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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.

Humanity is a duty made known and enjoyed by revelation, and ever keeping pace with the progress of Christianity.
—Sydney Smith.

PUTER AND LAFFERTY

POLITICS brings out strange spectacles. The strangest yet seen is a campaign circular issued by A. W. Lafferty.

For preposterous claims, reckless misrepresentations and absurd assertions, it is the last word in campaign bunk.

It says the Chamberlain plan would give the grant lands over to the land thieves. How likely that Senator George Chamberlain would promote legislation to favor land thieves! How likely that Congressman Sinnott would favor legislation to aid land thieves! How likely that The Journal, which has fought land rings, waterpower rings and timber rings ever since its birth, would urge legislation favoring any kind of thieves!

The grant land legislation at Washington, so far as Chamberlain or Sinnott has anything to do with it, is a struggle to save the proceeds of the lands for Oregon roads and Oregon school children. The Oregon state grange has just indorsed the plan. So have school boards all over Oregon.

So have the women of the Parent-Teachers association of Portland. So has the Portland Chamber of Commerce. So have commercial clubs in various parts of the state. So have granges in almost every county.

State societies in Portland have indorsed the plan. So has the state school superintendent of Oregon. So have the county superintendents in practically every county.

The Progressive Business Men's club of Portland has indorsed it. So have many other Portland clubs and societies. So have many clubs and societies in other parts of the state.

No public project that has ever been proposed has received such an overwhelmingly popular support. There is not space here to recount the organizations that have gone on record for it.

The chief persons against it are S. A. D. Puter, self-styled "king of the land fraud ring," and A. W. Lafferty. The fact that Mr. Puter is working for practically the same kind of grant land legislation that Mr. Lafferty is working for explains why Mr. Lafferty is against the legislation that the people of Portland and Oregon are calling for, and which Senator Chamberlain, Mr. Sinnott and Mr. McArthur are supporting.

Writing about himself in his circular, Mr. Lafferty says:

Lafferty stands like a stone wall for enforcement of the original law.

That is to say, Lafferty "stands like a stone wall" for the same thing Puter "stands like a stone wall" for, and for the same thing that the "midnight resolution" "stands like a stone wall" for.

What a lucky state Oregon is to have two great stone walls like Lafferty and Puter!

The Chamberlain bill proposes to give all the agricultural lands to actual settlers at $2.50 per acre, and in every way to hasten settlement, and give the excess proceeds of non-agricultural timber land to Oregon roads and schools, the sale of the timber lands to be made under every possible safeguard to protect them from going for a song to timber thieves, as would be the case under Lafferty's plan.

Lafferty's claims as to what he has done for the grant lands are grotesque. He has done nothing but breathe off hot air about Lafferty standing "like a stone wall." He opposed the "government's contention" in the land grant suit, just as the "midnight resolution" opposed the government's contention in that suit. He obstructed the attorney general of the United States in that officer's efforts in the suit. Lafferty's whole effort in the case through all the litigation was not to serve the people of Oregon, but to get a fee for himself out of certain clients, for whom he is trying to get lands worth thousands of dollars per quarter section for $2.50 an acre. Lafferty's incentive to action, in fact, is exactly the same as Puter's incentive for action. It is a desire by Puter to get something for Puter, and a desire by Lafferty to get something for Lafferty.

Finally, legislation in congress over the grant lands must, under the supreme court decision, be closed about June 15, or in less than a month. It cannot well be an issue in this campaign, for the congressman to be elected will not take his seat until the 4th of next March, more than 10 months hence.

An investigation by the Philadelphia Housing association to determine the effects of bad housing on military preparedness shows that only one third of the men who apply at the Philadelphia offices for the United States army, navy and marine corps are accepted, the greater number being rejected because physically unfit, due in large measure to the overcrowded and insanitary conditions in which they live. Likewise, the effect of these conditions upon mentality is indicated by the large number of native born who were found to be dullards and unable to read or write. The best national preparedness is the health of its workers.

HUMANE WEEK

WITH a chain around it, the jaw of his horse was broken in Portland recently by a teamster, who was trying to cure the animal of balking. The mutilated beast had to be shot.

This is humane week. Cruelty to animals means cruelty to other forms of life. It means cruelty to children, and cruelty to grown-ups.

If you teach children to be cruel to animals, they will be cruel to human beings. If you teach them to be kind to the one, they will be kind to the other.

The spirit of cruelty and unkindness is among the factors that cause crime. Every movement that spreads the gospel of kindness is a movement that indirectly tends to lessen criminality.

The spirit that led Portlanders during last winter's snows to feed the birds was of untold benefit in impressing a lesson upon the city's children. It was an example that was not without its effect upon maturity. That gentler mood of men and women in the succor they extended the starving songsters is the mood to hasten the spread of the spirit of the Nazarene through the world.

There never was a time when the need of a week devoted to humane thought was more to be emphasized. The world welter as it is beheld on the crimson fields of staggering Europe is an appeal to the humane of the earth to plead for the gentler moods and kindlier purposes of men. If the humane movement which had its start in propaganda against cruelty to animals were strong enough; if mankind would harken to the sweet spirit of the call for kindness, instead of cruelty; if the movement to extend mercy and kindness to all the harmless creatures could once be accepted at its true worth, the swords would soon be beaten into plow shares and the spears into pruning hooks.

Again the Oregonian, championing the cause of Senator Day, finds fault with The Journal. The Journal is anxious to do everything it can to please its neighbor, but it balks when the Oregonian insists that it join in picturing Senator Day in angels' robes and seraphs' smiles. Senator Day will himself admit that he wouldn't look any better in a halo and white wings than in the short skirt and high heeled boots of a modern woman.

LOST ILLUSIONS

JOHN REED, a young author rising into more than ordinary repute, has an article in the June "Masses" on "The Persecution of the Mexican Refugees." Mr. Reed is well known in Portland and greatly liked here. The liberal tendencies of his mind make him liked everywhere. He has earned the name of a truth-teller about things difficult to investigate, and nothing seems to hinder him from setting forth the facts when he undertakes to do so.

John Reed's article to which we have referred, describes the persecutions which certain underlings of the federal department of justice have inflicted upon Mexican refugees in California and Texas. So far as one can make out, the crime of these refugees is just about the same as that of Benjamin Franklin and Patrick Henry. They love liberty better than their personal safety. The tale of their persecution in the land of Franklin reads a little queerly. Need a nation forget its early ideals because it has grown rich and old?

In order to get more daylight in a day, a number of governments are setting clocks ahead one hour. There are many arguments in favor of it, but still a lot of people think the day under the old system is too long.

A MEDICINAL TAX

TOO MANY people the main objection to military preparedness is its cost. The bill for our little thief-catching expedition into Mexico already amounts to more than eight million dollars, which brings home to us some sense of the true expensiveness of a large and active army. Still the United States might have an adequate army and navy without laying any heavier taxes on the people, if it would practice a little thrift.

What does congress do with the water powers and other treasures of the nation? Congress gives them away to corporations already so rich that they control the whole industry of the country. Or, to be more exact, our lawmakers are trying to give them away. The senate has passed the Shields bill, which donates the public water powers to the billionaire corporations, and there is great danger that the house will follow its evil example. Congress is wildly eager for preparedness, but it is quite as eager that the taxpayers shall foot the bills and the big monopolists shall be exempt. The idea that the nation should use its own property to pay for its necessities is too shocking for a moment's consideration, as far as many congressmen are concerned.

There is one grand consolation in this riot of haste to give away the people's property to the exploiters. It is the fact that the public retains, and always must retain, the taxing power. By the adequate application of this power the property which thriftless congresses have frittered away may one day be recovered again. A stiff tax on natural resources in private hands would settle the question very nicely.

The Oregon state grange went on record unanimously for the 40 per cent apportionment of grant land proceeds for Oregon schools. There are but few organizations of importance in the state that have not taken the same action. No project ever offered for public approval in Oregon has been given indorsement so nearly unanimous as the effort to build up a fund for the school children of Oregon.

STATE GRANGE ACTION

ADVANCED in thought and unfailingly alert on issues, the Oregon State Grange concluded its annual meeting at Grants Pass with a number of excellent recommendations.

A 40 per cent apportionment of the land grant proceeds for the Oregon irreducible school fund was unanimously approved.

A minimum of eight months of public school was recommended.

The constitutional amendment to limit tax levies to a six per cent increase over the preceding year, was indorsed.

There was a fight over the rural credits resolution introduced by Delegate James Stewart of Fossil. The resolution indorsed the rural credits bill recently prepared by a committee representing the State Grange, State Farmers' Union and the State Federation of Labor, and pledged the delegates to circulate petitions for getting the measure on the ballot.

There was extended debate, but when the fireworks ended there were but few votes against the plan.

A resolution proposing a state bureau of markets in connection with some existing commission was unanimously adopted.

The single-item veto was unanimously indorsed.

These are big issues. Each is sound policy. All reflect a broad vision and a spirit of conservative progress.

The service that the Grange organizations have rendered the state and people of Oregon is incalculable. They are always on guard. Their discussion of current problems at their meetings is an educational system of its own. It inspires a leadership in rural life that is of inestimable benefit.

It is a leadership that is almost invariably on the right side.

A Chicago surgeon has discovered the seat of melancholy. It is located in the colon. To what extent our moods are dependent on organic troubles, time and greater knowledge only can tell.

THE NEW HISTORY

ONE of the most interesting books of these latter days is Professor James Harvey Robinson's collection of essays on "The New History." Professor Robinson, who has a chair at Columbia, specializes in the intellectual history of the world. And he is not a mere scholar. He uses his brains for the good of the world.

His essays are not barren exercises in erudition. On the contrary, they have a purpose, which is to show how knowledge can be used "for the betterment of mankind." He writes history, not to persuade men to linger in the shades of the dismal past, but to inspire them with the ambition to build a brighter future.

Will the day ever come when the human race will dare to use its intelligence and its material resources for its own happiness?

There are many college professors whose point of view is much like that of Professor Robinson. They believe that knowledge was made for man, not man for knowledge. What makes Reed college so attractive to an intelligent mind is its burning interest in the living world. We would not like to call the college "practical," for it is a good deal more and better than that. It is idealistic and beautifully spiritual, but its home is in the present and future, not in the past. And nearest its heart are living men and women, not specters from antiquity.

History has for the most part been taught for the sake of persuading people to rest satisfied with present evils. "Don't try to better conditions," so the lesson runs, "Lest you bring down anarchy and the fate of Rome upon us." Scholars like Professor Robinson point out that anarchy and the "fate of Rome" befall people just because they do not try betimes to better conditions.

An interesting feature of every primary campaign is that so many of the candidates actually take themselves seriously.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[The story of a Portland company that takes huge logs from Oregon's great and magnificent forests and rolls them out into sheets or shreds them into wool, is told in No. 135 of the "Nothing the Matter With Portland" articles. The tests of usefulness, applied to all this company's products, and of beauty, applied to a good part of them, are triumphantly met. The company also meets the payroll test and the output test.]

THIS Portland factory, established in 1901, and completely wiped out by fire nine years later, has a business now that employs from 60 to 75 people, has a payroll of from $5000 to $6000 a month, and does a business of from $175,000 to $200,000 a year. Its buildings cover two of its five acres of ground fronting on the Willamette at St. Johns, Portland's northern suburb, and it has 700 feet on the tracks of the O-W. R. & N. railroad as well as on the river. Its principal business is the manufacture of Oregon veneered fir panels for doors, and these are shipped to nearly every state in the Union. A car was loading destined for Cincinnati at the time The Journal representative made his call upon the management.

The name of the concern is the Portland Manufacturing company, and Peter Autzen is its president and Thomas Autzen secretary, treasurer and manager.

MAKES BERRY AND FRUIT BASKETS.

Its veneered fir panels are made by the hundred thousand and its berry and fruit boxes by the million. The company makes tons of cottonwood excelsior, also, and it is so finely shaven that it is soft as floss or cotton. This, likewise, has a broad territory for a market, going to shippers of glassware in all parts of the country. It is valuable for packers of bottles filled with fluids, and is suitable for mattress making. Great quantities are turned out and baled in 100 pound bundles for shipping. The wood from which it is manufactured requires from two and a half to three years for seasoning, and with 1000 cords or so on hand at all times considerable capital is required to handle this branch of the industry. The berry and fruit boxes are made of spruce, shaved to a thinness of 30 to the inch, and the veneer for the door panels seven to the inch. Three thicknesses of these panels are glued together, the grain of the center piece crossing the others, so that strength which would bear a weight of 200 to 300 pounds is secured.

A BEAUTIFUL WOOD.

The beauty of the grain of this fir veneer is carrying the fame of Oregon's forests to the homes of the people, especially the well-to-do, of nearly all parts of the United States as well as our island possessions. There is almost no boundary to the market for this product, for the reason that its equal for beauty can not be had elsewhere than on the Pacific coast. It excells, in the estimation of competent judges, the attractions of even birdseye maple or the grain of Pennsylvania chestnut. Sandpapered and varnished, it makes a most delightful indoor finish for door and window casings, bathroom ornamentation, or for anything made of wood and exposed to view.

It is interesting to watch the manufacture of this veneer. The writer was present when a log 10 or 12 feet long and as much as five feet in diameter was being shaved into veneering. It was handled by the machinery, as it was being placed in position, as if it were a piece of firewood. When it had been securely fastened in the turning lathe and the monster machinery put in motion, a great knife, the length of the log, peeled it as if it were a sugar beet, and these peelings are the veneer. The wood is not sawed lengthwise as lumber, but turned off from the log as shavings from furniture material are turned, and of the uniform thickness of one-seventh of an inch.

LOGS ARE STEAMED.

Think of a log five feet in diameter being steamed until it is hot to the very center. Not merely warmed, but so hot one can scarcely bear his hand upon it. This is done with every log made into veneer. This makes the wood both pliable and tough, so it will not easily split or break. After being cut it is run through a dryer heated to about 225 degrees. The dryer is 100 feet long, and as the thin strips slowly journey from one end to the other, between hot rollers, every atom of moisture disappears, and they come forth ready for the saws that cut them in lengths for the gluers. It requires three men to operate one of these gluing machines. The thin boards are here run between two steel rollers, which distribute the glue evenly upon them, and now they are ready for the sander and to be worked into door panels or be used, the less valuable, in the manufacture of trunks, etc.

FREE FROM KNOTS.

Knotty or "shaky" logs are not made into veneering. Neither can the hearts of the trees be worked into this material, for the reason that there is no grain in them. Only the most expensive fir is bought, and at best there is great waste to it. Much of the outside, next the bark, is not suitable, and this is consumed in making steam, of which a large volume is used aside from that necessary to operate the machinery.

"We sell our veneer to nearly all stock door factories on the Pacific coast," Thomas Autzen stated, "and these make the doors for their local trade and the eastern market. They go away by the carload to clients of the door manufacturers, and in addition we ship great quantities of the veneer ourselves. We do not manufacture doors, however. This we leave to those engaged in that business. We also do a large business in the manufacture of coffee containers—those wooden barrels used by coffee grinders for shipping their products."

Millions of feet of Oregon fir pass through this big factory annually. It is a valuable adjunct to the city's industries.

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.

Judge Tazwell Answers Assailant.

Portland, May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—The "invisible ring," through its chief and only medium, the Oregonian, made certain charges against me in yesterday morning's issue of that paper, stating that while I was municipal judge a few years ago I catered to the disorderly and vicious elements and brought discredit upon myself and the administration of the law; and further, that upon one of my vacation trips I nominated, to use its exact words, "the notorious Max Cohen to be my substitute."

For fear some people who do not know the facts might be misled by this vicious attack on the eve of the election, I desire briefly to reply, giving the facts connected with the charge.

In reply to the first charge, that I catered to the disorderly and vicious elements, the records of the municipal court show that I imposed and collected more fines and more money during my term of office as municipal judge of the city of Portland than were ever imposed and collected by any judge during the same length of time before or since. Further, the records of the court show that I sentenced more law violators, most of whom belonged to this "disorderly and vicious element," as the Oregonian puts it, during my term of office than any other judge during the same length of time before or since.

These facts are of record, and may be investigated at any time by the public or the "invisible ring."

In reply to the second charge, that I nominated the "notorious Max Cohen" to be my substitute, I wish to say that I requested the mayor to appoint Arthur Langguth, the present incumbent, which the mayor refused to do. After this, when Mr. Cohen was appointed, so far as I knew, he was a reputable practicing attorney in Portland, and the matters that brought him into notoriety happened long after this.

The truth of the matter is that the "invisible ring" realizes that everything indicates my election, and for this reason made this dastardly attack upon me at the eleventh hour, thinking that with the short time intervening before the election I would be unable to refute the charges. This, together with the fact that the chief clerk to the present county judge, who is my opponent, is a relative of a chief man of the Oregonian, sufficiently explains the reasons and motives of the attack.

The article to which this is a reply is undoubtedly a direct violation of the corrupt practices act.

GEORGE TAZWELL.

Portland Lots and Houses.

Portland, Or., May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mr. Ward's article in The Sunday Journal of May 7 is so pat to the conditions in Portland that I cannot refrain from enlarging on one particular phase of his subject, namely, vacant lots and residences. If Portland has too much of any good things, it certainly is in these two items. What makes the subject more interesting at this time is the tentative proposal of the largest real estate owning company in the city to lay out and place on the market still more lots for the purpose of building houses thereon. This firm is said to own real estate in Portland and its suburbs of the value of $10,000,000, and the proposal to lay out a large part of this and offer it to buyers on "easy terms" comes as a shock to many who are familiar with conditions.

Does Portland need any more good land divided up into lots and residences built thereon? Take any east side car, and as you go from the river count the "to let" signs on one side of the street, multiply by two, then by the number of streets leading off from the river, and see what you get. You will have enough to house a city the size of Salem. Inquire of the owners. An owner will, perhaps, say, "Well, I used to get $35 for this place, and for a while I rented it for $25 per month, but it has been vacant now some time, and in order to keep my insurance good you can have it for $17.50 per month." A little figuring will reveal that this owner is willing to accept a rental for his place which does not bring him in net, to exceed 4 per cent on his investment, and there is very likely a mortgage on this same property he is carrying at 8 per cent. But if he keeps a tenant at that rate, he is lucky. You will further find this owner would like to sell at from 40 to 60 per cent of what his property cost him.

Go to any first class real estate office and ask them to sell for you a vacant lot. You will tell that you paid $650 for it four years ago, but you are needing money and would take $450. The agent cautiously breaks it to you that he hardly thinks it worth while to list your lot for $450, but if you know of any one who wants a real bargain, he has it in the lot next to yours, and of the same value, which he can sell for $375.

Figure how much cash that wage earner would have had in bank had he kept his $650 there at 4 per cent. Instead of offering his lot for $375, you would see he would have about $800 in bank, and some "Chink" could be raising perfectly good potatoes on the land from which the lot was cut.

Now, seriously, does Portland need more vacant lots and vacant houses?

What happens when vacant land is cut up into lots? An agent approaches you and offers to sell you a small piece of that land at from 10 to 15 times its value before cutting it up. After paying all expenses of platting, etc., profit to the owner is usually five to seven times the original value. You draw down your little savings in the bank and make your first payment. You also agree to pay interest at 6 per cent on 10 to 15 times the original value of the land, together with all taxes, street improvements, sewer assessments, etc. (I am aware that interest, taxes, etc., in some instances have been added to the selling price, so as to make it appear that the purchaser did not have these to pay, but it was all in the bill.)

So we can understand how it is a big temptation to turn any vacant land into lots and sell them for 10 to 15 times their original value, and at the same time shift the burden of taxes on the shoulders of some one who may be working for $60 per month. What the buyer does is to give up his nest egg in the bank for the first payment, pledge his future net income for four to six years, to meet the payments, interest, taxes, assessments, etc. He does not take into account that six years is a long time against which to lay a bet. He may get sick, lose his job, or dependent relatives may require every cent of his net earnings before he is half paid out on the lot. Then what? He will offer his interest in the lot for half what he has paid into it, or for anything he can get. These offers are today thrown in your face from every real estate office in the city.

Do we need more vacant lots and vacant houses and "broke" wage earners?

S. M. MANN.

McArthur Episodes.

Portland, May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have just read in your Sunday issue an article from the pen of C. N. McArthur, in which he takes sundry and numerous flings at his opponent, E. V. Littlefield. This article has stirred up memories of the past in which "Pat" has figured more or less prominently and caused the writer to weigh the relative merits of the two men as to their probable sincerity of motive and as to which could be depended upon to serve the interests of the people best. A more or less close personal acquaintance with both for many years enables the writer to decide the matter for himself without hesitation in favor of E. V. Littlefield, who, in his public life, has been ever identified with the best interests of the people, and who has stood for morality, decency and honorable action.

My acquaintance with Pat dates from my entrance at the Univeristy of Oregon. Here Pat began to work out his theory of practical politics. Contemporary students, with few exceptions, will tell you that Pat played the game to win. Instance after instance might be cited to show the tendency of his actuating motives—no worse than other practical politicians of the times in state politics, but nevertheless showing the principles of character developing.

The writer was not much surprised, while a visitor at the Polk county Republican convention two years after Pat graduated from the university, to find him the chief henchman of a "boss" in forcing a slate through the convention. This was as raw a demonstration as one could witness. A very few years later Pat designated this same political chief with a vile epithet in his report to the Burns agency on grand jurymen for the land fraud trials.

Next in experience came Pat's connection with the Hood River Gas & Electric company at Hood River.

Hood River had constant trouble with her light and power service, until at last local capital, headed by N. C. Evans and Dr. Watt, put in a competing plank. After every legal means to block the new company had proved unsuccessful, the old organization formed a holding company called the Hood River Gas & Electric company, with C. N. McArthur as its president, and then proceeded to cut rates to any point necessary to get contracts for a term of years and keep business from the new company. It was a cut-throat business they waged under Pat's nominal leadership and at last the inevitable happened and Evans and Watt were compelled to sell to the Hood River Gas & Electric company. Then the old high meter rates were reestablished and much the same condition existed as before. This was four years ago. Pat was still ready to lend his name and his influence to anything that paid him tribute and the principle involved was nothing to him.

There is nothing better to indicate the status of a candidate than the attitude of the bosses who are continually looking for favors and lend their aid to those who are disposed to help and assist them. Why is it that all the questionable leaders of the questionable projects in the state stand back of Pat, to a man? Why do the "bosses" favor him? Is it because they know he will dance to their music and that the other man, a far different sort, will not? The writer, in the fullness of his knowledge of the men, their motives and the ideals that actuate them, wishes to emphasize the fact of their wide divergence and assert his belief and conviction that the interests of the people of this district will be better guarded, conserved, presented and realized under the leadership of a man like Judge Littlefield than under a self-seeking politician who bows to many masters.

EDWARD COAD.

"Private Property."

Portland, May 3.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Peter Collins, speaking for the Knights of Columbus last Sunday night, made several statements that might be challenged, but one particularly which should not be allowed to pass unnoticed—that Socialists do not believe in private property.

If, under Socialism, the working classes could possibly have any less "private property" than they have under the existing order, by all means let's stave off Socialism as long as possible; but considering the widespread absence, right now, of any "private property" worth mentioning among millions of the workers, according to Mr. Collins himself, we have very little to fear from Socialism on that score.

But it is distinctly untrue that Socialists do not believe in private property. It is the existing order that by rent, interest and profit makes it each year—almost each day—more and more difficult for the producing classes to secure, or to keep after they have secured it, enough "private property" on which to exist, to say nothing of enough to exist upon in comfort. This is proved in fifty different ways by every "investigation" that is ordered with intent to put off a little longer the time, sure to come, when these millions will take what is really theirs.

As a matter of fact, Socialists believe passionately in a million times more "private property" than there is at present, but widely, universally distributed and not resting in the hands of a few families—members of our oligarchy—as now.

Combs, manicure sets, gas ranges, automobiles, food, clothing, dwellings—when occupied by their owners—and any any number of other things are "private property" when devoted to private use, and so recognized by Socialists; their lodgment in private hands would be greatly stimulated by the chief tenet of the Socialist creed, namely, that all public utilities whatsoever, together with all natural resources, including coal, oil and water power, should be publicly owned for the benefit of all, because publicly used.

That is quite a different proposition from the statement made by Mr. Collins. Doubtless his love for truth and fair play will cause him to correct this error in future addresses.

E. B.

This Was Portland's Notion.

From the Ketchikan Miner.

For years the people of Alaska waited for the Portlanders to come. They invited if not begged them to come in. Apparently annoyed by our insistence, a couple of years ago they decided to send a couple of old tubs, of the speed and fashioned after Noah's ark, expecting that Alaskans would fall over one another to patronize them. Of course the enterprise proved a failure, but if they expected otherwise we can only say that they were very foolish. Right here is where we find a difference between the Portland spirit and the Seattle spirit.

Heard at the Intelligence Office.

From Judge.

"Do you know of any cook who will remain in the country?"

"Not unless she is buried there."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

"Vote early and often" is still 50 per cent good.

Come to think of it, all that the salmon gets for being game is the hook.

Villa seems to have retired to the tradition class, but the question is whether he will stay there.

Unless the auto is tamed on Sunday it won't be long before Monday's paper will be filled with casualty reports.

Candidates soon will be able to decide that old question, "Resolved, that expectation is greater than realization."

The Beavers began winning just before leaving home, but it is better to have won and left than not to have won at all.

The man who wants to be fair with style must admit it has solved the mystery as to the means of feminine locomotion.

What's the use of worrying about mounting drug prices when fresh air, sunshine and all-out-doors are so abundant and cheap?

One disadvantage of the presidency is that its duties prevent the president from seeing the Columbia highway dedicated.

That Baker man whose $2000 auto was destroyed by fire when he started filling the gasoline tank by candlelight got quite a lot of high priced experience.

"Wisdom is greater than love," says a Portland pastor; yet the good book says, "In much wisdom is much grief." It's probably safe to take a chance on love once in a while.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Salem Statesman admits that in its haste it has said that all men are El Paso war correspondents.

"Oh, well, in a few more weeks we'll be boasting about our cool summers, anyway," is the Eugene Register's farewell to Old Man Winter.

In the opinion of the Medford Sun, the crude oil smudge pot "has come through the attacks of the frost season with increased honor and prestige."

Concerning the real estate situation at La Grande the Observer says: "A nibble now and then on town property convinces one that things are coming back."

The Heppner Commercial club has voted that hereafter all promotion and advertising schemes that show up in that city, as well as solicitors for money for any public purposes, must pass the rigid investigation of the executive committee of the club.

The Grants Pass Courier is glad to state that "while fruits, vegetables and berries have suffered to some degree in most every portion of the west, the sugar beet has proved that it is a crop that can be grown without fear of damage by belated cold snaps."

Improvement note in Salem Statesman: The Church street paving goes, and the fair grounds road. And South Commercial street. That will be nearly enough to last during the dry season, giving a large force of men employment. The fair grounds road work is to be taken up first, in order to be sure to have that street all paved before fair time next fall. The work will be given as largely as possible to needy married men.

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

16—The Wallowa Country

There is a vacation country in Oregon enchantingly beautiful and easily accessible, yet little known.

It is the Wallowa country.

There Chief Joseph made his last stand against the whites; there he sleeps in an unmarked grave.

There the red-brown mountains snow fringed, lean down over a peaceful valley that is itself almost mile high, and the air is crystal clear and clean.

At the head of the valley is a lake whose depths have never been measured, held to its deep bed among sharply rising peaks by a glacial wall as smooth as though done by the giant genius of some titanic engineer.

Above the lake is a forest of tall pines nearly free of underbrush and through it run the icy streams that feed the lake.

Imagine the beauty of this high-up spot in the sunlit silence of summer days, with the breeze stealing gently, coolly, down out of the canyons, with the musical ripple of running waters in your ears, with the crystal, clear air bringing distant objects telescopically close.

And this is but the beginning.

It is only a short walk from the "Tent City" among the pines to the falls of the upper Wallowa.

There are countless trails for hiking and horseback trips.

On one of the higher elevations one wonderful panorama includes 17 mountain lakes.

Eagle Cap, the tallest peak of the ridge, is always a lure to the ambitious climber.

Your friend who carries habitually a trout rod and proper tackle among his effects most certainly would not forget it when he went to the Wallowa country, for the streams are many in which the hungry trout await the fly.

It is the most restfully exhilarating country, if the expression may be allowed, which the writer ever has visited.

To reach the Wallowa valley, take a main line train of the O.-W. R. & N. east from Portland to La Grande. Leading across the Grand Ronde valley and down the river of the same name is a branch railroad which turns to the east where the Wallowa joins the Grand Ronde, and follows the lesser stream almost to its sources, passing en route the towns of Wallowa and Enterprise and reaching Joseph as a terminus.

The whole country is interesting and new. So near is it to the Idaho line that the Seven Devils mountains are plainly in view.

No one ever visited the Wallowa country who did not ardently wish to return.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

OUT AT OAK GROVE—as nearly everybody knows—there's a small black-and-white dog—named Pup.

—because no other name would fit him.

—and he just won't grow up.

—and be a sober dog—that lies on the porch.

—and growls at the man who comes to read the gas-meter.

—and men who come to sell vacuum cleaners—for $16.

—and women who come to sell sets of books—on "How to Develop the Child's Mind"—for $42.

¶ No—Pup isn't that kind of a dog.

¶ And I don't know—exactly—what kind of a dog he is.

—but I call him a lunch-hound.

—because that's what he seems to be.

¶ And the reason—I guess—that Pup doesn't lie on the porch—is that he's too busy.

—because Oak Grove is quite a place.

—so far as dogs are concerned.

—and Pup has an extended acquaintance list.

¶ And sometimes—he brings his friends home with him.

—and they dig up the lawn—for imaginary bones.

—which they think are buried—right under the rose bushes.

¶ And our old white hen—Victoria—who has eleven little fluffy yellow chickens—approves of these operations.

¶ And she stands right behind Pup.

—with her head on one side.

—and blinks when the dirt showers over her.

¶ And she preserves her attitude—of watchful waiting—until Pup sends back an angleworm.

—and then she gets as eloquent—almost—as a candidate for the legislature.

—telling what he doesn't know—about why taxes are high.

¶ And that angleworm—

—but I don't know how to write an angleworm's obituary.

¶ And the clean-up campaign hasn't struck Oak Grove yet.

—except Pup.

—and he's trying to clean up all the vacant lots—all around us.

¶ Anyway—he brings all the old shoes—and old hats—and old corsets—and things like those.

—and puts them in our front yard.

¶ And if anybody should ask me—quick—what Pup is good for—I'm afraid I couldn't tell.

¶ And I've often said—that the very first man that comes along—and offers me $25—can have him.

¶ And Verna says—that if a man comes along—and offers her 25 cents—it will swing the deal.

—and she'll give a 50-cent rebate.

¶ And there isn't any reason—at all—that I should write all this—about Pup.

—because I really don't want to sell him.

—and if I did—I couldn't recommend him.

¶ But this is "Be Kind to Animals Week"—all over the country.

—and I'm going to observe it—right at home.

¶ Pup is my problem—and—

¶ LISTEN—I'm doing my best—in spite of public opinion—to be kind to him.

A Friendship Rhyme.

I know a boy who found a dog—
The dog found him, perhaps;
Next thing, he begged for it at home,
Said he'd just feed it scraps.
As chums together now they roam;
He's none too chummy with the comb,
But I like his kind of chaps.

There was a kitty-cat that yowled,
And draggled was its fur;
A little girl came tripping by;
She took it home with her
And fed it, made it warm and dry;
It lives at her house now, and my,
You should hear that kitty purr!

I know a lad who climbed a tree,
And 'way out on a limb
To put a birdling in its nest,
When he might have gone to swim;
There's others who may know him best,
But when this laddie meets life's test
I'll take a chance on him.

The Great Mission.

"Doubter of Tradition,
Scoffer of the Faith,
What has Life this moment
For such a one as thou?"

"Me?"—I falter, doubtful,
Oft misunderstood—
"What has Life this moment,
For such a one as I?

"I meet God in Nature—
Know He planted hope
(What have I in dogma,
Prejudice or hate?)

"Mine, a nobler purpose
Ever than before:
Every soul a 'Savior'—
Change from Death to Life."
—James Le Roy.

The Boston Version.

Edward Alden Beals, the esteemed weather man, sends the following translation of the childhood rhyme, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star!" into Bostonese:

Scintillate, scintillate, diminutive specimen of nebular condensation!
How profoundly I meditate upon your composition!
Situated at such an altitude, high above this oblate spheroid,
In similitude an infinitesimal crystalization of carbon
Located in the azure of the remote empyrean."

Stories of Street and Town

Always Eager to Oblige.

FRANK C. RIGGS and Ralph P. Meyer, respectively well known in the automobile and laundry business, sat at the meeting of the Royal Rosarians, Monday, their feet upon a common chair. Present Mr. Meyer noted a small hole in the cerise blue of Mr. Riggs' half hose. His sensibilities were exceedingly shocked. From his vest pocket he drew his fountain pen. "May I?" he suggested, leaning forward and applying Carter blue to the white spot in its field of cerise. The spot disappeared.

"How long will the repair last?" inquired a spectator.

"Until he washes his feet," delicately responded Mr. Meyer.