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America seeks nothing for herself but what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.
Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute.
Peace is rarely denied to the peaceful.
WILSON
WOODROW WILSON
CHARLES C. PINKNEY

was more than two to one. Wherever tried, commission government is preferred by the people because under that form they know exactly what is going on in their city government.

In these moments of stress over the German reply, it is comforting to recall that the Colonel said that, in "the event of war, my four sons will go, and one, perhaps both, my sons-in-law. I myself will go."

GENERAL HUGH SCOTT

The successful outcome of the negotiations between Mexican War Minister Obregon and General Hugh Scott again directs attention to the great powers of the American negotiator.

General Scott has been so successful in negotiating for the government with the American Indians that he has come to be known as the "Indian Medicine Man." He is a master of the Indian sign language which he uses with great effect.

Once he trailed a band of hostile Crows 500 miles in midwinter. When he finally overhauled them, the Crows prepared to fight. Scott insisted on talking to them first, and they surrendered. It was Scott who managed the bloodthirsty old warrior, Geronimo, when he was finally captured.

Almost more than the power of the military arm of his government, Scott's powers of parley and persuasion contributed to pacification of the Moros on the island of Jolo, Philippine Islands. When there were prospects of revolt, Scott had a habit of calling in the Moro chiefs to talk the matter over. On one occasion he took the Sultan of Sulu to Manila and to impress him with the powers of American civilization, showed him the bones of the Malay ruler's own hand from an X-Ray picture. Scott's management of this savage chieftain, notably his visit to America, did more than any other single event to make Malayan peace certain.

Even an angry Indian, surcharged with a hereditary hatred of the white man, will always listen to Scott. And Scott can always convince them, though he carries the marks of several bullets, and electrized slashes on his body as consequences of times he has had to fight when the redskins wouldn't talk, in earlier days.

The Apaches, whom he more than once conquered through his peculiar form of diplomacy, have a word for him which means "man who will not lie." The Moros of the Philippines, formally elected him "father of all the Moros," so great was their admiration.

It is not too much to say that General Scott is one of the best diplomats that ever drew government pay. Doubtless he came honestly by his powers in that field—his mother was a great granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and Hugh Scott is therefore, a direct descendant of the great diplomat of the American Revolution.

With nine of the 13 spans now in place on the Interstate bridge, Portland and Vancouver will soon be on closer terms than ever.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

WHEN the present administration reduced the tariff on wool the flockmasters of Oregon and other states made the most depressing prophecies. Wool was their life and wool was their lay. Fleeces were to become a drug on the market. Sheep were going down to nothing or less. The assault on Schedule K was to be the beginning and end of national ruin.

But things have not turned out quite so dimly for the shepherds as they apprehended. The other day 1000 prime young ewes were sold at Weiser, Idaho, for the neat sum of \$12,000, which is seen by a little ciphering to come to \$12 a head. And the current price for wool is 32 cents a pound with a prospect of more. This looks pretty well for a ruined industry.

An Idaho flockmaster is said to have remarked the other day that sheep would go up to twenty dollars a head if Wilson should be reelected. Of course all his shepherd brethren will unite to prevent such an appalling calamity.

It would be interesting to discover what Senator Warren of Wyoming thinks in his secret heart of the tariff law as it stands. He is obliged to talk against it for political consistency, but what does he really think about it? Senator Warren proudly calls himself the greatest shepherd since Abraham. The rise in the price of sheep and wool must have brought him in immense profits. Does he want to go back to Schedule K with its hungry pickings for the shepherds? He may say he does.

BANKS AND RURAL CREDITS

THE Eastern Oregon bankers at Baker City indorsed a national rural credits system. They oppose a state system.

Now that the Hollis Rural credits bill has passed the United States senate, all of the Eastern Oregon bankers can aid the passage of the bill through the house.

What better work could the bankers do than to throw their political influence in favor of a national rural credits system?

What class would benefit more than the country banker if the farmers were cheaply financed? Who would benefit more by fighting in favor of a progressive piece of legislation?

Let the bankers write to their congressmen.

We have the Mexican crisis, the German crisis, the price-of-gasoline crisis and the high-shoe crisis. But what crisis is as acute as when there is a tie in the ninth inning with a man on third and nobody out?

GASOLINE

THE east in its extremity has been urgently seeking a substitute for gasoline and now it has found one. The whole Atlantic coast sighs with relief. It is hilarious over its approaching emancipation from the tyranny of Standard Oil. Gasoline prices in that remote region are naturally higher than they are here in Oregon, near the heart of civilization. We are getting the precious fluid for nineteen or twenty cents a gallon. Our unhappy countrymen in the east are held up for 50 cents with a prospect of worse to come.

The new substitute for gasoline is said to be "a mysterious green fluid." A few drops of it poured into a pull of water turn it into an explosive fuel for engines. The process of turning water into gasoline has long been familiar both to dealers and users, but not quite in this pleasant way. The user has not as a rule found that his fuel was improved by the process, but this new discovery sails under less piratical colors. It comes as a friend, not a foe, to the unhappy automobilist.

The reader has probably marked that the magic fluid which transmuter water into gasoline, or something better, is "green" and his suspicions at once spring into activity. We are all painfully acquainted with "green goods schemes." Nor are they limited to the manipulation of the "long green." The field is very broad. Not many years ago a certain Keeley invented a motor which was to generate enormous power from pure cold water just as it flowed from the bubbling spring. Tons of good human faith and millions of money were sunk in the Keeley motor before the truth came out.

The green fluid which is to replace gasoline and dethrone old Standard Oil has been bought out by Hiram Maxim for \$2,000,000, if all tales are true. Mr. Maxim is a canny creature, not easily fooled. But the men who put their money into the Keeley motor were canny, too, and yet they were fooled. If stock in the new wonder should suddenly appear on the street for sale we advise readers to make sure that it will wash before investing.

A Maryland man reached for his whiskey in the dark and got hold of his hair tonic. Rather than take any more chances of the kind, he intends hereafter to let his bald head shine on and on.

SELLING AIR

THE laity understand pretty well what the word "land" signifies in lawyers' dialect. It means not only the surface of the ground but the depths down as far as the center of the earth and the air above up to the sky. Land thus defined might be divided into horizontal strata but it never has been up to a very recent date. The only way of dividing it was by surveys of the surface. The areas thus determined were supposed to extend up and down according to the rule we have mentioned.

found who contended that a man could not sell a part of his air. He must sell all of it or none. But the court thought otherwise. It held that the conveyance was valid. This raises interesting speculations. Of course anybody who breathes air to which he has not a deed is a trespasser. As soon as invention has progressed a little we may expect to see the air fenced in and proper rents exacted for its use. This notion of free air has always appeared disturbingly socialistic.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

A notable industry, already intimated in Portland but soon to be greatly expanded, is described in detail in No. 122 of the Journal's "Nothing the Matter with Portland" series. It is the coconut butter industry, as well as a number of other industries. The article contains information regarding a resource and an industry of which little is generally known with accuracy.

WITHIN a month, or possibly sooner, the wheels of the big Kaolia products factory, Twentieth and Roosevelt streets, will be turning, and soon thereafter Portland will be shipping coconut butter, kahoia, cocosine and kolina in all directions, away to the big trade centers of the east and to the British possessions to northward.

From this factory in Portland will radiate a stream of commercial transactions reaching out to the Orient—East India, Ceylon, Archipelago, our Philippine Islands—to the tropical countries generally—in one direction, and to millions of homes in our own land and that of our British neighbors in another.

There will be here a business magnet which will draw to it the ships of the ocean, laden with the freight of the tropics, and they will depart again burdened with the manufactures of this city, in the shape of the output of our sawmills or timbers of our forests.

COPRA IN GREAT QUANTITIES. It will require 500 tons of copra a month to keep it in operation, and probably 400 tons of this will be marketed in states east of the Rockies and in Canada. These 500 tons must come from beyond the seas, as coconuts are not grown in this country in limited quantities in Florida, and this will necessitate at least a ship per month to feed this one industry. If we had a dozen or twenty such the Oriental shipping problems of Portland would be effectually solved.

And best informed manufacturers say they could be obtained if only Portland capital would come to the aid of this industry. The little filling or icing between the wafers is composed wholly of powdered sugar and coconut butter, and is made in the same general way that icing for cake is made with butter and sugar. The best grades of candy are made of sugar, glucose and nuts. \$40,000, and it is all Portland money.

For this small investment this important adjunct to the city's many industries has been secured. Looking at it from a business standpoint, had the enterprise been financed by the profit itself it would have proved a profitable place in which to invest that much of the public funds, because it will be a most substantial unit in the commerce of the municipality. But with a commendable spirit of unity individuals supplied the means, thereby establishing a manufactory which, once it gets in full swing, will be doing a business of \$100,000 a month, and will have opened the gate to the exportation of millions of feet of the forest products of the state. The structure which will house the plant is 104x127 feet in size, and with adjoining buildings, will cover ground 17x218 feet. The ground floor of the new building is of solid concrete, with great pits necessary for the operation of the machinery and the handling of the copra. An incline leads to the second floor, where the copra will be received, and it has a storage capacity of probably 1000 tons. The material will descend from this floor to the factory, and will be automatically handled until it comes forth the finished product.

STARTED 11 YEARS AGO. The manufacture of kaolia in Portland was begun 11 years ago, but in a most limited way. Up to this time no copra has come to this city, the Portland concern buying its oil in San Francisco, and it may be said as a side remark, that the greater share of the profits of the business remained in the Golden state. This was, of course, to be expected, but the condition was never satisfactory to the management. Mr. Painton looked forward to the time when his enterprise would not be required to play second fiddle to anyone, and through his enterprise and faith in the business his ambitions will soon bear fruit.

San Francisco, however, never did more than extract the oil from the coconut. Coconut butter is made in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, but Portland is the only place in North America manufacturing kaolia, cocosine and kolina and butter top.

WHAT IS KAOLIA? Copra is the meat of the coconut and kaolia the oil of the nut refined and so treated as to render it pure and palatable for cooking purposes. When picked from the tree the coconut is halved and the heavy knives by the natives and left in the sun to dry. By the shrinking of the meat it is separated from the shell. This is then shipped to the United States and elsewhere as the commercial product of the coconut industry, and by the processes of the

factories converted into edibles, lubricants, medical ingredients, etc. In an article recently published in the Western Confectioner Mr. Painton, of the Portland plant, among other things said:

"I realize the strides which have been made in the past thirty years in the development and production of vegetable fats. 'Cocconuts' have been grown by the natives of tropical regions from time immemorial, the oil being used for all domestic needs, both as edible fat as well as an illuminating and lubricating substance. The world's production, some 50 years ago, amounted to a few thousand tons, but the increase had been so rapid that in 1910 the estimated amount had been 450,000 tons. Prior to the American occupation the exportation from Manila was some 6000 to 10,000 tons a year. This has increased until in 1912 there were 165,000 tons exported, and it is likely the amount is now as much as 200,000 tons. The extent of production appears to be limitless, as there are countless millions of acres of sandy beach land in that and other countries not fit for any other use than the growth of coconut trees; and since the consumption of coconut oils is becoming universal, vast additional groves are being planted to supply this demand.

"Chemically coconut oil is analyzed practically as butterfat, being built of seven glycerides, while butterfat is built up of nine. The only glycerides found in butterfat that are not contained in coconut oil are 'oleic' and 'butyric,' these two constituting the butter flavor, therefore the only difference between the two fats, practically speaking, is that these various glycerides differ in proportions. Coconut oil, when properly refined, has long keeping qualities, and foods prepared by its use keep sweet indefinitely. As an illustration, salted peanuts were not known on the market commercially until coconut oil was used in their preparation, as when they are fried in some fats they soon become rancid and strong and in a few weeks are not fit to eat. The flash burning point of coconut oil is some 500 degrees, and is the highest of all edible fats that are in universal consumption. This makes it a very perfect medium for deep frying, as substances cooked in it are immediately seared over and do not absorb the fat.

USED IN CONFECTIONERY. "Another use to which coconut butter is being put is in the manufacture of sugar wafers and sandwich cookies. We are all fond of nuts, but few people realize that this fondness is caused from the fat that they contain. Nuts and candy, or nuts or raisins, have always been toothsome morsels, but few realize that this toothsome is caused by the blending of the sweets and fats. This is exemplified in sugar wafers. The little filling or icing between the wafers is composed wholly of powdered sugar and coconut butter, and is made in the same general way that icing for cake is made with butter and sugar. The best grades of candy are made of sugar, glucose and nuts. The baker uses flour, sugar or molasses and fats. It obtains, therefore, that the richer or more toothsome the fat the better the finished article. Striving always for betterment of their products these manufacturers have taken very rapidly to the use of coconut butter, and it is estimated that in these industries 1000 tons a month are being consumed. And this consumption is only in its infancy, the reason being that the coconut butter is being furnished them in a sweet, flavorless shape, allowing them to use any flavor they desire in the making of all manner of rich candies and cookies."

After the Spanish war our leaders awoke to the fact that this is a world power of the first class. Among its people as future citizens were the tribes of the tropics—a healthy, clean cut, straight limbed people, living an idle life and cared for by Dame Nature, who catered to their wants with a lavish hand. Here was a new field for food specialists—to study and learn and give to the world the secret of their good health, beauty of their women and strength of their men—a people of non-meat eaters. These efforts gave to us the pure oil, the essential life giving fats of the coconut, with nothing taken away or added, and it is working a mighty revolution in the culinary departments of those homes acquainted with its merits and the elimination of all waste effected by its use.

Under our system of government, no one is compelled to vote for the man of his choice, therefore, no undue advantage is taken of any candidate by such selection unless you might say that we have elected inexperienced and incompetent men to office, and the expense of the business interests of the state, and it is time to call a halt on that kind of legislation.

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PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE
Being under martial law must make Ireland think of old times.
The voters do their duty at the primary election, but the vote of nomination won't be called for.
Vancouver's candidate for Rose Festival queen seems to be doing her best to lose the Oregon title.

A cleanup campaign, like the personal bath, is more effective when its purpose is to keep clean, rather than to get clean.
A cranberry famine is predicted, but why worry about it until sugar decides to become a possibility with the average family?

Senator Cummins announces he is coming to Oregon, but on no "pink" matter. If he wants anything stronger he would better bring it along.
Reports of better fishing in Oregon streams, could the time of a victory by the Heavers, make a man wish he could be in two places at the same time?

It might be a good thing to send Admiral Peary and Dr. Cook to discover Villa—that is, provided they are coming to Oregon, but on no "pink" matter. If he wants anything stronger he would better bring it along.
Reports of better fishing in Oregon streams, could the time of a victory by the Heavers, make a man wish he could be in two places at the same time?

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

6--The Circuit of Mount Hood

Did you ever look upon Mt. Hood from some eminence in Portland and wonder what lay just to the other side of the noble peak?
In two days you may completely circumnavigate the mountain, and your automobile riding with 25 miles on horseback.

You will be brought into closer intimacy with the great mountain of Oregon than you ever deemed possible. Leave Portland on the O. V. R. & N. to the city of Hood, where you will leave up through Hood River valley from Hood River to Parkdale.
Go from Parkdale over to Homer Rogers Mount Hood Lodge, and have lunch while the saddle horses are being fed. It is always best to let Mr. Rogers know in advance you are coming, so there will be no question of transportation from the train or of horses in readiness for the ride.

If you like, and there is fully as much or more delight just in shouldering your pack sack and hiking the full length of the trail.
By the time you have ended the first lap of the circuit, you will have been justified. You will have passed through the gorge of the Columbia, paralleling the Columbia river highway. (By the middle of summer the highway itself should be open through the Hood river valley, possible to auto ride all the way to Mount Hood lodge.)

It is always a delight to ride up the trail through the valley. The famous orchards stretch away and up toward the high slopes. It will presently seem that, north and south, the trail is a continuous level. Adams on the north and Mt. Hood on the south.
The elevation at the point of starting, horseback or afoot, is about 3000 feet. The trail leads for a few miles through the light volcanic soil, which is very rich, and the extended trail. The way will then lead through the national forest. It will reach elevations approximating 5000 feet. It will wind circuitously into such a deep canyon, that the road is not visible. The slope gently through the silent aisles of evergreen forest.

While there is yet daylight, you will see suddenly out of the trees upon what may seem to you a carefully leveled golf course. The grass will be vividly green upon rolling contours. You will have reached the snow fields, where the snow fields are ever designed by nature.
You will suddenly remember, where is Mt. Hood? Then you will look up. The giant peak will be just above you, graying in the twilight that comes early in the day. Make your bed on the firm ground among the trees that reach heavenward like tall columns in the temple of the Almighty and seem to bear up their great tips, the stars like twinkling candles.

No need of a "clock" for morning. The sun will rouse you. No need of wash basin for your ablutions. The basin will be a pocket worn by one of the horses in the stream, the water always changing.
No need of stimulants. The sun will flash upon the towering mountain peak and paint red its face, where the snow fields are ever designed by nature. The snow fields will flash in dazzling white. If you love the open places, this is the ideal.

You may climb to the tip of Rogers Spur and have a more intimate view of the mountain and the surrounding ranges. The snow fields will show the course of the east fork of Hood River and the glacier whence it draws its current.
The rest of the ride by horseback will carry you to Government camp on the south slopes of Mt. Hood. The snow fields will show the course of the east fork of Hood River and the glacier whence it draws its current.

This is one of the most magnificent trips offered out of Portland and the trail is not to be extended into a week or even more.
The trail follows approximately the route of the road that sometime is to be built around the east base of Mt. Hood. The snow fields will show the course of the east fork of Hood River and the glacier whence it draws its current. The distance is about 200 miles.

Witnesses, for instance, Foraker's overwhelming defeat in the primary of 1914 for United States senator. A Republican won, but it was not Foraker. It happened to be Harding.

Foraker occupies the same status toward Republicanism that Joe Bailey occupies toward Democracy. But you don't see any Democratic newspaper lauding Mr. Bailey. You may recollect that the Democrats' good Democrats will not vote for him. And good Republicans will not vote for Foraker.
The reason Foraker is out of politics is because he was shown up as a watchdog of big business interests. He was the leader of the former Penrose crowd that worked hand in glove with John D. Archbold of the Standard Oil company.
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OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Having noted the passing through Medford of three freight trains loaded with lumber, the Sun remarks: "The incongruity of the shipments was intensified by the fact that millions of pounds of lumber were standing in piles and rotting within 10 miles of the track."

Bird note in Burns News: "While the winter seers it was not an uncommon sight to see a hawk standing on a newly observed couple of swan swimmers in the feeding for several days within the city limit, and a second caused by the overflow of the river last week."

Musical treats with novel accessories are furnished along the coast. The Port Orford Tribune says a brass band is to be organized at Powers, where they claim they have 47 accomplished musicians to start with. Coming from a lumbering town, the band proposes to have uniforms that will harmonize with its surroundings—the regulation loggers outfit of blue shirt, high starchy collars and sawed off overalls.

"When a letter mailed in New York City at 6 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon reaches its destination at 6 o'clock on the following Monday afternoon, in four hours more than the clock, we have to feel sorry for the quill pen, 'that this is no longer the most isolated section of the country.' We are low at least 24 hours nearer the rest of the country than we have been in the past."

There's a good rhyme—by a man who would have been a laureate of England—they say—if he hadn't sung too freely of freedom.
"And it refrain goes like this: 'While three men hold together—the kingdoms are less by three.'"

And sometimes—it is necessary for some lonely man—snoored and laughed at to stand alone.
"And then—after a long time—it was right—the world will find it out, and will build a monument to him."

But I must be going now—to Champey.
—where there'll be a lot of jolly old folks—who will tell a number of amazing stories.
—about the days when Oregon was young.

And Judge J. Arroy—of Salem—will tell Governor Geer—the least he has improved on his stories—since the year before.
"And Governor Geer will say sure—his stories improve with age, and that there'll be a lot of fun—and a lot to eat."

And I'm supposed to write a story about it.
"And I'm going to try—but—"
CLISTEN!—If there's nothing in the paper—tomorrow—about the Champey meeting—it will be because some of those pioneer women—gave me one piece too many—of lemon pie.—which is a weakness of mine.

Grandfather.
My grandfather's life was a season of toll. His oldness palled his youth. But he missed many a quiet back on the soil. His modest ways were his grandeur. Grandfather scrubbed with my grandmother's soap.
He had a big bump on his spine; But I have to use this buffered soap—'That's a rattled a drop at a time."

Grandfather died on my grandmother's day.
It was ugly and coarse in its weave I know. But if you had him in crepe paper, I know that the most delicate of weaves would be his.
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Uncle Jeff Snow Says:
Seems like an awful waste of mighty good men for England to be short of flour. It is a pity that they could just as well be conscripted. Rural credit, the kind that carries 12 per cent, has busted many a farmer.

Stories of Streets and Town
No Chicken.
DON M. TAYLOR of Railroad Row tells this story:
"She was absolutely the prettiest girl of femininity I had ever known. She opened the door of our office and Ed Phelps was the first man to reach the counter."
"Phelps tell me," murmured this divine "what it would cost to send a live chicken to New York."
"It would cost you," commenced our hero; but he got no further. Phelps exclaimed the lady was as sweetly laughing out of the office. I didn't come here to be insulted. And poor Ed is still wondering how he got in bad."

How Often Is the Biter Bitten?
HOW OFTEN is the biter bitten? A few nights ago Jay Stevens, the safety first crank, fire prevention radical and 26-hour-a-day fire alarmist, directed the attention of the Alberta district to investigate a false alarm. Searching for the culprit he turned on the full blaze of his flashlight on his machine and then came a doughty duo of auto cops. They stopped the fire marshal and with eloquent unkindness described their opinion on one who thus exhibiting "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is notorious as one of the contributory causes of the Civil war, as it is for Mr. Keeler to appropriate the Birth of a Nation. However, it appears to make a difference whose ox is gored.
M. W. MALONE.

The Ohio Society.
Vancouver, Wash., May 3.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Please furnish through the columns of The Journal the address of the Ohio society in Oregon.
C. A. B.

The president of the Ohio society is Mr. Robert Tucker, who has offices in the Wilcox building, Portland.
Not all Republicans think, how-

The Once Over
BY FRED LAMPERT
THIS IS THE DAY—that the old timers—replying to the call of George H. Hines—take their lunch baskets—and go up to Champey.
"And there they celebrate Founders day—
—which commemorates the big event—May 2—1843—when the settlers of Oregon—a few more than a hundred of them—decided to be American—rather than British.
"And it seems to me that this anniversary—particularly this one—proves how important it is—that a few men—and women—take a stand—a decided stand—on any question.
"Because—if the pioneers—at Champey—72 years ago last Tuesday—hadn't voted as they did—Oregon might now be British territory.
"And our boys might now be dying in Flanders.
"Or coming home with 'trench fever'—or with arms or legs shot away.
—as they are coming home to Canada.
"There were only a handful of people at Champey.
"And their decision was vital—to the welfare of millions to come.
"And the decision that was made—the decision rested on one man.
"One man determined the big issue.
"And all I want to say—about this—before I go down to the Taylor street dock—to take the boat—for Champey—
—is that—perhaps—very few of us realize—the importance of one man's taking a stand.
"And perhaps we are all too much inclined—from day to day—to say—'What's the use?'
—or that we know it's wrong—when it is.
—but that we don't see what we can do about it.
"Surely we can't see it. I don't think we are supposed to.
"But we can take a stand—for what we think is right.
—and trust to the future—to justify us.
"There's a good rhyme—by a man who would have been a laureate of England—they say—if he hadn't sung too freely of freedom.
"And it refrain goes like this: 'While three men hold together—the kingdoms are less by three.'"
"And sometimes—it is necessary for some lonely man—snoored and laughed at to stand alone.
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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 his 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 the practicality of the average citizen. It ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—W. G. WARD.
A Statement by Mr. McCusker.
Portland, Or., May 2.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In your issue of May 3 you have an article entitled "Inner Circle Rings Against Stag." In which your reporter took occasion to say that the so-called "secret circle," meaning the Oregonian, entered into an arrangement with Mr. Business Man to prepare petitions containing the names of 12 candidates for the legislative ticket.
I take no exception to your statement that I may be interested in a legislative ticket, but I have never seen the petitions referred to, nor was I interested in their circulation and was not even in the city when they were being circulated, nor do I think anyone would credit me with playing such a fool game. I have several candidates reported to be on said petitions whom I can assure you will not receive my vote or support.
I wish to take this occasion to state that I am interested in a legislative ticket, and while the Journal may not