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.

OREGON 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.

Justice and power must be brought together, so that whatever is just may be powerful, and whatever is powerful may be just.—Pascal.

ILLUMINATING INFORMATION

YESTERDAY, The Journal presented information illuminative of the Puter plan for a grand grab of the Oregon grant lands.

It is information of value to congress. It will enable that body to realize what kind of pitfalls have been laid for the disposition of the grant lands.

It is information that will be of value to the people of Oregon. Under a supreme court decision, the people of the state own forty million dollars' worth of timber in the railroad grant. Though it is theirs, congress is, by direction of the court, about to enact legislation determining the manner in which it shall be disposed of.

Forty million dollars' worth of timber land is a rich inheritance. It is a splendid state asset. It could be disposed of in a way to give Oregon a magnificent irreducible school fund, which school fund would also be a splendid rural credit system.

It is a publicly-owned timber wealth and land wealth so vast that it is coveted. The scheme of Puter, probably the slickest and boldest land fraudist that ever operated in America, is example of what is planned for it that we know of. What other schemes of the kind are beneath the surface, we do not know about.

We know that a so-called grant land conference at Salem passed a resolution relative to the disposition of this $40,000,000 worth of timber, which resolution made not one single request for congress to apply any of it to Oregon schools or Oregon roads, or for any other Oregon purpose. Can anybody in Oregon explain why such a conference, assembled under profession of representing the public, made no request to congress for any part of this empire of lands to be devoted to public benefits? Does anybody think that kind of a conference really did represent the public, and if it did not, whom did it represent?

A "midnight resolution" was slipped through the legislature surreptitiously at three a. m. of the last night of the late session. It made a request which the supreme court in its decision declared to be a "prayer against the government's" contention. If the supreme court says the resolution was against the government, the clique in the legislature who slipped the resolution through must have been acting for the railroad.

These are amazing things. They seem incredible. But they are true.

Where are the people's friends? Why do they not come out and fight to save these public lands from going the way the other public lands in Oregon went?

Let us hope that when Mr. Groundhog comes out Wednesday he will not be able to see his shadow.

A MORRIS PLAN BANK

KANSAS CITY is rejoicing in the expected benefits from a Morris Plan Bank which has just been opened there. These banks have been established in thirty-one cities of the United States by the Industrial Finance Corporation of New York. Their purpose, frankly declared, is to make money by loans to people of small means, but they do it without extortion or oppression.

Wherever the Morris Plan Banks have been opened they immediately rescued large numbers of worthy persons from the clutches of loan sharks who wax fat on usurious interest, forfeits and foreclosures. The loan shark takes a chattel mortgage on the borrower's furniture, or an assignment of his salary, and then by compelling him to pay a hundred per cent interest, or often five or six hundred per cent, makes a slave of him for years.

The Morris Plan Banks take no assignments of salaries and no chattel mortgages. They lend money on personal security alone, a boon which people of small means have not enjoyed until very lately. The borrower pays a small fee for an investigation of his character and if that is good he can get the money he needs on his personal note with two signers. Thus, for his small needs, he is placed in much the same situation as the big mercantile borrower at ordinary banks. His interest is reckoned at 6 per cent only. He pays off his note in weekly installments.

The whole project is fine and beautiful, besides being good business. The poor are quite as honest as the rich. Their financial delinquencies arise from sheer inability to come to time rather than from depravity. The weekly installment with low interest should set hundreds of worthy people on their feet, restore their self respect and start them on the path to independence. There should be a Morris Plan Bank in every city of the United States and in some places two or three.

There is comfort in the thought that old General Winter will soon have to raise the siege, and that the roses will bloom again.

A LITTLE SCANDAL.

SOME entertaining information about the habits of our millionaires has come out in a New York divorce suit. The defendant is a teacher of the delicate art of playing bridge, and his wife in her petition for alimony alleges that he has made hundreds of thousands of dollars by his profession. He has often cleared $30,000 in a single night's play if her story is true.

Naturally the people whom he played with must have lost as much as he won. And if in games with a mere humble teacher of bridge the stakes ran up to these figures what must they be in the games where millionaires play with the people of their own set? The plain truth of the matter is that our opulent classes have more money than they know what to do with. Part of it they spend upon such luxuries as automobiles and yachts, country mansions and million dollar balls, but even when they have done their best to dissipate their incomes after this fashion there is still a huge surplus which must be disposed of in some way.

The only recourse is to waste it. Expensive dinners to pet poodle dogs and monkeys dispose of a certain amount. A special funeral train to transport a dead dog from New York to San Francsco sometimes accounts for a generous portion. But the approved and unfailing method of wasting money among the "smart set" is gambling. The higher the stakes the more aristocratic the feeling they derive from their play.

The poor man who gambles must stake his wife's gown and the children's breakfast. The millionaire can lay down his thousands on the table and never feel the loss of gold by the bushel. Nothing could give one a more assured sense of superiority over the vulgar herd.

The automobile show is over. We all know now why transmitters transmit, why differentials differential, why magnetos magnete and why carburetors carburet. But we do not yet understand why we have to pay so much for gasoline.

THE RETURN TO NATURE

OUR philosophical jingoes are making a great deal now-a-days of the "biological necessity for war." Their comfortable theory is that nature has implanted the fighting and killing instinct in our bosoms and we are therefore disloyal to her great purpose if we do not go out and slay our fellow men. Our souls are supposed to pine and wither under the noxious influences of peace while war stimulates the higher impulses and fills us with noble emotions.

There is no doubt that nature gave us the fighting instinct, which includes the love of slaughter. This is one reason among many why St. Paul said that "the natural man is at eamity against God." Our natural instincts are not always the best guides to live by. Nature made man a thief and liar as well as a fighter, but civilization long ago decided that, upon the whole, we should get along better if we put a stop to these practices. They may be found in full blast among savage tribes just as one can find fighting a constant occupation there.

The fact that nature gave us a certain instinct implies no biological necessity for obeying it. Nature gave us all sorts of gross and beastly impulses which we have been doing our best to get rid of for many centuries. Some, like the impulse to beat our wives, we have pretty well conquered. To others, like the instinct for murdering our fellow men in war, we still yield occasionally.

There is no more biological necessity for fighting than there is for wife beating, lying and stealing. These instincts were all implanted in us by nature, all stand on an equality and if we are bound to obey one of them we are in like manner bound to obey them all.

The return to nature as a justification for war carries us too far. Nature teaches us to eat with our fingers. Soap is far more unnatural than peace. If we want to be truly obedient to natural instincts we must cast away all that religion has done for us and slough off all our civilized habits. No doubt the jingoes would rejoice to see us doing it, but is it really worth while?

THE FIGHT ON MR. BRANDEIS

WHEN did it become a crime in America for a man who loves equal justice and has a care for common men to be a justice of the United States supreme court?

What is the supreme court if a man who has fought public injustice and crooked institutions cannot be admitted in its precincts?

There is opposition to Mr. Brandeis. He is opposed because he has dared to advocate changes in old things. He has stood for progress. He has opposed the trust system. He has exposed robbery of the public domain. He has fought free franchises in public streets. He has done many things that brought him the disfavor of what the country is wont to refer to as big business.

Mr. Brandeis is one of the ablest men of the age. He is a lawyer almost without a peer. He is an economist of unexampled genius. He is a constructive thinker almost without a rival. He has a grasp of business, industry and finance and the relations of such things to human beings, equaled by that of few men. Above all, he has a mind that senses intensely the proportions in human affairs and has convictions which make that sense the inflexible guide to his conduct. Why should such a man be kept from the supreme bench, and what kind of man do those who oppose him want on the supreme bench?

Mr. Brandeis never pulled down a deserving institution. He is a builder. His performance in the great gas fight in Boston gave that city an ideal adjustment of gas service. It was the product of the Brandeis genius and of the Brandeis heart for the public welfare.

Under it, gas remains in private ownership, and the owners are allowed a seven per cent dividend on legitimate investment so long as gas goes to the people at 90 cents. When by efficiency, the company can reduce gas 5 cents to consumers, the company is allowed an additional 1 per cent dividend.

Under the arrangement, the company, by efficient processes stimulated by the Brandeis plan, now gets a 9 per cent dividend and consumers get 80-cent gas. It is a plan that is a perfect adjustment between the company and its patrons, because whatever benefits one benefits both.

Mr. Brandeis fought the Morgan consolidation of all New England railroads under the New Haven management. Away back in 1910 he pointed out that there would happen exactly the disasters that did happen in that ill-fated enterprise. His consummate knowledge of transportation and economies enabled him to tell the great Morgan that his program was conceived in error and that it could only end in calamity. Because he defied such men and strove to save the stockholders from the vast financial loss that has befallen them, should Mr. Brandeis be denied a place on the supreme bench?

Mr. Brandeis became a national figure in the Glavis-Ballinger investigation. That investigation was a great issue of saving the public domain from spoliation. It indirectly involved the grabbing of Alaska by the Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate. Mr. Brandeis was the drecting mind, and the contest was one of the great political struggles of modern America.

The Brandeis presentation of the case drove Ballinger from the cabinet, and compelled President Taft to reverse the policy of the interior department by the appointment of a progressive to the secretaryship. The Brandeis attitude in that memorable contest in the minds of some kinds of men, unfits him for becoming a justice of the supreme court. With the multitude it is a badge of eligibility.

Mr. Brandeis began his career as a corporation lawyer. In his early 20's, he was a petted favorite in exclusive Boston, which admired him for his talent. An early incident illustrates the bent of his mind. There was a strike of employes in an establishment for which Brandeis was attorney. There was a conference at which leaders of the strike, the heads of the establishment and Brandeis were present.

"Tell your story," said Brandeis to the spokesman of the strikers, and he obeyed.

"My clients are wrong; what can we do to adjust matters," said the lawyer after the striker had presented his case.

In the confidence thus easily won, Brandeis quickly adjusted the troubles to the advantage and satisfaction of both sides.

It is unthinkable that Mr. Brandeis may be rejected by the senate. The issue presented in his confirmation will be a test of what we have at Washington. The alignment will separate the sheep from the goats. Men or newspapers that oppose him can never pretend to be progressives. Opposition to him will stamp "reaction" on his opponents in letters of scarlet.

Mr. Brandeis is known throughout the country as "the people's lawyer," because, for a generation he has, except in a single instance, fought the people's cases for the public without pay. Whether Democrat or Republican, whether from the west or from the east, the senators who oppose Brandeis' confirmation hold the view that a people's lawyer is unfit material for the court of last resort.

And if, in the final vote, Mr. Brandeis be rejected, it will be a senate disgrace and a national scandal.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[Valuable indorsement of the Nothing the Matter With Portland series is tendered by Mr. H. C. Huntington, president of the Portland Rubber Mills, in a letter to the publisher of The Journal, in which he says:

"We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of your public spirited efforts in writing up the various industries in the state, and particularly for the generous space given the Portland Rubber Mills.

"The writer's experience shows that Portland and Oregon people are ready and willing to patronize home industries and to give them loyal support when quality and price are fairly equal. But they cannot be expected to help unless the local manufacturer competes with the outsider in advertising as well as product. The cooperation of the public is absolutely necessary to the success of any industry, whether local or not.

"Our experience in turning out a special article in the way of a rubber heel, has brought to our attention not a single case of where our goods have been rejected by the ultimate consumer when the facts were properly brought to his attention. We have received the most loyal support from the shoe repair trade generally, but without good, live advertising can never expect to make the most of this support.

"I want to say that if all classes of trade treated the Portland manufacturer as well as the shoe repair trade of the northwest has supported us, no local industry need suffer for lack of support; provided only that its product is advertised.

"We believe you are doing the city and state a great deal of good in your campaign."

Meanwhile, leaving mechanism and the products of mechanism for a day, let all readers note that positive humanitarianism has not been forgotten in Portland, but has been made, like mercy, to "bless him that gives and him that takes," through the establishing of a factory to compound medicines for the beasts of the field and the fowls of the barnyard, if not of the air.]

TURNING aside from the big iron and steel and woodenware and other factories, let us give a little thought to the equine family, the bovine herds, the gentle sheep and sometimes belligerent goat, the multudinous swine and the fowl without which this would be an eggless existence and a chickenless banquet life.

Just like us humans, these useful living creatures have their afflictions, but they do not seek surcease from their ills and pains through Barleycorn gateways, nor do they appeal to the tender mercies of their fellows or repine on the heartless cold of charity, receiving gingerly contributions from purses cold as an iceberg and hard as flint.

They just lie down and die—if Nature does not sustain them or a kindly human being come to their relief.

ANIMAL AND FOWL REMEDIES.

There is an oasis in the dumb animal and fowl desert, and it is located over at the suburb of Kenton, where so many other good things are found.

It is the Korinek Remedy company, employing half a dozen men skilled in their profession, and presided over by W. H. Hurlburt, former general passenger agent of the old O. R. & N. railway, and later president and general manager of the City & Suburban Railway company, now the Portland Railway, Light & Power company.

Dr. C. J. Korinek, Oregon state veterinarian under two governors, is vice president and head of the formula and consulting department, and Warren Keeler is its business manager.

While this concern is not one of the "mighty" enterprises of Portland, it still serves a very useful purpose, and its worth is apparently widely recognized throughout the west from the fact that it has an output of over $30,000 a year, and is familiar to all stockmen and poultry raisers of the Pacific coast; in fact, from the Missouri river to the Mexican border.

WIDE RANGE OF REMEDIES.

The remedies and tonics of the Korinek Remedy company are intended to meet not only the requirements of veterinarians, but those of the stockgrower and fowl breeder individually, making the calling of a veterinarian or poultry doctor unnecessary. The literature supplied buyers of the Korinek preparations give ample instructions for their use, and the stacks of hearty testimonials the management has on file testify to their efficacy in the treatment of such diseases as are common to fowl and domestic animals.

"We compound over 30 remedies for the treatment of diseases of cattle, horses, sheep, goats, swine and poultry," Doctor Korinek says, "and guarantee the efficacy of each. We put up stock food and tonic, poultry food and tonic, antiseptic gall powder, liniments, distemper remedy, hoof and eye remedies, absorbent blister, milk fever outfit, calf scour, anti-cow bloat, kow konditioner, colic, kidney, fever, diarrhoea, worm, physic and tonic capsules, vermin destroyer, liquid lice killer, fly dope, sheep dip, dog distemper, dog worm, dog mange and salmon poison remedies; dog physic, dog conditioner and dog soap, all of which bear our unqualified guarantee. We likewise maintain a free consulting department, presided over by myself personally. Persons having sick or diseased animals or poultry, are given free advice, personally or by letter, as to the best method of treatment. Our business is growing rapidly. We are optimistic as to the future. It is only a question of informing the public interested in our operations of our ability to conscientiously and efficiently serve them. Once the people of the northwest realize the genuineness and efficiency of our remedies, you may be sure they will find a ready and generous market.

THE EVOLUTION OF STOCK RAISING.

"In the marvelous transformation which this great western country has undergone, and even today is undergoing, no other one industry has experienced such marked changes as the production of livestock. Time was when vast herds of cattle and horses ranged the plains in practically a wild state, being rounded up only once or twice a year when the young were branded and the grown animals removed from the herds for shipment. When the west became more densely settled these herds declined in number, and as the ranges were fenced the animals began to receive more attention and are being gradually brought to a high standard. As agriculture advances and people become more prosperous, cattle, sheep, horses and swine will be improved by better care and proper feeding. Today there are practically no public ranges. Instead each ranchman is, in a greater or less degree, engaged in the raising of stock—if only to the extent of supplying his own needs. These owners and raisers are now realizing how readily animals respond to care and attention, and how much more profitable they become.

"Dairying is today one of the great industries of the Pacific Northwest. For milk production successful feeding is quite as essential as successful breeding. The animal, like the human, has its ailments. Unfortunately, however, it cannot describe its symptoms to its physician, hence must be watched over by its owner, and it is just as important that animals be kept in good health as that they be well fed. The use of a little judgment and the expenditure of a few dollars in the right stock foods and remedies will pay big dividends, and this object can be attained in no other way. We supply these foods and medicines. We know their merits and values. We absolutely guarantee them. We stand behind them. They are made in Portland. We are an institution of the city. Buyers know where to find us. We are glad to have this favorable location. We are glad to meet those interested in our business. It is a high class and beneficial one, and of a truth we are here to stay."

If one would feast his eyes on all kinds of fluids, cans and bottles and mysterious looking mixtures, a remedy factory is the place to visit. The one at Kenton is no exception.

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.

In the Matter of the Gary Schools.

Portland, Jan. 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your fine editorial in answer to the reader who asked for particulars as to the Gary schools induces me to ask you to publish the following for further information in regard to the religious side of the question.

The following letter was sent by the publicity committee of the Guardians of Liberty, a patriotic organization, to the different ministers of New York city, where the system has been applied, as you said, "with brilliant results:"

"New York City, N. Y., Reverend Sir: We respectfully ask you to announce to your congregation a mass meeting to be held January 20, 1916, at Cooper Union, Ninth street and Third avenue, under the auspices of the Guardians of Liberty. The purpose of the meeting is to protest against the religious features of the Gary-Wirt plan as introduced in the public schools of the city of New York and to enlighten the public as to the existing conditions in the board of education. The question is a vital one. The foundation of our public school system is threatened. Every true patriot is in duty bound to assist. Among the prominent men who will speak at the meeting are the following: Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles (retired), chief guardian; Dr. Charles Fama, Rev. Paul L. Buffa, Creston avenue Baptist church; Rabbi Alexander Lyons, Ph. D., Eighth avenue temple, Brooklyn; Rev. William Milton Hess, Trinity Congregational church; Rev. Amidio Collins, D. D., Reformed Episcopal church; Professor Charles T. Everson, lecturer. Assuring you that we would appreciate your assistance greatly and trusting your congregation will be well represented, we are, patriotically yours, Publicity Committee, P. S. BROWN, secretary."

Of course, if the above speakers are "hopeless reactionaries" as you called those who oppose the system, thank God that we have such reactionaries who are not afraid to uncover the subterfuges that such systems contains, and raise their voices in defense of God, home and country. A READER.

The Brandeis Appointment.

Portland, Jan. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—"It may be conceded that Mr. Brandeis is a remarkable man, who has the instinct to serve the under dog, and the courage to oppose the most powerful beneficiaries of privilege." This is the frank admission of the Oregonian and is quite in line with President Wilson's policy of curbing special privilege in the interest of all the people. Yet, what a horrible picture is set forth on the Oregonian's first page about President Wilson's appeal to the Jewish, the German and the labor votes. Taft, the tool of special privilege, would doubtless be satisfactory, whose "judicial mind" has been made much of; Taft, who pardoned C. D. Hillman. Here are "the highest qualities of impartiality and praise" necessary in the supreme court. Only the Oregonian can have pure motive in helping to "get the skids under Bowlby" in the interest of contractors beating down labor to the lowest wage and engineering grabs from the public treasury, the securing of water power sites and shore front and the east timber and agricultural lands for corporations, with its certain result that common people may be so reduced to starvation that they will welcome promised relief in war with Mexico, to further extend the field of capital that wage workers may get a mouthful. It is ground for impeachment, in the eyes of standpat Republicanism, for the president to give a square deal to nine tenths of Americans, the working people.

With the record indisputable that England sent 400,000 troops to conquer 100,000 Boers, in which war it cost $40,000 to kill a man, our president is censured without limit for not sending an army sufficient to conquer 12,000,000 Mexicans. Acting with calm consideration is nonsense.

With the example before us of the eastern hemisphere in hopeless conflict, the western hemisphere must abandon all sense and reason and pan-Americanism to suit the Oregonian.

Until this brilliant apostle of special privilege can show good reason why nine tenths of the American people should not be represented on the supreme bench by Mr. Brandeis, its howls are as sounding brass and we will enthusiastically support President Wilson in true American patriotism.
WILLIAM REEVES.

Asks Why More Preparedness.

Corvallis, Or., Jan. 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—A good many people are inquiring why the demand for war preparedness should be so much greater at this time than during Taft's or Roosevelt's administration. Is there anything to indicate that we are more liable to invasion from European countries than at that time? Great Britain could attack us the easiest of any other power. But no one suggests that we fortify the Canadian boundary, which has remained unprotected for a hundred years. We are told that our navy is second only to Great Britain's; also that the Panama canal is well fortified.

This cry for preparedness surely comes from those who profit by war. If the government were making the arms and ammunition this demand for preparedness would not be heard. If we would change our slogan from "preparedness" to "development at home and reconstruction for the devastated countries of Europe" it would be more fitting to the need of the day. No one believes that if Belgium could be restored to her former condition she would begin to plot with other countries to invade the United States. We have a chance to fortify ourselves against the countries of Europe with bulwarks of kindness and helpfulness more lasting than battleships. We have at home a vast undeveloped territory needing the skill and the resources of the people. Such schools as the Oregon Agricultural college preparing boys and girls to wrestle with the soil and forests and the mines, are vastly more important than the military schools so insistently demanded by the jingoes of militarism.
PHEBE HAMMER.

The Child's Bounder Duty.

Portland, Jan. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—Being a mother, the sad case of young Walter Harris, killed accidentally by a "safety" pistol, has gone straight to my heart, and I feel impelled to write this letter hoping it will reach the eyes of young people and help them to realize the necessity of listening to parents' advice.

So long as young women and young men are under the shelter of home, accepting the care and attentions gladly and tenderly given, they should feel obliged, if not through love and respect, at least from a sense of duty, to comply with the requests of the heads of the home. A child expects, when old enough to understand life, that its parents do nothing to bring sorrow or disgrace upon the family, and few parents would refuse to listen to such an appeal were it made. Why, then, should not the child realize the same responsibility?

A mother so often asks and pleads with her child to do or not to do something, feeling in her more mature knowledge the justice and necessity of the request, and children, foolish and feeling secure in their own judgment, refuse to grant this wish.

A mother's love is very akin to divine love, and her gift of intuition is also a divine gift, and from this elevated attitude she speaks and acts. A mother gives so much; all of herself from the moment the first tiny cry is heard at the threshold of life; her time, her strength, her thoughts. Must she give her tears, too—tears that cannot renew the life or wipe out the stain?

Let young men know it is wrong to carry firearms to take human life. Let them listen when a mother speaks. She is not weak because she is afraid of the firearms. She loves and knows it best to heed the commandments, "Honor thy father and mother," and "Thou shalt not kill."
MOTHER.

Same Old Story.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

As to dispensing with kissing in these dangerous times, as the health authorities advise, much will depend, just as in more cheerful seasons, on the girl.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Long-time custom seems to be the main argument against needed changes in the Oregon customs district.

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That "safety first" forum of the Chamber of Commerce must not get the idea that safety is dependent alone upon talk.

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Either of those two new universes just discovered close to the milky way would be a good place to send the milk trust.

• •

Stanford university has decided to drive out the drones among its students—and it ought to label them for the world's benefit.

• •

The president's thanks for his invitation to come to the Rose Festival would have been more thankfully received had he promised to come.

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Senator Sherman wants Japan warned to let China alone. But in this time of world war a warning to senators of the Sherman type should come first.

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Lloyd-George, who says that so far as England is concerned the war is only beginning, seems to ignore the fact that Kitchener said it would begin last May.

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Major Blethen professes to fear a Jap invasion of Seattle, and he wants Uncle Sam to prevent it. The major might come to Portland, where people feel reasonably safe.

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Interest in European hostilities has been deflected toward the McCredie-Lerry baseball war, but it can be watched with little fear of casualties. Words don't maim baseball warriors.

• •

The nomination of Mr. Brandeis for supreme court justice is indication that President Wilson is not only not "too proud to fight," but is ready to meet a fight half way in a good cause.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Herald avers that plenty of hammer and saw music will be heard in Joseph this coming summer, as a big building boom is booked for that town.

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The street department at Eugene has been busy cutting off the low hanging limbs of trees on the streets so they will not interfere with the tops of vehicles.

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The police of Medford report that there have been fewer wanderers in that city this winter than for many past, and fewer applications for sleeping quarters at the city jail.

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The Marshfield Chamber of Commerce has decided to give a groundhog—that is to say, a sausage—dinner next Wednesday evening, and there will also be stunts on the side.

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Report on mining operations, in Baker Democrat: "The Snake river copper field is booming and Copperfield and Homestead are once again on the map under more favorable auspices than ever. Carload shipments are going out to the smelters weekly and big payrolls are the result."

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Work on the city jail at Silver Lake again has been stopped. The Leader says provision had been made for a building of corrugated iron, but it was discovered at the last minute that only a building of concrete, stone or brick would stand the test of the state law and hence the plans already made had to be abandoned.

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Nothing Old Man Winter can do can daunt Harney county folks. Speaking for them the News says: "The general storm of the northwest seems to have had no favored spot only Harney county. Here all are greatly rejoicing because of the heavy fall of snow and are expecting abundant crops next season. There is plenty of hay for feeding stock."

THE CONDITIONS OF CITY-MAKING

H. Van R. Chase, in Tacoma Tribune.

"Cities are built by men, not by advantages," someone has very tritely said. And the statement is true. In the settlement a village is built, the village grows into a town and the town grows into a city by the efforts of men more than by the favor of circumstances. One has but to look at the history of the great cities to be convinced of the truth of this.

Only consider Chicago, then the fact becomes apparent. There was no inherent reason in the location why Chicago should become the great city that it is. It represents the mighty struggle of progressive, far-seeing, energetic men, against most formidable difficulties and disadvantages of location. It is an example of public spirit and private enterprise worthy of emulation by the citizens of every ambitious community.

Men made Chicago what it is, not advantage nor circumstances. Men made Los Angeles, in spite of the disadvantages which, in the early days of the coming of the white man, were frankly declared insurmountable barriers to the making of a great city. Men have made every great city; sometimes with the aid of natural advantages, and sometimes in spite of the absence of any appreciable advantage in location or otherwise.

• •

But these great cities have not been built by conservative men, so-called. The ultra-conservative have never contributed appreciably to the growth of any rapidly advancing community. Too often they have been a dead weight and a brake, blocking the wheels of proper and deserved progress. The term "conservative" has frequently been applied when "short-sighted," "weak," "asinine" or "confoundedly stupid" would more accurately fit the case.

The man who does things makes mistakes occasionally, as a matter of course. It is not to be expected that he can always be right in everything. But he also usually "makes good." He is an infinitely better citizen than the man who makes mistakes and does nothing. For the man who does nothing but make mistakes is an irritating nuisance—fortunately, in time, a self-abating nuisance. He is of the type of the do-nothing conservative, conspicuously engaged in unsuccessful activity. He is easily recognized by one or another of his several particular characteristics. His fussing around in public activities with utter disregard of point or program has often been a bar to worthy men entering into service for the public good on logical, sane and aggressive lines.

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The building of a city is not work for one man. It is too big a job. It requires the united service of all right-minded men who have an interest and expect to conduct their business or make their home in the city that is to be. One man may sow idea-seeds which take root and flourish in the fertile brains of the progressive men of the community—for there is nothing more sure than the ultimate success of the right idea. Ideas are the beginning of things. But they are only the beginning; they do not, nor can they by any trick of magic spring into full realization, appear a fully developed structure.

In the building of the Greater Tacoma which is to be, the tools with which the men are to work, are ideas—native ideas, and ideas transplanted from other habitats. Like any other tool, the idea is valuable only to the man who knows how to use it. It is the strong man in his calling, whatever it may be, who is best able to wield the tools with which he is to labor.

But all booms are destined, sooner or later, to burst, and about the worst thing a community can have on its hands and the greatest detriment to successful healthy growth, is a burst boom.

One of the things found necessary for the healthy growth of the modern city is that the city itself be made a better city—and better and a more attractive place in which to live—a city with higher ideals of business and better business practices than formerly prevailed in it or obtain in rival cities.

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In order to secure this condition, it has been found necessary to supplement the usual legislative body of the municipality by the creation of modern, active, properly planned and efficiently conducted commercial organizations. And it is right here that the active energies of the men who do things are provided with adequate means for their effective utilization. It is through this organization that the powers of the individual are joined in the community work and made effective. And it is right here that all the energies for the advancement of the business, physical and moral interests of the city should be centered.

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It is through such means as this that men are today building cities. If there are natural advantages for the growth of the city, so much the better. But the first essential is the joining, in the right spirit, of the service of all the active men who desire progress. The dead or inactive city has no attraction whatever for business. And it is the business men attracted to it who are to make the city great.

It is men who make cities, and the city cannot be built without the active service of men applied in its construction.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

VERY WELL, JACK, IF THIS IS THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT IT GOES TO THE TOP OF THE ROLLUM.

With Apologies to Mrs. W. G. C.

IN calm repose at evening's close
I scan "Once Over" lines,
Enjoying a bit of the cosmic wit
Within their brief confines.

And never a jeer, nor smirk, nor sneer
Is born from the thoughts I glean.
I am content with the time thus spent
With lines of such measure and mien.

The eulogy-song of Nick Pierong,
Carl Reiter and Herman Wise,
And the jestful flout at the Indian scout
One, by no means, can despise.

But the song that's dear to my listening ear,
And pleasing to those, I ween,
Who measure the worth of childish mirth,
Is the story of Buddy and Jean.

There are not a few whose hearts once knew
The joy of a cheerful hour
With their tender kin, but the merry din
Is hushed by the Unseen Power.

—And—

LISTEN—I'll lunge at a chilly plunge
From the top of Hawthorne Bridge,
And climb Mt. Hood, to be sure I could,
Or scale up the Devil's Ridge—

For a few more lines on pet canines
And gay little chaps at play;
They bring good cheer to a heart sincere
At the end of a busy day.

—JACK LITTELL.

Tomorrow.

By Judd Mortimer Lewis, in the Houston Post.

I always say, "Tomorrow morn please sound upon the bugle horn, and rouse me early; for, by jings, I've got to do a peck of things!" Tomorrow I have planned to start to tear the universe apart. Tomorrow, by the isles of Greece! my lazy days have got to cease! Then I will tote a bigger load, then I'll not rest beside the road, then I'll not lie abed till late, I'll tumble out and pull my freight, when I have had my Irish stew, to where there are some things to do; and I will do them one-two-three! No one shall ever say of me, 'He was a lazy sort of guy; he used to let the days drift by the while he lay beneath the trees and watched the butterflies and bees.' No, sir! They'll say when I am gone, when I've my trailing garment on, and got my harp from off the hook, 'It's too blamed bad that guy was took! Nobody in this teary vale has toiled so hard or earned such kale,'" and so I say "Tomorrow morn sound loud upon the bugle horn, or come and drag me from the hay; for I have got to get away and start things going with a jump. Days past I've been a lazy chump; but now I'll wash the orphans' ears, and I will dry the widows' tears, and I'll go out and get the goat of that there guy who rocks the boat. And I have got to slop the pigs, and pail the cows, and grease the cars. And I mean to wake em it is light and hump myself till it is night." That is the thing I always say before I go to hit the hay, that's always my nightmare spiel. But when the morning dawns I feel like tearing off a few yards more of healing sleep and rhythmic snore, and I suppose I will do that until Fate kicks me in the slat. If not, I shall get well, not be a lazy guy eternally! Tomorrow I'll get up and then—great heavens! There I go again!

This Seems to Refer to the Recent Organization of the Republican Club, My Dear Watson, but One Can't Be Too Sure.

And there was great rejoicing, for the Omnipotent Theodore Roosevelt had spoken through George Arthur Brownlee, saying: "Behold, we come unto you with peace offerings, not mockery, mind ye, for it is not meet that a Roosevelt be meek, but, nevertheless, we come."

Whereupon Josephus brought forth the dove of peace.

Now, Moorelus and Johnlus were leary, lest there be no more harmony, and also lest Brownlus have something up his sleeve, but, having vast experience, as expressed by Legionus, they listened carefully to the terms upon which the peace offerings were brought, and finding to their apparent satisfaction, that there were no ifs nor buts under the table, they acquiesced.

The Moorelus and Johnlus being for in excess in numbers at this time, rejoiced the meeting, yet, in justice to Brownlus, be it said that he, with his followers, accepted gracefully the will of the people, to the immense satisfaction of Ralphlus, who was to rule over all.

Now, Ralphlus was a wise glik; and a wise glik is one who rules, no matter what faction is victorious; and the word went forth that the prodigal had returned. Therefore, great was their rejoicing, the last being continued over until January 27, A. D. 1916.

January 28, comes now the day after January 27, when all factions are reunited, and there reigns supreme, for late not the Moorelus and the Josephlus buried the hatchet and declared the Johnlus and the Brownlus no more. Have they not gracefully parted with their tribal names and accepted the leadership of Mr. Ralphlus, who sent thither to bring order out of chaos?

Now, Mr. Ralphlus being pleasing to Ralphlus, great is the preparedness for battle against the common enemy, and many faithful "Guesses" will look forward to the alloing of the melon at a fitting time.
M. R.

Stories of Street and Town

Did She Back Out?

HE called for a marriage license early in the morning, but He didn't have the necessary physician's certificate. John Cochran, first aid to Cupid in the office of County Clerk Coffey, gave Him instructions as to how to clear the truck to the altar. Then She came back with a friend and the doctor's clean bill of health for Him, and—got cold feet—almost.

At least, She said Her pedal extremities were startling to chill, and there are reasons for belief that they were frost-bitten before She trod the nuptial stairs.

"I'm about to get cold feet," She confided to the friend.

Cochran turned a sympathetic ear and hurried to the succor of little Dan.

"About to what?" questioned the license dealer.

"To back out," repeated the applicant.

"Not at this stage," chided the fatherly looking clerk. And then, in an effort to divert Her mind:

"Where did you say you are from?"

"San Francisco."

"Oh, yes. That's where you met Mr. Him."

"No. I met Him in Portland."

"Then he isn't a stranger here."

"Yes he is. I met Him yesterday."

Then, turning to the friend:

"I'm about to get cold feet."

But it was His money that was buying the license, so She and the friend carried away the legal permit to live happy ever afterward.

It is more than two weeks since the license was issued. No returns have been made.

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Tax Collector, Take Notice.

WHO said a dead one never was an asset?

John Cochran, Multnomah county's first aid to Cupid, picked this one out of the inventory of the estate of William O. Sitt:

"One petrified man, value $250."