THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

S. JACKSON .....Publisher

Published every day, afternoon and morning (except Sunday afternoon), at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES—Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, 1218 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Subscription terms, by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico:

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON)
One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.
One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON) AND SUNDAY
One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

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.

They have rights who dare maintain them.—Lowell.

THE SMALL MAN'S UNDOING

JUDGE LITTLEFIELD'S exposure of means employed to keep a competitive power company out of Hood River is an amazing story.

Yet it is only a repetition of the processes by which a single great corporation has gained control of 40.4 per cent of the developed water power of the United States. Thus, in 1914, 10 principal groups of power interests controlled 3,270,000 horsepower, developed and undeveloped, and two years later the same 10 groups controlled 6,270,000. That is to say the control by this single group of 10 almost doubled in two years, showing the processes that are going on in driving smaller power holders out of the field.

The Hood River exposure shows how the deadly work is accomplished. Change the names of the manipulators and captains in one case of driving out the smaller holders and you have the history in all cases.

At Hood River, Mr. McArthur was the managing man. He was the field general of the Wall street corporation which drove the competitive company out of the business.

He was the president of the dummy corporation. The dummy corporation cut prices in the effort to starve out the competitors. The latter applied to the Oregon Public Service commission and, fearing the publicity that would result from an investigation by that body, Mr. McArthur's dummy company made terms and bought out the competitors.

Mr. McArthur stated afterward that he was well paid for his work, but justified his action by saying that men have to secure employment wherever they can. Undoubtedly the pay was ample, for power corporations always pay well for that character of service.

This irrepressible conflict by the power trust to gain complete control is not only carried on in the manner described at Hood River but it is going on now in a gigantic struggle in both houses of congress. Efforts to protect the people by legislation, as said by Senator Poindexter "are vigorously opposed by the water power promoters and their great lobby of high class agents that they have maintained here for years."

Describing what is meant by monopolization of the water powers, Senator Poindexter said:

Because I believe the perpetual control of the hydro-electric power of the country embraces such a scope of importance as to once embrace the life and safety of the nation, as well as the commercial welfare of no small portion of its people, and for the further reason that the control of this power as our modern communities have come to depend upon its utilities and conveniences, means the control, not only of the luxuries and conveniences of our people, but of their food, their heat, their power, their light and without exaggeration, their very life—for these reasons I say I voted against and will continue to vote against at every opportunity I have, a measure which proposes to barter away for nothing, or for a mere nominal sum, and forever, to private parties this control over the necessaries of life.

Denouncing legislation secured by the power brigadiers in the present senate, the Christian Science Monitor recently said:

Capital in its selfish propensities and grasping tendency, has first obtained control and monopoly of natural resources, and has then dominated rail transportation, deliberately and systematically placed obstacles in the way of waterway construction, established arbitrary prices and rates, corrupted legislatures, defied the courts, brought law into contempt.

The natural resources like oil, coal, iron, forests, lands and water-powers were created for the benefit of all the people. The process of granting them away without regulations or restrictions to consolidated control gives all the benefits from those resources to the few and are of no permanent value to the nation. In the terrific struggle over possession of the water powers, the people have a chance to make a last stand for the last and one of the greatest of their priceless natural resources.

The interests grabbed the public lands, cornered the coal fields, got away with the timber, monopolized the oil deposits and now they are trying to grab the water powers. One of the greatest battles ever waged in this country is now going on to prevent them from taking the water powers away from the people. Which side are you on?

HURTING PORTLAND

A CONCRETE example of the discrimination Portland suffers at the hands of the railroads is now afforded.

Recently a shipload of munitions for Vladivostok brought across the continent by the railroads was discharged at Portland on account of the congestion of freight yards at Seattle.

A Japanese ship is now discharging cargo at Portland, and she is to carry munitions to Vladivostok.

But she will not load munitions at Portland. She goes to Seattle for her munitions.

Nor will the munitions at Portland be put aboard ship at Portland. They will be taken by train to Seattle for transshipment by steamer to Vladivostok.

Could there be a more definite example of discrimination by the railroads against Portland?

Portland is retained in the terminal rate group as "a mere formality," according to the dictum of our railroads. Is the day going to come when the "mere formality" plan will be no longer considered necessary, and Portland be made a way station? What else is there in the psychology of the present situation?

A GREAT MAN

THE country may feel confident that President Wilson will not lose his head in the new troubles which the Mexican hornet's nest is bringing upon him. We may depend upon him to keep calm and guide his conduct by his judgment. It is easy to follow the leadership of passion. Common men do nothing else.

But Mr. Wilson is not a common man. He is great both in his power of thought and his deliberate action. Surrounded as he is by a thousand conflicting interests each of which seeks to bend him to its will, he investigates for himself, uses his own intelligence and follows his own conscientious judgment.

The petty creatures whose plans are baffled by his wise counsels rail and jeer at him. But so they railed and jeered at Washington and Lincoln. The president who prefers the lasting welfare of the country to the clamorous interest of the present is always made to suffer for it. But in the long run history does him justice. Mr. Wilson is earning a place among our greatest presidents by his serene wisdom in this time of excitement and peril.

Mere promises of economy mean nothing. Every legislative candidate has made them ever since legislatures were instituted. Pledges to reform the feeding of prisoners in Multnomah county and to take the delivery of convicts to the penitentiary out of the hands of sheriffs are real pledges.

THE SECRET CIRCLE

BEFORE the Oregonian assumes to decide for the people of Portland which candidates are worthy and which unworthy, it should prove its own worthiness.

A serious charge made before the grand jury rests against that paper. In secret it intrigued to upset a decision by the county commissioners as to what paving should be used on the Powell Valley road. A secret meeting was held in the Oregonian office at which Commissioner Lightner was threatened with the vengeance of the Oregonian if he did not reverse the action on which the commissioners had agreed.

The demand was to substitute bitulithic pavement for concrete on the Powell Valley road. It was a demand to take the contract out of the hands of one contractor and put it into the hands of another contractor favored by the secret circle of invisible government.

This charge calls for the Oregonian's attention. The people of Portland want to know the reasons for this intrigue and unwarranted dictation behind closed doors.

Outside the war zones it is hard to realize conditions in Europe. There has just been completed in France a 48-mile canal between Marseilles and the river Rhone. The work included a five-mile tunnel under a mountain. The value of water transportation is appreciated in the old world.

TAXING AUTO TRUCKS

IN CONNECTION with highway development there is a growing sentiment throughout the United States in favor of imposing a tax on auto trucks, the tax to be used in the maintenance of roads.

The legislature of New York recently passed a bill providing for a commission to prepare and file a schedule of registration fees to be paid by auto trucks and auto buses. The commission is to determine the wear and tear on public roads by this class of vehicles and the amount of extra tax to be placed upon them.

A number of other states have laws on the subject and in general the amount of the tax is based on the tonnage of the truck.

It appears to be generally recognized by truck operators that the cost of maintaining roads is greatly increased by the impact of heavy trucks and there is no strong opposition to paying an additional charge if an equitable system can be worked out.

The issue is an open one in which the final decision depends upon the findings of investigation.

A noted American woman claims that streets should be so clean as not to soil a lady's skirt. With the bottom of skirts at their present altitudes what chance has a street to soil them?

A LIVING GHOST

FORGETTING and by the world forgot, an old woman who once wore upon her head a worldly crown and sat upon a worldly throne passed her ninetieth birthday a few days ago.

Eugenie, once empress of France, is now but a bent and forlorn old woman wandering through the gardens of Farnborough dressed in black and supported in her walk by crutch and cane.

Raised by her girlhood beauty and ambition to the royal purple she is now but a pathetic figure, living in the memory of pomp and grandeur, weeping at the tombs of her dead.

Could there be a better exemplification of the vanity of the world, the emptiness of place and power?

At the end of a life can there be a more tragic summing up than the one which she herself is credited with having made?

"I am the past. I am the distant horizon where exists a mirage, a shadow, a phantom, a living sorrow. Mine was a dream killed by fate. Now I am an old woman, poor in everything that makes a woman rich. I have lived. I have been what I have been. I do not ask more. I ask only not to be remembered."

It is a fad with some folks to claim that the United States has the "contempt of other nations." If they really feel so about this country, there is an easy way to get out of it.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND

IT IS hard to understand why Congressman McArthur so tenaciously refuses to have a prohibition amendment to the United States constitution submitted to the states.

Submission would not necessarily mean that national prohibition would be adopted. Most of the state legislatures might reject the amendment. Instead of bringing national prohibition on, its submission might turn out to be a setback for the spread of prohibition.

With millions of people asking for an opportunity for the state legislatures to vote on the subject, to deny them the privilege is to hold that they ought not to be allowed to pass on the issue. In fact, the only point involved is whether the people should be, or should not be, permitted to vote on the question.

A WORLD COURT

THE whole structure of modern society, industry and international relations is based on the expectation that there will be no great wars but world peace. Such a peace can be realized only, says Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, when the nations of mankind are brought to act together in accord defined by some sort of a written understanding and backed up by a formal world organization or world court.

Before such a court can be organized Professor Hart sees many difficulties to be surmounted. The first and most serious stumbling block to overcome is the recognition that there must inevitably be territorial changes from time to time. The map of the world cannot be kept in a permanent form. European nations will not definitely hold their present Asiatic and African colonies.

In establishing a world court there must also be provision made for race tension. One of the main causes of the present great war is the predominance of particular ruling races in composite countries, adds Professor Hart.

The Poles in Prussia have hated the Germans, the Finns, the Lithuanians, the Poles and the Jews have felt the heavy hand of the Russians. The Hungarians are jealous of the Austrians and the Croats resent the domination of the Hungarians. In the Balkans each state which has been freed from the rule of the Turks has in turn attempted to oppress the minor race elements within its boundaries. Even in the United States there is the Negro question, the Chinese and Japanese questions and the Mexican question to disturb harmony.

Unless some outlet is provided for the submerged but conscious race fractions, continues Professor Hart, there can be no guarantee against civil wars which may easily lead to world wars.

Race hatreds, however, are not the strongest element in bringing about world wars. This element is the extension of trade and commerce, the struggle as to who can accumulate the greatest number of brass nails.

The ultimate cause of war, asserts Professor Hart, is the desire of men to control the actions of other men and drive them into subjection by any needful force. Peace within countries and between countries can be maintained only so far as men can be induced to see that the quick way is not only the robber's way but that it is the costly, destructive way.

In the last analysis Professor Hart concludes that the world court depends upon convincing mankind that its reasonable, legitimate ambitions and aspirations may be realized through some kind of elastic fixed understanding to which may be given the name of world court.

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.

The County Superintendency.

Portland, May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—A short time ago I noticed in public print a letter signed by a member of a rural teachers' club. This letter contained an indorsement of E. S. McCormick, candidate for the county school superintendency.

This approval of Mr. McCormick was based upon the fact that he, being a rural teacher, is presumably better qualified for the position than one who is not engaged in country school work.

The problems of rural schools are essentially no different from those of city schools. To my mind, the ultimate aim of each is good citizenship. The man who, as county superintendent, can most thoroughly inspire his teachers with this ideal is the one best fitted for the position. The day of the old-fashioned pedagogue, wedded to ruler and to his text books, knowing little of real life, looked upon by men of affairs with contemptuous tolerance, has happily passed. Modern conditions render it imperative that the schools be linked to real life by virile, active teachers, conversant with the world's work.

Though I cannot speak with authority concerning Mr. McCormick's qualifications, I can, however, from personal knowledge, testify to the eminent fitness of one of his opponents, Principal E. H. Whitney of the Ockley Green school. Mr. Whitney's experience as a rural teacher and as a city principal for many years abundantly qualifies him for the administration of the office which he seeks. In addition, by his effort to link the work of the schools with real life by industrial training in his pre-vocational school at Ockley Green, he has become widely known. I am sure if he is elected Mr. Whitney's office will be accorded, by people of affairs, that importance and dignity that are its right.

A RURAL TEACHER.

Choosing a County Superintendent.

Portland, May 13.—To the Editor of The Juornal—The voting for a county superintendent of schools by voters of Portland whose children do not come under the supervision of this office is a matter for serious consideration. Do we know what the country schools need? What does this county need just now? The rural child now goes to the high school free. The county superintendent should know all the details of the Portland school work so that he may prepare the rural child to take advantage of the high school in either the city or the rural district. Again, for years the county superintendents have not been qualified to help teachers with the beginners, or the work of the primary grades. All primary teachers are asking for primary helps. The superintendent should be up to date in this line. Therefore, we, as rural teachers, having looked over the candidates for this office, and feeling that E. H. Whitney, now principal of the Ockley Green school, has these qualifications, ask the voters of Multnomah county and especially of the city of Portland, to cast their votes for this man, because we expect to receive definite help from him on these lines.

HATTIE BELLE OGILBEE, Chm.
RUTH SCHMUCKLI, Secretary.
Teachers and Patrons' Progressive Rural club.

An Appeal to Roseburg Voters.

Roseburg, Or., May 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—I ask space in the columns of The Journal for the following as an appeal to the voters of Roseburg:

On May 22, 1916, an election will be held for the purpose of amending sections 156 and 157 of the municipal charter of the city of Roseburg so that the city will be empowered to build a standard gauge railroad from Roseburg to Rock Creek.

The die is cast. You should be for or against it. Have the courage of your convictions. It is a serious matter for your consideration. You should not be blinded by any fanciful picture of imagined benefits to be derived from such railroad. You should give much thought to this proposition and examine it from every angle so that you may be qualified to exercise the right of suffrage and arrive at an unbiased conclusion as to the wisdom of favoring or opposing the said amendment.

Voters of Roseburg! Let us discuss this proposition calmly, logically, dispassionately. Every one has a right to his or her opinion. Abusing people who differ with those who favor this amendment is wrong and no argument. When they do this it shows that their premises are untenable. It is the privilege of every citizen to oppose or favor this scheme. If the writer can advance sufficient argument to prove that it would be injudicious for Roseburg to build the proposed railroad, he has discharged a duty as a citizen of the town.

The writer contends that with the building of said railroad at a cost of $300,000, no corresponding benefits will be received by the city. There is no guaranty from Kendall brothers that they would operate the sawmill for any length of time.

Before the said election Kendall brothers should be required by the city council to give a good bond, equal to the amount of said railroad bonds, that they will build a modern sawmill of the daily capacity of at least 250,000 feet, and begin the construction thereof within three months from the date of the bond. They are business men and should have faith in their proposed enterprise.

Taxpayers of Roseburg! Do you realize that you will have to pay $15,000 in interest on the bonds and $5000 in taxes on the roadbed and rolling stock every year? In 60 years you will have paid in interest and taxes $1,200,000, and the $300,000 bonds, amounting in aggregate to the gigantic sum of $1,500,000. Also there will be the expense of the upkeep of the railroad and rolling stock, repairing damages and the operating expenses, which would run into thousands.

The writer claims that this latter proposition is much worse than the former because the city gets a shorter railroad, hence less traffic and consequently less revenue to meet its liabilities. And for the further reason that the railroad would not tap the main timbered area, and that Roseburg would be the sole owner and operator of a white elephant. Are you going to supinely submit to this visionary project without a protest?

Justice McBride was kind enough in the decision of the supreme court of the state of Oregon in the case of Harry Pearce vs. The City of Roseburg, to say, "I will venture a prophecy. Roseburg will ever regret that she went into the railroad business." That statement was made in a kindly spirit, probably hoping that the people of Roseburg would realize that it was not a safe business venture, but rather a ruinous one. No successful business man or company would favorably consider that proposition for a moment. Grants Pass was glad to give its railroad away. In less than a year Roseburg would be very anxious to do the same thing.

Citizens of Roseburg! It requires no prophetic vision to see that this scheme is quixotic, chimerical, absurd and palpably unwise. It is apparent that the men who are the promoters of this venture must be mistaken themselves, as they are honorable men and promised to safeguard the interests of the city of Roseburg, and would not intentionally deceive you.

Are you really ready to plunge our fair city into the abyss of financial disaster? The writer cannot believe it, as you are intelligent and reasonable citizens. Will you vote to place a heavy and intolerable burden upon yourselves, your children and your children's children? They would reprehend and recriminate your folly. If you vote yes, to torment you the spectre of that monumental folly, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Therefore, it behooves you to ponder well this matter. There is ample time for investigation and reflection. The writer appeals to you all who have at heart the welfare of Roseburg, to do your duty. Vote as your conscience dictates.

G. W. KIMBALL.

Justice Hughes' Candidacy.

Portland, May 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—Colonel George Harvey, who lost interest in Woodrow Wilson as soon as the president refused to take dictation or shape the policies of his administration according to the wishes of Mr. Harvey's friends, is making a vain attempt in the North American Review to show that the office of president is seeking Justice Hughes. He also states that Mr. Hughes, on account of his position on the supreme bench of the United States, is not a candidate for president.

In the first place, there is no popular demand for Mr. Hughes. Attempts were made in Montana, Nebraska and other states to secure Hughes delegations, but the primary votes showed practically no interest in Mr. Hughes' candidacy. It is, of course, proper to state that Mr. Hughes had requested that his name be not placed on the ballot, both in Montana and Nebraska. It is also true that Colonel Roosevelt requested that his name be not placed on the ballot. Although the name of neither Hughes nor Roosevelt appeared on the ballot, Roosevelt in both instances ran away ahead of Hughes. If this shows anything, it shows that there is a much more popular demand for Roosevelt than Hughes. The fact is that Hughes is just as much a candidate as Roosevelt. Both have considered it poor strategy to have their names appear on the primary ballots in various states. There has been no time since the Hughes campaign started that he could not have shut the matter off entirely in a sentence of five words. All Mr. Hughes needed to say was, "I will not accept if nominated." The fact that Mr. Hughes has never seen fit to make this statement shows that he is a receptive candidate.

The plutocrat interests of the country recognize in Mr. Hughes a candidate equally as friendly to organized capital as Root or Weeks, and he is a candidate who was not allied with either the Taft or Roosevelt faction in 1912. The vested interests still appreciate that Justice Hughes, when governor of New York, vetoed the legislative act which reduced passenger railroad rates in New York state to 2 cents a mile, while Robert M. La-Folette, when governor of Wisconsin, signed a similar bill reducing the passenger rates in Wesconsin to 2 cents a mile. The big interests likewise know that Mr. Hughes will quit when told to do so, on account of his great respect for the money power. They well remember that when Hughes was prosecuting attorney of New York county his prosecution was vigorous in the life insurance frauds until he led up to George B. Cortelyou. As soon as it was found that Mr. Cortelyou had solicited and accepted large campaign contributions from big life insurance companies of New York, the vigorous prosecution of District Attorney Hughes suddenly stopped. This was the same George B. Cortelyou who was private secretary to President McKinley, was made secretary of the treasury at the request of Wall Street, and is now president of the Consolidated Gas company of New York, a Wall Street corporation. You have got to hand it to Wall street for taking care of their faithful, and if Justice Hughes is nominated and defeated, which he surely will be, it is a hundred to one shot that he will wind up as attorney for big Wall Street interests. Hughes has the O. K. of Wall Street, and no Progressive who voted for Roosevelt in 1912 should cast his ballot for Hughes at the coming primary.

GEORGE SMITH.

Comment on Currency.

Portland, May 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—On the editorial page of The Journal, May 5, appeared an article by A. F. Wilson of Imbler, Or., commenting on our currency, as an answer to your comment of April 21.

I would like to ask Mr. Wilson if he knows anything of the deplorable conditions of our finances when the Civil war broke out; hence the reason for the issuing of the so-called shinplaster. Now, that is about 56 years ago, and today we are the most prosperous nation on earth loaning money to the world. And who did it? The hardest time this country ever saw (barring the war) was from 1892 to 1896, during Cleveland's administration, and the best and most prosperous time this country ever saw was during the McKinley administration, although we went through the Spanish-American war.

Thus Mr. Wilson has another chance to draw contrasts between the era of the shinplaster and that of the gold standard.

J. P. JOHNSON.

War, Dueling, Diplomacy.

Portland, May 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—Dueling is the settlement of individual disputes by the code of honor. The one who defeats or kills the other is supposed to have proved that his cause was just, and his honor is satisfied. It is assumed that might makes right. Any person who refused to accept a challenge was branded a coward and cast out of social recognition as beneath contempt. A short time ago the duel was legal in every civilized country. Today no intelligent citizen thinks the duel has anything to do in settling the merits of any dispute, and does not believe that anyone who killed another in a duel would be any less guilty of murder than if he took life in passion or by premeditation.

War is the settlement of disputes between nations by the power of might, like the duel between individuals. There is no more justification for war than there is for the duel. No war has ever been waged for the common good. Some selfish interest has been the cause of every war between nations.

The war in Europe is more inexcusable than any other war in the history of the world. The diplomatic code of nations is as idiotic as the code of the duel. The common standards of right and wrong make war as unthinkable between civilized nations as the duel between sane individuals; and common sense has condemned the diplomatic code of selfish interest with as relentless horror as the code of honor by duel.

President Wilson has not risen to the high standard of his own common sense shown in all his public utterances, in handling the submarine incidents with Germany. He resorts to the same old code of precedent and authority, like the most punctilious duelist. All the acts of war are crimes; except when exercised for the common good; and when war becomes necessary for humanity's sake—not of a selfish nation—then there are no rules of war but to inflict the greatest injury possible upon the enemy, by foul means or fair, just as the bee does, or any individual in defense of the virtue of his wife or home.

Perfect neutrality should govern all our policies towards the belligerent nations, and we should keep our hands off. Our people should keep away from the theatre of war or suffer the consequences. Every proper protest should be made against unnecessary sacrifice of noncombatants, but there is great danger of our becoming involved in the war if we use the language and threats of the diplomatic code. We must never hesitate to strike instantly whenever the common good of humanity is at stake, but by no means let the foolishness of the past diplomatic code of honor draw us into the horrible war now devastating Europe.

E. L. MCLURE.

The Smokestacks.

Portland, May 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—On the street a few days ago my attention was attracted to a large banner urging the people to vote for a certain candidate at the coming election who wanted more smoking smockstacks for Oregon. This stuck in my mind until I had walked a few blocks, and again my attention was drawn to a large smokestack with plenty of smoke coming from it. My memory went back to November, 1914, the day on which the people decided to stop the stack from letting out any more smoke. And yet this stack was one of the very few that we have in this city.

Now this part of the story speaks for itself. In spite of the fact that this big stack was supposed to be cold and smokeless, today it is still doing its duty and sending out as much smoke as it ever did, due to the desire of the owners to do right by their employes. A very close friend of mine who is employed in this plant and who I am sure told me the truth, said he was convinced that his firm could not possibly make any money under present conditions, but that the frank expression of the owners was, "It seems that it is up to us to find work for our men, and if the people of this state won't let us, then it is up to someone else to give them employment."

I understand that wages have not been cut, in spite of the fact that they have always been high. The management of this plant has always been fair and considerate with its employes and while I am not a drinking man myself, I hope in the near future all the stacks that were made smokeless on November 4, 1914, will again be smoking, and that all the money that is being sent out of our state for something that can easily be made here will be kept here.

If the navy officers fear that the abolishment of beer and wine from the navy canteen will cause a greater demand for whisky and create more drug habits, I think we should take notice, as these men are trainers of men and should know what they are talking about. So we should not take beer and wine away from a man and put alcohol under his nose. Beer from outside states is expensive, and if the home breweries were allowed to make it I am sure its sale here in limited quantities would eliminate the large importation of whisky as well as the bootlegger and blindpigger.

E. ENDS.

A Clean-up Hint.

Portland, Or., May 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—May I suggest a point overlooked in the clean-up campaign? Did you ever notice the filthy condition of so many of the vacant stores? Not a very nice impression they will make upon visitors! Maybe, a hint would cause the owners to clean up.

L. F. S.

Portland Rose Festival, 1916.

By Mrs. J. Denholm.

June is the time we invite you around,
When roses in richness and beauty abound.
A right hearty welcome is awaiting you here
To join in our festival fun and good cheer.

With glad hand we'll greet you, with roses we'll meet you
And make you feel glad that you happened this way;
But should you not come till along in December,
We then will have roses for Christmas, remember.

Portland, May 10.

He Was Wise.

From the Detroit Saturday Night.

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man, and didn't think it necessary.

"Ethel," he said, as they were taking a stroll one evening, "I—er—am going to ask you an important question."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden. Why, I—"

"What I want to ask is this," he interrupted: "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Give Mexico time enough, and there won't be any Mexicans to cause trouble.

Speaking of slow work, the Russians have been in France quite a spell and it is still the battle of Neverdun.

It is only a few days until the primaries, so let the candidates enjoy their prominence while they can.

Blood letting for physical disease has gone out of fashion, but Europe still sticks to it for international disorders.

After the nominating convention, states with favorite sons can hold an interstate baby show and award consolation prizes.

That Portland thief who stole a sick hen and some artificial eggs she was nursing should take a course in chickenology before trying it again.

Those six firemen suspended for refusing to assist in the cleanup campaign may have been within their legal rights, but they hardly measured up to their civic duty.

It develops that Mr. Ford has voted only six times in his life, and then under protest. There are lots of other good citizens somewhat like him, but nobody is running them for president.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

"With the new water rates that have just been announced," says the Register, "let's make Eugene lawns the greenest in Oregon this summer."

"Now the mining business is so rushing," says the Baker Herald, "that enough men cannot be obtained to do the work, a condition not seen here in many years."

The Record Chieftain has observed that much new paint has been put to good use this spring on business buildings in Enterprise, vastly improving the appearance of the streets.

Those who care for statistics will be interested to know that clean-up day at Medford resulted in 45 "big loads" of trash, and in 91 loads at La Grande.

The Astoria Symphony orchestra, the Budget states, now has a splendid library of music, and has been augmented by a number of new musicians. The members are working hard in preparation for their first public appearance.

On behalf of Medford the Mail Tribune boasts that few cities of the size of Medford have a more imposing federal building. It cost $110,000. All federal functionaries, including the postoffice force, have been in occupancy since last Monday.

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

15—The Columbia National Forest

"Would you believe that in a 40-mile trip from Portland you would be in the heart of the wilds and 25 miles from a railroad?" queries Lew F. Williams of Yale, Washington.

He refers to the Columbia National forest in the vicinity of St. Helens. The route he recommends is by way of Vancouver, Woodland (on the Pacific highway), and then up the north side of Lewis river. Maps of the district are obtainable from the Portland office of the United States forest service, in the Beck building. The Yale Improvement club is proceeding to put up a club house in its park and will welcome visitors.

The trip outlined by Mr. Williams is made almost irresistible by the prospect of fishing and hunting and the splendid scenery. In his upland home he has been reading Journal Journeys and the following is his contribution to those who travel:

"The Columbia forest reserve is a wonderland of attractions for the tourist or sportsmen. You will find what you seek, whether it be good hunting and fishing or scenic beauty.

"It is a region almost within a stone's throw of Portland, yet I will warrant the average Portlander knows little or nothing of it.

"At the last session of the Washington legislature a beautiful lake at the foot of Mount St. Helens was set aside, together with an extensive tract of timber, as a 'state park,' reserved from lease or sale for all time.

"The lake teems with trout. The camping facilities make it an attractive headquarters for parties intending to climb Mount St. Helens and for others who have but a few days for an outing.

"The water in one part of the lake is shallow and warm, with a clean, sandy bottom, making it ideal for bathing.

"The park joins the forest reserve, and trails are open to all points of interest. It is really but the outpost of the real trips.

"Starting from the park with a guide, pack animals and mounts, the first day out would end at Big Bottoms, 45 miles up the north fork of the Lewis river.

"The second night would see the travelers as far as McClellan crossing on Lewis river (named for Captain George B. McClellan, who took this route when stationed at Vancouver).

"The third day's travel would bring the expedition to 'Paradise Valley,' which is really a paradise for man and beast—plenty of grass for horses, fishing and hunting of the best kind, and scenery that alone is worth the trip.

"If time is no object a number of days can be spent at this point. Good trails have been made in all directions. There is no underbrush and the going is easy.

"The next stop would be McClellan's meadows, at which point is located a mysterious cabin in the center of a dense thicket, visited annually by three mysterious personages who come by different trails.

"Huckleberries are very plentiful from this point. Big game, including mountain goats and elk, are to be seen by getting back from the valley.

"Travel east brings the expedition to the 'Indian Heaven' country, where numbers of Klickitats and Yakimas will be encountered. Here the Indians hold a potlatch every year, and here, too, is located the celebrated 'race track,' where the bucks run horse races between card games, while the squaws gather and dry huckleberries. The scenery of this vicinity will be found among the best of the trip. Passing through a fissure in the mountain, a beautiful lake is revealed, hundreds of feet below. Turn from this point and round a point of rocks, and another large lake comes into view, while a little farther around is a medicinal lake, the waters of which are lukewarm. A ranger's cabin will be found and in it a telephone for communication with the outside world. The country is open and may be traveled in any direction.

"Twelve miles from 'Indian Heaven' and across the Lewis river brings one to Wright's prairie, 60 miles above the starting point. Anyone who comes here will want to make a long stay. In Steamboat lake fishing is fine and big game hunting is worth while.

"On the return trip, passing 'Nigger Head' mountain, another 12 miles brings one to Grass lake, where horse feed will be found and such scenery as will be long remembered.

"The next camping place is at Spirit lake, the summer Y. M. C. A. boys' camping place; then 12 miles to Butte Camp, and 10 miles more to Lake Merrill park and headquarters.

"The Yale Improvement club was instrumental in getting Lake Merrill park set aside and is now trying, with a good prospect of success, to get a bridge built across Lewis river, after which the route from Portland will be via Vancouver, Brush Prairie and Amboy to Yale, then up the river to the park."

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON—up at Washington Park—where the people go—to see the animals—and look out over the city—and exclaim at Mount Hood—I saw a little boy.

¶ And he came up to me—and said:

¶ "Look—mister—I got three warts."

¶ And he looked at his fist—which he held up.

—and sure enough—he had three warts.

¶ And I said—"Well—what's the idea—I had five when I was your age."

¶ And he said—"Yes—but I bet you played with toads to get yours.

—"and I didn't—mine just come."

¶ And I admitted that I did play with toads.

—and he looked relieved.

—because the miracle of his warts—which had "just come"—was yet unrivaled.

¶ And he used his warts—as a sort of letter of introduction.

—and we got acquainted.

¶ And he said he lived near the park.

—and that he new where there was a robin's nest.

¶ And I promised not to tell—before he would show me.

¶ And he asked me if I came to the park often.

—and I said not very often.

¶ So he took me around—and showed me the birds—and the animals.

¶ And among other things—he told me about the magpie.

—and how it got its name.

¶ "You see—mister"—he said—"at first its name was just Mag.

—"but it has pie so well—that they called it magpie—funny ain't it—mister?"

¶ And I said it was remarkable.

¶ And he gave me a new version of the Darwinian theory—saying:

¶ "You see mister—it was this way—I know it was—from me my dad—he told me.

¶ "These here monkeys—once upon a time—a long time ago—was people—just like you and me.

—"but they believed everything—just everything—that they saw in the newspapers.

—"and that's what made monkeys of them."

¶ And he asked me if I understood.

—and I said I did.

¶ "And my dad says"—he went on—when we came to the buffalo—"that these poor animals got their humps—by humping for a living after the white men came and civilized their country."

¶ And we came to the coyote's cage.

—and he said his father said—that they were just dogs—that had gone wild.

—because they had so many fleas.

¶ And we fed peanuts to the bears—and had a good time generally.

¶ And I bought him an ice cream comb—that's what he called it.

¶ And he told me a lot of other unnatural history.

—part of which he had originated—and part of which I guess—he got from his father.

—who must be an entertaining person.

¶ And I shook hands with him—when we parted—and he said.

¶ "LISTEN—Mister—you're all right—even if you didn't get your warts without trying at all—like I did."

THE HOME GROWN MUSE.

A Bachelor's Lament.

I'm a bachelor still, and I fear that I will
Die alone in the cold world of care days.
A dear lady I've met and remember her yet,
And my goat has been got through her ways.

For tis sad for to feel when one's laid on his keel,
With no one to love or defend;
Ano to look back and think of the lobster and gink
He has been from beginning to end.

Yes, I fell fast in love with a sweet gentle dove,
This was in the days of the war;
And she read me war poems which would rattle dry bones,
About some rough riding hussar.

She spoke of the brave, how they went to their grave
Killing the enemy kinked up in a thrill,
In the Pacific a Brigand I imagined next day,
Went forward and joined "Fighting Phil."

I got blistered three times, lost one leg at the Pines,
Lived on hardtack, soybelly and beans,
Went home on two crutches to wed the sweet girl,
Who through war years had glided in my dreams.

I knocked at her door, she appeared as of yore,
Her face wreathed in angelic smiles.
I said "Darling Lucretia," she said, "You are off—
I am Mrs. Bartholomew Giles."

My heart gave a jump, in my throat rose a lump,
My fond idol had turned into mud,
She had busted my gizzard, and not only that
But she married a corn doctor dub.

Yes, I'm still on one leg and an old wooden peg,
And it's almighty hard to climb around;
But no woman I'll trust till I'm laid in the dust
Full six feet deep down in the ground.

—A. M. O. S.

Vancouver, Wash., May 4, 1916.

All Right, Have It Your Own Way.

Rex Lampman says the average candidate for the legislature—wants to get down to Salem—and don't care what he says—to get there. Which—we believe is a mistake—because he cares to say nothing—if it will get him—to Salem.—Aurora Observer.

Geography is not of much use in the schools these days, but the "Arabian Nights" should help the students toward an understanding of what a march towards Bagdad means.—Lents Herald.

Stories of Street and Town

Cridge vs. Craven.

THERE'S more than one way to recruit members for a lodge.

The particular method hereafter related was used long enough ago to make it all right to tell about it now.

George A. Craven, deputy state commander of the Maccabees, was out signing up members for that order. He and Alfred D. Cridge, representing the Woodmen of the World, encountered each other in a Willamette valley town.

Business was dull with both missionaries.

They held a conference, the result of which was that Cridge notified Craven that he would "show up" the Maccabees in front of the postoffice the following night.

Craven accepted the challenge, word of the debate spread, and the tallfest drew a crowd, with the result that the entire town took sides as to the merits of the Woodmen and the Maccabees.

A further result was that the silent partnership of Craven and Cridge did a big business.

Neither will admit the truth of the story.