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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

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

Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute. CHARLES C. PINCKNEY.

Mankind are more indebted to industry than ingenuity; the gods set up their favors at a price, and industry is the purchaser.—Addison.

MAKING GOATS OF REPORTERS

FRANK C. MILES of the United States department of agriculture is quoted from the governor's office as denying statements attributed to him in The Journal respecting the Oregon flax experiment.

If Mr. Miles has made such a denial, he repudiates the exact things he himself said. He knows he said them. He knows he said them to others than The Journal.

Mr. Miles was interviewed by a trusted reporter who was under instructions to be accurate and fair with the person interviewed. All Journal reporters work under those instructions, and they work faithfully within the rule.

Mr. Miles was in Portland when the interview appeared. He then made no protest to The Journal. He made no denial. He asked no correction.

For reasons of his own, weeks after his return to Washington, he says he was misquoted. We do not know why he concluded some weeks after to issue from Washington a denial that he did not make in Portland. Possibly he responded to pressure from a superior officer.

It was fit for Mr. Miles to say all he was quoted with, because all he was quoted with is true, and he knows it. Others know that he knows it.

Oregon produces as fine flax fibre as can be grown anywhere. That was demonstrated 40 years ago. Flax fibre from Oregon was one of the marvels of the Philadelphia Centennial exposition in 1876.

But the experiment in Oregon has been loosely and ignorantly conducted. See State Treasurer Kay's admission. See Secretary of State Olcott's statement filed with the state board.

It is the habit of men to make the newspaper reporter a goat. It has become tiresome. Their own exact words look more severe in the cold print, and to get out of them, men cowardly say the reporter quoted them incorrectly.

Newspaper reporters in general are highly trained, conscientious men. They are often more intelligent than the men interviewed. They know the tendency of men to go back on their own words, and on that account, they are extremely careful in their work. For their own protection, they have to be careful. The men who attempt to make goats of them as a general thing are hiding from their own mistakes. They are not telling the truth.

While the Colonel is propounding questions to President Wilson, there is one great question that the Colonel himself should answer: Why does he now assail the president for non-interference in Belgium when on September 23, 1914, he said, "we have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen" Belgium?

STATE MARKETING

EVERYBODY knows that David Lubin, the man who has stirred up the mind of the country on agriculture, is a Californian. His partner, Harris Weinstock, is not so well known as yet but he is a person of ideas and he seems to be on the high road to fame. Mr. Lubin aims, through the International Institute of Agriculture, which he founded, to make farming a business conducted on world wide cooperative principles. His partner, Mr. Weinstock, is more immediately interested in the subject of the farmer's markets.

His purpose, as described in Pearson's Magazine, is "to have the state of California, in its sovereign capacity, assume direct control of the whole business of bringing together, warehousing, standardizing, labeling, shipping and selling" the entire fruit crop of the state, and of course distributing the proceeds among the producers. This looks like a mammoth undertaking, but in California the difficulties attending it have been somewhat lightened by the farmers themselves.

They have already organized several large cooperative societies which attend to the citrus fruits, the raisins, the walnuts and so on. From these societies they have learned the very great benefits that flow from cooperation properly managed. Obviously the next forward step is to federate all these local societies into one state wide concern. This is what Mr. Weinstock thinks of doing.

He argues that the big union would be a fine thing for the producers since it would diminish the expense of marketing. On the other hand it would benefit consumers since every penny saved in selling cost may, by adept manipulation, be divided between the farmer and the consumer. At present far too many of these pennies go into the pockets of carriers and superfluous middlemen. The country will watch Mr. Weinstock's scheme with interested attention.

Transatlantic steamship men in New York are said to believe that when the war ends there will be a tremendous rush of sightseers to Europe. The curious and the morbid may have a desire to gaze on the ruins and mournful sights of the battlefields. But the upward looking will prefer the peaceful and contented scenes of nature in her sublimest moods as displayed in the golden West.

THE UMATILLA ISSUE

IN THE discussion of highway improvement in Umatilla county a suggestion has been made that a system of electric roads instead of hard surface highways be built.

Disregarding assertions that the issue has been raised to embarrass the movement towards highway development there are obvious reasons for giving the preference to the highway. Both are a tax on the community they serve. In the case of an electric line this tax is indirect. With the highway it is direct.

The investment in an electric road in the way of power and equipment is much greater than the investment in a highway. To fully equip an electric line will cost forty or fifty thousand dollars a mile. A first class highway will cost approximately twenty or thirty thousand dollars a mile.

Electric lines are usually built on borrowed capital brought in from the outside and are greatly overcapitalized. The bonded indebtedness is as much of a debt on the community as is a public debt. Yet the profits go largely to outsiders.

A well constructed highway returns value to the community in the ratio of three to one. To the extent that it is built by home labor and home material its cost will come back in three ways. First, the community has the highway. Second, it has the money it cost, and third, there will be a dollar's increase in economic land value for every dollar spent.

An electric line is a private concern operated for private profit. A highway is a public institution maintained by and for the public.

An electric road is fitted only for its peculiar equipment. A highway accommodates all kinds of vehicles. An electric road has its fixed schedule. On a highway locomotion is possible at any hour, day or night.

In the matter of freight rates it is admitted that the electric road can haul cheaper beyond a radius of, say, fifty miles, but experience is demonstrating that for short distances a properly equipped auto truck service can compete successfully. This is being proved at Spokane and Tacoma.

Here at Portland, milk and other products are brought over poor roads from points as far away as McMinnville at the same rate charged by the electric service. In addition, the auto truck absorbs the cartage charge to and from depots, delivering from producer direct to dealer.

An electric road, with its exclusive franchise and costly equipment, is to a certain extent monopolistic. On a highway there are no franchises and there can always be competition, thus insuring a fair distribution of benefits to the greatest number.

In local and suburban transportation there is no service by an electric road that can not be rendered by auto trucks and auto buses on a hard surfaced highway.

A first class paved highway will bring to the workers of a community greater results, more economic land value, more general prosperity and smaller unearned profits for a few individuals.

The Colonel's thoughts are on war. It has cost Canada $131,000,000 for her small part in the European conflict. The whole cost of the Revolutionary war to America was only $135,000,000.

A HIGH PRICE

THE sale of several carloads of pulp fed steers in the North Portland stockyards during the week at $9.00 per hundred pounds indicates that the supply of Northwest beef faces a strong demand. This sale carried the highest price ever paid in this market for steers during the month of March.

At the same time a famished trade was freely offering $10 per hundred pounds for yearling lambs but there was little stock available. In fact the country seems to be well cleaned up on both cattle and sheep. Spring lambs sold at $13 per hundred pounds.

According to Homer, Achilles sulked in his tent at a certain critical time. When the Iliad of Greater Oregon is written it will be related that a certain man was valiant in the cause of the water power forces but indifferent in the cause of schools and roads.

AN UNSELFISH BAND

THE jingoes who want to conquer Mexico are the most purely unselfish people in the world, if we take their word for it. They have nothing to gain by overrunning our distracted neighbor. Not they. Not a mine to boom, no oil fields, no hemp ranches, no big concessions coming down from those dear old Diaz days. And none of them have any munitions to palm off upon a confiding federal government. There never was a set of sinners so suddenly converted into angels as our jingoes.

They want to do it all for those poor, benighted Mexicans who need cleaning up so badly. If it were not for the dire need of cleaning up Mexico our jingoes would never think of invading the country. They would hold their noses and run the other way. But such is their zeal for cleanliness that they are willing to sacrifice themselves and go to war.

Some people venture to doubt whether our government has exactly a heaven-born facility for cleaning up. They point derisively to West Virginia where conditions have long been as bad as in Mexico and are not likely to improve for some time to come. They point to northern Michigan, to Colorado and a dozen other domestic bedlams and ask satirically whether we could not find places at home that need the broom and mop, if we should look very hard for them.

Porto Rico is a fine cample of our ability to clean up foreign parts. Workingmen are shot down in that happy isle for asserting the right of free spoech. The wages paid there under the blessed rule of the sugar trust fall somewhat short of a dollar a day. In Mexico the Diaz Concessionaires would be our satraps. We dare say they would find a way to pluck from the peons whatever civil war and universal plunder have spared.

THE COLONEL'S QUESTIONS

THE Colonel says President Wilson's statement of the Mexican border situation can be answered by five questions.

Has it occurred to the Colonel that his five questions can be answered by one great question, to-wit: Except to go to war with Mexico, what could the Colonel have done that President Wilson has not done?

And while the Colonel is propounding questions, there is one tremendous question that he should try to answer. Here it is:

Why did the Colonel in January, 1916, say that President Wilson should have interfered with the German invasion of Belgium, when in September, 1914, the Colonel had said President Wilson should NOT have interfered with the German invasion of Belgium?

Why in magazine articles and public speeches in January, 1916, did the Colonel declare that the president has brought this nation into "disgrace and contempt" because he did not threaten war on Germany on account of the Belgium invasion when, in September, 1914, he declared over his own signature that "nothing we could have done would have helped Belgium"?

When an ex-president of the United States declares one thing at one time and a few months later declares something exactly contrary, he owes it to the country to explain in which instance he was speaking the truth. Thus in the Outlook of September 23, 1914, Colonel Roosevelt, writing over his own signature, said:

A delegation of Belgians has arrived to invoke our assistance. What action our government can or will take, I know not.

It has been assumed that no action can be taken that will interfere with our neutrality. **It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral**, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other.

Of course, **it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose, and very probably nothing we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her.** * * * Sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the **unwisdom of uttering a single word of official protest** unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent national duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of **NEUTRALITY AND NON-INTERFERENCE.**

Here is the Colonel's own assertion over his own signature that it would be "folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose," and that "we have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen" Belgium.

Having emphatically said these things, the Colonel now says the exact opposite. In complete contradiction, sixteen months later Colonel Roosevelt, again writing over his own signature, said:

WHEN MR. WILSON AND MR. BRYAN MADE THIS NATION SHIRK ITS DUTY TOWARDS BELGIUM, THEY MADE US FALSE TO OUR IDEALS.

One time the Colonel said "we have not the smallest responsibility" in Belgium. As a presidential campaign approaches, the Colonel says President Wilson is false to our ideals because he "made this nation shirk its duty in Belgium."

Before the Colonel asks any more questions, he should do some answering.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[Not the least of the exhibits made in the cause of The Journal's "Nothing the Matter With Portland" articles is that of versatility in Portland's genius for production. But today, in No. 94 of the series, is introduced the premier in that valuable attribute. He does violence, moreover, to the old adage that refers slightly to men of too many trades, for he appears to advantage in all that he undertakes, being a worker, and a maker of things useful to other workers.]

HERE is an editor of a monthly religious newspaper named Pentecostal Truth, and he preaches without charge, and he runs a machine shop and does half of the work in it himself, and he is an inventor, and his inventions are all made of iron and useful, and he is getting on nicely.

There are two men in the company, William Barnett, the editor and inventor, and Charles Livingston, helper and hard worker, also. When necessary, additional help is found outside the firm.

A few days ago a letter came to this office inquiring if there could be found in Portland a concern from which could be procured Oregon made goods, suitable for agents to sell. This originated a hunt by the writer of these articles, with the result that one of our big business men directed him to the factory at Union avenue and East Pine street, and it was there he found a marvelous array of inventions, each a new one and protected by a patent.

No. 1 is a typewriter holder, and, doubtless, the least salable of all, though it is claimed the best of its class. Its name is the Slingerland Folding Typewriter Holder, and its inventor insists that "it is one of the finest typewriter accessories ever put on the market." It can be used on any desk and never is in the way. It does not interfere with the table top, desk top or drawers. Price, $7.50.

Invention No. 2 is a line of adjustable sink brackets fitting all standard sizes of sinks. Of these Mr. Barnett says: "They are cheaper than any other bracket now on the market and better than the best, because there are no bolts or screws in the extension parts and no holes which may not be found in the dark. There being no nuts or bolts to get loose and lost, these brackets are practically live-forevers." They can be adjusted to any sink in two or three seconds. Price $1.25 each.

Invention No. 3 is a line of angle iron laundry tray rests, the only thing of their kind, Mr. Barnett says, on the market. They are simple, light, sanitary, easy to pack, light to ship and it would be next to impossible to break one. They are three inches higher than the ordinary varieties, which, Mr. Barnett says, makes them more desirable. All wholesale dealers in plumbing supplies in Portland are selling them. Price $1 each.

Invention No. 4 is a sack holder for wet wash laundries, and a pronounced success. It sells at $5.

A FOLDING WOOD CARRIER.

Invention No. 5 is a folding wood carrier, a necessity wherever wood is burned for fuel. It saves the hands from pitch, filth of bark, slivers and the soil that generally attaches to the arms. It is sold at 75 cents, and is worth that much to the kitchen sweeper, as it can be lifted out of the way when sweeping and folded up and tucked away when not in use. But it will be found so handy it will generally be in use.

Invention No. 6 is a briquet, coal and charred wood lifter. The inventor says, "We sold 1175 the first 12 days we had it on the market." This small device is sold for 25 cents, and is "as handy as a pocket in a shirt." Anything which would soil the hands can be lifted with it, so it will save its cost in soap in a little while.

Invention No. 7 is a five gallon oil can swing and holder. It is a cheap, handy article that saves lifting the can while pouring oil, prevents spilling the oil and keeps the hands clean. Price 75 cents each.

Invention No. 8 is another can holder to be hung on the wall. It is for a five gallon can, and is one of the smoothest, simplest and most useful devices of its class. Oil may be poured from the can without removal from the receptacle, and not a drop is lost. Price 75 cents.

HANDY FOR PAINTERS.

Invention No. 9 is an exceedingly handy device for painters. It is named a Roof Jack for Painters, and whether on a roof or a steeple the can of paint it holds is always standing perpendicular. Whether the roof be flat, or has a pitch, no matter what the degree, the paint can holder does its work. Price $1.75.

Invention No. 10 is a twin to No. 9. It is a jack for a painter to stand on, and it can be set to the pitch of any roof. Price, $1.25.

Invention No. 11 is a carrier for five gallon cans which makes every waste can valuable. Farmers need them for carrying feed for stock or for gathering fruit or field crops. Price 25 cents.

Invention No. 12 is a new, extra seat for automobiles. It is a very handy device, and is meeting ready sale for use in jitneys and family cars. Two can be used in any automobile now on the market. Price $1.

Invention No. 13 is a carrier attachment for bicycles, which dealers declare is the best thing of its kind yet produced. It sells at $1.25, about half that charged for the ordinary carrier.

And Mr. Barnett says, "We have a number of other inventions, too valuable to describe until protected with patents."

And he further says, "We do patent developing and correct models for others, and we find it a real pleasure to help the other fellow. If we can be of assistance to those of an inventive turn of mind, we are glad of the opportunity, and we cheerfully do everything we can to make their ideas a source of honest profit to them."

Mr. Barnett has been paying out to patent attorneys and the patent office all the money taken in, so he is not as yet a bloated capitalist. The future, however, has a rather glittering hue for him, both materially and spiritually, whatever way one looks at it. He works every day, and hour of the day, save Sundays, in his shop, and edits his paper at nights. And it is one of those publications which calls a spade a spade in big black type. There is no mistaking its principles. It hops onto sin like a hungry seagull on a biscuit!

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.

Duties of the Voter.

Klamath, Falls, Or., March 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—Every extension of democracy, every increase of the people's power, imposes new duties and new responsibilities. These may at times appear to be irksome, require study and application, but if the people would govern themselves they must prepare to assume the burden.

Everywhere people should be urged to register. They should be induced to take deeper interest in issues and candidates. Fit representation can ue possible only where there is intelligent research and investigation. We have no right to carelessly neglect to vote and then complain that results are not to our liking. The result of any election must be determined by those who vote and how they vote.

It is often said, by those who have taken upon themselves to advise the people how to vote, that all measures on the ballot, not understood, should be voted down. This is poor advice. It promotes mental inertia, it encourages disinterest, it excuses neglect. It tends to relieve us of the duties we owe to each other, of deciding issues only after careful investigation.

Such advice, if we accept it, means government by indifference, government by negation, and will inevitably prolong the dominance of special interests in political affairs.

There is some justification for the complaint that ballots are too long and cannot be fully considered, but reason should dictate that indiscriminate rejection will surely lead to repetition. It should be clear to those who will take the trouble to think, that all measures cannot be bad, and a little intelligent investigation will easily determine their merits.

Rejection of measures for no other reason than indolence will not convince others of the fitness of the people to govern themselves. Let us remember that Oregon's democratic system is on trial. Other states are watching the experiment. On the people themselves and not on big business depends its success or failure.

Are the people able to make their own laws? Are they fit to govern themselves? They alone must answer the questions. FRED W. HYNDMAN.

Nominating Mr. Whitlock.

Portland, March 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—As the time draws nearer for the Democratic national convention it appears to the writer that more attention should be devoted to a running mate for Mr. Wilson. What we need is such a man as Brand Whitlock, minister plenipotentiary to Belgium.

Mr. Whitlock is a thorough American. He is a better campaigner than Tom L. Johnson, from whom he learned the tricks of politics. And he is able to handle the largest problems of the hotbed of European warfare. He deserves the greatest gift that his people and his party can bestow upon him by reason of his work in the government service in Belgium. Alone and single-handed, he saved the city of Brussels from the fate of Louvain. He has been a "Golden Rule minister," as he was a "Golden Rule mayor" of Toledo. J. B. COTTINGHAM.

The United States of Europe.

Victor Hugo in his presidential address at the peace congress in 1849, prophesied as follows:

"A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you nations of the continent—shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, blend in a higher unity and form a European fraternity, even as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, all the French provinces, have blended into France.

"A day will come when war shall seem as absurd and impossible between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots by the universal suffrage of the people, by the sacred arbitrament of a great soverign senate, which shall be to Europe what the parliament is to England, what the diet is to Germany, what the legislative assembly is to France.

"A day will come when a cannon ball shall be exhibited in our museums as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such things could be. A day will come when shall be seen those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius—clearing the earth, colonizing deserts, and ameliorating creation, under the eye of the Creator."

Panama-Pacific's Fire Record.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

The total loss from fires within the Panama-Pacific exposition grounds, both during its construction and opetation, was $250, according to a report b yChief Engineer Thomas R. Murphy, of the fire department. In view of the exposed condition of the site and the nature of the structures—a temporary city of 442 buildings all of frame construction, with the exception of two—covering a space of 635 acres, Murphy says this is not only remarkable, but highly creditable to the fire department and the fire prevention methods adopted. There were 44 alarms of fire to which the exposition companies responded while the fair was under construction and prior to its formal opening. Sixty-two alarms were responded to within the grounds and four outside during its progress, and seven alarms since its close, making a total of 117 alarms answered. Murphy's report says in part:

"The fire-fighting force consisted of three engine companies, two truck companies, one chemical company and one flying squadron, all motor-propelled, and consisting in all of 90 men, when operated with the full equipment, and but 80 men at the time of the termination of the exposition."

At the Chicago exposition the loss from fire was $478,000; at St. Louis, $100,000, while at San Francisco $250 represented the total damage. Both eastern exposition operated for only six months while the Panama-Pacific extended over nine and one half months.

The City Flag Fad.

From the New York Evening Post.

In Boston there is a revival of the movement to adopt a municipal flag. This is a reminder of how easily we weary in well doing. Some keen-eyed person points out to us that our city has no flag. Promptly we rally to supply the lack. The indifference of the many is overcome by the simple process of sticking a petition under their noses for them to sign, which they do automatically. Now and then we hear that other cities are waking up to their neglect, and adopting flags, and our hearts glow at the rapid spread of the new patriotism. Then some cold-blooded statistician runs out of work and begins a count of the cities which have flags. As a result, we are startled to read that only 31 cities of over 30,000 inhabitants have fulfilled this elementary requirement of self-government. One's heart sinks at the thought of the effort that would be necessary to bring the other 150 into line. It sinks further when one reads that these flags have usually come into being in consequence of some unique call upon the civic conscience, as when Kansas City was lifted off her feet by the building of the new Union station. In Germany, we suppose, a city which delayed in adopting a flag would receive one by parcel post from Berlin.

On The Journal's Achievements.

From the Vancouver (Wash.) Sun.

The Oregon Daily Journal last Friday was 14 years old. In that time it has made a rare record in its enterprise, growth and accomplishments. It's a people's paper and the support it has received indicates that it is appreciated by the people whom it seeks to serve. When, after four months' existence, C. S. Jackson took the paper, a man got behind it—a man of vision, action, character and judgment. He crashed into a monopolized newspaper field, went on his merits and made good. The Sun editor read the first issues of The Journal and more or less has been a reader of the paper ever since. Because therefore of its service and what it stands for, we bespeak for The Journal a still greater field of usefulness and success.

Handing It to Russia.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Any nation that can produce a Russian ballet with one hand and take Erzerum with the other is a considerable agglomeration.

To Keep Prosperity.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Another way to keep prosperity is to scatter it around where it will have a chance to grow up with the country.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

News from Mexico indicates that the "hot trail" is getting hotter.

The man who has his rod and reel handy for an early start tomorrow is envied by his fellow men.

A Portland plumber was actually caught speeding up—but he was in an automobile, not on a repair job.

In writing about popular fiction, why don't the book reviewers mention seed catalogues and poultry journals?

Those Multopor clue speakers would have been more convincing had they been willing to concede facts that are of record.

In spite of censorship on the Mexican border, there is some consolation in the fact that we are not getting the news "via London."

Up to the present time, the presidential lightning hasn't hit Justice Hughes hard enough to warrant calling out the fire department.

They are saying in Germany, also, that President Wilson is certain to be defeated next fall. But the American people will do the voting, and votes are what count.

An army surgeon says a man need not fear age so long as his xiphoid cartilage is elastic. That's nothing new. Everybody knows a man is as young as he feels.

The federal bureau of fisheries proposes a fish pond for each farm. It seems as though some of those officials in Washington are doing their utmost to make the discontented city man more discontented.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Of the 54 pupils of the schools at Bend who have signed up to handle garden work this year about one third are girls, who will be particularly active in canning fruits and vegetables.

The invitation originating with the Hermiston Commercial club, the towns of Pendleton, Echo, Stanfield and Umatilla are asked to cooperate with Hermiston in getting out a county booklet on the subject of alfalfa.

Eugene is making plans for the entertainment of over 1000 members of the G. A. R., Spanish war veterans, W. R. C. and the Ladies of the G. A. R. who are expected in June to attend the four-fold annual encampment.

"The Umatilla county library," says the Pendleton East Oregonian, "is adding new books at the rate of 3000 per annum and during the past year the book circulation through the local and branch libraries amounted to 37,000 volumes."

The disbanding of the Klamath Falls volunteer fire department releases members most of whom have served seven years, and of whom two, C. T. Oliver and Ed. Wakefield, have been in service 14 and 11 years respectively. The city council will make new provision for fire fighting.

The big derrick for the hoisting of the steel and heavy machinery into place in the sugar factory buildings at Grants Pass has arrived from the east. It was specially ordered for this job, and the Courier predicts that "with the success of the sugar industry here it will no doubt be maintained in southern Oregon for use in building other factories."

ARREDONDO, THE MEXICAN DIPLOMAT

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Mexico hasn't a full-fledged Ambassador to the United States any more than she has a government de jure in her own country, but she has in Eliseo Arredondo a representative of statesmanlike qualities, whose service to his homeland must be reckoned in superlative terms. It is hardly too much to say that Arredondo is the man, above all others, who has made it possible for the United States to deal diplomatically with Carranza. That the well known stubbornness and refractoriness of the first chief have not led to worse difficulties in our relations with Mexico is due in some part, at least, to the tactfulness and good sense of Arredondo. He takes a broader view of things in general than Carranza, and that fact explains a great deal. Secretary Lansing and Counsellor Polk find in him a man with whom they can talk on common ground. Reports from Washington indicate that Arredondo's suggestion of a protocol is looked upon as likely to produce important and far-reaching results favorable both to Mexico and to the United States. In short, the conduct of the ambassador designate has all along been of such a character as to promote the best interests both of the Carranza government and of the Mexican nation itself.

He deserves much credit, not only for the substance of his work, but for the manner in which he has borne himself. He may be no giant of diplomacy and staecraft, but that isn't so significant just now as his undoubted patriotism and his broad-minded attitude toward the problems confronting the two countries. The ambassadorship to the United States, of course, is the chief diplomatic mission with which a Mexican can be entrusted. This is obvious from every standpoint.

With the exchange of ambassadors, the formalities of extending recognition to the Carranza government were completed. A Pennsylvanian, Henry P. Fletcher, was appointed ambassador to Mexico by President Wilson. Mr. Fletcher carried with him to his new constructive tasks the good will of all Latin America. For five years he has been ambassador to Chili. Before that he saw service in China and elsewhere. His work in the far east and South America has been constructive work, work which has promoted international friendliness, confidence, cooperation. He has risen through all the diplomatic ranks to the highest of all.

In the view of his friends and well wishers, the Chilians, he goes to Mexico in the name of good Pan-American order and community of interest. El Mercurio, of Santiago, in an article on the Monroe doctrine as understood by Chile, quoted from an address delivered by the American ambassador, seeing in it a spirit worthy of approval and emulation and an attitude on the part of the United States that commends itself to the Latin-American world:

"It would be well to recall the words spoken by the Ambassador, Mr. Fletcher, at one of the largest manifestations ever accorded to a foreigner in Santiago, Chili. The ambassador said on that occasion:

"'Let us remember the visions of our ancestors who laid the foundations of these republics in the new world, and in their spirit let us dedicate ourselves to the fulfillment of the great destiny they dreamed of and which it lies within our power to realize. I do not say these things in criticism of the warring nations. They are the best and only judges of their own interests. But we also have the right to consider our own interests and to mark out the course we shall follow, even if it should prove a different one from theirs. I personally hope that it will be a different one and that we Americans may be allowed, under God, to work out our destiny in peace and harmony and mutual good will and tolerance. These are not empty words. The best minds in all our countries are bent on finding practical means of attaining this great end of peace, and I firmly believe that ways and means will be found.'"

Senor Arredondo had been designated as ambassador to this country before the appointment of Mr. Fletcher. Since the overthrow of Huerta he had been living at the Mexican embassy in Washington as the confidential agent of Carranza. At that time, before the break between Carranza and Villa, the Carranza representatives in this country took over the building. Arredondo, as confidential agent, was in better grace at the state department than any of the other representatives of Mexican factions in Washington, either before or since the break. In fact, he was very well liked by official Washington and his appointment as ambassador was received with pleasure. The appointment was not a surprise. It was he who engineered the negotiations for General Carranza which led to recognition by the United States and the other powers. It was to him that the letters of recognition were presented.

Carranza has unbounded confidence in the capacities and abilities of Arredondo. Not only that, but this confidence is shared by Secretary Lansing and by Washington officials and diplomats generally. Arredondo is a Mexican first, but he shows an understanding of foreign viewpoints. He is open-minded to the claims of other countries than his own. He is enthusiastically devoted to the task of bringing Mexico once more into the Pan-American family with a stable government and a reconstructed economic life. He believes that the moral support of outsiders is necessary to rehabilitation. Against those who have fought against Carranza he harbors no grudge and he wishes to see them take their parts as good citizens in the rebuilding of the nation. He has hope and faith, yet he knows the difficulties ahead.

Arredondo's career has been a civil, not military life. He is a lawyer and a scholar. Coming from Carranza's own state, Coahuila, he has been intimately associated with the first chief for years. He is, moreover, a cousin of Carranza. But he himself has taken no part in factional conspiracies and strife, except in nonmilitary capacities. After graduating from the Institute of the "Fuentes Atheneum," at Saltillo, he opened a law office. In the succeeding years he served as judge of various Mexican courts. After the Madero revolution he was appointed secretary of state of Coahuila. After the usurpation of Huerta he was entrusted with important missions by General Carranza, who finally sent him to Washington.

The ambassador designate is a quiet, unassuming man of medium height, with the olive skin of northern Mexico, black hair and thick mustache. He is quick-witted, sympathetic, discreet, shrewd, honest-minded, energetic, genial. His wife was born in Mexico of French parents. Their children—three sons, aged 15, nine and seven years—are being educated in St. John's college at Washington. He himself is diligently applying himself to perfecting his knowledge of English. He approaches every task in a thorough, businesslike way, and Washington ungrudgingly proclaims him a real, sure enough diplomat of the modern stamp.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

THERE isn't any reason—that I can see — why I shouldn't own right up—that I always celebrate April Fool's Day.

¶ And if I don't do it April 1—I do some other day during the year.

¶ Eve Johnson—the w. k. umbrella fancier—says I'm a nut—anyway.

¶ And so I might as well admit—that I've kicked hats with bricks in them.

—both actually—and figuratively.

¶ And if I didn't do something foolish—every little while — I'd think there was something the matter.

—because there's something wrong—I always feel—with a perfectly safe and sane person.

¶ And inasmuch as I believe—firmly—that April Fool's Day is—actually if not legally—our great national holiday—I have a few suggestions to offer—for little April Fool jokes.

¶ For instance—the esteemed city commissioners might surprise the people of Portland.

—by finding that 1000 cords of wood.

—that's lost—strayed—or stolen.

¶ Or they might surprise the people—some more—by dropping their personal jealousies.

—and quitting their petty politics—trying to put each other in a hole—

—and all settle down — without wasting any of that $5000 a year time—to work for the general good of Portland.

—without thinking whether they are going to be re-elected—or not.

¶ Of course—that would be some surprise.

—but perhaps the people could survive it.

¶ And as for us—the people—all of us—

—we might surprise each other—and ourselves—by depending less—on electing politicians to office.

—and more on ourselves.

¶ And to put the city — or the state—or nation—in order—we might begin with our own dooryards.

—or perhaps our own hearts would be better.

¶ And as for the world—surely it's no harm—on the first of April—to settle world problems:

¶ The world might fool itself—very agreeably—by abandoning the lies it has worshipped so long.

—and that have made Europe—highly civilized Europe— a place of misery and murder.

¶ And one of these lies—of course—would be the lie—that one nation can profit at the expense of another.

—that one people can become wealthy—by barring out the things they need.

—by erecting tariff walls against the products of another people's labor.

¶ —And another lie—that the world might renounce—as a sort of April Fool joke on the devil—is that the possession of power makes happiness.

—or that strong navies—and enormous armies—mean security.

¶ And of course—all that's the matter with the world—or Europe—is their folly.

—their belief in lies.

¶ And all that one needs is a little faith—to know that there's plenty of room—in the world—for everybody.

¶ And that all the world needs is freedom.

—and by freedom—I mean intelligent freedom.

¶ And I believe that we are all vitally interested—in any struggle for freedom—any place on the earth—because—

¶ LISTEN—There must be freedom for all—every place—or there is freedom for none—any place.

UPON BEING DEAF.

So quiet you could hear a pin fall,
Could you but hear at all.
Always so quiet . . . .
To have heard your last sound.

You see the head nod, the lips move,
The smile comes and goes—
But all is quiet—
Your ears lie in the grave.

Quiet, without sound,
The Voice within cries out,
Singing of a deathless sound
That someday you shall hear.

A wall of silence now
Between you and those you love—
The bird's bill twitters,
But the sound to you is dead.

The wind blows,
But speaks no more to you.
The lightning flashes,
But the thunder answers not.

People speak, and look at you—
Even those you love—and you stare,
Stars that your eyes may hear—
And your heart beats, beats, beats.

And life trudges, starts, and leaps ahead—
For life is more than sound.
The flowers, the sun, the soundless life,
Is now the life that you must lean upon.

And in your groping
You may touch a hand that understands;
No sound is needed there—
The greatest love is in the silence.
—Julian P. Scott.

Harry Clark met with an accident last week while riding a colt. It fell with him and one foot was caught under the colt and bruised considerable, and Harry is now a solo player while the bruises disappear.—Downey Pioneer Sun.

Stories of Street and Town

"This Is Not "Failure."

HE came in at just the right time. The Street and Town reporter was "up" and the little, white haired man in soft black fedora hat and black Inverness cape stood undecidedly in the middle of the floor. He had come in to see the managing editor.

With a presentment that the old man had a story and a delightful one, the reporter asked if he might help. In a soft voice, a little colored by an Irish brogue, the answer came in the negative, but the humor unmistakably shining in the blue eyes and the soothing influence of the personality came as a welcome finis to a day's speeding up in the city room.

James Brady was a railroad man for over 20 years in Portland and eastern Oregon before he went on a small farm out on the Cornell road. He says that a railroad man makes a failure as a farmer, and points himself out as an example.

James Brady may not be able to raise huge crops on his little farm, but if he succeeds very often in bringing as much sunshine into the world as he brought to a certain reporter he talked to a few days ago, he decidedly is not a failure.

If James Brady is a failure, then the day dreams of the Street and Town reporter are illusions. The reporter is convinced of neither.

A Real Army.

HOW we envy the Y. M. C. A. in its membership contest! With Will Woodward for general, Ted Wallein for colonel, and Chet Hogue for captain, the Street and Town reporter would just as soon start tomorrow and really invade Mexico.