THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

WOODROW WILSON.

When the press is the echo of sages and reformers, it works well; when it is the echo of turbulent tyrants, it merely feeds political excitement.—Lamartine.

OUR NEW RICH

THE Dupont Powder Company has declared a dividend of thirty per cent on its new common stock. The dividend embodies a disbursement of $17,756,268.

America is beholding the advent of a new crop of millionaires. They are munition millionaires.

Wars always contribute a new contingent to millionairedom. This is notably true of modern wars. Before the American Civil war there were few swollen fortunes in the United States. What was a swollen fortune then would be but a moderate competence now in millionaire row. It was with the Civil war that the new breed made its great start and began to multiply.

War is frenzy. It knows no limitations. It must have powder and guns and projectiles and automobiles and barbed wire and all the other equipment for camp and campaign, and it is desperately reckless as to prices.

Any intelligent view of conditions absolutely suggests that American munition kings should be made to bear a just proportion of the cost that a foreign war has laid upon America. For 16 months, many American industries have suffered heavily from the effects of the conflict. Today, in a time of profound peace at home, Americans are taxed for creation of public revenues to supply deficiencies that the war has brought upon this country. It would be justice and sound economic policy for the men who are gathering princely profits from the war to pay proportionately to replenish the public revenues cut down by the war.

It is a situation that Congress should meet. The worker whose wage has been reduced by the war, must, when he borrows $100 at the bank to keep the family going, pay a war tax on the loan.

What folly to have him pay proportionately in replenishing public revenues with the powder maker or the gun maker or the projectile maker, whom the war is lifting into the classic walks of our new rich.

REVIVING RURAL CHURCHES

THE commission on church and country life has completed a survey of the rural churches in Ohio. We are indebted to the New York Evening Post for an abstract of its interesting report. It appears from this that organized Christianity is losing rather than gaining ground in Ohio, a fact which is singularly discouraging in a state settled by the children of the Puritans and well provided with schools, colleges and newspapers. Two-thirds of the country churches in Ohio have either ceased to grow or are actually dying.

Only one-third of them have increased their membership in recent years. Many of the churches have only a little group of members, hardly enough, one would think, to undertake aggressive Christian work in their communities. The smallest of them have only 25 members, or even fewer. Eighty-three per cent have less than a hundred members, while only about one-fourth feel equal to the support of a minister. In the great majority of the rural churches the minister divides his services among three, four and sometimes even six communities. "Less than 40 per cent of the rural population are church members."

There is reason to believe that conditions in Ohio resemble those in other states. The comparatively few country churches which are really prosperous owe their flourishing condition to ministers who are exceptionally gifted with common sense and practical piety. It appalls one to think that so large a part of the population of the United States is living apart from the direct influence of the churches. If some of our fellow citizens should lapse into outright heathendom would it be astonishing?

The commission on church and country life has undertaken a campaign to revive Ohio's rural churches. The hope is that country ministers can be made to see that their preaching and other labors must be adapted to their surroundings. A campaign will be instituted to convert the churches into genuine social centers. The old denominational lines are to be obliterated as much as possible and the old antagonisms between religion and recreation healed. With new usefulness it is believed that the rural Christianity will begin a new life.

THE BEEMAN DISMISSAL

THERE is strong belief that the dismissal of Chief Quarantine Officer Beeman from the city service is not from worthy motives.

There is no charge that he is incompetent. On the other hand, there is much insistence that he is one of the most competent employes on the city payroll.

There is no charge that he is inefficient. On the contrary there is unqualified statement that he is very efficient in all his work.

There is no charge that he is neglectful of his duties. On the contrary, there is reliable information to the effect that he is one of the most devoted and faithful employes in the city service. No night has been too dark or stormy, no day's duties too strenuous to deter him from responding promptly and aggressively to every call for his services.

As a matter of fact, well informed people are of the opinion that the Beeman dismissal is petty thimblerigging, that it reflects no credit on those responsible for it, and that it should not have a place in commission government.

Efficient public servants are too difficult to retain, for their reward to be dismissal. This thought should commend itself to the mayor, whose friendship for Dr. Marcellus seems to have carried him in this instance into what appears to be a clearly unjustifiable act.

Dr. Marcellus has no right to use his public position as city health officer as a private appurtenance to be employed for gratifying his personal likes and dislikes. The position of health officer belongs to Portland, not to Dr. Marcellus or the mayor.

FOES OF THE SEAMEN'S ACT

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE comes out in his personal magazine with a sledge hammer attack on the enemies of his shipping bill. We do not wonder at his wrath, for their sallies grow fiercer as the meeting time of Congress draws near and as their ferocity waxes their regard for truth diminishes. Apparently the shipping trust magnates balk at no mendacity which may tend to injure the prospects of the Seamen's act.

They do not deem consistency necessary in their campaign. In one paragraph we are assured by their organs that American shipping will be swept from the seas by the La Follette law. In the next it comes out that our shipyards were never so busy before. "Commerce and Finance," a Wall street paper, says in the issue for November 24 that "merchant shipbuilding in the United States has increased greatly." There is unusual activity in shipyards of all the neutral nations but "the increase," says Lloyd's Register, "is most marked in America where there is at present under construction and on order, for classification in Lloyd's Register, the largest amount of tonnage on record for the country."

"The largest amount of tonnage on record for the country." That does not strike one as anything like the disappearance of American shipping from the seas. It looks more like a new birth of the industry. American shipping has been in a bad way ever since the days of the Civil war when it really was swept from the seas by Confederate privateers. It has never regained its old status because it has been hampered by idiotic navigation laws and barbaric tariff restrictions. The European war now offers an opportunity for our shipping to recover its ancient prestige and the builders seem to be taking advantage of it. The enemies of the La Follette law could afford to pay them something handsome to conceal their growing prosperity.

BUT A FEW MILLIONS LEFT

IN CONNECTION with the recent birthday of Andrew Carnegie the statement was made that he had only a few more million dollars left to give away in order that he might die a poor man.

In the morality play of Everyman there is a scene in which Wealth frantically clutches his gold determined that the world shall have no part or parcel in it. One of the most sincere regrets of the miserly soul in dying is that it cannot take its money with it but must leave it behind for others to share.

It would not be fair to place all rich men in this class because we cannot see them open their purses. There are a few among them who successfully resist the hardening influence of great wealth and are not ruled by it.

They keep it in a subordinate place. In gaining the world they do not lose their own souls.

WHILE WE WEEP

A NORWEGIAN ship that recently left Portland for Naples receives $240,000 for delivering her cargo of 10,000 tons of northwest wheat. She is expected to make the run to her destination in about 40 days.

In Portland, for supplies and insurance and wages for her sailors and other expenses, her captain paid out nearly $12,000. At Naples, further disbursements of about $8000 will be made on similar accounts, making a total expense of about $20,000, leaving a profit of $220,000, which is approximately the present value of the ship.

In Portland we try to get rich off of one another by buying and selling town lots. We are trying to pull ourselves up by our own bootstraps, which cannot be done.

We have giant trees from which to build ships and willing hands to do the fashioning and almost countless tons of wheat to be carried over seas.

But it is the Norwegians that build the ships and carry our grain, and get away with the bacon.

And we go on lending money and swapping lots and wrestling with the unemployed and sobbing about the times and weeping because our ocean commerce doesn't grow faster.

A CHALLENGE TO PORTLAND

IT IS a pleasure to read the agreeable story of water front arrangements at Davenport, Iowa. The facts appear in an article on this page.

Order, intelligence, beauty and efficiency are among the charming contemplation that the printed picture of Davenport unfolds. It is a picture to awaken both the admiration and the envy of any city. It embodies the municipal progress that has appeared in strongly developed form in European cities, notably in Germany, where efficiency and enlightened advancement have set example for the whole world.

In the narration of details in the Davenport situation, appears this significant paragraph:

A community of exceptional seriousness of community purpose and willingness to pay the price of community advancement has found in Norwood a man who understands how to eliminate community friction and make the efforts of men of different capacities and ideas reinforce instead of neutralizing each other.

Harmonious community purpose was Davenport's way to an advancement that makes her a challenge to every American city, the pleasing contemplation of every American community.

It is another Davenport challenge to Portland.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

THE Little Theatre, which opens at the end of this week at Twenty-third and Washington streets, is an enterprise of the Drama league. Its primary purpose is to give the league a local habitation where it may perform its functions with a feeling of permanence. The dramatic readings will be heard at the Little Theatre this winter and the regular meetings of the league will be held there.

But this does not end the tale of the Little Theatre's activities. It is to present a series of plays, some of which could not perhaps be accessible to Portland people in any other way. Very likely the plays will be staged with the modern improvements in theatrical art. Some of these advances pertain to lighting effects, which have been particularly studied in Russia. Others secure a wide background and deep perspective by certain modifications of the ordinary flat scenery. The Little Theatre also affords opportunity for that intimacy between spectators and actors which is supposed to be essential in much modern dramatic work. Its fortunes will be followed with hopeful interest by the intellectual public of Portland.

A COUNTRY'S YOUTH

MORE appalling than the destruction of old cathedrals and ancient works of art is the announcement that France will call to arms the flower of her youth. One half million boys of 18, who, in the ordinary course, would not be subject to military duty for a year or two, are to be enlisted at once. It is promised that they will not be placed in the trenches unless supreme necessity should demand. It is easy to realize that such a condition may arise.

Cathedrals and works of art may be restored but the lives of a country's youth, when once destroyed are gone forever.

Weeding Their Own Patch.

From Collier's Weekly.

We note that on a fair day in November the justices of the appellate court of New York debarred 18 lawyers, suspended seven from practice for one year or more, censured six and referred charges against two others to the official referee. If this keeps up we'll think more of what is left of the legal profession, and New York will be a safer place.

THE POPULAR BUG SONG

From Commerce and Finance.

AS a clever skit upon the present fashion in microbes and bacilli the following lines will be appreciated. They were composed by Roy Atwell and are sung by him in "Alone at Last," now running at Shubert's theatre:

In these days of indigestion
It is ofentimes a question
As to what to eat and what to leave alone;
For each microbe and bacillus
Has a different way to kill us,
And in time they always claim us for their own.
There are germs of every kind
In any food that you can find
In the market or upon the bill of fare.
Drinking water's just as risky
As the so called deadly whiskey,
And it's often a mistake to breathe the air.

Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Then he'll send for his bug friends
And all your earthly trouble ends;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.

The inviting green cucumber
Get's most everybody's number,
While the green corn has a system of its own,
Though a radish seems nutritious
Its behavior is quite vicious,
And a doctor will be coming to your home.
Eating lobster cooked or plain
Is only flirting with ptomaine,
While an oyster sometimes has a lot to say,
But the clams we eat in chowder
Make the angels chant the louder,
For they know that we'll be with them right away.

Take a slice of nice fried onion
And you're fit for Dr. Munyon,
Apple dumplings kill you quicker than a train.
Chew a cheesy midnight "rabbit"
And a grave you'll soon inhabit—
Ah, to eat at all is such a foolish game.
Eating huckleberry pie
Is a pleasing way to die.
While sauerkraut brings on softening of the brain.
When you eat banana fritters
Every undertaker titters,
And the casket makers nearly go insane.

Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
With a nervous little quiver
He'll give cirrhosis of the liver;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.

When cold storage vaults I visit
I can only say what is it
Makes poor mortals fill their systems with such stuff?
Now, for breakfast, prunes are dandy
If a stomach pump is handy
And your doctor can be found quite soon enough.
Eat a plate of fine pigs' knuckles
And the head stone cutter chuckles,
While the grave digger makes a note upon his cuff.
Eat that lovely red bologna
And you'll wear a wooden kimona,
As your relatives start scrapping 'bout your stuff.

Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Eating juicy sliced pineapple
Makes the sexton dust the chapel;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.

All those crazy foods they mix
Will float us 'cross the River Styx,
Or they'll start us climbing up the milky way.
And the meals we eat in courses,
Mean a hearse and two black horses,
So before a meal some people always pray.
Luscious grapes breed 'pendicitis,
And the juice leads to gastritis,
So there's only death to greet us either way;
And fried liver's nice, but, mind you,
Friends will soon ride slow behind you
And the papers then will have nice things to say.

Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Eat some sauce, they call it chili,
On your breast they'll place a lily;
Some little bug is going to find you some day.

People Belong to Corporations?

From La Follette's Magazine.

The Manufacturers News, which is always a staunch supporter of the claims of public utility corporations, editorially comments on the recent ruling of the public utilities commission regarding jitney buses, as follows:

"The jitney motor car vehicle was definitely and finally disposed of in Illinois when the public utilities commission assumed jurisdiction. The jitney is no longer possessed of letters of marque to prey upon the legitimate passengers of regular transportation lines."

It will be noted that this amounts practically to a declaration of ownership of passengers, holding that the people belong to the "regular transportation lines" (which of course means the big public utility corporations), in other words that the people are the property of the corporations. That claim will be reversed some day when the public utility corporations will be taken over as the property of the people.

Song of the Watchers.

Alice Duer Miller in New York Tribune.

They told us it was dangerous
For women at the polls;
They told us it would smirch, degrade
and coarsen women's souls.
We found it quite the opposite
And want to tell you now
That men are nicer people
Than the antis will allow.

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.

Portland's Rate Question.

Portland, Nov. 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—Why is it that so many of our citizens are struggling under what they think is a sort of incubus in the matter of the preferential request of the Chamber of Commerce in connection with the Astoria parity rate as indorsed by that body some time ago? To my mind there is no logical reason for so much substance and import being attached to that request for a preferential rate for Portland. The resolution indorses positively and unequivocally Astoria's contention for an equality rate with Puget Sound; the supposedly modifying request which follows later on in the resolution, should be considered of no greater importance than the wording gives it; it is merely a request, and that is all. The Chamber could just as well have asked for rates only one-half as great as the terminal rates which it indorses, and the railway company would be justified in treating such a request as it does thousands of other requests made by hundreds of other cities throughout the United States. The fact of the matter is that terminal rates cannot be entirely equalized solely upon the cost of a haul. Place the maps of the four or five railroads of the Northwest before you on the table and take, for instance, Pendleton as a starting point; common sense will tell you that a preferential for Portland is not justified by the logic of the situation. As I understand it, parity rates are given from competitive points, or territory, to terminal cities, and a glance at the map of the O.-W. will make it clear to almost anyone that it will cost that road more to haul a carload of wheat to Puget Sound than it will to haul to Portland; but on that account the O.-W. will not pass up the business to its rivals if that carload is required to help make a cargo at Puget Sound. Not by any means; that wheat will be hauled 150 or more miles farther at the same rate as would be charged to drop it at Portland. The railroads are built to haul commodities, and they are going to meet each other on a competitive basis in order to get that business. Competitive hauls may pay less profit than non-competitive hauls but in the general average at the end of the business year the former is complemented by the latter, and the lower rates for the long competitive hauls are justified by the greater profits on the non-competitive hauls. Portland will never get a preferential rate against Puget Sound and Astoria (where the latter city secures its parity rate with the sound)—that is, not until ships quit coming up the river for cargo. In that case Portland would be entitled to a lower rate as an inland city. It is not possible that she will allow herself to be so classified in reality; therefore she will have to be satisfied soon or later with the terminal rates established by Puget Sound and Astoria, regardless of what the transportation bureau of the Chamber of Commerce tries to effect to the contrary. That added request in the resolution is merely another artificial hindrance flung into the rate case to try to stay the hand of fate a little longer. The old Portland spirit dies hard. READER OF THE JOURNAL.

Reviews Mr. Linscott's Opinions.

Gladstone, Or., Nov. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—I was interested in reading E. A. Linscott's article in the interest of the saloon. Also, as a young man of 23, I am interested in scraping the barnacles off the ship of state. Mr. Linscott describes prohibition as hell, and hell as a place of physical torment, a place where you can't get a drink. This is a mistake, for I am inclined to accept his description of hell as "where the soul is in a state of torment." Also, he describes it as hell "where one class deprives the other of the right to partake of the fruits of the earth." That is also a mistake, for one cannot be deprived of a right, but merely of the exercise of that right. Rights are inalienable.

He exclaims that "when one class puts another in a state of torment it brings a halt to the advance of civilization (of mankind) and creates class hatred . . . and finally will lead to one of the bloodiest conflicts the world ever saw." Perhaps that is the key to the present troubles of the body politic—torment due to the barnacle, the saloon.

Prohibition comes under the right of eminent domain, that the good of the majority must be the first consideration, and incidentally the good of the majority is in the long run the good of the minority.

Mr. Linscott says further that when we try to destroy the creations of God we are destroying our industrial and commercial life. Industrialism and commercialism are truly the life of the world.

Again I must disagree. Industry and commerce are truly the life of the world, but industrialism and commercialism are as truly the blight of the world. Industry and commerce have nothing in common with the saloon bum and loafer. Neither does the saloon create wealth. It is the parasite, living off the wealth created by other industries. Its removal would not destroy wealth, but would merely turn that wealth into legitimate channels. Money that goes into the coffers of the saloon millionaires would go for groceries and clothing and bank accounts. The saloon is the greatest enemy the laboring man has. The woodsmen of the northwest will spend months in the woods at the hardest kind of labor, then quit, go to the city, blow in his earnings, and when he is broke the man behind the bar says, "I know you not," and there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. If anyone thinks the saloon is the friend of mankind, let him ask the man who has blown in his summer's wages in riotous living. He can tell, from actual experience. P. S. WHITCOMB.

Censorship.

Portland, Dec. 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—Some time ago the Oregonian took courteous editorial issue with the writer when he ventured to say that censorship for newspapers would be as fair as it is for moving pictures. Said the editorial: "Public opinion has made censorship of newspapers unnecessary." The word should have been "undesirable," for that is the proper American synonym for censorship of any kind, whether the object of it be the overgrown motion picture baby, or the battle scarred newspaper.

The exhibitors of the motion pictures did not—as the Oregonian said—want censorship. It was thrust upon them by the howling reformers (who whisper only into the city council's ear) and they, the exhibitors, accepted it hopefully because many decent minded people allowed themselves to be convinced that it was the only way of curing prurient pictures and morbidly inclined patrons. Dearly has the honest manufacturer and exhibitor paid for his moment of indecision, for he has learned that the censor is just as unqualified to know the public mind, or his troubles, as old Mother Grundy is to dress my little girl.

And now Portland proposes a form of censorship that will allow a hundred dollar a month clerk to arbitrarily decide the fate of productions by reputable producers—productions that aggregate in any one week of exhibition hundreds of thousands of dollars of cost, and with absolutely no other appeal from her decisions than to her coworkers on a socalled board of censors that represents neither the taste nor the wishes of the public.

No supreme judge of the land is invested with such power as this ordinance proposes, and why in the name of common sense, and even Siberian ideals, should it be intrusted to one lone reformer operating from the tail end of a police patrol wagon?

W. W. B.

Federal Employes.

Portland, Or., Nov. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—The article and editorial in The Journal referring to the conditions among the federal employes strikes the nail on the head. Some weeks ago the writer had business at the custom house and inadvertently entered the wrong room. There were five federal employes lounging around, and although it was in mid-afternoon, two had their feet on the desk, while the others were draped nonchalantly over the rest of the furniture. Cigar smoke was wafting gently upwards and a jolly story was in progress. With an indifferent (and unabashed) wave of the hand the writer was directed to the proper room.

On another occasion the writer was present at the custom house when four small tables were needed. Now each of the tables was about three feet by one and a half feet in dimensions and weighed about 10 pounds. One man could have carried all four tables; but true to all the sacred traditions of federal employes, the head janitor was first summoned; he, in turn, marshalled his forces, and, in due course of time, four colored assistants and second assistants janitors, each proudly bearing a diminutive table, proceeded slowly and solemnly down the hall.

Some years ago a certain incumbent of one of the higher appointive offices at the custom house, was an enthusiastic stud horse fancier. The writer had occasion to spend several days in his outer office; during that time there was a continuous stream of smelly horse fanciers and traders going in and out of the private office, which had been converted into headquarters for loud discussions upon the merits of various studs, fillies, mares, etc. Horse trades were engineered and consummated there and the general atmosphere was more like that of a Front street livery stable than that of a government office.

To the writer's mind, most of this waste and inefficiency in government office would be eliminated if the higher, best paid offices were taken out of the realm of politics. What inducement is there for a capable, ambitious young man to enter any federal department when he knows he can not advance to the better positions? Whenever a law is passed whereby the higher federal positions are filled by promotion, based on merit, it will automatically result in a better class of men entering the subordinate positions, and the $5000 positions will be filled by $5000 men. H. E. CASTELL.

The Tenant as Taxpayer.

Portland, Nov. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—As The Journal has always contended that the renter, or tenant, pays his proportion of the taxes, I heartily agree with it. The average renter knows that high taxes cause us to pay more rent, more for clothing, more for food and other necessaries. Therefore we are capable of using the ballot for our own interest. The landlord who struts up to the courthouse to pay the taxes is not so much of a taxpayer as the tenant who occupies the premises. We should all have a vote on the school directors, as this would have a tendency to the selection of impartial instructors.

J. G. HANLEY.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Jupiter Pluvius is a generous provider of juice for electrical week.

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Remember, people who help the Muts in their good work are not necessarily muts.

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People of few words ought to be well equipped for entering the Rose Festival slogan contest.

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There is to be no Portland auto show this winter; so we must dream our auto dreams at home.

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Speaking as a psychologist, not as a phophet, Professor Munsterburg says the war will end in the spring, thus putting peace prophecy on a scientific basis.

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"Uncle Joe" Cannon showed his spryness by dodging a Washington auto. His agility in getting out of danger may come in handy when the band wagon starts next November.

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Oregon and Washington are uncertain about their boundary line. So are some of the European nations, but their method of establishing boundaries is not adapted to the Pacific northwest.

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Sheriff Hurlburt says cows should be taught not to loiter in the center of roads. Cow owners might try the Montesorri or the Froebel system of teaching, unless the sheriff has devised something better.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

"Shop early and ship early," is the Bend Bulletin's rendering of the familiar Christmas text.

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The Baker Herald admonishes its readers to do their Christmas wishing early and ask Santa Claus to bring cluster lights to Baker."

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The Christmas slogan has been done into rhyme by the Salem Statesman, thus: "Don't be stingy, sad or surly, Husband, wife or boy or girlie, do your Christmas shopping early."

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Speaking of the apple crop the Good River News says: "The over-production bugaboo is beginning to fade into thin air—a specire which has frightened only the most credulous."

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The Gardiner Courier reports that the corn shows recently held in Mansfield, Coquille and Myrtle Point have vastly increased the interest in that product. Some of the finest corn grown in Douglas county was grown this year in the lower Umpqua valley along Smith river.

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Deserved tribute paid a neighbor town by the Pendleton East Oregonian: "The people of Hermiston have arranged for a tax of one and a third mills for library purposes. That action is a badge of honor for Hermiston and typifies the progressiveness of west end people and their desire to provide the best advantages for their young men and women."

A CHALLENGE TO PORTLAND

Davenport, Iowa, Correspondence, St. Louis Republic.

While other Mississippi river communities—always and honorably excepting New Orleans—have merely talked river terminals and waterfront improvement, Davenport has acted. This solid and prosperous Iowa community has actually worked out and partially completed a comprehensive plan for realizing the utmost from the waterfront, both along the lines of utility and beauty, and has done it in such a way as to make it put money into the city treasury instead of taking it out.

When asked: "Where is there a typical example of the utilization of a riverfront by a city for large community ends?" the traveled American has answered at random: "At Dusseldorf on the Rhine." He may now answer, with perfect truth: "At Davenport, on the upper Mississippi.

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Davenport is a trim and beautiful town of 50,000 people. In two important particulars it closely resembles St. Louis. At the foundation of the commercial and social structure is a large north German element. And the city has had the forethought and good sense to hang to its riparian rights through all the long years of neglect of the river and its possibilities. St. Louis people may view Davenport's achievements as those of a town with the same sort of a riverfront as ours, and the same sort of people living behind it. A third point of resemblance is its financial stability. Davenport banks have $10,000,000 of deposits, and carry more than 40,000 accounts.

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Built on limestone bluffs where the interior uplands of Iowa break sharply down to the edge of the river, Davenport stands at the foot of the upper rapids of the Mississippi. Its street cars are run from the water power furnished by the government dam, and the smoke of the factories of a larger community of 110,000 people mingle in the upper air, for Moline and Rock Island lie just across the stream. Five years ago Davenport was beautiful, pretty much everywhere except along the riverfront. There there were refuse dumps and uncomely flats, which looked like the universal scrap-heap of creation.

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All stories of community advance are personal history at the bottom. This is no exception. Davenport has a business community of exceptional quality, but that quality would not have eventuated in the river and harbor works now taking shape there, had not two men of exceptional endowment stood in places of strategic opportunity.

The first is a merchant of German birth but American rearing—W. D. Petersen. Becoming possessed of the idea that his community was sleeping on valuable rights and possibilities, Mr. Petersen went to Germany and studied the relations of towns to rivers and river traffic. He paid special attention to the financing of large riverfront improvements in the country whose riverfronts are the busiest and handsomest in the world, and came back determined on two things: That Davenport should improve its riverfront, and that Davenport should not pay for these improvements, but should make them pay for themselves, and then return a steady income to the city in perpetuity.

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The second man is Irving C. Norwood, the secretary of Davenport. The title has not been conferred on Mr. Norwood officially, but here is a man who is secretary of the Davenport Commercial club, the greater Davenport committee, the Davenport Retail Merchants association and the Davenport Manufacturers' association, and has all of these organizations housed under a single roof and working in harmony, like the Arab team that Ben Hur drove to the chariot. If he is not the secretary of Davenport, we should like to ask what he is. A community of exceptional seriousness of community purpose and willingness to pay the price of community advancement has found in Norwood a man who understands how to eliminate community friction and make the efforts of men of different capacities and ideas reinforce instead of neutralize each other.

Davenport raises more than $1 per capita per year for municipal promotion.

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First, Davenport got the United States engineers to establish harbor lines, out to which the town might fill in the river flats. Then a sea wall was started, two feet above the record flood, and three miles long, a mile of which is now completed. The construction of this sea wall, and the fill behind it, reclaims 140 acres of land of the most valuable character. It is characteristic of this community that the first part of the plan to be completed was a lovely riverside park, nine acres in extent. And the business sense of Davenport takes honest pride in the fact that a park worth at current prices $270,000 cost just $51,000.

Above the riverside park there is a break in the limestone sea wall, which sweeps back in graceful curves at either end of a space perhaps 1200 feet long. A sloping levee of the familiar type gives ferryboats and packets a chance to land and receive passengers in the traditional way.

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Just north of this levee is the site of the municipal terminal. Here will stand a municipal warehouse, with electric cranes, switch tracks, space for wagons, etc. Here all sorts of packet freight may be inexpensively handled.

Beyond the municipal terminal is the industrial terminal, with the sea wall on one side, and switch tracks on the other. This is divided into tracts of approximately 10,000 square feet, which are to be leased at low rentals—perhaps $500 annually each. The filling is not completed here, and but a small fraction of the space is leased in consequence, but every dollar of interest on the cost of the project thus far has been paid out of rentals, and $7000 worth of bonds have been retired beside. Below the riverside park a much larger tract will be similarly treated.

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The completion of the 8 foot waterway forming the link between the Chicago drainage canal and the Hennepin canal will give Davenport a water route to Chicago of about the same length as the Rock Island railroad. The imminent revival of traffic on the Mississippi will find at least one community ready to harvest its benefits.

INDEX OF ADVANCING TIDE OF PROSPERITY

From the New York Times.

After Thanksgiving day the retail trade of the country turns to the holiday business and this has new begun in all the large centers. The auspices under which this has started are brighter than for many years. Aside from the generally prosperous conditions which prevail and which are usually controlling, the business has been helped very much this fall by ideal weather that brought with it seasonable purchases before the time came for the holiday trade to begin. The character and extent of these purchases have been so satisfactory that an equally gratifying amount of holiday buying is expected. Large stocks of goods have been accumulated to meet the demand and they are, as a rule, of higher grade than has been customary in recent years. This is in deference to the changed aspect that has been brought about by the quickening of activity in practically every industry with the accompaniment of increased wages and greater employment. And these things merely supplement the riches drawn from fields, farms and mines.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

SINCE LAST SATURDAY—when I printed the verses—about Henry Ford and his peace ship—there has been a flock of letters.

¶ And the first ones—whose writers misunderstood — were very bitter against me—

—for writing what they thought was blasphemy.

¶ But since Tuesday—when I tried to make it clear—just what the verses meant—the other kind of letters have been coming.

¶ And one received this morning—says I made the same mistake—in the Ford verses—

—as I attributed to Henry himself—

—in trying to do something—

—for mankind's benefit.

¶ "You dared to write something"—he says—"which caused a moment's reflection—a pause for meditation."

¶ And then he goes on to tell me—that this is a mistake.

¶ And he says—to make my stuff acceptable—to everybody—I should keep it—so to speak—in tune with the times.

¶ "You should adjust your writings to the ideals of the people"—he says.

—and then goes on—and gives an example—of What the Public Wants—as follows:

"Picture the dashing young hero with a maiden embraced in one arm and an outstretched hand in which is clutched a revolver sending its deadly lead into an army of some three or four hundred, which he is holding at bay single-handed."

¶ And when I read it—I half expected—that the next line would be:

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE,
FOR A CHANGE
OF REELS.

¶ But it wasn't.

—and the letter closes—with best wishes.

¶ And there may be something—in what my friend who wrote the letter—says.

¶ But I think he's a little too severe on us.

—and by "us" I mean the American people—all of us.

¶ And I believe that most of us—are really very much in earnest—about seeing justice done.

¶ Of course—I know we are misled—sometimes—perhaps often—by false lights.

—and that we seem to be touched—just now—with a little of the madness—

—that has made Europe a shambles.

¶ But I believe that the cause of human liberty is in our keeping.

—and that we must cherish its sacred fire.

—and uplift its light to the world.

¶ And whether it is a city ordinance—or a bill before congress—we should oppose it—or approve it—according as whether or not it is for the great good of the whole people.

¶ We can do this in person—or by letter—or telephone—or telegraph.

¶ And as to Henry Ford—

—he may not end the war—or even get a hearing—but—

¶ LISTEN—He has taken a stand—for what he believes to be right—and that's an inspiration—to all of us.

Common Sense Talks By Lillian Russell

A new illustrated page that will appear in The Sunday Journal Magazine every Sunday, beginning December 5.

For the most part Miss Russell confines herself to suggestions concerning health and beauty, but her scope is not limited to a discussion of these subjects.

Anything pertinent to bodily well-being is within her field, which she covers in a sensible way that assures her a wide audience.

This Sunday page will supplement the daily beauty chats by Miss Russell which are appearing on the woman's page of The Journal.

An Alphabet For the Needlewoman

This is the season of the year when milady's needle stitches fast in anticipation of Christmas. That her needs may be met in part, a complete alphabet of old English letters, suitable for embroidering on towels, sheets, dresser covers, etc., will be found in Section Four of The Sunday Journal, December 5.

Celebrated Writers Discuss the War

Included in next Sunday's Journal will be the following articles:

THE DEPARTURE OF THE TRAWLERS—By RUDYARD KIPLING.

POLAND'S DESPERATE PLIGHT—By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

IN THE TRENCHES — By GOUVENEUR MORRIS.

In the Magazine

The Sun stands Still for Mars—The army searchlight.

Why the War Will Make Us Live Longer—Progress in bacteriology.

The Peroxomaniac—Novelette by Jack Lait.

Science and Near-Science Up-to-Date.

The Housekeeper's Council Table—By Dorothy Dolan.

Cartoonagrams—By Charles A. Ogden.

The Legend of Saint Nicholas—By Georgene Faulkner.

The Sunday Journal

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