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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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

> Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land.
> —Lord Chatham.

PORTLAND'S NEXT TASK.

THE resolve of the Portland Chamber of Commerce to petition, at the proper time, for rates from the interior to Portland on a basis of distance and water-level haul is justified by every maxim of transportation. The purpose not to take action that will in any way interfere with the going into effect of the order as to Astoria should challenge respect in that city for Portland's case. That, added to the fact that Portland did not intervene while the Astoria case was pending, should make Astoria an ally of Portland in the rate business that is to be undertaken.

The campaign Portland is to make will require every resource at this city can summon in its behalf. Very powerful interests will go the limit in resistance. Puget Sound cities will offer an unyielding opposition. Though they ought not to do so, some if not all the railroads will resist. The whole will present a formidable strength, against which, to contend with hope of success, Portland and the interior cities which desire rates based on the fundamental fact of cost of haul, will have to join unitedly in a terrific struggle.

Meanwhile, a line of boats is operating between Portland and Lewiston. If the Portland Chamber of Commerce would make its position before the commission enormously stronger, it will give aid and comfort to that river line. Those boats, well patronized and carrying a traffic of good volume, will be water competition actual and accomplished. A heavy river traffic will be an argument that, by its own past utterances, the Interstate Commerce Commission will be compelled to recognize.

Every loaded boat passing up and down the river will be a blow for commercial liberation of the Columbia. Every cargo discharged or taken on at any point anywhere on the river will be unanswerable proof that water-level cities are entitled to water-level rates.

A newspaper headline says the British and German fleets are playing a game of hide and seek. But it seems to be mostly a game of hide.

A CONTRAST.

THE federal labor department's bulletin on women and child wage earners contains a wealth of information about children employed in the New Jersey silk mills and Pennsylvania coal mines. The coal mines are part of the natural resources of the country and under any just theory of government they should not be owned by individuals. As public necessities they should be the property of the public.

But we Americans have permitted them to be monopolized by a few privileged characters. If these persons would be satisfied with their monopoly and not try to exploit the labor they employ the case against them would not be so bad. But as a matter of fact they increase their profits by paying starvation wages when they can and by employing child labor in defiance of the state law.

In the New Jersey silk mills, which enjoy the benefit of tariff protection in order that they may pay "American wages to independent American workmen," there are employed, according to the bulletin, "large numbers of children, especially girls." In some of these mills it would be difficult to discover an "independent American workman," though plenty of half-starved little American girls are in evidence. These miserable victims of greed work fifty-five hours a week, which comes not quite to a ten hour day. But it is more than a nine hour day.

Just for the fun of it, imagine how one of the big silk magnates would enjoy seeing his own little girl working under these conditions, or working at all, for that matter. The children who slave in the silk mills give their lives in order that the owners' daughters may flaunt their silks and diamonds at monkey dinners. We do not say this to excite class bitterness. We say it because we love the good old American doctrine of equal rights and equal opportunities. It is not consistent with the theory of this republic that some children should slave their lives away in misery to make it possible for other children to loll in luxury.

In the day's news we read that "real pancakes" were served by the men's club of St. David's Episcopal church and that a "real touching time" was had by the Christian Endeavor society of the Central Presbyterian church.

PORTLAND CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE should be real civil service or no civil service.

The Portland charter established a civil service system as a protection against the spoils system. Whenever attempts have been made to pull down civil service by legislation, the people have protested.

Destruction of civil service means the using of public positions by politicians as rewards for personal political service.

It can only end in the corruption of government at its source. There can be no hope of clean government if public employes are to hold their places subject to the whims, caprices and political aspirations of higher-ups. That plan invites the return of bossism.

In the Portland plan of government, there is careful provision for scientific civil service. There is a civil service commission with both authority and responsibility. It was created as a protection of the system. The charter was written and adopted by the people for the guidance of the civil service commission and for the guidance of the city commissioners.

The charter provisions should all be applied without juggle or evasion. Otherwise civil service will be pulled down piece by piece, and we shall be back to a corrupt spoils system.

There seems to be a new note in Portland real estate dealings. In the past it was chiefly speculation. Now it is development.

CHARLEMAGNE'S LEGACY.

THE battle of Verdun recalls the treaty of Verdun. This was a compact entered into in the year 843 A. D. by the three grandsons of Charlemagne, Charles, Lothair and Louis, who agreed to end fraternal strife and divide their ancestral estate. Louis took Gaul, which became France; Charles took Germany, and Lothair took the intermediate state, the long narrow strip extending from the Tiber to the North sea and including the Alps. It was called Lorraine.

By some historians it is said that no view of the development of Europe can ignore the date and the doings at Verdun in 843, for then and there began the evolution of the races, languages and nations that today are associated with the names of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Netherlands, England and Belgium.

Had there been no division by the heirs of Charlemagne the record of the world would have been altogether a different one.

By the Verdun compact the land of the Belgians was divided into two unequal parts, the larger, which touched Germany, was placed in the kingdom of Lothair. The smaller was included in France. In spite of this division the people kept up a unity of spirit and tradition that overthrew rulers from Lothair to Napoleon.

The intermediate state created at Verdun, changing its name and parts often, became for ten centuries the cause of endless contention and covetous strife between the other two inheritors of a once vast empire that fell to pieces within the space of a century.

"Don't worry, Joffre isn't tearing his hair," says a cablegram. It is safe to assume though that he is doing a powerful lot of thinking.

"TAKE THOU NO USURY."

AN INSTRUCTIVE article in the Labor Press of recent date tells how the people of one of the Channel Islands between France and England built a town hall without paying any interest on borrowed money. For material and work they issued certificates of credit which were receivable at the new hall for the rent of market stalls.

A city like Portland, which houses its public market in open sheds can hardly appreciate the demand for comfortable quarters for this purpose in the Channel islands. But the demand was great. The credit checks circulated as cash for some time, but finally they were all turned into the public treasury for rent. Of course, they never were reissued. They were destroyed as they came in.

The end of it all was that the island people had a new town hall free from debt. They owed nothing to the money lenders and not a penny of interest had been paid on the cost. This experiment is highly suggestive. The principle involved is of the widest application.

The Portland labor unions, for instance, are going to build a new temple. Why not do it on the Channel Island plan? Instead of saving up cash or borrowing money at interest why not issue credit checks for work and material? It might be difficult to obtain material on this plan, but there should not be the least trouble about labor. The checks might be made receivable for union dues, subscriptions to the Labor Press and so on. This would keep their value at par. As they were turned in they would naturally be destroyed and in a short time the unions would possess their new temple free from debt while every man would have received a square deal.

It is imaginable that some day Portland will erect a public building or construct a bridge on this plan. Experience has demonstrated that it is perfectly feasible. Its execution requires nothing but a little gumption, but unfortunately gumption is the rarest of human faculties.

The activity in real estate and building, of which there are many optimistic reports, sounds like old Portland. There are undoubtedly busy days ahead.

WHY A LONG BALLOT?

IT IS fashionable for certain folks to sob over the number of measures on election ballots in Oregon.

But why the many measures?

They are the unconscious expression of the wide distrust of the legislature. Many people have lost confidence in the legislative body.

If there were universal faith in the legislature there would be few if any measures on the election ballot. In fact, if the people had not lost confidence in the legislative body, there would be no initiative and referendum.

The loss of confidence was for reasons. Thimbleriggers get into the body. Day gangs go to Salem with credentials of election and proceed to organize the legislature for high-handed proceedings. Joker legislation goes through at midnight. The people are misrepresented. Private legislation is enacted. Some lawyer slips through a joker for the especial benefit of his client.

Over these facts there can be no controversy. It is the known presence of these facts that makes the people distrustful. It was because of them that the initiative and referendum was invented. It is because of them that election ballots are flooded with measures that otherwise would not be on them.

Why not change the order? Why not inaugurate a new deal? Why not begin it in Portland? It is in Portland that the corruption of the legislature has its origin. The numerical strength of the delegation that goes up to Salem from Portland gives it power to largely control the body.

Portland, because of this power, owes a weighty responsibility. Portland owes it to the rest of the state to send men of character and standing to Salem. Portland ought to stop electing gangsters to the legislature.

Six senators are to be elected from Multnomah county. It is Portland's opportunity to make atonement for having sent so many schemers to the legislature in the past. It is the Republican party's opportunity to make a better record and to be more of an appeal to popular confidence.

Men of the Ben Selling type, of the John Gill type, of the Representative Cobb type and of the type of many other representative men are available and should be sent to Salem to the exclusion of known and notorious thimbleriggers.

That is the way to shorten the Oregon ballot.

DAY AND THE FARMERS.

SENATOR DAY'S mind gambols like a sportive Dinosaur around the subject of farm loans and irrigation bonds. It amazes the good old boss to behold the farmers wanting loans from the state themselves, while they are not so eager to grant the same favor to others. We may remind the senator that this is mere human nature. When he has fished up a good fat piece of pork from the legislative barrel is he always eager to divide it with outsiders?

Let Senator Day first pluck the beam from his own eye. Then he can scold the farmers with better grace. It may also occur to him upon reflection that for a moderate loan an improved farm is gilt edged security.

The value of work as an aid to longevity was illustrated in the life of Henry Gassaway Davis, who died the other day at the age of 93. He was active in the management of his railroad and other properties up to the end, and it was his ambition to be so until he reached one hundred years.

DOWN SOUTH.

PEOPLE who fancy that the South is not interested in things intellectual may have to revise their ideas before long. North Carolina, for example, has a little theatre, one at least, and it may have more. The one we know about is at Winston-Salem. It was opened only this season and its record is one of continuous prosperity.

Salem-Winston's little theater began from the outset to produce good plays for mature citizens. Its program for the season has included "The Land of Heart's Desire," by Yeats; Sutro's "The Man on the Curb," and Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." This is the kind of mental food which is offered to the people of Winston-Salem and they show by the box receipts that they like it.

We suspect that there is a public in Portland who would appreciate this same sort of plays if they were offered under propitious conditions. "Sister Beatrice" could hardly be enjoyed in a big theater where the actors must shout to make themselves heard, but in our little theater up on Twenty-third street,—why not?

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

["Unique" is an adjective that, to use grammarian's parlance, does not admit of comparison; but if it did, "uniquest" would certainly go into the line with the flower growing farm whose astonishing history is recorded today, in No. 75 of The Journal's "Nothing the Matter With Portland!" series. The achievements of the owner of this farm exemplify in highest degree, the proposition that no beginning is too small to sustain a great success in Portland.]

WE ARE introducing to the public today a Portland enterprise without a counterpart in North America, and, so far as its trade journals disclose, there is not another like it in the world!

"Your readers will not believe you if you tell them this," said E. J. Steele, who, with Mrs. Steele, superintends and manages the enterprise. "It would be so unusual. Who ever would imagine there was a profitable industry in the country without a competitor?"

It is a fact, however, that Portland has the distinction of having within its corporate limits the only exclusive pansy farm in existence, and it might be safe to wager a pretty lively penny that not one in fifty of our own people know anything about it.

And this farm has regular yearly customers in every state in the union, in Australia, and likewise in Germany, France and England—until this year, when the monumental "fuss" over there closed their doors against it.

IT'S A BIG ENTERPRISE.

"Huh! A pansy farm," some will say. "What does that amount to?"

It amounts to a bunch!

From one acre of pansies Mr. Steele can harvest 30 to 35 pounds of seed, and this is sold at $5 to $7 an ounce.

Thirty pounds of seed at $5 an ounce would bring to Mr. Steele's bank account $2400 from one acre's harvest.

If these 30 pounds were sold at $7 an ounce the result would be an income of $3360 from that acre patch of ground.

But the average of all sales is $6 an ounce, making an acre's production worth $2880.

That's going some, isn't it?

And Mr. Steele will this year cultivate five acres of these grades of pansies, which, the seed sold at $5 an ounce, will yield a harvest worth $12,000; at $6 an ounce, $17,280, and at $7 an ounce, $23,520 for his season's crop.

You fellow with the big header, slashing down your hundreds of acres of wheat, agitated over the probable shortage of grain sacks in this region where men have not yet learned to ship grain in bulk, what have you to say to the pansy game?

It is not an insignificant business, is it?

NET PRICES AT THE FARM.

These are net prices at the farm for the quality of seeds sold by the Steele's:

Steele's Mastodon Mixed, 200 seeds, ⅛ ounce, 75 cents; ¼ ounce, $1.50; ½ ounce, $2.75; 1 ounce, $5.

Steele's Mastodon White, dark center, same as Mastodon Mixed.

Steele's Mastodon Private Stock, Mixed, 200 seeds, 30 cents; ⅛ ounce, $1; ¼ ounce, $2; ½ ounce, $3.75; 1 ounce, $7.

Madame Steele, Elk's Purple, 200 seeds, 30 cents; ⅛ ounce, $1.50; ¼ ounce, $2.50; ½ ounce, $5; 1 ounce, $10.

If a fellow owned a thousand bushels of this kind of "grain" and could sell at these prices, he'd be sidling up to John D. with the inquiry of "How are you this morning, shipmate? Let's buy Europe and stop the war!"

And now comes the pansy plants tossing another profit into the purse of the pansy grower. The Steele Farm sells another size, Mastodon Mixed, at. 1000, four to six leaves, $2.50; 2500, $6; 5000, $11; 10,000, $23. After September 1 these are sold at $2.75, $6.50, $12.50 and $24, respectively.

Large size, Mastodon Mixed, six to eight leaves, 1000, $3.75; 2500, $8.50; 5000, $16; 10,000, $32. After the first of September these prices are increased to, 1000, $4.50; 2500, $11; 5000, $21.50; 10,000, $43. And if seedlings are desired from the farm's Private Stock, the cream of the product, 50 cents per 1000 additional is charged.

HOW SEEDS ARE SELECTED.

"How do you manage to grade your seeds?" Manager Steele was asked.

"I practically live with our pansies all the long summer," the gentleman replied. "I become familiar with every plant, almost. I watch them as closely as a nurse her patient. I have a great number of little painted stakes of different colors. Beside the plant producing the largest, or class A blooms, I plant a blue stake. Then come class B and class C with other colored stakes. The seeds of these plants are kept separate and marked. Then in planting time each of these has its separate plot of ground, and their products are again carefully watched for results. It will occasionally happen that a class A seed of this year will produce a class B or class C bloom next season. Its beauty, size and value have receded, so it is cast away. As the breeder of high class sheep destroys the weakling lamb as soon as dropped, that it may not absorb the strength of its mother ewe, so do we annihilate the deteriorating seed, or that of the weakling plant. The survival of the fittest most surely obtains in the pursuit of pansy farming. No money can buy from us an inferior seed or seedling, and we positively will not sell the plants from which we obtain the seed producing the grade we have named our Private Stock. We will sell the seed that others may grow them, but the plant, never! Visitors to our gardens will bear us out in this statement. We want the plants for their intrinsic value, and this is greater to us than to anyone else. Frequent calls from patrons for something 'extra fine' brought them into existence. Many blooms from this quality of seed will measure three, three and and a half and three and seven-eighths inches in diameter. Like results are often obtained from our Mastodon variety, the beautiful plant originated by us, and 20 to 30 blooms from one seed.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND AT SAN FRANCISCO FAIR.

"The management of the Panama-Pacific International exposition at San Francisco paid us to plant 200,000 pansy seedlings in the gardens of the exposition grounds, and they were admired by the millions who visited that great show. I recollect a noted German pansy fancier's exclamations of surprise as he drank in their glories. It is well known that Germany possesses some of the greatest flower gardens in the world, but he declared there was nothing in pansies in his country comparable to those which bloomed before him.

"I have stated that, so far as I know, this is the only exclusive pansy farm on earth, and it is, but it is not the only place where pansies are cultivated for the market. There are pansy gardens in America where some attention is paid to this beautiful flower, but each has other attractions that detract from that care which must be bestowed upon the pansy to bring out the best there is in its propagation. It is a delicate bloom, beautifully tinted, and yet the plants are hardy enough for any ordinary climate. Why, I am told that they grow in Alaska to perfection."

STARTED IN 1893.

Twenty-three years ago Prof. E. J. Steele was a teacher in the school at Russellville, just outside the eastern city limits. Later he was transferred to the city school at Fulton, South Portland. About this time he returned to his former home in North Dakota to be married. Coming back to Portland he bought his present residence, in the front yard of which was a bed of pansies about four feet square. Fond of flowers, the professor and Mrs. Steele nursed the little blooms, nourished them with fertilizer, kept them well moistened, and soon enlarged the area the plants covered. This was the beginning of their present pansy farm. The interesting story of its expansion cannot be told in the space allotted to this narrative. It is pertinent, however, to say that the school teacher of 23 years ago gives all his time to the cultivation of the 14 varieties of pansy plants on his farm, that during the summer season he employs from 12 to 20 persons, and that he has made a great financial success of his venture. In 1893 his receipts from sales were exactly $4.35. He tried to bargain away his next year's crop for $100 and couldn't make it, then undertook the sale to individuals himself and realized $450. He did all the work himself after school hours, planting the seeds by the light of a headlight lantern.

Seven years ago Professor Steele gave up school teaching, since which time he has realized a greater profit from his pansy farm each year than from pedagogy in half a dozen years. He still works, however, diligently as ever, and a stranger visiting his fields, part of which are located at East Forty-fourth and Powell streets, from the standpoint of wardrobe, would be unable to say who was boss of the ranch and who wasn't.

Many of the varieties of plants grown are widely separated one from the other, in order that they may not become mixed. For example, the Bridesmaid White is growing as much as half a mile from any other variety. One variety has shades from burnished brass to gold; another a huge, deep yellow; then there are jet blacks, all whites, white with shining rose-colored blotch, frilled-bordered whites, wine reds, pure yellows, dark blues, a fine mixture running dark with fine shades of red, bronze, mahogany, blue-black and gold.

Professor Steele says "the wonder is that more people do not pay attention to seed production. One continually reads about the money there is in poultry, dairying, swine and cattle raising, but nothing about seed culture. Oregon is an ideal seed-producing state, and there is big money in this industry."

Will Be Plenty Elsewhere.
From the Houston Post.

It is said 500 Australians surpassed the record of the "Noble Six Hundred" at Balaklava, only 1o surviving a charge on the Gallipoli peninsula. Fifty years from now that 15 will have grown into 1500 survivors and most of them will be in Texas.

The Inevitable.
From the New York Sun.

Mrs. Sharp: Those two women don't speak any more. Each said that she had the smartest child in town.

Mrs. Carp: Which was right?

Mrs. Sharp: Neither. I have.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Wonder whether wearin' o' the green will be an unneutral act?

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A New York millionaire is reported writing movie scenarios. So money doesn't always talk.

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Secretary of War Baker, batting for Garrison, has a chance to share honors with Home Run Baker.

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Benton county reports a great flock of candidates this spring, giving promise of excellent fall shooting up that way.

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The conviction grows that military strategy, like automobile driving by some men, is largely a matter of explaining accidents.

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If a national guard company of Portland lawyers is organized, as is proposed, will privates be allowed to appeal orders of their captain?

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Somebody now wants to know whether the opponents of preparedness would go so far as to take a man's umbrella away from him in a rainstorm.

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Notwithstanding that expedition below the Rio Grande, with Woodrow Wilson president the Mexican annexationists are attempting to promote a hopeless cause.

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A German band bearing a banner reading "Roosevelt and Safety" has been arrested in Chicago. The charge probably is obtaining an audience under false pretenses.

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Should Henry Ford agree to help solve the high cost of gasoline problem, it's dollars to doughnuts that he will not urge the purchase of fewer gasoline-consuming automobiles.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

That a car distributing bureau at Portland will relieve the car shortage at once is the best news of the day for lumbermen, the Baker Herald says.

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Precipitation at Eugene reported for the first six days of March exceeded the total March average of 25 years, being 5.83 inches. The March average is 4.04 inches.

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"Lumber mills in Hood River," says the News, "will soon be humming again with a greatly improved demand. Hogs are also going up to a good figure and apparently the first influx of the long awaited prosperity wave has hit expectant Hood River."

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The Eugene Register dispenses comfort by saying: "That big order for lumber for 2000 freight cars will cut two ways. Supplying the lumber will help business conditions just now and the new cars will help to reduce the shortage that threatens future business."

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Plain speech by the Marshfield Record, in the interest of civic beauty: "There is not such a great necessity for beautifying the homes of the people of Coos Bay as there is for the removal of the unsightly shacks and hideous piles of rubbish, lumber and junk that are seen in many places."

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Echo of the bird feeding in Oregon during the late unpleasantness, thrown back by the Lebanon Express: "The unusual note of the yellow hammer was heard in Lebanon during the snow. Town and country are becoming better acquainted on account of the wintry weather, and many persons who did not realize that they cared for native birds have become interested in the feathered tribe on acount of having to feed them."

PLANS FOR TAXING MUNITION MAKERS

Washington, March 13.—(WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL.)—Democratic leaders, who are inclining toward a stiff increase of taxation on the higher incomes, are giving consideration to the fact that this is one method of reaching some of the abnormal returns now fattening the munition makers.

Several prominent members of congress would like to impose a special tax on "war fortunes," but legal difficulties that might endanger the constitutionality of such an act are said to be in the way. A substantial increase in the surtax would no doubt have much the same effect, though it will at the same time extend to all branches of industry.

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In this connection the annual report of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours company is pertinent. The net earnings of this great concern for 1915 amounted to $57,840,000, against $5,400,000 the year before, with a net surplus of more than $50,000,000 available for dividends on the common stock. A net dividend of 22½ per cent on common was declared late in February.

The company has increased its force from 5300 men at the beginning of the European war to over 62,000. Its new explosives plants are being paid for as it goes by heavy amortization charges against the profits of its war business.

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The surtax will also strike in on new fortunes that are being coined out of the war by the shipping trust. Consul Lathrop at Cardiff, Wales, reports that a vessel of 6,100 tons in a voyage from that port to South America between June and November, 1914, made a net profit of $3,153. Another trip from December, 1914 to March, 1915, yielded $66,630, while for a four months' voyage at the present time the profit is $193,000. These figures, along with those of the du Pont powder report, show what Democratic leaders have in mind in their plans to increase the surtax under the income tax law.

Great Britain has an "excess profits" war tax that gathers into the national treasury one half of these earnings of ship owners subject to her dominion.

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Representative McArthur proposes to ask the house committee on merchant marine for a hearing on his bill repealing the law that requires seagoing vessels bound to or from Portland to stop at Astoria, as soon as that committee disposes of the ship purchase bill. Until that measure has been cleared from committee, other matters are on the waiting list. This law should be repealed as an archaic survival of the time when there was a separate customs district at Astoria, he contends, and whatever force there may be in the contention that because of quarantine and other regulations no great hardship is worked upon vessels inbound, he considers there is no excuse for stopping those outbound, at Astoria. Representative Hawley has protests against the bill from Astoria and will make a fight to keep the law on the books. Senator Lane fathered a like bill at the last session, and it went through the senate, but lost out in the house in the seasonal rush at the end of the session.

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.

Welfare Commission's Problems.

Portland, March 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—With thousands of others who have followed the proceedings of the sub-committee of the conference appointed by the Industrial Welfare commission and the meetings of employers to protest against the proposed measure of said committee, I have been a deeply interested and anxious spectator.

A wage earner for half my life time, though now middle aged and in comfortable circumstances, I "know by heart" every step of the toilsome way. Not that I ever hated work, but that I rebelled against the injustice in hours, sanitary conditions and wages as concerned workers in the lower walks of labor.

It has never been right, and never will be, for employers to make such great fortunes, while the humble toilers that enrich them by their labor are not paid enough wages to enable them to live decently and lay by a little for "the rainy day" that will surely come.

And what is all this quibbling and protesting about? Read carefully and you will find that all this fuss is because this sub-committee recommends that employes in department stores be given 15 minutes more daily at lunch time. They have only 45 minutes to lunch, rest and attend to any necessary purchases or business, for many of these women live outside the city and this is their only time to attend to these extras, as they must take their cars at closing time to arrive home, and often to prepare the family dinner, after spending from 15 to 45 minutes in the cars. An advance in wages has been recommended in these stores, though the merchants have already advanced their prices fully 15 per cent, making the purchasing power of $9.25, the present minimum wage, much less than formerly. There are also a few recommendations in regard to apprentices, such as requiring employers to have apprentices register with the commission, and also forbidding employers to evade the present ruling by transferring apprentices from one department to another, so as to continue them at a dollar a day for several years, the latter evasion of the ruling having been made by one of the largest stores in this city, thus keeping adult women on the wages of apprentices as long as possible.

The committee has also recommended the raise of a paltry 39 cents per week on wages of laundry and factory employes, and these are the things that are agitating the breasts of these millionaire employers. What a sorry, sordid spectacle they present when viewed in the full light of humanity and justice.

It is a matter for deep regret by all that our governor should have acted so hastily and unwisely by attempting to interfere with these recommendations in regard to hours of labor at this stage of the matter.

Here is the sad part of it: Many of the workers have not a broad vision of these great questions. Many do not realize that the committee is trying to uphold the great principle of justice and thus the betterment of all mankind. One of the woolen mill woman employes illustrates this when she says she would rather work longer hours so as to have more pay. She is thinking only of the present moment and of her own interests. Higher wages should not mean longer hours, but better pay. She speaks also of a library that has been given them by their employer. The old, old story! Throwing a sop! Throwing dust in the eyes of the employes! Not that I would belittle the good intentions of this employer. I feel sure he meant well when he provided that library, but the fact is he should have been just before he tried to be generous. The proper place to put that money was into the wages of his employes. What employes need is not libraries and lecture rooms. They need better wages and shorter hours. If they have shorter hours they will have time for rest and the improvement of their minds by reading and by attending such lectures, etc., as their tastes dictate, and if they have better wages they can afford all the books and lecture tickets they need.

All thinking employes should arouse themselves to ponder these questions in their true light. This "soup house" policy of libraries and lecture rooms should be relegated, with paternalism of all sorts, to the shades with all ancient hoaxes, and justice be demanded.

MARY ELIZABETH SMITH.

Federalizing State Militia.

Portland, March 9.—(To the Editor of The Journal)—Do we want the Oregon national guard federalized and turned over to the national government? Does not the state of Oregon require a force of its own to enforce its laws and authority? Do we want to give up the theory that this government is one of balanced powers and our state a sovereign state? Foreign conquest would be a great misfortune and humiliation. Would it not be a greater calamity to have the federal government become despotic by centralization? If an attempt is made to federalize the militia without a change in the constitution, would not a governor of a state have a right to nullify the law under the constitution? And what about the Jeffersonian resolution of 1798?

L. M. ANDERSON.

[It is argued by the advocates of federalization of the militia that this plan is the aptest to secure an adequate land force and at the same time avoid the evils of general compulsory civilian service. In consideration of federal support with money, officers, and equipment, the militia would become holden for national service. This would not be conflict of state and national authority, but coordination.]

The Turbulent Alien.

Portland, Or., March 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—I suggest that a movement be started for drastic laws in states where foreign subjects are becoming a serious menace to peace and safety of our citizens; that all aliens be held strictly to account and cease warring with one another in public places or streets, under penalty of deportation where proved guilty of attempt to violate such laws here.

HUGH ROBERTS.

As Arbiters of Birth Control.

Portland, March 9.—To the Editor of the Journal—Relative to the subject of birth control, so recently discussed in the press by Father Black and Dr. Loveland, I suggest that these gentlemen leave this matter to the women for their consideration and final determination. These gentlemen cannot themselves pass upon this question to the satisfaction of all interested parties. W. S. WARD.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

YESTERDAY—out of the southwest—came a keen little wind—with high white clouds.

¶ And the sky was blue as flax-flowers.

—or sometimes—blue like Jean's eyes—which are not quite so blue as flax-flowers.

¶ And the little wind sang.

—not the sweet song of the June-wind—with all her roses laden.

—nor the song of the fall-wind—when beauty lies slain.

¶ But the little wind had its own sharp sweetness.

—with longing in it—and promise.

—and laughter—and tears.

¶ And once—the high white clouds joined.

—and were black beneath.

¶ And rain fell—brightly in the sunshine—through the clear air.

¶ And it seemed—from cloud to earth—that silver wires were stretched.

¶ And the wind sang through the wires—the song of its own sharp sweetness.

—and made a music.

¶ And of course—I'm only a reporter.

—and not a musician.

¶ And I can tell you—partly—what I saw—but not what I heard.

—at least—not this time.

¶ And I turned my back on the little wind—and its singing.

—and came down town—and went to the Heilig.

—to hear the Symphony orchestra.

¶ And Waldemar Lind poised his baton—and the chatter ceased.

¶ And the orchestra began playing.

¶ And I listened.

¶ And then I looked at the program.

¶ And it was something by Beethoven.

¶ And I knew I had never heard it played before.

—but—somehow—it sounded like something I had heard—or perhaps seen.

¶ And I shut my eyes.

¶ And I saw the high white clouds—driving straight across the bright blue bowl.

¶ And keen against my face——I felt the little wind—out of the southwest.

¶ And I saw the shower stretch down its silver strings.

¶ And the little wind sang.

—and so did a robin—perched on the tip of a young fir tree—swinging in the wind.

—just as I saw him—down by the river—out at Oak Grove—before I came down town—to hear the concert.

¶ And I opened my eyes—and still—for me—the little wind was blowing.

—now high—now low.

—now with one voice—like the robin's.

—and then with many voices—that laughed and sang.

¶ And once—I thought they sobbed.

¶ But always—I heard the little wind.

¶ And of course—I don't know—and the program didn't tell—just when it was—that Beethoven wrote Symphony No. 7—Opus 92—In A Major.

¶ And perhaps it doesn't make much diference—but—

¶ LISTEN—So far as I'm concerned—he wrote it one day in spring—when there was a little sharp wind—from the southwest—and clouds were high and white.

Welcome Relaxation.
From the Washington Star.

When grandpa finds the almanac
An' gets his glasses out
We know that he is on the track
Of facts beyond a doubt.
He reads how buckwheat should be raised
An' how to take out grease,
An' not a word—the Lord be praised!
Of either war or peace.

He tells us when the moon will rise,
And when a comet's due,
And when a chicken's just the size
To broil or roast or stew.
When we are tired of words an' deeds
That leave our minds in grief
That almanac which grandpa reads
Affords a great relief!

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Preparedness is all to the good; but the best way to keep from being stood up is to stay at home and send your money by P. O. orders. If the devil didn't know anything about devilment he could soon learn in Europe right now.

Most Remarkable, My Dear Watson, Most Remarkable.

"A Villa follower can live on little or nothing. An American soldier must be well fed if he is to give good service." GENERAL FUNSTON.

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Assuming that the esteemed general speaks advisedly, perhaps a suggestion might be in order.

• •

After he captures a few Villa followers, he should turn them over to the department of agriculture.

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That devoted bureau has been earnestly seeking a solution for the high cost of living problem for some time.

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And besides, we have reasons of our own for wanting to know how Villa's followers do it.

Stories of Street and Town

Her Name Was Miranda.

NEWLY married couples are subject to many embarrassments, but none more so than the couple from the small town that registered for the first time as man and wife at a big city hotel.

Some newlyweds from an eastern Oregon city approached the desk at the Imperial the other day.

The bridegroom sidled up to the register and wrote his name, "John Smith."

"Please register for your wife, too," said the man behind the desk.

Never having had a wife before, Smith was flabbergasted. He looked helplessly at his bride, scratched his head, and then, after several moments of study, wrote, "and Miranda," after the "John Smith."

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Individuality Retained.

NOT long ago a couple beginning their honeymoon came to the hotel desk and the husband, after writing his name, gallantly let his bride register for herself.

"Gee, this is the first time I ever wrote this," said she, as she put down "Mrs." and what followed.