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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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

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

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it.
—Thomas Jefferson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

THERE is no larger political figure in American history than Thomas Jefferson, whose birthday anniversary occurs today.

Jefferson was Abraham Lincoln's inspiration. He is undoubtedly Woodrow Wilson's inspiration.

In a speech in 1859, Lincoln said, "It is no child's play to preserve the principles of Jefferson from overthrow in this country."

In an address in the city of Washington in 1862, Lincoln said:

I have never had a political inspiration that I did not get from the Declaration of Independence written by Thomas Jefferson, the great champion of popular government.

Jefferson's was a master mind. No statesman of any time peered so far and so understandingly into the future. No statesman of any time more clearly understood governments and peoples, and the forces and perils that environ nations. No man of any time did so much to establish plain people in the exercise of the power of self government.

It is not alone on his authorship of the Declaration of Independence or his eight years in the presidency that his great fame rests. He was the first statesman in America to propose gradual emancipation of the slaves. As early as 1769, he proposed legislation in the Virginia House of Burgesses permitting masters to free slaves without requiring the slaves to leave the state. From 1776 to 1779, he advocated gradual emancipation of the slaves.

He secured passage by a legislative body of the first law in Christendom to guarantee liberty of conscience. He was the original proponent of a system of public education. His bill in the Virginia house for free elementary schools was the foundation of the free school system of America. The public schools of America owe it to Jefferson to becomingly observe the recurring anniversary of his birth.

After the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson resigned from the Continental Congress and hastened to Virginia to begin in that state the construction of a commonwealth on the lines which he thought best suited to free government. In the Virginia house, he proposed his program, as follows:

1.—The abolishment of the system of entail.
2.—Abolition of primogeniture and the unequal division of inheritances.
3.—Guarantee of freedom of conscience and relief of the people from supporting an established church by taxation.
4.—Establishment of a system of general education.

It was probably the extraordinary foresight of Jefferson in 1787 that saved this nation from dismemberment 75 years later. He led the fight for the Ordinance of 1787 which made free soil of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, a measure often held to have thrown those states on the side of union in the Civil war.

For the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.—Thomas Jefferson in Declaration of Independence.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' sudden death diminishes the world's stock of innocent pleasure. He was a lively and entertaining writer, well educated, conversant with human nature in its more adventurous moods and not devoid of sympathy with the wronged and suffering. His first popular story was "Gallagher," which turns upon the romance of the newspaper life. His later books handle all sorts of themes and usually amuse, if they do not instruct.

In his private character Davis was addicted to romance. His trip across the Atlantic years ago to carry a letter to his betrothed bride was characteristic of him. It may be that he somewhat overestimated his importance in worldwide affairs. His sullen retirement from the front in Europe, when he could not have his own way, might be so interpreted.

Davis' literary works belong to their own day and not to the future. All that he did is emphemeral. It paid him well in money and transient fame, but in a few years it will be forgotten.

The wage increases in cotton and woolen mills in New England and New York place the workers "on the highest basis in the history of the textile industry," says a news dispatch. Ten per cent advances already made affect over 30,000 operatives, and the increases are to extend to many other mills. The dinner pails were never so full.

THOSE TEARS

THE Oregonian is worrying itself sick because it says "the Democratic party of Oregon through its accredited officers" or public men or popular clubs has not "aligned itself behind Senator Chamberlain in his fight for national preparedness." Its grief is as uncontrollable as a Montavilla delegation headed by Dr. Deveny before the Portland city council.

By way of friendly counsel as from one neighbor to another, it may be suggested that the Oregonian, at this time, can no more awaken thrills in these "accredited officers and popular clubs" than in a bale of alfalfa.

They are an untemperamental lot, and these are prohibition times. It is extremely difficult to excite the unterrified to a high pitch of enthusiasm for national preparedness on either the Oregonian's blandishments or Loganberry juice.

Besides, they are practical men and wisely reason that what's the use of throwing up their hats over Senator Chamberlain's good work when the Oregonian is doing such a good job of it.

With great discretion they are keeping their Chamberlain powder dry until an election time when the Oregonian will be accusing the senator of most of the crimes on the calendar.

State Superintendent Churchill is an active worker in the effort to get a seventeen-million-dollar increase in the Oregon school fund by having grant land money used for that fund, instead of being spent on reclamation projects in other states. A state superintendent never devoted his endeavors to a better cause.

STRAWS

THE Chicago presidential primaries seem like another straw vote. The Wilson vote of 79,398 was greater than that of the total vote cast for all Republican candidates.

Sherman received 63,823, Roosevelt 11,620, Hughes 950, Root 198 and Thompson two. The Republican primaries were warmly contested, and the fact that the combined vote is several thousand short of the Wilson vote evidences widespread Wilson popularity.

A similar condition appeared in the vote in Milwaukee county, Wisconsin, where Wilson received nearly 10,000 more votes than the total polled by him and Champ Clark in the primaries of 1912.

The same pronounced sentiment for the president has been unvaryingly presented in straw votes in every part of the country. The fact that the president has given the people the legislation for which they long clamored, the fact that the nation is more prosperous than at any time in history, and the final tremendous fact that Wilson has saved the nation from Europe's agony have deeply impressed the citizenship of the country without regard to party.

The one issue in the grant land fight is whether the money is to be spent mostly in Oregon or largely in other states. On the one side are railroad and the reclamationists in other states, and on the other Oregon roads and Oregon schools. There are no other parties in the controversy.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE

THERE is a river flowing from the mountain above Ashland down through the city. It is a clear, cold river, pleasant to look upon and still more pleasant for its utility. Ashland's river contains a world of delight and comfort for the town. It is not only good to drink but it is replete with power. There is power enough in it to light and warm the entire community.

Ashland might have turned her beautiful river over to a corporation to exploit. If she had done so the people could have obtained electric light and other comforts by paying high prices for them, prices as high as the corporation chose to fix. This is the usual American way. It is strictly constitutional, approved by all good standpatters.

But Ashland chose a better way. The town kept the river and its immense power in her own possession and installed a municipal light and power plant in order to serve her citizens at the cost of production, or something near it.

Ashland has long had one of the most lovely parks in the world. Now she has so great a flood of electric light that there is talk of giving the citizens lower rates and ampler service.

The town has one of the most charming situations in the world. Her climate is incomparable. Her soil produces fruit so exquisite that he who tastes it never wants any other kind. And, better than all the rest, Ashland has an intelligent and courageous public spirit.

Such a town is a good place to live in. The park, the peaches and the electric lights may be unconstitutional and un-American, but they are delightful to the soul and they make the citizens happy.

Governor Withycombe's brief supporting the Beaver River Power company of Salt Lake in its fight to grab power sites in Utah over the claims of the United States has reached Washington. But he has filed no brief at Washington in behalf of the Oregon school fund and Oregon roads.

MILL OWNER AND CHILD

DEFEAT in congress of the Child Labor Bill, a high protective tariff, and the legalization of combinations to control foreign trade were the triplet demanded by the American Cotton Manufacturers' association in session at Atlanta.

What a trio to exalt—child labor, high tariff and legalized combinations! Why did the mill owners not resolute in favor of burglary and abduction?

Child labor tears the little one away from school and ties it to a machine, makes it a cog, chains its little body to the wheels, coins its life into dividends for the master men.

What fit company for a high tariff? For a generation, the cotton manufacturers were allowed to write the cotton schedules in return for campaign contributions, and their profits, as a result, ran to enormous proportions.

And why shouldn't the profits have been big, with the mill owners writing their own "high tariffs"—the tariffs which, along with child labor, they want restored?

Having thus demanded the right to exploit the child and take rightful earnings from the grown-up by tariffs and combinations, why do not the cotton manufacturers advocate the licensing of the highwayman, the housebreaker and the bunco steerer?

"There is a new Roosevelt," says Chancellor Day of Syracuse university in announcing his support of the colonel after rabid opposition to him in 1912. If the colonel is really a "new" colonel, it might be well for those who battled with him at Armageddon in 1912 to investigate.

TEACHING PATRIOTISM

THE other day a little negro schoolboy at Des Moines refused to "salute the flag." The lad's father was conscientiously opposed to war and its symbols and had taught his son the same faith. The child was sentenced to the state reform school for his refusal. How he will love the flag when he comes out. How he and his father will thrill with patriotism.

The way to make citizens love their country is, naturally, to thwack them on the head with policemen's clubs, send them to jail for daring to speak their minds, imprison and fine them for acting upon their conscientious beliefs.

Starvation wages are also an excellent stimulus to love of country. Nothing makes a man fight so bravely for his government as the feeling that it has never done a thing to promote his welfare or increase his happiness. Once we Americans were taught to praise people for obeying their consciences, now we punish them for it.

The little colored boy could have well afforded to salute the flag. It is a flag of peace in the Woodrow Wilson presidency. It is an emblem of justice and humanity in this four-year period of American life.

It is the men who would make it the emblem of war that the colored child had reason to doubt.

The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor is the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.—Thomas Jefferson in inaugural address March 4, 1801.

TRUE TO TYPE

THE Georgia Manufacturers' association has memorialized the United States senate against the Keating-Owen child labor bill. This bill, if passed, would exclude from interstate commerce certain products of child labor manufactured under inhuman conditions. The Georgia Manufacturers' association protest against it since it would, as they fear, cut down their receipts of blood money from the destruction of little children.

The Georgia Manufacturers' association is composed of rich men who are clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. Their own children do not work in mills. They do not work anywhere. They dwell in gilded palaces with nurses and servants to look after them. Their days are passed in happy sports or elevating studies. Their hands are never soiled by labor. And all this is extorted for these fortunate and happy children from the blood of unhappy and unfortunate children who slave in their fathers' mills.

Why should some of the children of the United States toil in hopeless misery to pile up wealth for other children to luxuriate upon? Why should not all our children have equal opportunities to develop themselves and become worthy citizens? The Keating-Owen bill would mitigate the sad lot of the little white slave children in Georgia. The rich manufacturers oppose it because they are loath to give up their evil profits.

In the same way a former generation of southern slave-owners opposed the emancipation of the negroes. But there is a difference. The Georgia mill owners are not, for the most part, southerners. They are Boston and New York millionaires whose families loll in splendor upon the spoils of the children of the south. They are the same class of men who oppose Brandeis for the supreme court and fight the La Follette seamen's act. "And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you; whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not and their damnation slumbereth not."

Danish steamship companies earned $27,000,000 last year against $5,000,000 annually before the war. The American consul-general reports 150 new millionaires in that country.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[Appeal of universal scope is made in No. 106 of the "Nothing the Matter With Portland" series. All mankind is fond of candy, and the better it is, the fonder. A success achieved in Portland by a family of workers in the short period of 18 months is recorded today. Appended is the story of a new establishment that undertakes a new and a better way of welding metals and which does remarkable things in that line.]

THIS is the story of a family that engaged in the manufacture of high class confectionery products in Portland at a time when general business was on the decline, and against formidable competition, yet have made good.

Henry Ross, an experienced manufacturer of sweets, had been superintendent of the confectionery department of the National Biscuit company in Chicago for many years. He had had 35 years' experience in this work, and his sons, H. C. and W. A., had grown up in it. His daughter had attended a business college and became a stenographer and bookkeeper.

Eighteen months ago the Ross family decided to engage in confectionery manufacturing on their own account in this city, the men to work in the factory and Miss May Ross to attend to the affairs of the office.

They rented the building at 91 Union avenue, 75x100 feet in size, and two stories. H. C. Ross had 18 years' experience and his brother eight.

SPECIALIZED ON CHOCOLATES.

From the beginning the workers specialized on chocolates, in several instances creating new varieties and shapes which found immediate favor. One, especially, named the Marischino, resembling a French production, is still in great favor. It is stuffed with toothsome flavors, including a Maraschino cherry. In a few days these ingredients become liquefied and wonderfully palatable. No one explains the process of the change, but all agree that they are most seductive. Sales of this confection are very large, as also of one that is its twin, except the melted center.

"There are 40 to 50 varieties of chocolates made at our factory," W. A. Ross, now largely an outside man, explained, "and we aim to make each a fascinating dainty. We have two regular salesmen on the street and road, who make the towns of Oregon and part of the state of Washington. This is the only field we cover, and in it our sales will average about $4000 a month and are constantly growing. Our increase for the last six months over the preceding six has been more than 50 per cent, and the outlook for the future is certainly fine.

"There practically is no end to the varieties of confections possible to produce. It all depends upon the genius of the manufacturer and his assistants. A change in flavor creates a variety. A change in shape will do likewise. I have known a variety of candy to well nigh die out. There would be little sale for it and dealers would be on the verge of discarding it, when a change of shape would almost instantly revive its popularity. It would be the same confection but had a changed appearance, therefore would attract attention and be bought and consumed by those who would not touch it in its original shape.

CATER TO HIGH CLASS TRADE.

"We are catering to high class trade. We deserve and get it, too. You have seen the interior of our factory. Doubtless you have noticed its sanitary condition. We buy the finest chocolate to be had. We are not in the market for the cheaper grades.

"We make a whipped cream chocolate confection exceedingly enticing. It is a delight to the palate, and, like our Maraschino, is wonderfully popular. The demand for thest two particular styles is growing by leaps and bounds.

"Oh, yes, we make cheaper and more common grades of sugar candies, but all are without adulterants or unhealthy contents. We sell the striped stick variety so attractive to children's eyes as well as their palates, but in no case do we have anything to do with the kinds which would not bear the strictest scrutiny of the pure food experts.

"Our payroll runs about $1500 a month. We have hopes that next year it may be many times this amount."

The Rosses make it a point to meet their customers and cultivate their friendship, and, having secured their favor, to merit its continuance by square dealing. The senior Mr. Ross, now 63, while he has general supervision over the business, is not required to labor very diligently any more. Having set the pace for his sons and daughter, those now encourage him to take life easy.

The Welding & Manufacturing Co.

"We're babes in the business," said John Jaunsch, the "practical" man of the Welding & Manufacturing company, 354 East Burnside, when asked how long his industry had been in existence.

"And we'll score a hundred if you'll give us a eugenic test," put in Samuel G. Lawson, the "business end" of the concern.

And sotto voce each declared:

"We're not the biggest manufacturing concern in Portland—now. We will be some day. We fancy a works covering an acre or more and 1000 industrious fellows toiling every day, giving to Portland that which belongs to her of right, towit, home made pressure tanks without a rivet, stronger and better than the riveted kind. We'll prepare for the community an institution in which anything made of steel or of iron or of copper, brass, zinc or any other substance to which welding may be applied, may be so joined together that in appearance and strength it will appear as a single piece, not two united as one.

"Would a tank not riveted be strong as the riveted kind?" the gentlemen was asked.

CRACKS THE MOSSBACK.

"There you go. You would better wake up! There are hundreds like you. It's curious how prone we are to cling to old ideas and moss covered traditions. If there were two high pressure tanks before you, one with rivets an inch apart and the other's rivets a foot apart, which, in your opinion, would endure the greatest stress?"

"That one closely riveted," the newspaper man humbly ventured.

"Certainly," was the rejoinder. "And if the iron were riveted together so there were no intervening space between the ties which bound it, wouldn't it be stronger still?"

"The rivets would require so many holes they would weaken the iron, wouldn't they?" the interrogated one replied.

"Of course they would, but if welded together the whole length of the seam, so solidly that the iron would burst anywhere as readily as at the weld, it could not be made stronger. And yet there are those who cannot understand this. Because riveting has been the custom almost since the discovery of iron, it must be the real thing. Some minds can not believe it would be possible to improve on this system. They know the blacksmith welds rods of iron together. They know he welds toe calks on horseshoes, and that work animals bring great pressure on these, but when it comes to welding sheets of steel used for pressure tanks they will shake their heads in doubt of its efficacy.

SURMOUNTING THE OBSTACLE.

"But we are surmounting this obstacle of doubt. Light is shining into the minds of thoughtful ones, and they are beginning to see with their brains. In time our oxy-acetylene method of joining together iron and steel will be the only one practiced where particular and substantial work is required. See this automobile cylinder? There is no other way on earth by which this could be repaired except by our system. We have made it as good as new, at a tenth of the cost of a new one. There is a large tank out in the country which we have been called upon to repair. We'll just pack up our kit, load it on our runabout, go out to the tank and make it perfect as it was at the beginning. The big tank need not be brought to us. We will go to it. Isn't this a long march ahead of the old system?

"Here is another thing we do. Bits used in steel turning lathes will run from three to four inches in length, and they cost from $4 to $4.50 a pound. Heretofore when worn down to one or one and a half inches they have been thrown away. We can weld iron extensions on them so they can be all used, or worn to the quick, and no loss entailed. This will effect a great saving to every machine shop in the city. And there are hundreds of other things as beneficial and important which we can do.

"Isn't our small concern, then, of value to Portland, And as you are taking note of these infants, we are thanking you right now for any attention you may give to ours."

And Mr. Jaunsch, his foretop singed to a perfect light brown by a blaze he had encountered, turned to his work. It was a difficult piece of welding he was doing.

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.

In Criticism of Judge Jones.

Sifton, Wash., April 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read the article in your issue of April 10, front page, column 5, under the headline, "You Dirty Pup."

This article was a source of pleasure to me, as I learned therefrom of the wonderful courage Judge Jones has absorbed since July 25, 1913. At that time he was a coward, afraid to do his duty, notwithstanding the fact that he was clothed with the cloak of protection that we rightly throw about our judges. At least he was a coward until such time as he had heaped upon me every unnecessary expense that his mind was capable of conjuring. On the above date I was duly arrested and brought before him charged with assault and battery, the real crime being the shaking off of a judge who attempted an assault upon my person because I twigged him over the reversal of one of his decisions rendered nearly a year prior.

Realizing that I did not have the time to fight the case, I decided to enter a plea of guilty. To which Judge Jones replied: "No, I will not accept a plea of guilty from any man who beat up a justice of the peace as you did the complaining witness. You will have to go to trial."

"I explained that since he had heard the complaining witness' side of the case perhaps he would listen to a short statement from me. "No, you will have an opportunity to present that at your trial," he said. "I will take no chance of accepting a plea of guilty from you and assessing the fine, because if you did not like the fine I assessed you would lay for me and beat me up as you did the complaining witness."

This forced me to hire an attorney. Having put me to all the expense possible, Judge Jones now accepted my plea of guilty, and assessed the fine.

The above is not written from memory but from notes written in the constable's office at the time, while waiting for the attorney through whom Judge Jones required that I speak.

R. A. POWER.

On Mr. Chalmers' Address.

Portland, April 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your issue of this date I read what I take to be a portion of a talk given to the people of Portland by Hugh Chalmers, on building up a state. The writer begs to differ with him in his assertions, having lived here over 18 years. He says, "Spirit makes a city."

No doubt spirit is a great factor, but money talks louder than show. I have lived in more than one town where the spirit was rife but the wherewith was lacking. Portland has the wherewith if the holders would make use of it. How many times have brass bands paraded the city, boosting? Have they done any material good to the city? There is generally a banquet at the end of it all, and the attendants get what benefit there is to it.

Again he says, "Spirit is more than factories."

Let some of the money-bags erect substantial factories and run them, so that hundreds—aye, thousands—of men who are now walking the streets in search of work might obtain steady employment at a fair living wage.

J. J. PYE.

Portland's School Board.

Newberg Or., April 10.—To the editor of The Journal—Please publish the names of the members of the Portland school board. SUBSCRIBER.

[M. G. Munley, chairman; J. V. Beach, O. M. Plummer, Dr. Alan Welch Smith and S. P. Lockwood]

Disappointment.

From the St. Louis Star.

"Big Bill Thompson" seems to have lost much of his vogue in Chicago. It is proof that Chicago has lost her taste for spoils politics. In recent years there has not been so marked an instance of the deflation of a political balloon as the public disappointment in Chicago with the caliber of the man elected only a year ago as a marvel of expected efficiency and political rectitude.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Preparedness includes several things—for instance, a sharp lawn mower.

Clean-up week is coming in due time, but it isn't at all necessary to wait for it.

If the price of shoes keeps on going up, some philanthropists should revive the barefoot fad.

Germany's nutcracker appears to be all right, the question being whether Verdun fits into it.

It's about time to quit worrying about people who neglect to worry about their unregistered selves.

Chemists claim to have invented a perfect substitute for meat. But it doesn't interest us. The vegetarians long ago made a similar claim.

Portland banks have decided to slice off one per cent from the interest rate on savings deposits, but the depositor can get even by increasing his deposits.

"A perfect human" would be an intolerable nuisance," says Justice Goff of New York. Well, there's no need of worrying about it for quite a spell.

Portland's schools will not close for the opening baseball game. Ask the first small boy you meet and see if he doesn't say he always gets the worst of it.

Horace Fletcher, food expert, says the feeding of troops is a matter of engineering—a problem very similar to the one a mother of small boys is expected to solve every day.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Statesman says that the number of idle men in Salem is growing less and less and that everybody will be busy soon.

In a plea for cluster lights the Baker Democrat points regretfully to a time when "Baker had the reputation of being the best lighted small city in the northwest."

A record in point of Commercial club applications at Grants Pass was made last Monday, when 18 new names were filed in one list. This has not been surpassed, as a single day's showing, for several years, the Courier says.

The formation of the Columbia military band in Astoria is now practically settled and regular Sunday concerts may be looked forward to if the public supports the 12 young men who compose the organization, the Budget says.

The Ashland Tidings reports the first auto tourist campers for 1916 arrived at Ashland last Friday and camped at the Lithia Park ground. They were people from the state of Washington, who had spent the winter touring California.

In view of the fact that one-third of the young women at the University of Oregon are helping to make their own expenses through college, the Register is proud to assert that "an institution of learning where opportunities for self-help on so large a scale are offered is an asset of tremendous importance to the state."

COMMENT OF THE PRESS OF OREGON

PENDLETON EAST OREGONIAN.—For more reasons than one it will be a fitting thing for Pendleton to cooperate heartily in selecting a young lady to represent this town or county at the Portland Rose Festival. The festival itself will justify such action because it is more than a Portland affair. Additional reason for some action on our part is furnished by the fact that Portland has been more than generous toward the Round-up. The Rose city has always been loyal and enthusiastic regarding our show. Portland newspapers, particularly The Journal, have given the Round-up publicity of inestimable value. It is only right that Pendleton should reciprocate and do so with cordiality and vim.

ASTORIA BUDGET.—Astoria will be the scene of more actual development work this summer than will any other city on the Pacific coast. Not only is the establishment of a large shipbuilding plant under way, but several other new industries are to be started, a vast amount of public improvements such as the building of permanent streets will be made and a number of new business blocks are to be erected. This means the beginning of a movement that will result in making Astoria one of the leading commercial and shipping ports in the northwest, provided we pave the way, and one of the most important things needed, so far as the city government is concerned, is the enactment of a building code and the establishment of fire limits. Astorians pay in unnecessary insurance premiums each 10 years a sufficient sum to replace all the shacks with modern structures.

EUGENE REGISTER.—People have let their faces grow a little unduly long and their attitude a little less brisk and businesslike than it should be. But now there are the best of reasons to believe that a new era is at hand. The lowest point of the period of depression was passed some time ago, and business is rapidly climbing the hill on the other side. The lumber industry, which is absolutely vital on the Pacific coast, is improving steadily, and prospects that all the mills will soon be running on full time are bright. Railroad earnings are increasing, and building permits are beginning to show a little activity. Here and there new real estate investments are being made, and in many other ways the business outlook is brightening.

MILTON EAGLE.—Milton is soon to have a handsome public library building, a thing long desired and worked for by some, by others thought impossible of attainment. When finished the library will not only be a credit and an added thing of beauty in the community but will stand for a higher standard of living and help the moral and civic betterment of the town and surrounding country. It was the members of the Woman's Improvement club that started the nucleus of a public library in Milton several years ago. Out of this organization came the first library board and it was the loyal women of the community who stood responsible for the expense of conducting the library during its first and most difficult months of existence. It was this same body that first started agitation for a Carnegie building. A $5000 edifice was then the hope of the most optimistic, but in reality that figure has been doubled.

BEND PRESS.—The desire for a complete census of Bend is expressed on every hand, and the Commercial club should take the matter in hand. With 20 or so volunteers for an afternoon the work could be done completely and well, and we would then be able to answer the eternal question of "What's your population?" with some degree of accuracy. One is somewhat chagrined, after he has told a stranger that the town has at least 3000 population, to have another resident speak up and say, "Aw, don't peddle so much hot-air! Tell him 'about 1700'". Let's have the question settled, and settled right.

HILLSBORO INDEPENDENT.—Reports of Hillsboro bankers of experiences during this year's tax paying are significant of improving financial conditions, for they show that whereas a year ago inroads were made in savings deposits this year taxes have been generally paid with other funds in hand and depositors have left their savings practically untouched. This indicates, they say, that new money is being received and put in circulation and that conditions that prevailed prior to the financial stringency are returning. One Hillsboro banker says that a year ago a large proportion of his savings depositors appeared during the tax-paying season and explained that withdrawals were for that purpose, but this year, while he knew that these same people had paid their taxes, it had not been necessary for them to draw upon their savings to do so.

BAKER DEMOCRAT.—With the timber lands of Baker county saved from loss by forest fire at a cost of about 2-3 of a cent an acre, there is every reason for the timber owners to be thankful that they organized for self-protection several years ago. At a cost of less than $4500 for three years, the loss has been held almost to nothing through cooperation between the fire protective association and the forest service.

GRANTS PASS COURIER.—There has set in toward this city a tide of immigration caused by the activities in railroad, mining, lumbering and beet farming industries, and during the summer months this tide must constantly grow in volume. The growing of beets has, of course, attracted the greater number of the families that are coming just at this moment. When active construction is again undertaken upon the railroad toward the coast, and the time is now distant by a matter of days only, so officials of the company state, there will be an immediate influx of people, greater than before. The resources of the community will no doubt be taxed to the limit to care for the newcomers, and every citizen should feel that it is up to him to aid in giving the new citizen a welcome.

ENTERPRISE RECORD CHIEFTAIN.—Reports of the efforts to divert more commerce to the Columbia river reach this county often in the daily newspapers, and are not wholly without local interest. At present they do not have a bearing on the county very directly, but they revive a deeply cherished hope, that of a railroad line from the uplands of Wallowa county to Lewiston. Such a line would put the county in touch with water freight rates, and that would mean a higher price for all the grain and stock shipped out, and lower rates on articles of commerce shipped in. Some day, perhaps, the hope will come to a realization, and it will bring mutual benefits to the Wallowa county plateau and to the lower lands of the Snake river.

LEBANON EXPRESS.—The people of Oregon are slowly awakening to the advantage to be derived from tourist travel, and in some parts of the state definite steps have been taken to contribute to the pleasure of the traveler. In Eugene an attractive camping ground is offered free to the automobilist on the Pacific highway, and Medford puts forth every effort to entertain. Lebanon is not on the main line of travel, but we should know the best way to reach our near places of interest, as well as the distance to points higher in the mountains. Sign posts are not expensive and they are sadly lacking in this vicinity. Let the Commercial club take the matter up with the out-of-town people, and working together they can accomplish much for the public good, and create a greater community spirit.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN.

Dear Rex: Do all the stories you tell in The Once Over really happen? Or do you just make them up? And do you write the letters that you print, yourself? —S. O. S.

OF COURSE—as is well known—this Haven of Happiness is open—to all kinds of questions.

¶ But really—it ought to be granted some privacy.

¶ Not that it has any secret formulae—or mysterious processes—for the manufacture of its munitions.

¶ No.

¶ All that is needed—as anyone can see—are a number of words.

—and a few dashes.

—and periods.

—and paragraph marks.

¶ And you just take these ingredients.

—and mix them up.

—and prance down the collum.

—like this—

—until you think you've said enough—

—or have made sure—that you aren't going to say anything.

¶ And then you say:

¶ LISTEN.

¶ And right after that—you try to sum up—in a few words—what you've said—or what you haven't.

¶ And then you haven't anything to do—until next day.

¶ And all you've got to do—is to write something like this—seven days a week.

¶ But it might appear—that I'm evading the questions—asked in the letter—at the top of the kollum.

¶ Not so.

¶ All I wanted—was to take advantage—of an opportunity—to explain my technique.

¶ And of course—that sounds artistic—technique does.

¶ And real artists—Carl Walters tells me—never explain.

—although I think some of them ought to apologize.

¶ And some of them say—that they don't try to paint things as they are.

¶ And it seems to me—that they're very successful.

¶ And about those questions—in the letter at the top:

¶ Of course—I'm going to answer them.

—but I keep thinking of things.

—and they remind me of other things.

—and here I am—more than two-thirds down to the LISTEN.

—and haven't said anything yet.

¶ And it reminds me—of a candidate for the legislature.

—telling how he is going to save the taxpayers money.

¶ But about those questions:

¶ They'd be perfectly easy to answer—if I could only get started.

—which—as we've all noticed—is the greatest obstacle—to any accomplishment.

¶ And so far as I'm concerned—I haven't enough time—to get ready—to get started—to do what I want to do.

¶ And the esteemed city editor—has often called my attention—reluctantly—to this failing.

—which—he says—is almost fatal to efficiency.

¶ And this is cheering.

¶ But about those questions:

¶ As anyone can see—I'd just as soon answer them—as not.

—if I could only get started.

¶ But I really don't need to answer them—because—

¶ LISTEN—Everybody is writing notes—to everybody else—and I wanted to write one.

—so I wrote one to myself.

Couldn't Pass the Bulwark.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"My friends," began the young pedagogue, addressing the teachers' institute, "the school work is the bulhouse of civilization. I mean—ah——"

He knew he was up against it. He made a fresh start.

"The bulhouse is the schoolwork of civ——"

Wrong again.

"The workhouse is the bulschool of——"

He was evidently twisted. He knew his audience was aware of the fact. There were visible and audible evidences.

"The schoolbul is the housework—"

Worse and worse.

"The bulschool——"

Wild pitches, one after another. Time to take a brace or vacate the slab. The speaker mopped his brow, gritted his teeth.

"The schoolhouse, my friends——"

A sigh of relief went up. Hamlet was himself again.

The orator gazed serenely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence appeared upon his erstwhile troubled countenance.

"The schoolhouse, my friends, is the woolbark——"

Then, so say they, he lost consciousness.

Stories of Street and Town

Followed Orders to the Letter.

A. P. DONAHUE, a timber cruiser, is an amateur photographer, but he knows more about taking pictures now than he did last Saturday. It cost him something to learn, and his experience provoked many laughs.

Here's the story:

Donahue thought he could secure better results in his work by taking pictures of some of the big trees while out in the woods. He purchased a camera and then went to see J. D. Brickley, the city's photographer, for information concerning photography. Donahue wanted to know the length of time for a proper exposure.

"In taking a picture of a tree on a day like this, one second is about right," Brickley told him.

Donahue left to take pictures. Yesterday he returned and Brickley helped him develop the pictures. The first was a clearcut picture of a big fir tree and the second was a dream in cubist art.

"What kind of an exposure did you give for the first picture?" asked Brickley.

"One second."

"What for this one?" asked Brickley holding up the plate on which a picture of all kinds of trees of all shapes and in all positions appeared.

"Ten seconds," was the prompt reply.

"Why 10 seconds?" asked the surprised Brickley.

"There were 10 trees and you told me to give a tree a second's exposure," explained Donahue.

"Sweet spirits of niter," sighed Brickley and he gave up hope of teaching Donahue any more about picture taking.