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Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another percentage, a percentage less imposing in the eyes of some, percentage insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in that cadidly gray—Lord Brougham.

MR. SINNOTT'S OPPORTUNITY CONGRESSMAN SINNOTT of Oregon faces an extraordinary opportunity. He has suddenly come into position in which he can render high service to his state.

He has been named as one of the five members of a subcommittee to report on the House grant land bill. The work of the subcommittee will largely influence the action of the main committee. The action of the main committee will largely control the action of the House.

As a member of the subcommittee, Mr. Sinnott has a position of great strategic advantage. The issue before him is whether Oregon is to have 80 per cent or 40 per cent from sales of the grant lands for roads and schools.

The claimants represented by Puter and others who have attempted a filing on the lands are completely out of it. The court decision eliminated them. The principle it laid down made it out of the question for Congress to consider their claims.

On the committee with Congressman Sinnott are congressmen from neighboring states who should naturally have sympathy with his efforts. He can tell them and can tell the main committee and tell the House how Oregon has put up nearly \$11,000,000 for reclamation and got back only a song.

He can tell them how Congress long ago parted with the grant lands, and that it cannot now reasonably set up a claim to take them back for federal purposes. He can tell them how the federal government stood by and allowed the railroad to hold the lands off the market, whereby great injury was done Oregon, and that devoting 80 per cent of the lands now to roads and schools would but partly compensate this state for its losses.

It is a situation to appeal to the ambition and high endeavor of Mr. Sinnott or any other man. It is a chance to endow the schools of Oregon with a handsome inheritance for all time. It is an opportunity to add a great sum to the irreducible school fund and thereby increase the effectiveness of that fund as a system of rural credits.

THROWING LINCOLN OVERBOARD

R. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is also warlike. He joins the clamor to which the ultimatum is armed intervention in Mexico. President Wilson ought to have "acted three years ago," he said in a Journal interview.

Why did not President Taft act five years ago, was the reporter's query. Dr. Butler's reply is significant. "A mistake by the previous administration does not serve as an excuse for this administration," said Dr. Butler.

And there you are. Mr. Taft's policy has to be repudiated in order to be able to criticize Mr. Wilson. Mr. Taft's resistance to jingo clamor has to be condemned in order to condemn President Wilson's resistance to jingo clamor, and that is exactly the length to which Dr. Butler goes.

Abraham Lincoln also, just as did Mr. Taft and just as has Mr. Wilson, and in condemning Taft and Wilson, Dr. Butler is condemning Abraham Lincoln.

And that brings us to a clear realization of what the stand pat leaders are doing in their desire to "get" President Wilson. They dare not attack Wilson's legislative program. The dinner pail is full, and the tariff out of it. The president is for a tariff commission to make the tariff scientific and take it out of politics.

They dare not attack the currency bill which takes control of money and credit out of Wall street and puts control in the hands of the people. They dare not attack the income tax which takes some of the burdens off the poor.

They dare not attack the president for saving the great mineral deposits of Alaska to the people by stopping the grab game of the Guggenheims. They dare not attack the president for using the money in the treasury to finance crop movements and save farmers from being squeezed.

They dare not attack the president for the movement to stop the practice of usury by some of the national banks. They dare not attack the president for establishing a trade commission to protect legitimate business against illegitimate business.

They dare not attack the president for his great law which abolishes interlocking directorates and prevents one great corporation from holding directorships in or unlawfully absorbing a competitor. They dare not attack the president on any of his other great progressive measures, because he has in three years, secured more legislation demanded for decades by the people than has been enacted in a generation, and the people all know it.

Consequently, they are engaged in the extraordinary business of throwing Abraham Lincoln overboard and throwing Mr. Taft's Mexican policy overboard in order to attack Woodrow Wilson.

It is an ungrateful thing, in the name of Republicanism, to thus repudiate the teachings and insult the memory of Lincoln, and there are hundreds of thousands of Lincoln Republicans who will bitterly resent it. It is a kind of leadership that is so false that it will tear the vitals out of the party.

The good governor was sent to plead the cause of some working women at an employers' meeting in the Chamber of Commerce, as it appears. On the way, if we understand the situation, he forgot what he was sent to do and when he got there he did the exact opposite. Instead of pleading for his poor clients he pleaded against them. Well, what if he did?

How can a man as great and magnificent as the governor of Oregon be expected to keep such a trifling matter straight in his mind? We rather believe that the governor honestly thought those women asked him to plead against them. Woman's nature is so mysterious. The governor has a good many things on his mind. He has the interests of the water power trust to look after. He must attend to the welfare of the railroad in the land grant proceedings. He must keep a general guard over the rights and privileges of the big monied magnates of the state.

How can he be expected to attend to the interests of the people, especially the working people? The governor feels like a big man in a big job and it is enough for him to plead the cause of big business. The poor can plead their own case.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[Appetizing in every sense is the menu today set before those who shall read in this column the testimony to the fact that there is nothing the matter with Portland. This is No. 80 of the series. Few if any of its predecessors surpass it in either interest or value.]

PUT this in your pipe and enjoy the aroma. There is a concern in Portland which pickles 1000 tons of cucumbers a year. It converts 1000 tons of apples into cider and vinegar. It makes sauer kraut out of 400 tons of cabbage. It makes 3000 pails of pure food jelly. It cans 12 tons of cauliflower. It grinds up five tons of horseradish and tucks it away in fancy jars.

It uses up 25 tons of onions in its pickle factory. It places a ton and a quarter of peppers in its glass bottles. It made 1500 gallons of apple butter last year. It turned out 32 tons of mince meat in 1915 and will make it 40 tons in 1916. It put out 4000 barrels of vinegar—just as if people were not sour enough last year without employing artificial means of creating wrinkles on their faces and "scowls" on some of their brows.

It keeps 275 mustard mills running 315 days of the year and would make it 355 if there were no Sundays. \$600 a year. Their rarely falls short of \$1200. Their opportunity to lay up savings is at least twice as great as his, and yet Senator Penrose asks the wage earner to contribute from his pittance to pay pensions to the civil service employees. This is the kind of special justice we might reasonably expect from the Pennsylvania boss. His motto is scriptural, "To him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away," even the little that he has.

The civil service employees are a numerous class and an astute boss may see political advantage in showering largess on them. If Senator Penrose and other men of great wealth wish to dip down into their own pockets to pension the civil service employees nobody will object. The charity would be lovely to look upon and it would have the great merit of proving that their sympathy is sincere and not made to order for political effect.

The resolutions of the Salem grant land "conference" so-called were denounced by a special investigator before the House committee yesterday as not reflecting the real sentiment of Oregon as to the grant lands. The question is, why was the hocus pocus of Senator Day and his allies ever permitted to dominate such a gathering and thereby misrepresent the state? Instead of asking nothing for the state, why did the "conference" resolutions not demand 80 per cent of the grant lands for Oregon schools and roads? Such resolutions at Washington now would help to defeat the proposal to cut Oregon's allowance from 80 to 40 per cent for roads and schools.

THESE RESOLUTIONS THE Central Labor Council should beware. There is such a crime as les majeste, that being interpreted means impertinence to the Lord's anointed. We do not say they have committed this awful crime, but they have come within an ace of it. Those resolutions impeaching the wisdom, or perhaps the integrity, of our great and good governor, make one shudder with horror and amazement.

Governor Withycombe's attitude on a certain matter "is stultifying and discreditable to himself and provocative of grievous injustice to all workers." Such were the impious words of the Labor Council committee. And the surprising thing about it is that the earth did not yawn and swallow them up. We do not see how it managed not to. Perhaps it will tonight or tomorrow night. For the earth, and those who own it, feel very tenderly toward Governor Withycombe. They are not going to see his sacred name blasphemed without doing something about it.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

Deadman's hill, near Verdun, is rightly named. Whoever occupies it is rightly named. Secretary of State Olcott says nicknames can't appear in the ballot—no matter how well known they are. Reopening of the Panama canal April 1st promised—unless those pesky slides play an April fool joke. Two Oregon candidates for delegates to the Republican national convention don't want to be bound by instructions from the voters. Now comes the suggestion that a woman be made secretary of the navy. She could keep up with the latest changes in style among navies of the world.

Just when the European geography class is ready to pass final examination, our own geography class in Mexico, and this, too, when the fish are beginning to bite! There is something to be said for those Mexican handits, after all. They were bright enough not to wait until midsummer in the hot tamaris belt before inviting our soldiers down there. Those 15,000 Santa Fe railway employees who were surprised by a 10 per cent wage increase, must have like a bolt out of a clear sky should have expected something of the sort with prosperity storming the country.

WHEN THE SPECIAL INTERESTS FORAGE

From the Spokane Spokesman-Review (Republican). With such vital problems as national preparedness up for solution President Wilson is pleading with congress to speed up legislation. Speaker Clark and Democratic House Leader Kitchin returned from a conference at the White House on Monday they held a conference with other members of the administration. The gist of their opinion is that under the greatest pressure the president's program could not be disposed of before fall. Speaker Clark thought the house might clear it this fall, but the senate, Republican Leader Mann said it would take until December.

Meanwhile this was what was going forward in the senate. Here for weeks the water power bill has practically blocked progress. All day the senate debated—not the water power question, but on whether it should continue its after five and a half hour's discussion it finally voted, 30 to 28, to make the water power bill the unfinished business.

The conduct of the senate majority on this issue is becoming a national scandal. As Senator Norris of Nebraska told the senate the other day, the people of the United States are not thinking of water power now, and in fact they are not even attending to the grabbers see an inviting opportunity to press their program.

"We can take away every right the people possess," declared Senator Norris, "and they will not find it out for a long time. While they have ceased to watch the special interests will steal the platter clear. It is the manufacturer of that article is consummated without their ever coming in contact with metal of any kind. Mr. Knight explained that if it did, the metal would injure its color and flavor. For a fact, what is there to be desired in it, which Oregon does not possess? This whole region is garlanded in beauty provided by nature, and its soil is of garden richness. There would be idle unemployed in Portland if everybody would restrict their purchases strictly to those products produced here. Factories all along the line would have to be so greatly enlarged as to provide employment for thousands of workers at home, instead of doing that same thing for eastern communities. Portland and Oregon country money keep thousands of men and women busy in factories beyond the Rocky mountains. This ought not to be.

Gifford Pinchot is making a gallant bid to arouse the country, but what fight to arouse the 100,000,000? In an open letter to the president, of January 29, Mr. Pinchot said: "The Shields bill gives the use of enormously valuable property to the water power grabbers without compensation. Ostensibly it provides for a method of restoring its own property to the public at the end of 50 years. As a matter of fact, it is a way to enable them to make it practically impossible for the people to take their own water powers back into their hands. It does this by opening the way for indefinite extensions of the water use language under which the United States might be required to take over and pay for the whole electric lighting system of cities on the whole equipment of the plant, and then in order to get possession again of water powers owned by the people."

When Mr. Pinchot sounded that warning the grabbers chuckled it; said it was trumping up imaginary evils; that it falsified the true intent of the measure. But when that phase of the question was run down in the senate debate by the friends of conservation, Mr. Pinchot's charge was substantiated so fully that the supporters of the grab were forced to acquiesce in silence.

"We all prepare for the so-called 'rainy day.' We lay up money for our children. We buy property to get the benefit of the raise in price. Why not prepare ourselves as a nation to resist the attack of any foreign power that might be pleased to attack us? I honor any man or woman who declares against war and its horrors and does all that is possible to prevent it, but if at any time should war would be attacked what would become of us in our present state of unpreparedness? Some argue that if we prepare to fight it will be an incentive to try the game. This might be true, in some cases, but with the people at the helm it would not be. Nothing, however, is quite sure, that if we are prepared to resist at a moment's notice it will cause any nation, however strong, to throw down before throwing down the gauntlet. It is very true that we could get any number of volunteers at the first intimation of trouble, but past experience shows that this volunteer, although filled with patriotism and courage, is no match for the trained soldier. I wish I could pay a little more tax to support a well trained army. I believe our youth should be taught the horrors of war, but at the same time the importance of being prepared for any emergency. There is, to my mind, just one cure for war. When every nation on earth shall recognize the supremacy of Christ and His laws, and when no man shall have to prepare for war. But as long as the opposite conditions exist, no matter how much we long for universal peace, war will be a possibility. LEE R. PAYNE.

The Case of David Ingars. Portland, March 16.—To the Editor of the Journal—In today's Journal I saw the case of David Ingars in the case of the "Yountstown riot." Please allow me to tell another story of Yountstown. On January 7, David Ingars, an employee of the Yountstown Sheet & Tube company, having worked night shift the previous night, came to work at 1 p. m. He then learned about the walkout that had occurred in the morning. The bosses tried to induce him

BEFORE WE START IN today—four of our little rambles down the kolum—I want to toss my compliments across the footlights—to Manager Myrick—of the Columbia Theatre.

Because I suggested—in this Haven of Hopefulness—day before yesterday—that Billie Burke be billed—thereafter—as "Sunshine of the Screen."

And yesterday—he billed her that way. And I'm glad he agrees with me—because there isn't anything—that I know of—that's more agreeable—than to be agreed with.

It gives you the same good opinion—of the other fellow.—that you have of yourself. However—our personally conducted tour of today—is otherwise.—as Bill Bristle would say—when presenting an alibi.—for an innocent client.

And the particular otherwhere—to which I refer—is the First National bank.—where I went—yesterday—to pay a social call—to Arthur Jones—the assistant cashier.—which—of course—is all I could have paid.

And he dismissed a millionaire.—who wanted to borrow \$200.—and turned to me.—and took me in a cage.—and showed me \$76,000—in green backs.

And Arthur—and H. Sprague Burditt—the teller—tossed it around—carelessly.—like I would three or four hundred.—if somebody would let me.—and then Arthur took me through a barbed wire entanglement.—and past a beautiful stenographer—named Miss Smith.—only he stopped at Miss Smith.—which shows that history repeats itself.

And Miss Smith smiled—and said she liked the Once Over.—and I said I liked stenographers.—or something like that.—Anyway—I tried to be nice—and act like it was nothing—for me to be wandering around—wide awake—where there was so much money.—and I stumbled on—as Jack London would say—in my delirium.—and we went into a steel cave.—and Arthur said it was the reserve vault.—and the other man twirled a nob—and then he tried another nob—and opened a door in the wall—about as big as the oven of our range—out at Oak Grove.

And he said there was \$400,000 in gold—in the canvas sacks—in that hole.—And when he told me to lift a sack—his voice changed far away.—and I lifted it—and it was \$10,000—and weighed 37 pounds.—and he opened other doors—and showed me more gold—and silver—and paper.—and I notified that \$2000—in gold five—was just as big—as a nickel's worth—in the time of the Civil War.—with which I am familiar.—I saw \$1,347,500.—according to my figures.—which may not agree with the banks.—and altogether—I saw \$1,938,000—and a few cents.—That is—I saw it all—except about \$84,000.—that the boys at the windows were using to make change for.

And there was a bank examiner working—at the same time I was.—and his fingers may not agree with mine—either.—And after I got out—everything looked hazy—and I felt queer.—and upstairs—there were a lot of girls.—and they all looked like the girl on—except that they had rainbows—around their heads.—just like A. L. Miles—the president—had around his—down stairs.—and I was afraid to ask Arthur—if he could see the same thing.—and I wanted to get out in the street—just as the people outside looked—the same way—because—LIBERTY—One of the things that Arthur told me—as we went around—was about the large percentage of people—who come into banks—when they get ready to go crazy.

Dangerous Days. Yesterday was St. Patrick's day. Almost too close for comfort. The Difference. E. Roscoe Pershin of Portland, is a nephew of General Pershing, American commander in Mexico. The orthographic variance in Roscoe's and the general's names is explained by this morning's Oregonian as follows: "The difference in the spelling of the name is caused by the difference in spelling adopted by different members of the family after this country." There you have it. Wherever there's a difference there's a difference. Hence the difference. Get the idea? Stories of a Street and Town From Pictures to Pumps. OTTON E. GOODWIN, the Dumas of Portland press agents, has gone to Los Angeles to introduce to the people of southern California a valveless pump. Goodwin has recently been touring the northwest with moving picture films. He usually presents agents at the Coliseum at the Valley. Query: Who will John Corday do without him? Who will get beautiful chorus ladies to fall from balloons? Who will have country visitors diving in tanks to rescue drowning maidens? When the Street and Town reporter broke the bad news of Goodwin's departure to the esteemed city editor, the latter was no sadder than usual, and merely said: "All I hope is that John Corday won't try to save money and write his own press dope himself." Inventor Wears Green Tie. MORTON COHN appeared today at the Strand corner wearing a handsome green tie. Mr. Cohn is the inventor of "photoville."