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.

"The point in national affairs never lies along the lines of expediency. It always rests in the field of principle. The United States was not founded upon any principle of expediency; it was founded upon a profound principle of human liberty and of humanity, and whenever it ceases its policy upon any other foundations than those it builds on the sand and not upon solid rock." — Woodrow Wilson.

AN AMERICAN SENATE

THERE seems to have been some confusion in the senate voting yesterday as to the parliamentary effect of the verdict. So eminent a parliamentary authority as Senator Lodge however, says the senate went on record as opposing a warning to Americans and against interference with the executive, and that is the light in which the country and the world will accept the vote.

The verdict of nearly five to one is notice to all courts and kings that the senate is an American senate and not a foreign senate. It was a vote in which the undoubted purpose was to serve notice on all concerned that the senate is to be guided by American leadership instead of foreign leadership.

It was an overwhelming vote against the removal of even one stone from the superb structure of international law and an overwhelming vote expressive of the confidence of the American people in their own government.

It was a vote that showed that in any crisis in America, there are no political parties but only a compact people consecrated to national unity and free institutions.

At home and abroad, the Americanism of congress was questioned. That Americanism was challenged by a small but noisy group of congress' own members. The challenge was acclaimed all over the world as signifying that the executive head of the American government is not supported by the legislative branch.

The assertions of this disloyalty and division were heralded in foreign newspapers and joyfully hailed in foreign chancelleries as proof that the diplomatic representations of America were not respected at home and therefore subject to resistance abroad.

In the only place that it could be done, the senate has impressively thrust aside the imputations on its loyalty. The vote was overwhelming enough to command attention in every foreign court and leave its impress upon every foreign government.

In imposing sentence on a woman who had mulcted men out of thousands of dollars under pretext of marriage, Judge Dooling of San Francisco said a fool and his money must be kept together. If the judge can do it, a lot of us would like to be taken under his jurisdiction.

ANTI-PREPAREDNESS

THE national anti-preparedness committee has sent out from its headquarters in Washington a creed in seven articles which the country is asked to adopt. The request comes with some little force since Jane Addams is a member of the committee with Dr. Stephen S. Wise to support her. Florence Kelly is also a member of the committee. Some of the items of their program are not without merit.

For instance, they ask for "an investigation of the war budget as it stands" in order to see that "every dollar spent may bring 100 per cent of efficiency." Not even the most rampant jingo can object to this, since he will never get the big army and navy he wants as long as the money given for that purpose is wasted. The committee also ask the government to manufacture its own munitions and armaments so that "private profit may be taken out of preparedness."

This is a pretty good idea, too. The country does not look with approval upon the rich pickings of the munition dealers. It would gladly see some check put upon their rapacity. Few sensible Americans wish to go so far as to stop the export of munitions. This would, in fact, mean nothing less than an alliance with one group of belligerent powers. But the great majority of our countrymen would be pleased to see the government provide for its own warlike necessities without invoking the aid of private business.

The committee makes another demand with which the country at large is likely to agree. If there must be increased expenditure for armaments it asks that it be met by income and inheritance taxes. Thus the burden would fall on the rich, whose property is the prize of war, and not upon the poor, whose burdens are already as heavy as they should be. The committee's demand "that all preparedness cease" can hardly be granted in the present mood of the country, but in so far as the members of the committee come before us with reason in their language they are likely to be received with answering favor.

One of the military requirements of the future will be the ability to talk in the sign language. This has been made necessary by the development of artillery in whose thunderous roar it is impossible to hear orders. Another indication of reversion to barbarism.

A SUICIDAL DIVISION

FOR more than 40 years, the railroad grant lands have been Oregon lands.

Congress parted with the title when it passed the grant act in 1869. The act contemplated that for all time the lands were to be devoted to Oregon settlement and development.

This is a consideration that the Oregon delegation at Washington should be able to press home with convincing effect. Every member of the delegation ought to be aggressive and purposeful in effort to induce congress to agree to the terms of the Chamberlain bill—40 per cent for the irreducible school fund and 40 for roads in the grant land counties.

The real contest at Washington is no longer between Puter and other claimants and the state of Oregon, but between the larger demands of the federal government and the state of Oregon. Congressman Hawley's bill only complicates the situation. It has no chance of passage. It weakens the position of Oregon.

Oregon's position has been weakened by the foolish action of the grant land "conference" so-called and by proposals to divide the lands between the railroad and the state. The efforts of "the push" to awaken sentiment "favorable to the railroad," the "midnight resolution" and the other foolish actions by factions in Oregon have all had their influence in weakening Oregon's claims.

If, from the first, there had gone forth a united appeal for the public's portion of the lands to be devoted to public purposes in Oregon, the Chamberlain bill would have encountered less resistance. A strong and united demand from public bodies, prominent persons and a united press would have gone far to prevent appearance of the present movement in Washington to cut the Chamberlain 40-40 per cent for Oregon to 20-20.

But even the Portland Chamber of Commerce has never yet lifted a hand to help the Chamberlain bill. It has done nothing to convince congress that Oregon wants any part of the surplus over the railroad's portion in the lands. Nor have other important commercial bodies in the state done any better.

Resolutions by three or four granges and by one or two small Chambers of Commerce are the sum total of public expressions on the side of the school fund. If the Oregon school fund loses ten millions or so and the grant land county roads lose an equal amount, it will not be the fault of The Journal.

It is said that justice never sleeps. But she takes long naps occasionally. For instance, it has been some time since John Lind was murdered in Portland.

GETTING EVEN

MR. FORAKER, whilom senator from Ohio, has published his "memoirs." We need not remark that they make racy reading, for the old warhorse of politics has a good memory and it is full of bitterness. He must have written his book more to pay off old scores than to win literary glory. At any rate, the scores are thoroughly attended to while the glory remains somewhat dubious. A book written out of spite is a good deal like a "spite wall" erected to get even with neighbors. It pays returns in the coin of malice but it usually adds little to the builder's repute.

Mr. Foraker was first hunted out of public life in 1908 when the Taft outlook was languishing. Mr. Roosevelt saw that he must "put some ginger" into the campaign and he could hit upon no better way than to harry Foraker. So the sins of that exceedingly vulnerable politician were raked out of the large pile of muck where they lay and held up for public execration. The sacrifice of Foraker was supposed to demonstrate Taft's impeccable virtue. They were both of the same party but by demolishing Foraker Taft seemed to exclaim: "I am going to hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Foraker's second expulsion occurred in 1914 when he was defeated for United States senator in the Ohio primaries. This probably finished him, for if he had a ray of hope that he could ever come back he would not speak so frankly as he does in his memoirs. The secrets he discloses are of the sort that politicians do not tell on one another as long as they have anything to hope for. We may therefore accept Foraker's memoirs as a sign that he has given up politics for good and all. What a pity it is that he has neither a cultivated mind nor a kind heart to console himself with in his old age. Nothing seems to remain for him but the bitterness of defeat and revenge.

The bottom seems to have dropped out of the opposition to the confirmation of Brandeis. As one of our local politicians phrases it, "There ain't nothin' agin him."

SOLONS AND SOLONS

THE non-support amendment was a joker. It was slipped through the 1915 legislature under a lying calendar title. The title declared it to be a measure "to prevent a person from failing or refusing to support his wife or children." It was instead, a measure to free certain fathers from the duty of supporting their children.

The "midnight resolution" was slipped through the legislature at 3 o'clock in the morning of the last session, when most of the members were asleep. Many such tricks are played in the legislature. Most of them originate in the Multnomah county delegation. That delegation nearly always has gangsters in it who go to the legislature for sinister reasons. Most of the rottenness in the legislature is concocted by these gangsters.

If the Multnomah county voters would try they could end most of the foolishness. Multnomah, for instance, sent to the last house a delegation that included but few thimbleriggers. As a whole it was a good delegation, and as a result the work of the house was excellent. The house was the one branch that was responsible for nearly all the good legislation and that prevented passage of many bad measures.

Six senators are to be elected from Multnomah county. If, among the six there were no gangsters, it would be a splendid thing for Oregon. Six men with no politics to play, with no joker measures to slip through, with no special interests to serve, with no non-support measures to pass; six men thinking only of the public welfare and striving earnestly to do honest work, would exercise such a controlling influence in the body, that, coupled with the usually honest character of upstate members, the senate would be a good senate.

There are men like Mr. Selling, like Mr. John Gill, like Mr. Cobb, all of the last house. There are men like Mr. Joseph whose career as senator was distinguished by constant exposures of the schemes of gangsters. There are other men, many of them who would go to Salem and use all their ability and power to give us a wholesome and efficient legislature.

One reason for the increased cost of producing motion pictures is said to be the demand of the actors that the management furnish cigarettes used in the performance.

GUNS AND ARMOR PLATE

FOR many years the public has been entertained by a continuous race between guns and armor. The bicycle riders who run a thousand miles in a thousand hours are as nothing in comparison with these competitors who keep at it all the time. By the last reports we see that the guns are a little ahead just at this moment. In a trial at Sandy Hook the other day "the strongest armor was pierced."

The armor manufacturers will now set about making plates which can not be pierced. This will stimulate the gunmakers to fresh endeavor. The new armor will finally be rent asunder by the newer gun and from that happy goal the race will set forward again.

This contest of strength and endurance is probably diverting to the armor manufacturers and the gunmakers. But we can not think of anybody else who profits by it. If we had neither armor nor guns there would be no call for piercing and no piercing to resist, and the chances are that the world would whirl on about as happily as it does now. A very thin armor would effectually withstand a very weak gun and both would be immensely less expensive than the present outfit.

If we can not get rid of guns and armor altogether it does seem as if we might go back to the days when guns were puny and armor plates were thin and cheap. It is their relative strength that really counts. No matter how thin your armor is if the enemy's gun cannot penetrate it, and no matter how puny your gun is if it shoots through the hostile defenses. Those old days of thinness and cheapness look quite arcadian now. One thinks of them as tag ends of the golden age when innocence and virtue ruled the land and people could still afford an occasional beefsteak after paying their taxes.

Is it possible to conceive of anything more senseless than this everlasting race between armor plates and guns? It can never stop unless the people rise in their might and say "thus far and no farther." Will they ever do it?

For the old saying, "from soup to nuts," the Russians are substituting "from Mush to Kermanshah."

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

["But civilized man cannot live without cooks," says the poet. Neither, in these days, can man live—at any rate he does not try to—without pure foodstuffs for the cook to cook, nor without the latest things in devices both convenient and sanitary wherewith she may do the said cooking. What Portland is actually doing in supplying "everything for the table," as well as everything to get it ready for the table, is to be seen assembled on one large floor in Portland, as described in today's "Nothing the Matter With Portland" article, No. 66 of the series. Here, to be viewed and tasted, are cereal and vegetable, fruit and fruit juice, product preserved and product desiccated, together with many a device to lighten and accelerate operations; and these are the output of home manufactories manned by home workers, employing home capital and utilizing home materials, and altogether fit to serve the most exacting home demand.]

THE happiest exhibition of local enterprise pulled off in this neck of the woods in a long time is that now on at the big department store of the Meier & Frank company.

It covers the sixth floor of the great edifice, and more than 50 firms, the greater number of them home concerns, big and little, are there exhibiting everything imaginable. Even an Indian, "smarter'n chain lightning," descendant of famous old chieftains, with a pedigree as long as the face of a loser in a poker game, is there making small totem poles and exhibiting his loquacity as he discourses on his geneaology. He's a bright fellow, too—sleek and fat as if well provisioned—and one soon learns he is not existing merely for his health.

Then there's a good-natured African artist, handing out "scones" at so much per, fast as two charming young madens can bake them.

"Scones," you say, "what's a 'scone'?"

Go buy one and see. You have lived in vain if you've never treated your palate to a scone. It's the quintessence of epicurean delight, and the most fascinating dainty that ever coursed down the sides of a fellow's epigastrium. So there you are. The colored brother will weigh 305, and it's all good nature. He has a life job with a flouring mill. He is chaperoned by Erwin A. Taft, and they travel around the country attending big fairs and demonstrating the excellence of the products of the Fisher Flouring Mills company.

These two are the curiosities of the exhibition, but the new and useful things on display are certainly interesting.

MADE IN PORTLAND.

For example, James W. Arthur and wife, 300 Clackamas street, originators and makers of Pom-Or-Lem marmalade conserves, are advertising their product in one of the booths. It is toothsome stuff, too, and pure and healthy. Those who delight in table luxuries would do well to procure at least one of those exhibition jars. It is comprised of grape fruit, orange and lemon, and they are so delightfully blended as to captivate the heart once the palate has made the acquaintance of the delicate food.

And the Tru-Blu Biscuit company is on deck with another exhibit which runs away with the soul that loves the dainty. Its fancy cakes and biscuits just "get" one and have such a grip upon him he can scarcely get away. This is the industry recently purchased by Mr. Krause, of Spokane, one of the extremely "live" men of the west.

To wash these sweet viands down, comes the Oregon Fruit Juice company exhibiting its Pheasant Brand loganberry juice, the drink that makes one forget the sorrows of life in the gladness of the moment, and the white-haired Mrs. T. B. Wheelock, loaded with smiles and pleasant words, demonstrates her wafer, saucer and cup irons; likewise she cooks things which taste as lovely as they look. And they are beauties. Mrs. Wheelock is well known in Portland, and numerous friends will be glad to know that she will remain at the Meier & Frank store for some time, lecturing and teaching others how to cook the best things ever.

PRAISES THE EXHIBIT.

"I have been traveling around and over the United States and Canada a great many years," Mrs. Wheelock says, "and you may say for me that this is one of the best pure food exhibits I ever saw, and exhibitors are treated better here than is the case in 90 per cent of similar shows in the country. Mr. Meier is so kind and considerate of everybody, and Mr. Miller, whom he has on the floor, is so attentive that it makes one feel good to be here. I never saw their equal except, perhaps, at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia."

Allen & Lewis, wholesale grocers; Closett & Devers, manufacturers of spices, extracts and coffees; Mason, Ehrman & Co., wholesale grocers, and Wadhams & Co., wholesale grocers, have most interesting exhibits of their pure food products. The canned fruits put up by the grocers attract great attention, and will serve to familiarize the people with the choice foods prepared by these home industries. The Diamond W cake filler exhibited by Wadhams & Co., engages the attention of the housewife. It takes the place of the white of egg for cream puffs, meringues, marshmallows and layer cake fillings. An interesting book of recipes is given away at this booth.

OTHER THINGS FOR COOKING.

The Magnolia company shows a delightful substitute for lard in shortening, cake making, pie crusts, etc. The Genesee Pure Food company displays an ice cream and jelly powder claimed to be of rare excellence. It is used in these table delicacies, and is said to be a universal friend of all acquainted with its appetizing qualities.

"Oyster-O" may be said to be multum in parvo, because, for a mortal fact, it is much in little. The helpless Baltimore bivalve is fished out of the briny waters of the Chesapeake, pumped plum dry by machinery or something—anyway evaporated—ground into powder, put up in little papers like homeopathic doses of medicine, and when the cook cooks she drops the contents of one or more of the papers into the soup, for instance, and, presto, there you go with the finest kind of oyster broth. It makes one smack his lips until he can be heard as far as from the Morrison to the Burnside bridge.

FINEST FLOURS ON EARTH.

Albers Brothers, cereals and pancake flours; Crown Flouring Mills, Crown bread and biscuit flours; the Portland Flouring Mills company, new process whole wheat and graham flours, and the Jobes Milling company, showing "Vim" flour, so it is said, "the kind that gives a fellow Samson nerves," offer selections for breadstuffs unexcelled anywhere on earth.

The Frei Pickle Works and the Knight Packing company are there with all kinds of pickles and condiments which, in connection with the exhibits of the Pacific Coast Biscuit company, the Tru-Blu people, Hazelwood Creamery, the Pacific Coast Syrup company and the chaps who dish up the teas, hand out a show such as would enable a billionaire to make selections suitable for a banquet to his wife, even.

COULD BE COOKED MINUS FIRE.

All right, then—and the banquet could be cooked without fire. Bread baked to a beautiful brown, ditto pork and beans, pies, cakes, potatoes—or anything. Without any heat in the house either. That lady over in the southeast corner has the dope with which to do it. She operates fireless cookers. They not only cook anything which can be cooked by any cook, but with about one-tenth the expense for fuel usually entailed. The woman just heats something which has the appearance of a little grindstone and puts it into a chamber with the stuff to be cooked. The lid is then clapped down and the stove is left to its own meditation. The cooker does the rest.

ALL KINDS OF RANGES THERE.

And if one isn't satisfied to cook without fire there are all kinds of wood, coal and gas ranges to select from. And some of these are combinations of wood, coal and gas, so that "the most fastidious" may be suited, no matter how particular he or she may be. Or one may select an electric cooker—or electric, gas, wood or coal heaters. The Gem Lighter company, a Portland enterprise, has a patented lighter which "saves its weight in matches," or something like it. The gas stoves might be lighted with one of these if there were not a lucifer on the premises.

One of the most interesting of the exhibits is that of the Dri-Fresh company, an enterprise brought into existence by the W. G. McPherson company, one of the solid concerns of Portland. It shows varieties of evaporated fruits and vegetables which, at any time, no matter if it be years hence, can be freshened and given all the flavor they possess when taken from the earth or picked from the vine of tree. It is one of the industries it is believed will revolutionize the preservation of vegetables, berries or fruits for future consumption.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITS.

The American Brush & Broom company has a most creditable exhibit, as also have Zan Brothers, of Portland, with their 17 kinds of brooms, matches and other things made in this city. The Wearever Aluminum display is fine, and that of the Portland Rubber company is the wonder of scores. This company also has a big display in the Sixth street window of the store. The Mount Hood Soap company has an enterprising display of its products, much admired by housewives and others. The Universal percolators and food choppers exhibited by Landers, Frary & Clark are worth seeing. There is so much that is new in them as to make them of interest to thousands. The Lusterol company, a Portland concern, is doing a land-office business in showing the public a wood polish superior to anything brought to this market from the east. It is made at Woodstock, a Portland suburb, by the postmaster-druggist of that place. Electric washing and ironing machines are shown by the Maytag company; stoneware by the Pacific Stoneware company; White Mountain refrigerators by the White Enamel Refrigerator company; a great variety of stepladders by the Pacific Ladder Works; portable garage by the Millmade Construction company; Redi-to-Make lumber by the Miniature Lumber company, and a marvelous variety of paints by Fisher, Thorsen & Co. and W. P. Fuller & Co. The Globe Manufacturing company shows the Dorothy Perkins Adjustment Dryer for infant's garments. When laundered the child's clothing is stretched over the dryer and cannot shrink. W. S. Fleming has a portable shower bath made in Portland, which may be carried anywhere. It fits any bathtub and is a most desirable bathroom auxiliary.

EVERYTHING FREE.

The generosity of the Meier & Frank company is strongly exemplified in the manner of its conduct of this fortnight exhibition. The corporation not only gave the sixth floor of its building free, but paid for the lumber and for the construction of the booths. A man is also furnished the exhibitors whose business it is to look after their interests, and he does it with a cheerfulness which betokens the fact that he is the very proper person for the position.

The attendance is exceeding by thousands all expectations. Even the afternoon of the first day exhibited the public took a keen interest in this most attractive and varied display of merchandise, most of which is of Portland and Oregon products, made in Oregon, and all of which are sold by the house of Meier & Frank.

The "fair" will close on Saturday, March 11.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Congress should remember there are a lot of American-Americans.

• •

The little spell of March weather we have been having was due to clouds with silver linings.

• •

Those counterfeit $5 bills circulating in Portland can be avoided by accepting nothing but $20 gold pieces.

• •

Even the president's bitterest critics admit he has plenty of back-bone when a fight with congress becomes necessary.

• •

Wonder whether the man who sold a revolver to the woman who killed herself Thursday has any qualms of conscience?

• •

Bachelors are to be called to the colors under Britain's conscription act. After all, there is some advantage in being an American bachelor.

• •

Vancouver has awakened to the fact that private control of its waterfront is at the expense of industrial development. Portland knows it from sad experience.

• •

The secretary of California's state board of health says spring fever is only an expression of a desire to drop work. But how is it that men who won't work have it the hardest.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Lane county court has declared school district No. 92, in the northern part of the county, west of Junction City, "lapsed," as there has been no school in the district since 1910, and at present there is only one child of school age in the district.

• •

A state bank at Sumpter, the Baker Democrat predicts, will follow the passing of the First National of that place. "The business of Sumpter demands it and there are enough enterprising and loyal people in the old camp to see that a bank is supplied," the Democrat further says.

• •

Program announced in Benton County Courier: "With a $50,000 college building, an addition to the high school or a new building, a new Baptist church, several new residences, the electrification of the Southern Pacific and the probable paving of three streets, Corvallis has plenty of work in sight for the coming summer."

• •

Railroad rumor and comment thereon in recent issue of Salem Journal: "It may be Salem is to have another railroad added to its list. The surveyors starting from the electric depot a few days ago are evidently still going, though no one seems to know in which direction. There is a rumor they were headed for Stayton, and they surely cannot find a better little city to steer fro."

THE LIVING LAW

Louis D. Brandeis in Harpers' Weekly.

What we need is not to displace the courts, but to make them efficient instruments of justice; not to displace the lawyer, but to fit him for his official or judicial task.

The pursuit of the legal profession involves a happy combination of the intellectual with the practical life. The intellectual tends to breadth of view; the practical to that realization of limitations which are essential to the wise conduct of life. Formerly the lawyer secured breadth of view largely through wide professional experience. Being a general practitioner, he was brought into contact with all phases of contemporary life. His education was not legal only; because his diversified clientage brought him, by the mere practice of his profession, an economic and social education. The relative smallness of the communities tended to make his practice diversified not only in the character of matters dealt with, but also in the character or standing of his clients. For the same lawyer was apt to serve at one time or another both rich and poor, both employer and employe.

• •

Furthermore, nearly every lawyer of ability took some part in political life. Our greatest judges, Marshall, Kent, Story, Shaw, had secured this training. Oliver, in his study of Alexander Hamilton, pictured the value of such training in public affairs: "In the vigor of his youth and at the very summit of hope, he brought to the study of the law a character already trained and tested by the realities of life, formed by success, experienced in the facts and disorders with which the law has to deal. Before he began a study of the remedies he had a wide knowledge of the conditions of human society. With him the law was a reality, quick, human, buxom and jolly, and not a formula, pinched, stiff, banded and dusty like a royal mummy of Egypt."

Hamilton was an apostle of the living law.

• •

The last 50 years have wrought a great change in professional life. Industrial development and the consequent growth of cities have led to a high degree of specialization—specilization not only in the nature and class of questions dealt with, but also specialization in the character of clientage. The term "corporation lawyer" is significant in this connection. The growing intensity of professional life tended also to discourage participation in public affairs, and thus the broadening of view which comes from political life was lost. The deepening of knowledge in certain subjects was purchased at the cost of vast areas of ignorance and grave danger of resultant distortion of judgment.

The effect of this contraction of the lawyers' intimate relation to contemporary life was doubly serious; because it came at a time when the rapidity of our economic and social transformation made accurate and broad knowledge of present day problems essential to the administration of justice. "Lack of recent information," says Matthew Arnold, "is responsible for more mistakes of judgment than erroneous reasoning."

The judge came to the bench unequipped with the necessary knowledge of economic and social science, and his judgment suffered likewise through lack of equipment in the lawyers who presented the cases to him. For a judge rarely performs his functions adequately unless the case before him is adequately presented. Thus were the blind led by the blind. It is not surprising that under such conditions the laws as administered failed to meet contemporary economic and social demands.

• •

We are powerless to restore the general practitioner and general participation in public life. Intense specialization must continue. But we can correct its distorting effects by broader education—by study undertaken preparatory to practice—and continued by lawyer and judge throughout life: study of economics and sociology and politics which embody the facts and present the problems of today. "Every beneficent change in legislation," Professor Henderson said, "comes from a fresh study of social conditions and social ends, and from such rejection of obsolete laws to make room for a rule which fits the new facts. One can hardly escape from the conclusion that a lawyer who has not studied economics and sociology is very apt to become a public enemy."

• •

Charles R. Crane told me once the story of two men whose lives he should have cared most to have lived. One was Bogigish, a native of the ancient city of Ragusa off the coast of Dalmatia—a deep student of law, who, after gaining some distinction at the university of Vienna, and in France, became professor at the University of Odessa. When Montenegro was admitted to the family of nations, its prince concluded that, like other civilized countries, it must have a code of law. Bogigish's fame had reached Montenegro,—for Ragusa is but a few miles distant. So the prince begged the czar of Russia to have the learned jurist prepare a code for Montenegro. The czar granted the request; and Bogigish undertook the task. But instead of utilizing his great knowledge of laws to draft a code, he proceeded to Montenegro, and for two years literally made his home with the people, studying everywhere their customs, their practices, their needs, their beliefs, their points of view. Then he embodied in law the life which the Montenegrins lived. They respected that law, because it expressed the will of the people.

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.

Oregon's Insanity Laws.

Portland, Feb. 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—I note with interest the letter of S. C. Bowles in a recent issue of The Journal, calling attention to lax methods of insanity laws, especially in regard to methods used in committing to the state insane hospital.

At present it is only necessary for some person to swear to a complaint, merely stating that in his belief the unfortunate is insane and should not run at large. The party is then brought to the county jail and confined until such time as the county judge orders an examination made by a regular licensed physician. When the physician or physicians—as the case may be—make the examination, in the presence of the judge, the witness, or in other words, the party swearing to the complaint, is not present, nor in many cases is he known. If the patient under examination is suffering from some form of insanity which shows itself only at intervals or perhaps days, you will readily see how difficult it is for either judge or physician to determine whether the patient is sane or insane.

While I admit there is room for improvement in the laws, I must take exception to Mr. Bowles' claim that it is an easy matter to obtain a physician's aid in sending to the asylum, one who is sane.

Mr. Bowles says he personally knows of two men whose wives had them committed with no other intent than to get them out of the way, and he personally knows of the doctors who aided and encouraged these particular cases.

I am surprised to hear that we have in the profession such men. I am of the opinion that Mr. Bowles will find it difficult to have many believe that it is an easy matter to obtain a physician to aid in such a crime as this. It is his duty to make complaint to a member of the state board of medical examiners and produce the proofs, and I assure him the penalty of revocation of license will preclude these physicians, if found guilty, from practicing in Oregon.

HARRY F. M'KAY, M. D.,
Member of State Board of Medical Examiners.

Praises Wilson's Leadership.

Vancouver Barracks, Wash., March 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—Permit me through you to thank your reporter for his discreet, understandable and complimentary notice in your issue of February 28 on the rather rambling talk in which I tried to somewhat interest my fellow members of the Portland Chamber of Commerce in the facts, not reassuring but far from hopeless, of our military condition.

I was especially pleased that he quoted a little of what I said about Mr. Wilson. At a time when representatives at least of his own party seem to be grudging that undivided support and cheerful seconding necessary to effective team work due so sane and reasoned a leadership, it would seem incumbent on us of the military, although properly and willingly subordinate to the civil, not to withhold testimony to our faith and confidence in the nation's commander-in-chief.

COL. DAVID J. BAKER JR.

The Leap Year Birthday.

Corvallis, Or., Feb. 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—In answer to Mrs. Agnes B. Heckard's conundrum regarding "A Leap Year Birthday," I will state that her age on February 29, 1916, will be 56, providing she counts the day on which she was born her first birthday. But if she counts 14 birthdays besides the one on which she was born, then she would be 60 years old on February 29, 1916.

MISS MARY ANN CLAY.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

YESTERDAY MORNING — about 7:45—as I was coming up Yamhill street—from the Oregon City car—to The Journal—I heard a strange and pleasant sound.

—which seemed to come from nowhere.

¶ And the sound took shape—and became a tune.

—and the tune was "Dublin Bay."

¶ And I looked about—to locate the source of the music.

¶ And others were looking—too.

¶ And somehow—there was something about it—a kind of snoring quality—that made us all smile.

¶ And it sounded as though I had heard it—some place—long ago.

¶ And then I thought of Jim Hickey—and Grover Sykes.

¶ We used to be kids together—back in Wisconsin.

¶ And I remembered how Jim and Grover—who were musical—tried to organize a kazoo band—among the kids.

¶ But the water got warm enough for swimming—and broke up the band.

¶ And then I knew what the sound was—and where it came from.

¶ For about half a block ahead—was a little boy—no higher than a chairback.

¶ And he held his head down—and his elbows stuck out—like wings.

¶ And I knew he was playing a kazoo.

¶ And the kazoo—be it known—is the pipe of boyhood.

¶ And any boy—even one who can't play a corn-stalk fiddle—or a willow flute—can soothe his soul—and express his yearnings—on a kazoo.

¶ And I quickened my steps—and came up to the small musician.

¶ And just then—on his way to Dublin Bay—he came to the line:

¶ "My heart with love a-bubblin' "—

—and the music wavered — and broke.

¶ And the player wiped his mouth—with the back of his hand.

—and looked up—and smiled.

¶ And I said—"Fine stuff—go on."

¶ "Can't—he said—I'm stuck."

¶ But he put the kazoo to his lips

—and soon the people—going to their work—shuffled their feet—to get in step.

¶ For he was playing "Marching Through Georgia."

¶ And he brought the good old bugle—and marched down to the sea—and back again.

¶ And then he gave us "Yankee Doodle."

—mixed up with "Dixie."

¶ And as I turned The Journal corner—I looked back—and waved at him.

¶ But I don't think he saw me.

—for he was just changing his tune—to the "Spring Song."

—or maybe it was "Old Black Joe."

—but anyway—I liked it.

¶ And I'm grateful—for a glimpse of boyhood.

¶ And if the boy—with the pug nose—who played the kazoo—on Yamhill street—yesterday morning—will come to The Journal office—

—and ask for me—I'll buy him some slingshot rubbers—or take him to a movie—or something.

¶ But he wants to come early—because—

¶ LISTEN — kids — this offer only holds good—for the first eleven boys that come.

Domestic Felicity.

From the Atchison Globe.

After she had lived here four years, she asked her husband one morning to bring in an armful of oven wood, as her bread was ready to bake. He was busy about something, and forgot the request. This hurt her feelings, and she let the bread rise too high, and then go down again. When the husband came in to dinner no dinner was ready and his wife was sulking.

When he saw the ruined baking he understood the cause; but he had a temper, too, so he walked out of the house without his dinner, and didn't come back. * * *

The wife lived alone for 15 years. One cool evening in the fall she was sitting by the kitchen stove when the door opened and her husband walked in, carrying an armful of oven wood. He had greatly changed, but she knew him, and was pleased that he had come back. She had long wanted to make up, but had no opportunity, as her husband never wrote, and she didn't know where he was.

She thought it her duty as a wife, however, to reprimand him a little for his fault; not too much, but just enough to keep him submissive after the reconciliation. So she said to him:

"Well, you were a long time about it."

This made the husband mad again so he went away and never came back.

"Martial Relations."

Judge Galloway today dismissed the divorce suit of J. W. Evans against Alice Evans upon the promise of the couple to forgive all former disagreements and to again assume the martial relations. They will reside at Greely, Colo.—Salem Capital Journal.

Making the Best of It.

From the Pittsburg Post.

"Ex-Congressman Flubdub wants a little writeup," remarked the magazine publisher. "What shall we say about him?"

"What did he ever do?"

"Nothing."

"Say he upheld the best traditions of congress."

DAINTY PARTY DRESSES $10. —Advt.

Simple enough, according to C. C. B., of the Detroit News, who says that the V at the throat plus the V at the back equals $10.

KILLED IN FALL AND MAY NOT RECOVER
—Headline N. Y. Sun.

Stories of Street and Town

Learned in Georgraphy.

A. C. NEWILL of Portland is an Englishman, born in Madras, India, where his father was governor of a province. He is, therefore, a citizen of the United States not by birth but by choice. After he had been naturalized he lived for a time in Montana. He went one day to register. "Where were you born?" inquired the registration clerk. "Madras," answered Mr. Newill. "Where's that?" persisted the clerk. Before Mr. Newill could answer, the clerk's associate in the office called out. "A lot you know about geography, you boob. Madras is over in Missouri."

And they let it go at that.

Well, That's Something.

CLIFF HARRISON is sore. Not so very long ago a friend introduced Cliff to a pretty girl. This young lady sold Harrison subscriptions to some magazines.

That was some time ago, but Cliff has a good memory. All Cliff has now is a recollection—and a receipt.