THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

Published every day, afternoon and morning (except Sunday afternoon), at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES—Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Ave., New York; 1218 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago

Subscription terms by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico:

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON)

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON) AND SUNDAY

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

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

> In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
> The enemy more mighty than he seems.
> —Shakespeare.

WILSON PREPAREDNESS

IT GOES without saying that one thing that this country will never endure is a system that can be called militarism.—Woodrow Wilson.

The words are from the president's New York speech. He added:

But militarism consists in preparing a machine whose only use is for war and giving it no use to which to apply itself. Men who are in charge of edged tools and bidden to prepare them for exact and scientific use grow very impatient if they are not permitted to use them, and I do not believe that the creation of such an instrument is an insurance of peace.

We have here the president's own protest against militarism. He does not want to convert the country into an armed camp. His program does not mean swollen armaments to be piled in vast mass upon the back of labor and industry. It does not mean abandonment of any of the historical ideals or purposes of the Republic. What it does mean is thus expressed in Mr. Wilson's own language:

We must protect our rights as a nation and the rights of our citizens in America and outside of it as the consensus of civilized peoples has defined them; must secure the unembarrassed realization of our political development within our own borders, and must protect the peace and political autonomy of the Americas.

Nor is there likely to be an intelligently patrotic citizen of America to challenge the assertion. How many would be willing to assume the grave moral responsibility of seeking to defeat a plan for defending "our rights as a nation?" How many are willing to assume the grave responsibility of seeking to defeat a plan for protecting "the rights of our citizens in America and outside of it?"

The Wilson plan is no glorification of force. It involves no dreams of military conquest, but as stated by the president himself, expressly asserts that "there is no desire in America to take a foot of territory from any nation in the world."

It carries no dreams of imperial destiny. "The defense of the nation" as stated by Mr. Wilson, "has no tinge of the desire for power that can be used to bring on war."

What Mr. Wilson sees is the Republic steadfast to all the ideals of the Republic and prudently prepared to maintain those ideals against any challenge from without or within.

Yesterday in common with all of us, the president supposed war was well nigh impossible. But today, we all face a world in which the impossible has become the actual. The awful conflict that we supposed would never happen is being fought, and one nation after another is being dragged into it, one people after another is advancing armed into the strife.

The situation we face is not a theory. It is a condition unprecedented. It is not to our liking, but we did not make it and we cannot change it. All we can do is to put faith in the counsels of a prudent man, who more than any other man in the world, knows America's relations and America's responsibilities as disclosed to him in the great war crises in the past 18 months in which he, and he alone was answerable on the great issue of whether or not his countrymen were to be kept out of the conflict.

In subscribing with confidence to his preparedness program we know that it is out of the actual contact of the president with the sobering responsibilities in these times of stress that has come his appeal to his countrymen for a democracy armed for peace and armed for national defense.

A hen that sings, a dog that eats no meat, a rabbit that lives on condensed milk and a parrot that makes fun of them all, is the unique collection of a resident of one of Los Angeles' suburbs. This curious effect of living in that portion of the globe on animals explains the presence there of so many human freaks. It demonstrates that environment is stronger than heredity.

MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS

BY NOMINATING Mr. Brandeis to the supreme bench President Wilson has endeared himself to the American people. For many years Mr. Brandeis has been the protagonist of progressive principles. He has defended oppressed servants of the government when political power and immense wealth sought to shelter their oppressors. He has won victories for the humble in that mighty forum where he will now speak not as one who pleads for justice but as one who dispenses justice. And he will dispense it with an exact and liberal hand.

Mr. Brandeis understands the laboring people of the country. He knows their wrongs. He sympathizes with their aspirations for better living conditions, for worthier homes and happier families. He has stood their friend when others passed by on the other side. Mr. Brandeis is the Good Samaritan of the plain American citizen. A brave champion of the right, a great and learned lawyer, a self-sacrificing warrior in all good causes, these titles he deserves but he deserves a better one for with his noble achievements and his splendid fame he is loved best because he is a good man.

One can imagine the influences which pressed upon the president to strengthen the reactionary side of the supreme court in filling the vacancy. Much as the country trusted Mr. Wilson there was some uneasiness on this score for the best of men are sometimes betrayed by their advisers and the wisest deceived. The nation hoped that the nomination might go to Mr. Brandeis and if not to him then to Secretary Lane. Both had deserved well of their country. Both are beloved by the people. Mr. Brandeis has been chosen and the nation acclaims the choice.

He has the forward gaze and the vision of the true American. He sees in imagination the mighty destinies of the republic and will do his part to erect the superstructure of the future on the pillars of eternal justice. Mr. Brandeis is a Democrat in the broader meaning. He has opposed special privilege in legislation and in the administration of the law. He believes in the Declaration of Independence and the rights of man. He has been a great advocate for the people. He will be a great judge. He will "keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment."

For the first time in history the Jew asks those of other creeds to assist him in caring for his own people. As the Jew has given to others so should others give to the Jew, not only in reciprocity but in the name of humanity, in the name of that great Jew who counseled "Do ye unto others as ye would that others do unto you."

CHINESE EGG DEALERS

WHO is importing Chinese eggs for the Portland market? The Journal wants to know. The people want to know. The district attorney wants to know.

Chinese eggs are produced under the most unsanitary conditions. They become unwholesomely stale in the process of gathering and shipment to the United States. An Oregon statute provides a penalty for any dealer who offers them for sale without making the fact public in a conspicuously displayed notice.

Public sentiment and the law can keep the undesirable eggs out of this market. The state dairy and food commissioner is armed with ample authority to investigate, and he is a faithful and competent official. Dealers who attempt to palm off Chinese eggs in violation of law will on detection be exposed by The Journal and every endeavor will be made by this paper to bring them under the authority of the courts for any and all violations of the laws.

Bakers or dealers who engage in the foolish business of imposing unsanitary eggs on their patrons without making the fact public are almost certain to meet with embarrassment.

The war to date has, it is estimated, cost twenty-six billion dollars. Some idea of the magnitude of this amount may be gained when it is computed that it would require 100 years for a man to count a billion, working eight hours a day, 300 days a year.

USEFUL IDEAS

THE secretary of labor has made some valuable suggestions concerning the public lands and community credits. If his plan were followed there would probably be a sensible decrease of the "unemployed army." His ideas are set out in detail in the January number of the Monthly Review of the Bureau of labor statistics.

The secretary urges the government to retain title to all the land which it still owns and parcel it out in small tracts to be cultivated by persons who need work. This project properly managed would in many cases relieve the industrial situation. Certainly there are many workingmen who would be "at sea on a farm" but on the other hand there are many who would be perfectly at home. Their withdrawal from the competition for jobs would make openings for others.

The secretary fears that if the government sold the land outright, values would be inflated by speculators who in one way and another would get hold of the best tracts. No doubt he is right about it. Rents may, as the secretary suggests, be adjusted to suit special conditions.

Since these "settlers of small means" would be helpless on the land without some little capital, the secretary of labor asks congress to establish a loan fund something like those by which colleges encourage poor students. The fund would be lent over and over again and after the first few years would be self-sustaining. In his opinion the loans might well be made through the labor department.

A danger in having many friends on election years is their pernicious habit of conspiring together to force you to be a candidate for some office.

MR. SPENCE'S IRONY

THERE is nothing Satanic about C. E. Spence's irony. It is as mild as a steel dagger can be, and its stabs always go to the right spot. So there is really no fault to be found with it. Mr. Spence, who is master of the Oregon State Grange, was particularly deft in puncturing Senator Day at the Federation of Labor meeting on Friday morning. The subject under discussion was Senator Day's anxiety for the welfare of the initiative and referendum. This is well known to be extreme.

Senator Day lies awake nights wondering how he can make the initiative and referendum safer. He parts to safeguard those sacred treasures of the people. Mr. Day was one of the ornaments of the last legislature. Very ornamental he was, a thing of beauty, in fact, and a joy forever. He was more of a joy to certain birds of prey than to the mere human beings who inhabit the state, but the principle is the same. He was still a joy. In that legislature whose loveliness he so enhanced, Senator Day introduced a bill to "safeguard the initiative and referendum."

He wanted to defend the fine lace and gilt of those precious institutions from the dirty hands of the mob. He wanted to safeguard them so securely that the mob of farmers, labor union men and others, of that vulgar sort, should never be able to get within ten miles of them again. In Mr. Day's view the initiative and referendum are so sacrosanct that none but the immaculate hands of big business magnates should be permitted to touch them.

Mr. Spence perceives the protective anxieties of Senator Day and estimates them at their true worth. He feels that, like the monkey who married a baboon's sister, Senator Day would kiss the initiative and referendum hard enough to raise a blister. There is some danger, indeed, that the ardor of his affection might consume them utterly.

Mr. Spence thinks Senator Day is too precious a gem to be exposed to the rough tempests of another legislature. He would enshrine the senator in the sacred seclusion of his home.

So would we.

A Chinese pupil won the medal of honor at Lincoln high for excellence in the German language. The yellow peril looms large.

A HAPPY THOUGHT

PRESIDENT WILSON'S national defense speeches in New York are full of stimulating thought. He seems to have been inspired by the greatness of the occasion and to have expressed himself with more than his usual power. One sentence from his lips is particularly notable. The belligerent countries of Europe, said Mr. Wilson in substance, "have drawn together for war. Why can not all Americans draw together for peace?"

His thought evidently is that a nation should organize its neutral and human resources as thoroughly for peace as military nations organize for war. There would be great changes in the world if we all bent our energies to make peace dynamic, to systematize and discipline our resources, to prevent waste and increase production.

President Wilson advocates that moderate degree of preparedness which will maintain our national self-respect and make aggression against us dangerous. With this he stops. Few except incurably fanatics will deny that his position is right. But even the moderate preparedness which the President desires involves some increase of the standing army. The United States, like all democracies, dislikes and dreads standing armies.

We should dislike and dread the army less if Mr. Wilson's principles were applied to it. An army "drawn together for the successful prosecution of peace" would not terrify us. In other words, if the army were frankly employed, when it is not actually at drill, on useful public works the people would see a friend in it, not an enemy.

Many of our military officers are too proud and haughty to soil their hands with useful work or their souls by superintending anything so vulgar. But whether they like it or not that is the best way to employ an army when there is no war. If they want to see the army popular in the United States they must keep it at work, as is proposed with the continental army. In time of peace troops are exposed to many temptations. With them as with others idle brains are the devil's workshops. The labor power of a disciplined army is very great. The more it is used for the common weal the better the people will be pleased and the more they will favor preparedness.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[A man who looked up and down the coast and then settled in Portland to do his manufacturing; whose business grew so fast that he soon got tired of moving, and erected a building for himself; who already has started a branch in an inland city—he it is of whom article No. 81 has been written. His success is demonstrative of what can be done in Portland when skill and will unite.]

THERE are 100 persons, mostly young women, employed in the F. C. Stettler paper box factory on Oregon street, at the east end of the steel bridge. Their combined salaries average from $60,000 to $65,000 a year.

They work in a new building specially designed for the purposes for which it is used. It was built by Mr. Stettler during the last year on his own property, covering a plot of ground 100x190 feet. It is a three story and basement concrete structure, splendidly lighted and finely appointed. The comfort and convenience of his employes was carefully considered in its construction. It is steam heated, clean as a pin, and so roomy that there is none of the "sweatshop" thought entering the mind as one walks through it.

MR. STETTLER HAS PROSPERED.

Mr. Stettler had covered the northwest as a traveling salesman for eastern paper box factories for many years. Often coming to Portland, as well as all other business centers of the Pacific coast, he perceived the advantages of this city as a manufacturing and shipping point, and decided to locate here and go into business for himself. In 1902 he rented the building at 74 Front street and in a small way engaged in the business of making certain kinds of paper boxes, not of a very elaborate range. His appliances were of the inexpensive kind, but he managed to get along until his business outgrew not only his apparatus but his quarters also. In 1905 he moved to a three story brick building at Tenth and Glisan streets. Adding a large amount of machinery, he considered himself settled for many years to come. But he was not a good prophet. He had another guess coming.

ERECTED HIS OWN BUILDING LAST YEAR.

His patronage continued to grow. His field of operations was extended to the Mexican border on the south, British Columbia on the north, Salt Lake City and Montana points eastward. His volume of business increased until a second move became imperative, so he decided that this would be his last. He would erect his own building. It would be large enough to hold him the balance of his life. And it must be strictly up to date. It is. One can scarcely understand how it could be improved. It stands on a block of ground bounded on three sides by streets and the other by railroad right of way which never will be improved by buildings. Its location is on the high ground far above the railroad tracks, hugging the river bank, so the fine view of the Willamette never will be hidden from the eyes of the Stettler factory people. It is a lovely spot, close to the business district, and reached by several street car lines.

FINELY EQUIPPED FACTORY.

There are seven printing presses installed in Mr. Stettler's factory. Several of them are of the large cylinder Miehle and Cottrell makes. Then there are the jobbers of various sizes, suitable for smaller work. Aside from these there are half a dozen machines no one but an expert would attempt to describe. Some of these are for embossing, much of which is done in the factory. Others attach wire handles, or bales, to oyster and berry cardboard pails. There are three kinds of gluing machines, one particularly which reminds a person of a dachshund, it is so long and lean. It is probably 20 feet from the spot where it is fed, to the other end where it spits out glued and counted boxes at the rate of more than 100,000 in a 10-hour day. Every fiftieth box extends about two inches to the right farther than do the other 49, so it is easy to put them up in packages with any given number to each one. To say the machine "runs like lightning" is giving but a poor apprehension of its speed. It feeds itself. It attends to its own knitting. It asks no favors from anyone, and it certainly does its work rapidly and well.

GETS CARLOAD ORDERS.

The magnitude of the paper box industry is somewhat illustrated by a single order of one carload a month made in the Stettler factory and shipped to San Francisco. The board for these boxes is about 24x36 inches in size, and when the order is booked it is for a million at a time. There are several such. They are cartons of various sizes, all made of coast material, much of which comes from the large paper mills at Sumner, Wash. A board of superior quality is turned out there and sold at a most advantageous price, hence Mr. Stettler is a liberal patron of the institution.

"Not desiring to disclose the volume of my business to my competitors," Mr. Stettler explained, "I prefer not to name the value of the annual output of this factory. Suffice it to say that it is growing larger each year, which is but a natural consequence of the development of the country. To help out at this end I have added a factory at Spokane. We have a large three story and basement building there also. This is likewise equipped with modern machinery, and is doing a good business. When prosperity mantles the country this business is likewise prosperous. It fluctuates, as you may understand, and the reason that a great number of our boxes are to contain luxuries such as confectionery, sweetmeats, oysters, etc., that people can get along without if their purses demand it. Still the growth of this factory is an index to its permanency."

The foregoing makes brief reference to another Portland enterprise which has grown with the city and surrounding territory. There are openings here for many more factories operating on different lines, and the facts set forth in these articles ought to be an incentive for these to come here now, while, in the vernacular of the day, the coffin's good.

Portland has a welcome for all such. But it is not inviting the chuck. It is not reaching out its hands in gladness to that one kind to every interest but his own. It wants the broad-minded manufacturer, willing to put his capital into enterprises strictly legitimate and promising to well reward him for his confidence in the city and the great territory from which it draws its support.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

The Weekly Rest Day Law.

Portland, Jan. 28.—(To the Editor of The Journal)—More than a half a century ago a weekly rest day law for Oregon was enacted. It was, a few years ago, declared to be unconstitutional, by a judge of Teutonic proclivities. That decision was recently reversed by the supreme court of Oregon with argument weighing heavily in the scale of law and probity. A class of citizens, which need not be designated, immediately or very soon, went about preparing a proposition for the repeal of the law, to be submitted to the people at the November election this year, the plea for which is not without erroneous representations as to the law's restrictions. The requirements of the law are entirely just and reasonable, and do not interfere with the proper rights or liberties of any citizen. Persons who, for any reason, wish to observe Saturday or any other day of the week, as a day of rest, are at perfect liberty to do so. But to arrange for the law for a diversity of weekly rest days for the accommodation of the various trades and branches of secular business is obviously impracticable, as it is unnecessary, all cases of necessity or mercy being provided for in the law. What Oregon needs for the prosperity and progress of her citizenship is not any new legislation on the rest day question but an honest and temperate execution of existing law. By all means let the proposed repeal be defeated by the vote of the order loving citizens of Oregon, if it is found on the ballot, and let any compromising, mongrel proposition meet a similar destiny.

By treating this question as herein proposed the element of ecclesiasticism will be entirely eliminated from the issue, as it must always be from the civil affairs of our country. I close with a quotation from a recent Journal editorial, November 1, 1915:

"Every man, woman and child ought to have one day of rest out of the seven. It is a delightful temptation to think of a status in which everybody would put aside worldly activities on a given day, and devote that day to reflection, worship and revitalization of the higher and better thoughts. It would be a influence to take us away from our hardened moods and grinding activities that commercialize and dehumanize the race."

That is beautifully said, and strips all Sabbath law of its supposed harshness.

J. H. SIPER,
Field Secretary Northwest Sabbath Association.

Admonishes Adventists.

Portland, Jan. 21.—To the Editor of The Journal — The Adventists have much in their religion to be admired and they are probably the most sincere creed one can find, but they cling to the old letter too rigidly. Moses was the best law giver, but when Christ came that law was fulfilled. That passage, written by St. Paul in Romans 10:4 is so plain everybody ought to understand it. The Adventists certainly are mistaken in applying the Sunday law to the "mark of the beast." They have to look in a different direction, and not very far either, to find that mark. They say Constantine changed Sabbath into Sunday. He never did, for in Acts 20:9 such an assertion is contradicted. Let Adventists look at the New Testament and study it. 1 Cor. 16:2 and Gal. 4:10-11.

A READER.

Reasonable Preparedness.

Ashland, Or., Jan. 24.—To the Editor of The Journal—We must all admit that commercial supremacy is in our bonnet, as a nation, and sooner or later we will be called upon to resist encroachments on our rights and perhaps on our soil. We of course deprecate the day when such things must come about, but the question stares us in the face now. Where are our friends, or have we any to whom we can appeal? None, as long as might makes right. We must plan to take care of ourselves. This seems evident, and the nearer we approach commercial supremacy the sooner we may expect a mixup.

Of course we need a great navy, but let us not go beyond reason, for it takes only a little thing to put one of our battleships on the bottom of the sea, as has been proved by the submarine. The great forts can only command respect at the entrances to our harbors. We have very extensive coast lines, which we must prepare against invasion. As self-defense has always been our policy, we hope it always will be.

We as a nation do not want a large standing army. We do not want to be a military camp. It is a thing of which to be ashamed, rather than proud. Let us not get the idea that we can lick somebody. These are the thoughts of a bully and always breed trouble. We can always get an army in short order should one be needed against invasion.

But let us establish camps in our forest reserves where our militia can go for a summer outing and go through their training and also help with fire patrol when needed. It is a good healthy proposition and worthy of consideration.

Now comes the last proposition, but not the least. The writer has in mind that now is a splendid time to start agitation for a national highway around our borders or especially along our western coast line, the same to be included in our national preparedness proposition. The writer has traversed the western coast most of the way from Mexico to Puget Sound and has found wagon roads most of the way right close to the coast and knows that such a highway is feasible and can be constructed under government control at a reasonable cost.

F. W. MOORE.

A Minister's Wife Protests.

Portland, Jan. 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—Under the title "Portland Pastor for Preparedness" in a daily paper I have read with amazement the different utterances of the warlike, and especially the statement of Dr. A. A. Morrison, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, made against fathers and mothers, saying that these are "not worthy of being citizens, neither worthy of being mothers, if they would withhold the services of their sons in defense of this country." This is simply a repetition of the saving of the dictators of old pagan Rome and the echo of the present day European rulers. In view of such bold, unkind and broad statements one cannot but believe that Dr. Morrison and others like him have not the feelings of a father or of a mother, neither are they worthy of their calling to be preachers of the Prince of Peace.

Is not this terrible slaughter that is now in progress in Europe the fruit of the false patriotic teachings of church dignitaries who in times of peace instead of raising their voice against military preparation have favored and encouraged it? Is not this a blot upon the church of Jesus Christ that for 20 centuries has been more or less predominant in the life and spirit of those nations now at war.

In view of this present situation I think it is time for the preachers of the gospel to speak in their sleeves, if at all, about patriotism, rather than to use the pulpit for such a purpose.

There are many better ways for us mothers to teach our sons how to make our country great than to teach and encourage them in murder when no impelling danger is at hand.

I am the mother of two boys myself, a proud American mother, a Christian mother, a minister's wife, too, and I cannot refrain from protesting vehemently against such a statement as Dr. Morrison's in the name of Christian motherhood.

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Navy League.

Portland, Jan. 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—I was well pleased with the chord struck by D. L. MacLeod of Lyle, Wash., in The Journal of January 5, in his statement that ignorance, superstition and tyranny are the forces today chaining the human race in slavery, from which is born the worldwide bloodshed and misery existing. I wish every voter could read those words, ponder them well, watch closely passing events between now and next election, then vote accordingly.

But who and what are the forces that are spending oceans of time and money perpetuating these same conditions on the people of our country right now and have been for years? The Navy league, with head offices at Washington, D. C., and traveling secretaries all over the country, working people into frenzy on preparedness and a $500,000,000 appropriation for the navy, army and fortifications, and urging, forcibly if necessary, the military training of all our young men, even the training of our school children to handle a gun. And who are some of the officers and members of the league? Morgan, Satterlee, Glover, General Horace Porter, George von L. Meyer; in fact, all the trust magnates are members, and in the women's department are the names Dewey, McCormick, Shepperd, Carnegie, Hearst and Aldrich, all of whom would profit hugely by preparedness. Hence the patriotism.

C. J. M'LAIN.

The Things That Men Fight For.

Portland, Jan. 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—D. C. Millican says, in The Journal: "A rich man has something to fight for, while a mendicant has nothing." Quite true. I'll agree with him there. Such being the case, where is the justice in forcing him to fight? We are all more or less mendicants. Some of us beg for a job, some for bread, some for a larger army. But the man who begs for the first two does not need the latter; and the man who begs for the latter does not need the former. True, we have not much to lose by going to war; the honorable and dignified men who do possess have seen to that long ago. But what have we to gain? If we win, the same honorable and dignified men will be in possession; if we lose, another set of equally honorable and equally dignified men will be in possession. And we will still be begging for jobs (if we are still able to work) or bread.

When these honorable men who have assumed the dignity, and absorbed the possessions of the mendicants are willing to give a man a chance to live decently, then I will be in favor of rallying to their support, but not until then.

And how can you raise a man to a place of respectability, who is willing to take a gun for pay, with nothing of his own to protect; who will shoot down unarmed men, women or children, to protect the property of those who are slowly sapping the life blood of his own class of people, his own people? How can you raise him to respectability, who would just as quickly murder his own brother or sister as he would a dog, if ordered to do so by his superior officer? Respectable! A man will fight quickly enough if he has anything to fight for, or to help a fellowman in distress; any other man who fights is either a thief or a fool.

A. F. MACKLEY.

The Red Winged Blackbird.

Corvallis, Or., Jan. 25.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Replying to the question of "Bird Lover" in The Journal today, I would say: The Red Winged Blackbird is a native of Oregon as well as of all the Pacific coast states. It is common near marshes and swamps, building its nest in clusters of reeds or tules growing in water.

During the recent snow and cold weather these birds came to the uplands for food. I recently saw some with a flock of Brewer's blackbirds near my door, where I had food out for all kinds of birds.

J. A. GILKEY.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

January still has a couple of days to make good or be discharged without a character.

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Record prices for Portland bonds, like some people's promises, are made only to be broken.

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When those automobiles cooped up at the show are turned loose, the pedestrian will again take on that haunted look.

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A president's wife on a shopping expedition is only a woman, after all. Witness the fact that Mrs. Wilson had a 30-cent lunch at a crowded counter in Baltimore.

• •

President Wilson, who says he found out what was going on in Mexico by hearing liars talk about it, must have been very busy if he drew on the entire visible supply.

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That Chicago sword swallower who joined the United States marines ought to be a handy man should anything happen to the mechanism of the big disappearing guns.

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Word comes from Berlin that nearly all Europe knows our supposedly secret diplomatic codes. Fortunately, the United States has little to conceal in its dealings with other countries.

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Oregon hardware men and implement dealers are advised by a banker to convert their book accounts into liquid assets. Yet Oregon saloon men found it necessary to get rid of their liquid assets. The financial game is hard to understand.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Klamath Falls officials are preparing to add a street flusher and a road oiler to the city's equipment.

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Two county officers are to be additionally provided with quarters through an extension that is being built upon the Hood River county court house at the cost of $1000.

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The Rogue River Valley grange will dedicate a new hall, February 4, with a dance. The hall is 32x48 feet, bungalow style, and was built entirely by members of the grange who donated the work.

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"With its 25 miles of paved streets, Salem," says the Journal, "ranks easily as the best paved city in the state, with a percentage of pavement compared to its population larger than any of the big cities in the country."

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As evidence that outside capital has an eye on Baker county mines is the fact, the Baker Democrat asserts, that several bonds and options have been recently taken on several properties "with bright prospects that purchases will be made and extensive operations follow."

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Describing a pleasant prospect that lies before a certain Crater Lake functionary, the Medford Mail Tribune says: "Head Ranger H. E. Momyer of the Crater Lake national park left Fort Klamath Monday for his annual 'hibernation,' a sojourn in the snow-covered park from now until the close of the tourist season next fall. Snow will cover the ground until July, and until June, at the earliest, Momyer will be practically alone."

NO EYE SHARPER THAN UNCLE SAM'S

From the Detroit News.

While Americans are not an hysterical folk, they are inclined to extremism. In many affairs, our national pendulum is swung either far to the right or far to the left. When we discover that we excel in some point, we boast most prodigiously. When we find that we fall short in some matter, we scourge ourselves most severely. In this latter mood, a stranger, hearing an American talk, would think there was no nation in the world so helplessly slow as the United States. Certainly, no nation has ever been so helpless, lain so supine before possible enemies, as many Americans have believed their country to be these last few months.

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It isn't long ago that we had a spy scare. The country was infested with foreign agents! They were everywhere! No one was safe from their all seeing eyes! The United States was a Gulliver, tied hand and foot by the machinations of the sleuths of oversea powers! This scare, diligently cultivated in press and from platform, set the whole country to "seeing things at night." "Oh, no," the wise American said, "we have no men that can combat that gang. Why, man, they're the pick of the world! Our secret service! —good heavens, they are children in comparison!"

That is the way it went everywhere —United States had no secret service men, no army, no energy, no nuthin'.

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And then one day, in the midst of the scare, arrests began to be made in every part of the country. Officers, diplomats, high business men, foreign secret agents—all arrested. A former president of Mexico was stopped at the border and arrested. The head of a great steamship company was arrested. Men who could not be arrested because of diplomatic guarantees, hastily left for home. Juries were impaneled, convictions found—in almost less time and with less fuss than it would take to tell it all.

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What did it mean? Simply this, that the secret service of the United States, which practically every American was willing to believe was only a village police force, in comparison with other national secret services, had proved itself to be more than a match for three other secret services operating in this country. It had handled four big jobs at once and brought them all to a speedy and triumphant conclusion. The national strikes plot, the cruiser supply plot, the Mexican revolution plot, the congressional plot, the passports plot, and a number of minor plots, all carefully laid out with the best and shrewdest minds of Europe behind them, were exposed to the light of day in an incredibly short time and by that exposure were destroyed.

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A peaceful disposition—which the United States undoubtedly has—does not necessarily mean a blind disposition, or an "easy" one. A nation may be "wise as a serpent" and at the same time "harmless as a dove." Our secret service has illustrated one part of the old saying, our national disposition the other.

And it has been a good thing, just at the time when Americans were ready to believe that we were inferior in everything wherein Europe excelled, that our secret service did come out so emphatically successful. It showed us that the United States is no fool, and that anyone who succeeds in putting anything over on Yankee shrewdness has got to "go some."

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

LETTER-WRITING WEEK—with its freezing weather—and its giant mail-box—and its daily parade—is over.

—that is—all but the weather.

¶ But there's a lot of letters—that I haven't written.

¶ And I'm going to answer some of them—right here in the kollum.

¶ And one of them is from Oregon City—and it goes like this:

Dear Mr. Lampman: Tuesday morning, during that blinding snow storm, I heard an unusual sound from the street, and, glancing from my window, saw a rig passing.

That the horse and buggy had seen better days was obvious.

As to the driver—well, it was a question, for in appearance he matched the outfit.

To my great astonishment, he was singing, evidently with heartfelt expression, an old, familiar tune.

I could not catch the words, but I could supply them from memory, as my father used to sing them, and they were:

"Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?"

And it was still for a little while, and then somehow I thought of you, and thought I would like to ask you about this old man.

I'm sure you know him—you seem to know such people—and so I hoped you would tell me just why this man sang "Is Not This the Land of Beulah?" with such peace and contentment in his voice, because I had heard that same note in your voice, and because you love dogs, and because you didn't know I lived in Oregon City, or—

LISTEN—that my name was

—BUNNY.

¶ And of course—I don't know exactly what to say—to Bunny.

¶ There are so many things—that I don't know—that sometimes I wonder if there's really anything—that I do know.

¶ But I can't quite agree with that billous old Greek—who refuted his own words—when he said—with such positiveness:

¶ "All that we know is—nothing can be known."

¶ No — No — old Grouchicus — or whatever your name was.

¶ We can't stand for that.

—and we couldn't sleep nights—if we believed it.

¶ Each and all of us—to be halfway comfortable—must feel that we know something—however little.

—and that we are of some small importance to the world.

¶ And we do—and we are.

¶ And here I am—dashing down the kollum—and not answering Bunny's letter at all.

¶ But here goes:

¶ My dear Bunny:

¶ Of course—I cannot tell you—why the old man sang—exactly.

¶ But I can tell you—I think—a few of the things—that might have kept him from singing.

¶ I'm quite sure that he doesn't own a lot of property—to worry about.

—or that he isn't planning to get the better of someone.

—or that he is not ridden by ambition.

—because song doesn't spring from hearts that hate.

—or minds that are scheming for gain—or place—or power.

¶ And perhaps—who knows?—this old man—with his battered rig—and his poor old horse—has found the philosopher's stone.

¶ And I can't tell you where to look for it.

—and neither can he.

¶ You must find it for yourself.

¶ And I can only tell you—as perhaps I have—a few places not to look for it.

¶ But happiness—I think—is not something that may be put on—outside—like a coat.

¶ It must come from within—and—

¶ LISTEN — Bunny — I think it comes from the heart—like a rose from the heart of the tree.

THE HOME-GROWN MUSE.

In Europe.

There were bountiful, beautiful lands
o'er abroad,
Where nature produced like a full
blown rose.
Where the tourist and homesteader
met hand in hand,
And greeted each other other with
a loving "here goes."

But alas! times have changed, and the
scene is war,
Horror and strife, they have smitten
that plain;
And now instead of that once friendly
greeting,
A murderous look bedecks every
face.

Those who shook hands are murdering
each other,
Cities are falling from shot and the
shell.
And the once happy people are lost,
lost, lost,
And all of those lands are a furnace
of hell.

And now since the battle is on in its
fury,
And each one is fighting the other
to rout,
If all of those kings of those countries
were questioned,
Could one of them tell what they're
fighting about?

So pity those fighting, "poor slaves of
the kings;"
Whose homes are all ruined, and
friend shoots friend,
Come, shout up a prayer, "God to silence those fiends,"
And bring this infernal old feud to
an end.

—E. L. Hardin.

Stories of Street and Town

Answer: He's a Nut.

THE Street and Town reporter was hungry last night and strolled into a popular downtown restaurant. He sat down a high stool where formerly the patrons stood. He hadn't even ordered his meal when the proprietor waltzed over and said:

"You newspaper fellows seem to know an awful lot," and we respectfully bowed in acknowledgement. The proprietor might have been peeved if we hadn't.

"Tell me," he continued, "why is it that a man will come into a restaurant where there are many vacant and clean tables, look around for a minute and then deliberately sit down at a table filled with used dishes?"

He couldn't answer it and neither could we. Maybe some one will see this and solve the puzzle for the restaurant man.

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Slogan or Epitaph?

BILL STRANDBORG perpetrated this slogan:

"For You Some Toes in Portland froze."