a will, dug into a Turkish grave—a grim reminder of the first days of the attack. It was their initial experience of the realities of war, and they went hurriedly and dug elsewhere.

Then the Pakeha (white man) general came along and addressed them. Afterward occurred a scene that has no counterpart in the weird and varied annals of the Dardanelles.

The Maoris, privates and officers, lined up. With protruding tongues and a rythmical slapping of the hands on thighs and chests, with a deep concerted "a—a—ah," ending abruptly, they began the Maori haka—the war dance. Shrill and high the leader intoned the solo parts, and the chorus crashed out. As the dancers became more animated the beat of their feet echoed through the gullies of Gallipoli. The leader now declaimed fiercely, now his voice sank to an eerie whisper, still perfectly audible, and as he crouched low to the ground so the men behind him posed. Suddenly after a concerted crash of voices, the chant ended with a sibilant hiss, a stamp of the right foot, and the detonation of palms slapping the hard ground.

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A hundred yards away in the Turkish trenches perplexed Moslems listened to this blood curdling serenade, and one of them in explanation produced his copy of the Tanin. Ominous nods and head shakings followed its reading. "For the first time in history the straits have had to endure attack by cannibals."

And the leader of the haka, a full-blooded Maori, wrote M.A., LL.D., after his name, and spoke better English than many a white man.

INDEX OF ADVANCING TIDE OF PROSPERITY

Chicago—F. F. Gruninger, dealer in railway ties and other railway material, says the demand for poles, piling and ties on the part of the railroads is increasing. There is considerable activity also in dimension and heavy timbers, mostly in yellow pine, with some oak. One of the leading railroads is in the market for about 1,000,000 feet of car material inclusive of some track and bridge stock. The order includes an item of 300,000 feet of kiln dried yellow pine car siding. Another railroad order is for 400,000 standard white oak hewn ties and for 1,500,000 feet of sawed switch ties, which it is understood will be placed this week. An eastern trunk line has recently bought in this market 40,000 white oak hewn ties.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

BACK TO TOWN.

We have come down from the quiet hills,
To plunge once more in town,
From where the forest soothes and stills,
From where the North Forks purrs and trills
Its moss-green rock adown;
We turned our backs on the canyon green,
And the sweetest river that ever was seen,
And we're back to mix in town.

Our feet almost forgot the feel
Of the pavement hard and gray;
A week in the woods and the whole town deal
Was a dream remote, a game unreal
At which we used to play.
And now we're back, it doesn't seem right
To rush by day and stay up at night—
That isn't the woodland way.

Sound we slept, after drowsy talk,
By our little pineknot fire.
No clang of cars, no jitney's squawk,
To get any place it was just plain walk—
What matter if we did tire?
We're back in town now, Dean and I,
But we had our look at the open sky,
Our taste of heart's desire.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

"It is a matter of personal pride with some fellers when their name shows up in the papers as co-respondent in a divorce suit; but when I was young them kind of fellers had their names engraved on toomstones quite a sight oftener than printed as co-respondents. You can't always tell the size of a rooster by his crow.

Polite Police Court News.

Marshal Dave Beavert accompanied Edgbert Gerald Roedefer to the county jail Wednesday where he left Edgbert to serve the 12 day sentence imposed upon him by Judge Sam Willis.—Stanfield Standard.

FASHION NOTE.

Postmaster Myers has had his trousers pressed.

One Way of Getting Well.

From "St. Elmo."

"A week after my return I was attacked by a very malignant fever, and my life was despaired of, but I exulted in the thought that at last I should find oblivion. I refused all remedies, and set at defiance all medical advice, hoping to hasten the end, but death cheated me."

The Pessimist.

This fellow, with his fuefol wail,
Is like a firefly in the vale,
His headlight flashing from his tail,
Lighting the wrong end of his trail.
—C. F. Finley.

Cumulative Perplexity.

By Philander Johnson in Washington Star.

Some citizens were once annoyed
By things which went awry.
A grave committee they employed
To learn the how and why.
The question really seemed quite clear,
Till that committee quit,
But their endeavors all sincere
Had mussed it up a bit.

Those citizens were stout of heart
And never feared the worst
A new committee made a start
To straighten out the first.
It isn't hard to understand
Some feelings rather sore;
They took that poor old question and
Just mussed it up some more.

Polygamy at Estacada.

The Estacada Progress tells how a calf got tangled up with a hammock, and how things were merry for a time, and how a schoolteacher, a pink parasol and a mother-in-law tried to untangle it.

Editor Standish of the Progress, frankly concludes the story:

"At each approach the enmeshed animal would charge its rescuers and but for the timely arrival of one of Estacada's editor's wives, serious damage might have resulted; but the heroine's vast experience with cattle, coupled with a knowledge of which end of the critter to avoid, finally untangled the hotels."

Interlude.

'Twas only a bar of an old, old tune
That I heard in the burning street,
Yet it took me back to a day in June,
To a time when life was sweet
As the blown perfume of the clover bloom
In the lane where we used to meet.

Concerning Breeze Gibson.

Thursday I mentioned the stories Breeze Gibson and Joe Sibley have been telling me.

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Breeze told me how he went to the Round-Up last year.

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And took a valise, with all his best shirts, except the one he had on, in it.

• •

And his toothbrush.

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And a lot of other things he thought would be necessary.

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And he was there a week.

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"And what do you think," said Breeze, "when I started to go home, I looked in the drugstore where I left that valise when I got into Pendleton, and it wasn't there."

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Breeze also told me about going to Belknap Springs, up the McKenzie river.

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The technique of the telling is something that can't be expressed in mere words, because Breeze is something of an artist as an actor as well as a story teller.

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But here is the way he told his adventure at the springs to Editor Lew Cates, of the Polk County Observer:

"It's a darn hot place," says Breeze Gibson, who returned recently from Belknap Springs, where he took the boiling water cure for ills he didn't know he had.

"My friends told me that the great heat would loosen up weakened cuticle and that it would peel from my limbs and body. After I got thoroughly het up I began to rub, forgetting what the friends had said. Pretty soon something started to roll. Sure, and it was that weak hide. In surprise I rubbed and rolled and the cuticle kept coming. I pushed it down over my heel and it didn't appear to be tearing, so I just pulled the whole thing off over my feet and laid it away on a shelf to examine it when I got out of that terribly hot water. Then I rubbed the other leg, and by diligently exercising my muscles, started another roll of cuticle, which I also laid on the shelf. Then I took to rubbing my neck and shoulders—where it wasn't so hard to start the cuticle rolling. I rolled and rolled and rolled it, and finally had to pull a great mass off over my feet. This I also laid on the shelf. I took my cuticle specimens along with me to examine them in the light of day.

"There the hide I had rolled off was a perfectly good pair of socks and an undershirt that I had been wondering about for 30 years, and I weighed myself to determine how much I had gained. Instead of gaining, I had lost 15 pounds."

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Breeze is as blithe-hearted as his name, and is one of the reasons why Cary Hayter doesn't sell more books of fiction in his bookstore.

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The home-grown supply is too plentiful.