

THE JOURNAL

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A MENACE

IT NEED not be wondered at that the president has felt compelled to appeal to the news associations and newspapers...

It has, for instance, been widely published that the Carranza troops had deliberately permitted the escape of Villa through their lines...

As President Wilson says, "the main, if not the only source of information on both sides of the border is the public press of the United States..."

A burned child fears the fire. The Mexicans have had reasons to fear the purposes of the United States. Mexico, before Texas became an independent Republic in 1835-6...

They know American owners of Mexican mines, lands and oil want annexation. They know that recently there was agitation for the independence of the northern Mexican states...

to its duty is disclosed by the federal court records in Portland in the trials of the land fraud thieves. The Oregonian thinks every effort to defend the public against despoilers, land thieves and power grabbers is "bunk and piffle..."

THE LEATHERWOOD GOD

M R. HOWELLS' new serial in the Century magazine reverts to the old American theme of the revival meeting in a pioneer neighborhood. The central figure in the first chapters is a man who leads a double life...

The title of the story is as odd as the character. "The Leatherwood God." Leatherwood, as it turns out, is a tree growing along the streams in the Ohio country...

CLEANING UP

SOME of our more red-blooded contemporaries still speak of the Villa thief hunt as an "invasion" of Mexico. They hurrah wildly over the flags, bugles and censorship that accompany the little adventure to make it seem as much like a real war as possible...

THE COBURG WAY

THE pupils of the Coburg schools have been wanting a play shed for some time. One is really needed, for it is quite rainy in that part of Oregon and at times it becomes a little disagreeable to frisk about in the open air...

home premises first. There is plenty of cleaning up for the United States to do without crossing the Mexican border. The Bible says that the man who fails to care for his own household is worse than an infidel...

It may be the European war that has led a great Danish corporation to select Portland as the place for conducting a great ship brokerage and transportation business. The exposures and hazards and losses the great conflict has imposed upon the Danes...

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

A sermon on the sin of neglect is delivered in the column today, with a flourish and now diminished industry as it attaches arbitrary statistics to a public which has famously looked abroad for certain qualities that are as certainly found at home...

THE Portland Cigar Box Manufacturing company came into existence some 20 years ago. Since its birth the concern has passed through many hands, and for a year has been the property of O. K. Hill, now owner of all its stock.

The day was when this industry flourished. It employed 25 to 30 hands and they were busy at all seasons, but its glory, in magnitude of business transacted, has been fading ever since the big tobacco companies came into existence...

Not that the home made article has deteriorated in quality. Not that inferior tobaccos have entered into the manufacture of Oregon-made cigars. Not that the local workmen were unskilled or incompetent...

SMOKERS CARELESSNESS THE CAUSE

Naturally the proprietor of the local cigar box factory is interested in the wasteful way of his vocation, and naturally enough he has been endeavoring to infuse new life into it. Supported by the friendship of the labor organizations, and especially that of cigar makers...

"There are 275,000 people residing in Portland," he declares, "and at least 50,000 of these are smokers, averaging four cigars each day. If each of these were to confine the cigar consumption, absolutely, to the home made article, it would mean an addition of 1000 cigar makers to the payroll of the cigar manufacturers of this city..."

"What steps are you taking to persuade smokers to buy Portland-made cigars?" Mr. Hill was asked. "None to speak of. I am writing a few letters to organizations of men, hoping these will have some effect, but it's a slow way of accomplishing a purpose..."

BEST TOBACCO USED

"Occasionally a claim is heard that local manufacturers do not buy best grades of tobacco. George W. Hochstein, of Hochstein Bros., importers and packers of tobacco, Milwaukee, Wis., and New York, was recently in Portland. I queried him on this point and was informed that western cigar makers, Portland included, bought greater amounts of high class tobacco, considering the aggregate of their purchases, than anywhere else in the country...

Does Not Agree With Mr. Murphy. Portland, Ore., March 27.—To the Editor of The Journal—A scathing article in your issue of the 23rd inst. has been attacking through the press the great convention of the Clan Na Gael held in New York recently. This article ought to have been written by one who makes them. That the great convention proved to the world that the Irish race is decidedly making a mistake in not accepting the British Empire as a permanent ally...

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

It's about time to begin worrying about the dandelion menace. Another grave problem confronting the country is the new Easter hat going to cost?

It's a lot harder picking out one's color for Rose Festival queen than deciding on a candidate for the presidency. Sad to relate, there are people unkind enough to say the new barrel will find a lot of wearers built to fit it.

It is now predicted that Texas is likely to join the Republican ranks in the fall. The open season for political humorists. Fairbanks boosters say his presidential boom is growing steadily, but an ice-cold thing like that has the hot weather to reckon with.

That trusty who escaped during a religious service at the jail may not have been converted, but he evidently decided to lead a new life. If the steel mills can make armor plate for lower prices, as is now being done, they will do it before the senate log jams their memory.

If American intervention in Mexico meant government seizure and operation of mines and oil wells, it might not be so popular in certain quarters. The interventionists should refer back to the president's Mobile speech, in which he said this country would not enter in any way of conquest.

The green fields are somehow always far away. The imported cigar is made under conditions not known to those who buy it at a distance from its base. It is, therefore, possessed of a mysterious superiority. It must have of captivating, manufactured flavor—or something of the kind.

Portland-made cigar boxes are made of Spanish cedar grown in Mexico and Cuba. It is being claimed that there is a fascinating aroma emitted from such woods. In the cheaper grades Oregon redwood is used, and in instances veneered basswood from east of the Rockies.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

[Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the contributor. We do not desire to have the same published, he should so state.]

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs the ignorant of his prejudices, and it brings back on their reasonableness. If they have any reasonableness, it rubs it out of them. It is a great force for good in the world."—Woodrow Wilson.

Justice Hughes' Embarrassments. Portland, Ore., March 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—The point raised by George Smith in last night's Journal regarding the propriety of the Hughes candidacy for the presidency seems to me to be well taken. So recently as 1912 we were treated to an edifying example of the interpretation of the law which, as Mr. Smith states, prevails in many states prohibiting judges from becoming candidates for other public offices.

Giving what is known in the world of the theatre as "relief" to the insolent buffoonery of Chaplin's performance, is a shade of melancholy, and it is common psychology to attribute the failure of the party to his childhood. His family were of the class of mountebanks, strolling through the English and continental variety halls, a hard, picked-up, hand-to-mouth existence.

Proposing a Grant Lands Plan. Quincy, Ore., March 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—As a native Oregonian, I would say that I am afraid no plan of disposal suggested includes enough consideration for the interests of the lands of the O. & C. grant. This land includes about the last of Oregon's "birth right" from the standpoint of government agricultural land, and congress should see to it that this property does not go like a mess of pottage.

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The Once Over

LAST NIGHT—down town—I walked along—looking in the store windows—at the living models.

—because I wanted to know—just what the styles are going to be—until next summer.

—Not that it makes any particular difference.

—which is the same—with nearly all our knowledge.

—but we want to know anyway.

—And this is why—I suppose—that we want to know—just what the styles are going to be—until next summer.

—And now we know—and we're no happier than before.

—But all this may have nothing to do—whatever—with the fashion show—now in progress—in our fair city.

—Or perhaps it has—for all I know.

—Anyway—I believe that the fashion show—when the bow and arrow was a new weapon.

—and the tribe using it—whipped the tribe using clubs.

—And in those days—I presume—the fit ladies came out of their caves—in the warm spring weather.

—in their brightest beads.

—and best bearkins.

—But of course—that was a long—long time ago.

—And last night—as I was saying—I looked in the windows.

—and saw the great progress—that civilization has made—in the last three million years.

—And on Fifth street—there was a little crowd—looking in a window.

—at a beautiful lady.

—in a lovely dress.

—with a pink ostrich plume fan.

—and pearls in her hair.

—And she looked right in our faces—without moving a muscle.

—And a young man from Courtney could not get a look at her—because he'd seen things like that before—in windows.

—and he knew she was alive.

—and would have to move—after while.

—And everybody said the same thing.

—And Nick Pierong—who never smiles—because he has heard all the vaudeville jokes in the world—came along.

—And he said he'd bet he could make her smile.

—And we all said—"How?"

—And Nick said she'd have to smile—if he looked right in her eyes—long enough.

—And Dave Williams—the spirituelle architect—said not to make her cry.

—And we all told Nick to go ahead—and see if he could get a smile.

—And he put his nose up close to the glass—and set his jaw—and stared in.

—And you could almost see the dotted lines—from his eyes—to the eyes of the beautiful lady.

—But she didn't smile.

—And all grew still.

—And the crowd got bigger.

—And pretty soon—Nick sighed—and everybody else sighed.

—And it looked like it was going to be a test of will power and endurance.

—And then Aaron Frank came along—twirling his cane.

—and stroking his moustache.

—which doesn't take much of a stroke.

—And he saw Nick standing there—like a statue—glaring through the plate glass—at the beautiful lady.

—And he said—"Hello—what's the matter?"

—And he told him—in whispers—as the heads of perspiration began to stand out—on Nick's brow.

—And Aaron laughed—until he almost choked—and then said:

—"LISTEN—boys—that's Stella—the best wige figure—that we've got in the store."

Gall and Wormwood.

From the Weston Leader.

The G. O. P. desperately hunting a peach of a candidate with nothing but a lemon tree in its political garden.

Carranza dollars are quoted at two cents each, and it would only take the price of one to subsidize the Athens Press.

The "severity" of the federal censorship is only exceeded by the censorship and detail of the news of army movements in Mexico.

New president of Washington university says "we are an intellectual scrap heap," and we reckon he ought to know his own mind.

Reg Lampan says that for personal reasons he'd like to know how the Villa business was getting along, but if Rex gets paid for his stuff we reckon he doesn't need any enlightenment.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Some smart fellows who ought to tell us how much time was wasted in Portland riding, driving and walking by empty lots. These nifty little fellows make a most generally always able to take care of themselves.

Stories of Street and Town

Who Wouldn't Join?

THIS is supposed to have happened in the Shattuck school during one of the night classes. Benjamin Lerner was the teacher and he says it is true.

In the class were a number of foreign-born girls who were not versed in the English language. The civics and its causes was the subject under discussion.

Why did Abraham Lincoln want the south to join the Union? asks Lerner, interrogating one of the foreigners.

"Well, they didn't want to get \$2 a day. Who wouldn't want 'em to join?"

It wasn't the answer Lerner wanted, and the pupil sat down.

Blast for Bill.

BILL STRANDBERG gets out a supplement to the Journal, making publication for distribution on the cars of the P. R. & P. company, but sometimes he loses the friendliness of the beneficiaries. This week the subject of his tract was the possibility of employing women as motormen and conductors as in London during these war times.

A conductor received a bundle of the leaflets, and read the text with scorn and disgust imprinted on his face. Then he started among his early morning male passengers.

"Bulletin, have a bulletin—particularly heavy on the bull!"