

THE JOURNAL AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED EVERY DAY, AFTERNOON AND MORNING (except Sunday afternoon), at the Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill sts., Portland, Ore.

government propose to go into the business of making armorplate in a government-owned and operated plant. These loyal American patriots, shaking their clenched fists at President Wilson for what they call "his weak and impotent foreign policy," felt keenly the sorrows of the corporation and held it to be no surrender of American rights for the Bethlehem Steel company to sell armorplate to Russia at lower prices than they sell it to the United States.

man, instead of their own pockets. These items are gleaned from "Church Pension Progress," a little paper published in Wall Street but with a purpose quite alien to that locality. It seeks to promote a pension fund for retired ministers, "and that only." The purpose is noble. Ministers give the public a kind of service which most people agree is indispensable. They work hard and, as a rule, are miserably underpaid. They are expected to have a good education, dress well, associate with well-to-do families and radiate cheerfulness wherever they go. And they must do it all on a salary which a competent artisan would scorn.

us that we no longer have "forest reserves." They have been changed by congress into "national forests" and the change goes deeper than the mere name. The spirit of the service has become more liberal and helpful to settlers and the general public. The report gives specimens of the national forest helplessness to homesteaders. "Any one can get timber for his own use free of costs from the national forests," and he can buy it for commercial use as "cheaply as from private owners."

employ 20 men in this department, and they are always busy." MAKES RAZOR STROPS ALSO. When J. Canby Morgan was a boy, he migrated from Portland to New York, not realizing what a foolhardy trick that was. During his pilgrimage to manhood he was engaged in various pursuits, among them learning the trade of razor strop manufacturing, and he did his work so well that in time he was elected president of the Nev-a-hone razor strop corporation. He stretched his arms from ocean to ocean and soon it was so formidable an opponent of another concern of its kind that the "other" one bought it—and Mr. Morgan was without employment. Then came a yearning for another sight of his "Old Willamette Home," and he engaged a temporary abode in a Pullman. After visiting among relatives and friends a few weeks on his arrival in Portland, he happened to meet his "old college chum" in the person of W. H. McMonies. In the course of their little visit the idea of a razor strop factory in Portland popped into Mr. McMonies' head. Forgetting details of how it happened, suffice it to say that the factory is in operation, four persons are employed and within the six months of its existence it has a clientele stretching out from Los Angeles to Helena and Butte, Mont., and to Denver in the Rockies.

SMALL CHANGE Why not get in style this style week by registering? News from up that way indicates that Pendleton is planning a great railroad roundup. Southern Pacific's largely increased earnings is another prosperity fact here at home. If sugar keeps going up in price, buyers of sugar in any previous year take their adversity unsweetened. Talking about British fights, what are the rulling odds in the scrap between calendar and thermometer? Linn county's jail also is empty. Looks like utilization of jails is coming to be one of Oregon's big problems. Aspiring candidates might just as well be told that Oregon is as much interested in the plow as in the political pot. A man with the blues complains that people continue to talk about civilization as though it were a fact instead of a remote idea. Speaking of Mexicans, count in Jose Pereyra, Carranza consul at Columbus, N. M., who did trying to save American women from Villa bandits. Great Britain has put a ban on importation of soap, classing it a luxury. It's probably difficult to convince the small boy over there that war has no compensations.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF OREGON SIDELIGHTS The county court of Tillamook county has ordered that all offenders sentenced to jail terms shall be put to work on the county roads. "The Albert pasture east of the Church street, and the abandoned by the Salem Statesman "as a fine site for summer playgrounds." Several residences planned, public hitching sheds to be built and more work on the county roads. "The biggest Main street crowd, outside of a special event day in years, last Saturday, proves," says the Baker Herald, "what the weather and the turning prosperity will do for a city and its business." The Lostine Reporter, which was burned out two years ago, lives again, with Howard W. Shultz as publisher and editor. In his salutatory he says: "Believing that Lostine is on the eve of a prosperous future, we decide to come back and affiliate ourselves with the movement of building up this favored section."

The Once Over BY REX LAMPMAN OF COURSE there hasn't been time to get an answer to my letter—to the Honorable Champ Clark—speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C.—concerning his remark that Columbia river salmon—king of all food fish—is almost as good—as Missouri river catfish. "But of Missouri is represented in Portland." And the mud-nosing catfish has a defender. "And he—or she—has written me a letter. —in which the catfish is lifted from the mud. —and so to speak—set upon a pedestal. "And this champion of the channel catfish—contrary among catfish—doesn't go so far—as to propose a national catfish day. —like we have every year—for the lordly salmon. "But I do. "And after that is done—we'll let the nation decide—which is finer— "—Columbia river salmon. —or Missouri river catfish. "And I propose that Speaker Clark and I—and not voting. —because we'd just kill each other's votes. "But here's the letter: "Mr. Rex Lampman—with The Oregon Journal—Portland—Oregon. "Dear Rex—I notice—in the Once Over—of March 24—a criticism of Champ Clark's preference—for Missouri river catfish. "—over Columbia river salmon. "And of course—I don't know. —but that little criticism—would seem to indicate—that you have never partaken of the savory cat—(real fish). "—else there had been none—of the heated condemnation—of the Honorable Champ's preference. "Now—I must admit—that the catfish does make his home—in the mud—as accused. "—but when it comes to richness of flavor— "—it's there with the goods. "—"Not too fishy—not too flat— "—Ours the noble channel cat. "—"Pardon the burst of song. "—"And of course—Rex—I don't know your previous history. "—"or your birthplace. "—"But when it comes to eating it—in fish—it can't be did. "—"And you can't blame Champ—now can you—for getting the facts. "—"instead of the scenery. "—"when he ate the salmon. "—"And—Rex—all this little spiel is written—because I like you—and your Once Over. "—"And because I hate to see you—so misrepresented. "—"LISTEN—Rex—I'm very anxious—that you soften your opinion—of Missouri—and her products—such as fish—and apples—and statesmen—and things. "—"I Protest."

THE CRITICIZED CHAMBER

HERE is much undeserved criticism of the Portland Chamber of Commerce. The body has made mistakes. It made the original budget of permitting parts of it, organization to pass entirely under control of special interests. Some of these interests are, aggressive and unscrupulous. Whenever possible, they use the great name and prestige of the organization for private and personal purposes. This has done more than all else to bring criticism upon the Chamber. In the coming reorganization, this is a condition that should be avoided. No bureau or department should have the privilege of taking action that permits the public to understand it to be the action of the Chamber. To do otherwise is to prepare the way for a continuation of accusations and charges against the Chamber that will lessen the prestige, embarrass the endeavors and hamper the work of the body.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

IA trifly of excellent products are presented in today's installment, No. 32, of The Journal's "Nothing the Matter With Portland" articles. Adaptation, invention and perception of opportunity united in the foundations of a solid and prosperous Portland, which there is nothing whatever the matter. IF YOU own an auto and its tires are worn out we can tell you where to get them half sold. If that old razor strop has lost its usefulness, we know where you can obtain a new one guaranteed to have no superior on earth. If your horse's neck is subject to gall, we can point you to the place where is made gall-cure horse collars. And if there's anything else you want to know, speak out and we'll try to accommodate you. W. H. McMonies & Co. began making harness and horse collars in Portland about the time they were digging the trench for the waters of the Willamette river to flow in. He continued in the business until several years after the beginning of the reign of the automobile, when he abandoned the harness end of his vocation. Instead of declaring war on the "horseless wagon" brigade, however, the gentleman courted its favor and declared his willingness to help the game along. So he laid him down on his rumination sofa and began to think. After winding up his brain wheels a few times he evolved a scheme which he has put in operation, and today he is half-selling auto tires, making the old ones almost as good as the new, or something like that.

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WHAT MR. M'OMNIES SAYS. He says: "Have them double-treaded, or half-soled, by our new method. Get from 2000 to 4000 more miles of service out of them. We are saving others 50 per cent of their tire expenses, why not you? It is just as unnecessary, just as extravagant, to throw away tread worn tires as it is to throw away your shoes because the original soles are worn thin. Have your tires double-treaded before they go to pieces. Two old tires are used in making one double tread tire. The carcass, or inside, tire must be free from rim cuts, and have good side walls. From the tread we remove all rubber and re-inforce weak places. The outside tire must have rubber on the surface. Blowouts or surface cuts can be repaired. From this tire we cut the beads, taper the sides, cement and sew to the carcass, joining them permanently into one big, strong, puncture-proof tire. This is an insurance against blowouts. There is the strength of two old tires in one 'new method' double-treaded tire. Should you have no old tires, or only one, we can furnish either inside, outside or double-treaded tires. Then he proceeds to quote prices which range from \$2.25 to \$6 when customer furnishes both tires; \$2.75 to \$10.50 when customer furnishes tire for tread; \$3 to \$11 when customer furnishes tire for carcass, and \$4.50 to \$15 when he (McMonies) furnishes both tires.

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CONTINUOUS COLLAR MAKING. "We have had to add a lot of new machinery for this tire business," Mr. McMonies says, "and now we are equipped and have one of the most up-to-date enterprises of this kind in the country. And it is wonderful what this machinery and accompanying tools can accomplish. Human genius must have been greatly taxed in their invention. But they prolong the life of an original investment by almost half, and now that rubber has gone sailing to the clouds, this new occupation will be a great relief to many an owner of a car. "We continue, however, the making of horse collars—the gall-cure brand—which we claim are not only perfect in construction but a boon to the horse. Instead of stuffing them with long, hard straw, as it comes from the field, we have machines to 'chop' or 'wool' it up into a soft, pliable mass, so that the collar immediately adjusts itself to the shape of the animal's neck. There are collars stiff as a log, and these wear upon the high places of the shoulder, soon creating a sore and ultimately an ulcer. Our brand never is 'guilty' of this offense, and I imagine if the horse could talk he would thank his maker for his consideration in providing his beast of burden with so comfortable a collar in which to discharge his duties. "We have a factory capacity of 10 to 15 dozen collars a day, and sell them all along the coast from San Diego to the Rocky mountains. We sell to dealers in many places, have a number of traveling men handling them as a side line, and two of our own force constantly on the road. We

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IT'S A BIG BUSINESS. On first thought one is liable to look upon a razor strop factory as a small kind of an occupation. It isn't. It's a big one. It never will be anything else, for the reason that every day boys are becoming men and exchanging the downy lip for the be-whiskered chin. This is an anxious period in their lives, too. About 99 per cent of the youth of our sex want to appear as men, and are anxious to assist nature in the growth of a beard. If there were a mustache fertilizer or a whisker grower on the market, they'd mortgage their pay check to make a first installment payment on an ounce, and the record of every male birth is the record of a candidate for a razor strop—or two or three. There is, therefore, an endless demand for this factory production, and it never will cease so long as males are being born. There are "strops" are making 100 kinds of "strops," Mr. Morgan says, "from the inexpensive 50 per cent grade to those which sell at \$2.50 and \$3. I know this business thoroughly, and that our goods must be the equal of any or our enterprise would fail. Our leather is specially tanned, these machines you see are the latest constructed and my two chief helpers have served years in the work. Our strops are not outclassed in the world. They are as good as made, and we have put a price upon them which will exclude eastern made strops from this territory when present stocks are disposed of." So here we have even Portland-made razor strops, and every young man in town and in the Oregon country ought to register a vow he never will buy an eastern made razor strop, no matter how oily-tongued the salesman.

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THOMAS CARLYLE ON WAR. What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British empire of Dumfries and Galloway 600,000 souls. In the French, there are successively selected during the French war, say 50 able-bodied men. Dumfries, at her own expense, has supplied and nursed them; she has, without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to arms. In the end, she has built, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under 30 stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dismissed to the front, and the world of the public charges, some 5000 miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted. And so flow to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are 30 similar French artisans, from a French Dumfries, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties stand in front of each other, each with a stand fronting 30, each with gun in hand. Straightway the word "Fire" is given; and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of 60 able-bodied men, there are left 50 dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.

NOTHING TO SAY!

ON THE 17th day of February, Chairman Ferris of the public lands committee of the house at Washington, wired Governor Withycombe of Oregon notifying him that disposition of the grant lands in Oregon was to be the subject of hearing and inviting him to make representations or suggestions as to the wishes of the state in legislation about to be framed.

NOTHING TO SAY!

JUST before the revolutionary war broke out a young, unmarried man named Martin Kalliak joined a militia company. At a little tavern where the militiamen made their headquarters there was a feeble-minded servant girl, by whom Martin became the father of a feeble-minded son. Of this son's descendants six generations have now been born, numbering in all 480 persons. A diligent social student has traced out their family history from beginning to end so that the reader may see the whole of it.

NOTHING TO SAY!

A CASE IN POINT. Many of these men are giving their time and their money in a way that squares with this view. They are soldiers in a splendid army of progress and prosperity. Their service is a conspicuous service to this region and its people, and it ought to have the commendation it abundantly merits.

NOTHING TO SAY!

Letters From the People. (Communications sent to The Journal for publication are subject to the following conditions: 1. 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.)

NOTHING TO SAY!

Brighten Convicts' Lives. San Quentin, Cal., March 19.—To the Editor of The Journal—Do you remember that strain that ruminous strain, someone remembers; someone cares; someone really wants him to be worthy of freedom. His heart is dead; it is worth while to seek out his better nature and to try to live by it, perhaps to win back his place in the world, because someone cares. Write to him in the plan of life that he is locked in a penitentiary who, to the best of your knowledge and belief never received a letter from you or a friend? Send him such a letter, and he will feel that you are interested in his welfare, and that he is not a mere number, but a human being.

NOTHING TO SAY!

Oregon's Bid for Tourists. From Bradstreet's. "See America first" used to be a plea of patriotic citizens when Europe was ready for American visitors. Today Europe is virtually closed, and because of this fact numerous boards of trade in excellent situated cities of the United States are praising the natural and scenic attributes of their communities. Portland, Or., is one such city, and the Chamber of Commerce there is circulating literature dealing with the attractions of Oregon. Merited word-painting is permissible when attempting to describe the natural beauties of Oregon, with its unsurpassed lowing peaks, fertile valleys and picturesque washore. There is the Columbia river, the second largest river on the Pacific coast, and a rapid stream that traverses a mountainous region of remarkable charm, extending 210 miles from the Pacific ocean eastward, the river's scenery is easily accessible. Oregonians are proud of their anointed mountain range in the interior, the Hood River section, Crater lake and the Klamath country. The people are bidding a cordial welcome to the tourist, and a pleasant vacation amid attractive scenes, and in order to lure the tourist the leading city is making profitable use of the phrase, "For You a Rose in Portland Growth."

NOTHING TO SAY!

STILL SOBING. HERE is still sobbing in the senate over passage through that body of the armorplate bill. And no wonder. The Bethlehem Steel company made a profit of scarcely 112 per cent on its common stock in 1915. It is hard times when an armorplate works can from its earnings double its capital in a year and have only 12 per cent in addition. During the period, its business was so bad that its stock rose from \$46 a share to only \$600 a share. With the corporation thus struggling along to make ends meet, it was, indeed, a shock to Penrose, Oliver, Lodge and other standpat brigadiers to have an ungrateful

NOTHING TO SAY!

GRANGES AND FORESTS. ONE still hears occasionally from old-fashioned people who never correct their mistakes, the false reports which were formerly widely current about the forest service. The forest service was hostile to homesteaders. It "bottled up" the timber and other resources of the forest land. It thought of nothing but idle theories, scornful practical development. And so on through a long list of complaints, not one of which had much foundation.

NOTHING TO SAY!

MINISTERS' PENSIONS. THE Episcopal church in the United States has 4420 men in its active service. Their average pay is \$1200 a year, which includes an estimate for house rent where there is a parsonage. More than 700 Episcopal ministers receive less than \$1000 a year. Many of this unfortunate class are old men who have been in the work a long time. Their pay has diminished, rather than increased, with age, and now they face the double problem of retirement and penury. Such is their reward for devoting themselves to

NOTHING TO SAY!

Self Control Enjoined. Portland, March 24.—To the Editor of The Journal—Birth control is the next hobby in the world's program. I would think of a devil, I would surely hold him responsible for such

NOTHING TO SAY!

Spurred, B'gosh. A DEMURE Little maiden served a chat in luncheon, he it known, sold on Broadway street for 25 cents, to Claude McCulloch and Dr. Eloff Hedlund. The luncheon was remarkably good and the service all that could be desired; so on finishing each ate a little coin under his plate. They had reached the cashier's counter when a timid but determined voice halted them. "You forgot these," she said, jingling their two dime tips. The tipper looked in astonishment at the fire in her eyes and the little red spots on her cheeks. "These are for you," they cried, in chorus. "No, thank you, sir," she answered jolly, "I don't care to be under any obligations."

NOTHING TO SAY!

Stories of Street and Town. Finds Sermons in Squirrels. HARRY L. SHERWOOD, the new British consul in Portland, was in conversation with a religiously inclined friend. "Where do you worship on Sunday?" inquired the friend. "Oh, on Portland Heights," replied the consul. "The friend in vain tried to remember if there was a church on Portland Heights. "Perhaps you mean Willamette Heights?" he questioned finally. "No, no, no," repeated Mr. Sherwood. "I go to church on Portland Heights, in the woods, you know. I watch the squirrel there. He knows rather look at a squirrel than a parson."