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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.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. —Cowper.

LOOKING AHEAD

THE desperate German attack on Verdun is now somewhat better understood than it was at first. The incredible supposition that the crown prince was madly sending his men to death without any definite purpose except to capture an impregnable fortress, has been abandoned. It has become pretty apparent that he had a clear and fairly rational object.

This object was to paralyze the great forward movement which the allies are concerting and keep the initiative in German hands this season as it has been thus far throughout the war. Evidently the allies are preparing for a great advance. The British have been concentrating troops on the Belgian line. The French have probably massed almost their entire available force between the British trenches and Switzerland. The Russians are quietly getting ready in the east. At a preconcerted signal there will be a simultaneous forward movement.

The Germans could have thrown the allied plans into confusion nad they captured Verdun or had they been able to compel the British and French to withdraw troops from other points on the line to defend that fortress.

Thus far neither of these objects has been effected. The allied lines remain unimpaired everywhere and Verdun withstands every assault. We may therefore take it for granted that before a great while the most spectacular operation of the war will take place. The allied preparations will have been completed and on all sides of Germany the "iron ring" will attempt to contract.

It is quite likely that the British now have three million men in France and Belgium massed rank on rank so deeply that they hope to make numbers insure against blunders. Xerxes tried the same scheme when he invaded Greece. He thought numbers might compensate for bad generalship, but it did not so turn out.

The French have, according to German estimates, at least a million and a half men ready to march at the word of command. How many troops the Russians have on the east frontier of Germany nobody knows, but they may be counted in millions. The allies will all move at the same time in a gigantic assault such as this world has never seen.

A country editor in Pennsylvania printed this notice in his paper: "Among the other attractive features of our great county fair to be held next September will be amusing donkey and pig races open to citizens of this county only." When he heard of the indignation aroused by the notice among the populace, the editor left town hurriedly.

KNIGHTS OF THE AIR

THE golden light of romance has forsaken terrestrial warfare but it is not extinct. It has risen into the air. In the upper regions we still have personal encounters, challenges to mortal combat, deeds of desperate daring, which the machine gun and the trench have driven from the solid ground.

Lieutenant Immelman, the German aviator who has won the picturesque name of the Hawk, is the world's champion fighter in the airy realms. He has unhorsed, or at least unseated, 15 antagonists in those unsubstantial lists and is eager for more. His nearest rival is the gallant Frenchman, Navarre, whose list of victories runs up to 14. He has challenged Immelman to single combat and when they meet their valiant deeds will ring round the world.

The old duels of sword against sword look tame beside these encounters in the air where the conquered hero must not merely die but must fall like Satan to the depths beneath. So we see that romance will not perish. Drive it from the earth and it takes to the air. Perhaps from the air it may finally take refuge under the sea.

It is unseemly, says one of the opponents of Mr. Brandeis, that a judge should enter the supreme court by the door of passion and political wrangling. This means, of course, that only inoffensive men who have made no enemies should be made judges. Any man who has antagonized influential interests while fighting for the people would be unfit, according to such a doctrine.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

TRULY Christian are the efforts of the Methodists to heal the old wounds in their denomination caused by the anti-slavery controversy. In those sad old times they broke up into Northern and Southern Methodists. The general conference in session at Saratoga Springs has adopted a plan which, it is hoped, will reunite the two branches in a few years. Divisions between brethren may be made in a moment. It takes years to cure them.

The movement toward unity in the Protestant churches grows more promising every year. One scarcely notices the line of severance between the Presbyterians and Congregationalists any more. The Baptists have abandoned their old policy of exclusiveness. The various groups of Methodists are drawing nearer to each other and to the general body of believers.

All are learning to emphasize their points of agreement and forget their differences. As the churches imitate the Master in good works they instinctively grow into His immense generosity of mind.

The Portland Telegram's career as the special custodian of prohibition was short lived. As special pleader for a wet candidate who will vote against submission of a prohibition amendment to the states, it is the wettest of the wet. Its prohibition was only skin deep.

GEORGE RUBLEE

PRESS reports state that because George Rublee, one of the appointees to the Federal Trade Commission, is personally objectionable to Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, he has been refused confirmation.

Mr. Rublee is one of the type of men who should be in public life. He is a high class man, and without hope or desire for reward of any kind, has for years devoted himself unselfishly to the public interest.

Disagreeing politically in some respects with Senator Gallinger, he becomes personally objectionable to the senator and in deference to senatorial tradition and courtesy, is refused confirmation, and the public loses the benefit of the services of one of the most effective workers we have in this country.

It was impossible to find anything in Mr. Rublee's life, character, attainments or fitness to furnish a basis for his rejection, but because personally objectionable to Senator Gallinger his confirmation is rejected. This appointment is a national one, not local to the state of New Hampshire, and such action as taken, in a case of this kind is indefensible.

Just how long the public proposes to allow a single senator, for no other reason than the personal equation, to eliminate from public life and deprive the public of the services of valuable men, remains to be seen.

FELIX ADLER

THE Ethical Culture Society celebrates its fortieth anniversary this week. As all the world knows, the ethical culture movement was founded by Dr. Felix Adler, who is now a professor at Columbia university, and the anniversary celebration will take the form of a tribute to him. He has done so much good work in the world that he will deserve all the beautiful things likely to be said of him.

Perhaps his best piece of work, next to founding the Ethical Culture Society itself, is the ethical culture school which admits students without regard to race or color and asks no tuition from any. It is said to be in many ways the best school in the country. One of the memorials to Dr. Adler will be a scholarship fund for this school.

There are four Ethical Culture Societies in the United States besides the parent organization in New York. They are in Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia. They stand for the better life, base morality on science instead of sectarian tradition, and promote rational humanitarianism.

With a reckless extravagance that puts him in the spendthrift class, John D. has given six cents to a little girl. An early advance in the price of gasoline is tremblingly awaited.

THE FLORAL PARADE

PARTICIPATION in the Floral Parade, the central feature of Portland's annual Rose Festival, is the best evidence that the people of the city believe the June fiesta to be a most dignified expression of community spirit.

In recent years the pageant has placed millions of roses and other flowers on review. The Floral Parade has been one of the events in Portland to emphasize the claim of the state's metropolis as the "Rose City" of the world.

Just at this time committees are canvassing every district of Portland for entries. To make this pageant the greatest display of the kind ever attempted in the United States is the slogan of the men and women who are devoting days to working out the details of the event.

You can have, and should have, a part in this feature of the festival. Nature has been lavish in showering Portland with the proper combination of climate and soil to produce the best outdoor roses in the world—and by the millions, too.

Decorate the family automobile, pony cart, dog cart or your horse-drawn vehicle and get in the line of march.

The Floral Parade is Portland's pride. We have told the world all about our Rose Festival with its Festival Center, Rose Show and Floral Parades.

Portland must make good and this can only be accomplished by your presence in a decorated float the afternoon of June 8.

DISFRANCHISED, DISINHERITED REPUBLICANS

PORTLAND'S evening Democratic newspaper is very violent in its denunciation of W. L. Lightner, who seeks a re-nomination for county commissioner, but this year Republican politics will not to any degree be viewed through its eyes for the reason that it is a Republican year and Republicans are going to do their own thinking and acting.—Portland Telegram.

The above is a sample of the "Secret Circle's" game.

There is no Democratic evening paper in Portland. The Journal belongs to no party. It is the spokesman of the Republican masses, the Democratic masses, the Progressive masses and of all other plain people of whatever party, creed or calling.

A letter from a prominent Republican candidate to The Journal yesterday said:

"I wonder if the only means left, The Journal, will help me get my case before the public?"

He could not get what he had to say in the Oregonian. Nor in the Telegram. The columns of those papers are barred to all Republican candidates save those whom the Oregonian and Telegram favor. All means of expression are shut off to the great body of Republicans in Portland, except through The Journal. Every day The Journal office has calls from Republican candidates and their friends who come to this independent newspaper because they cannot get a fair hearing in the Telegram or Oregonian.

They are Republicans whom the Oregonian and Telegram oppose and whom that newspaper oligarchy undertakes to gag and bind.

Then when a hearing is given these men in The Journal, the Telegram and Oregonian utter the false cry of "Democratic." Having shut Republicans off from a hearing in their own papers, they seek to shut them off from a hearing at the bar of republicanism by calling them "Democrats."

Scarcely in Russia does gag rule apply with such high handedness as is the gag rule imposed upon local Republicans by the two Republican newspapers of Portland. Nowhere in the world is there a censorship more rigid, a repression of public sentiment more drastic.

It is a fairly successful attempt to exercise a complete tyranny over the Republican politics of Multnomah county. But for The Journal, the great body of the Republican party would be under an almost complete subjection to that tyranny.

In the Telegram statement above that "Republicans are going to do their own thinking and acting," what is meant is that the Oregonian and Telegram will do the "thinking and acting" for the Republicans. The two gag-rule papers are preparing the political doses to force down the throats of the Republicans. It is a plan of clubbing Republican masses into acceptance of the Oregonian-Telegram cut and dried program.

Three-fourths of the Republican candidates and all their thousands of friends are given in the Republican press no hearing on which to base "thinking and acting." They are disfranchised, disinherited and displaced as Republicans. They are bottled up and corked. They are nailed down with the bosses of the Oregonian and Telegram sitting tight on the lid.

The vast majority of the Republicans of Multnomah county are thus outlawed. They are denied all part in Republican thinking and acting. They have no representation in the political discussions in the public press except through The Journal. Their candidates are slandered, misrepresented and vilified.

On the other hand, candidates that these disfranchised Republican masses oppose, are boosted and heralded. Some of these scarred candidates are under the most serious charges and are bitterly opposed by Republican masses, but there is no way to make the fact known through party organs, and when an independent newspaper is used to give expression to public opinion the cry of "Democrat" is raised.

It is a cry by which the two good newspaper shepherds plan to corral and discipline Republicans as other good shepherds corral and discipline their sheep.

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.

"O Lord, How Long?"

Portland, Or., May 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—Last night's Telegram, also this morning's Oregonian, have devoted considerable space to singing the praises of Mr. Coffey. This appears doubly strange to readers of those papers—first, because of the fact that the record of Mr. Coffey has been attacked and he has offered no denial to the charge that he drew two salaries, and divided his time between the telephone company of which he was receiver, and the county, of which he was clerk; and, second, the readers wonder why those papers should have such a personal interest in the reelection of Mr. Coffey.

Granting that he is an efficient officer, for whom was he efficient—the people, or the corporation? Are not the people entitled to undivided attention to the duties of the offices by those whom they select to fill them? Mr. Coffey has said in his platform that the public are entitled to the undivided attention of the officer in charge. Does he not, under the facts, disqualify himself?

In May, June and July, 1913, Mr. Coffey made trips to Seattle and Los Angeles. Was it not on the time of the taxpayers, and did he not receive full salary for the time absent?

The constitution of Oregon says: "No person shall hold more than one lucrative office at the same time," and in addition there is a decision of the supreme court of Oregon holding that a receiver is an officer of the court. Under the law and the findings, is Mr. Coffey entitled to draw salary from the people?

The Journal's right to discuss candidates is questioned, by the Oregonian and Telegram, but we "unowned" voters who are Republicans, and who have a sincere desire to select the best men for office, have no other opportunity to know anything of them unless they be the handpicked pets of the two papers whose claim is that "they are Republican." Is not The Journal at least entitled to credit for publishing the news, and not throttling publicity when candidates are assailed on their public records?

Mr. Beveridge has lived in Oregon for more than 30 years, and so far there has been no word of censure of his private or public life; and yet from reading either of the Republican papers the voters would have no way of knowing that he was a candidate, while thousands of splendid people are supporting his candidacy. Are the people not entitled to the news?

Why hold primaries? Why not let the Oregonian and Telegram pick our candidates? Are they not better able to judge who shall best serve the people? Is it not a waste of public money and an unnecessary effort for the people to have any opinions when those two "great" dailies are so willing to give of their unselfish learning that the ignorant voters may vote intelligently?

Every candidate for the legislature should be pledged to support a bill making it the duty of the "inner circle" to meet prior to every election and select the candidates who should represent them, and a punishment similar to that provided for treason should be the reward of those who dare even to think they knew better than those who have made it their business to take the matter into their own hands.

In conclusion: Who are the bosses? Who select the candidates? What do we ordinary mortals have to do with the selection of them? And, O Lord, how long? E. A. LEROY.

Mr. Griffin to Mr. Klepper.

Portland, May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Availing myself of The Journal's fairness in offering its columns to its readers impartially for discussion of matters of public interest, and being unadvised as to the meaning of some facts well known to a large body of the public, I wish to ask for information.

In view of the fact that one, Milton Reed Klepper, has been active for many weeks and has approached many lawyers seeking a candidate—any old candidate—who would run against Mr. Evans for district attorney and, if successful, give Milton Reed a job as deputy; and in his quest has promised mysterious strength of votes and money to "the right man" willing to sacrifice a "lucrative" law practice for the certainty of a monthly pay check and permit Milton Reed to do the same; and, in view of the further fact that this same Milton Reed Klepper is "publicity man" for Mr. McCue, and it is common report not denied by that office that he is to be first assistant under Mr. McCue; and therefore, that a vote for Mr. McCue is a vote to clothe Mr. Klepper with the power of that office over the life, liberty and property of the people of Multnomah county—it is pertinent to inquire, "Who is this man Klepper? Who are these mysterious forces back of him who deem it best not to come out into the open?" We have a right to know.

Of Mr. McCue personally I have nothing to say; but is this the same Milton Reed Klepper who, as stated by Mrs. Maude Dobbs in her complaint against him filed in the circuit court of this county on August 23, 1913, "while acting as her attorney, collected $1200 for her use and benefit" and "has, in violation of his duty as such attorney, and in violation of the stipulation or agreement entered into—failed and neglected to pay over to plaintiff the balance due her," being a trifle of $589.

And there are other facts the public is entitled to know about a Milton Reed Klepper in this city, so it is proper to know whether he and Mr. McCue's "publicity man" are one and the same. There must be some unfortunate similarity of name, for it is incredible that this particular Milton Reed Klepper should really seek position in the office of the district attorney, where, of all places, probity and uprightness should be found. And we would like to know.

E. B. GRIFFIN.

Mr. McCue Returns to Attack.

Portland, May 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—Are the people going to keep a man in office who has failed to do his sworn duty? Are they going to let go unchallenged Walter Evans' boast of law enforcement when he failed at any time to make any attempt to close the Friars' club, the most notorious dive and pitfall for young women ever operated in Oregon? Do they not remember that it became so bad that Oswald West, when governor of Oregon, was forced to call out the state militia to suppress this hellhole?

Did Walter Evans not then know that the Friars' club was within one mile of the Multnomah county line and that he had authority under the law to take action to close out this rendezvous for parasites, gamblers and procurers, this dive where many young girls from Portland have been lured to their ruin? Can Walter Evans profess ignorance of the black reputation of the Friars' club? As an officer of the law he knew of the nefarious operations that were conducted there. He knew that men were doped and robbed and that young girls were lured there and their lives ruined. Yet, he never made a single move to put this club out of existence and it remained for the governor himself to take desperate means to do what Walter Evans refused and failed to do. Mr. Evans, it is up to you to explain to the mothers of Portland why you continued to protect this dive of vice and crime.

Mr. Evans, you cannot excuse your inactivity by saying the Friars' club was out of your jurisdiction; otherwise you cannot justify the raid made at your instance and the sheriff's office only a few months ago on this same club for alleged violation of the prohibition law.

Mr. Evans, you canont serve two masters. You cannot fool the mothers and fathers of Portland. You cannot make amends to the scores of young girls whose lives have been blighted at the Friars' club. Mr. Evans, you stand convicted of gross negligence of your duties. Will the mothers of Portland cast their votes for you? No, most emphatically not.

JOHN C. M'CUE.

Mr. Lightner's "Business Record."

Portland, May 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—Since the Oregonian is printing a so-called "business record" of Mr. Muck, will The Journal please allow space for the "business record" of County Commissioner W. L. Lightner, now seeking renomination and reelection? The following is taken from the Portland city directories from 1876 to 1904:

1876—W. L. Lightner, bartender, bds. National hotel.
1877—W. L. Lightner, bartender, res. National hotel.
1880—W. L. Lightner, bartender, rms. 71 Stark st.
1882—William Lightner, barkeeper Merchants' Exchange, res. 3d and Stark.
1883—Wm. L. Lightner, barkeeper with J. H. Boyd, res. 9 1st st.
1883—Wm. Lightner, propr. Triangle saloon, res. 95 3d st.
1884—W. L. Lightner, Merchants' Exchange saloon, res. 95 3d st.
1885—W. L. Lightner, Merchants' Exchange saloon, res. 91 1st st.
1885—W. L. Lightner & Co., The Bureau saloon, 16 Morrison.
1886—W. L. Lightner & Co., The Bureau saloon, 16 Morrison.
1887—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1887—Wm. L. Lightner, prop. Bureau saloon, 1st and Morrison.
1888—Wm. L. Lightner, prop. Merchants' Exchange saloon, 91 1st st.
1889—Wm. L. Lightner, prop. Merchants' Exchange saloon, 91 1st st.
1890—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1891—Wm. L. Lightner, prop saloon, 91 1st st.
1892—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1893—Wm. L. Lightner, prop. saloon, 91 1st st.
1894—Wm. L. Lightner, prop. saloon, 91 1st st.
1895—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1896—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1897—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1898—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1899—Wm. L. Lightner, saloon, 91 1st st.
1904—Wm. L. Lightner, commissioner.

MRS. A. W. NICHOLSON.

Supporters of Mr. McCormick.

Portland, May 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—We are teachers of rural schools, and after due investigation and consideration have come to the conclusion that the best interests of the ruarl schools demand the selection of Elmer S. McCormick, principal of the Gresham schools, for the position of county school superintendent of Multnomah county. We believe Mr. McCormick is the best qualified for the position, by reason of his education, temperament and successful experience. He is the only candidate who has had experience as county superintendent of schools and rural supervisor. He is pledged to economy in the management of the office. At least $1000 a year can be saved to the taxpayers by an economical administration of the office. The other condidates are all conspicuous by their silence on this matter. He is pledged to cooperate with the state superintendent, the state schools and the county agriculturist in all things for better schools and better citizens. We have found him to be a devoted home man, having five children of his own, and is more in sympathy with the boys and girls than are the other candidates.

The county school superintendent has no jurisdiction over the schools of Portland, but the people of Portland have a vote on the candidates for this position. Mr. McCormick is the only candidate teaching in the rural schools. He is the choice of a large percentage of the patrons and teachers of the rural schools. We wish to say that we believe in the justness and fairness of the citizens of Portland and further believe they will give the country people the candidate they desire.

MAE HUGHES
MABEL ARTHUR
EMMA FULLER
FLORENCE FIELDHOUSE
MYRTLE MYERS
ESTHER ELFORD
ELSIE METZGER
EVA STRUGGLES
VAUGHN McCORMICK
HAZEL CARTAN
ROY H. GIBBS
FLOYD P. MOORE
LILLIAN ETCHELLS
LENA ULEN
R. H. SEARLE
F. B. KEELAN
CLEM CAMERON
MARIAN ROBERTSON
VIRGINIA WORSHAM
ETHEL CALKINS
MARGARET SCHANTIN
VYOLA B. MATHEWS
BASIL E. RALSTON
ROWENA ARTHUR
H. W. AGEE
L. BRACKETT
M. DAVIS
RHODA WALLACE
GERTRUDE LIGGETT
EMMA K. LITTLE
J. C. RYAN,
Principal Troutdale schools.

Assails Lewis' Employment Act.

Portland, May 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—D. C. Lewis of St. Johns is a candidate for reelection to the legislature from Multnomah county.

Mr. Lewis is the father of the employment agency bill, which enables the employment shark to exact tribute from the worker for the right to work and the right to live.

Prior to the passage of this measure, employment agents operated in an independent manner and charged different fees for positions. Now, thanks to Mr. Lewis, they can skin the worker and do it according to law. They are, under the terms of the Lewis bill, allowed to charge a fee of five per cent of a month's wages for a job that pays $60 per month ($3), and $5 for a job that pays from $60 to $100 per month. There is no reason for the existence of a private labor agency in a city where there is a municipal labor bureau properly conducted. Portland is fortunate in this respect.

National, state and progressive municipalities are cooperating to relieve the burdens of the worker and not add to them, as is done under the Lewis bill. I contend that no man should be compelled to pay tribute to a parasite for the right to work and the right to live.

I believe that the father of this measure should be killed politically.

M. F. BARRETT.

The Case of Mr. Kerchen.

Portland, May 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—Generally my wife and I vie with each other to finish our supper in order to be the first to grab—I mean it literally—The Journal. I like The Journal. Especialy do I like its editorials. I like their peaceful policy and tendency to "stick up" for the underdog. I like The Journal because it truly reflects in its editorial policy that which no other newspaper in Portland except the Labor Press dares to reflect—the growth of social consciousness among the people—the cognizance of right and wrong—justice. The Journal has a great educational work on hand—hard work; the more so, because when reading the happenings of today we feel like pinching ourselves to make sure we are not living in the middle ages.

Take, for instance, the case of G. L. Kerchen, supervisor of manual training in the Portland public schools, whom some of the teachers would oust from his position. I never heard of that man until I read of him in The Journal. To me he is only an atom in this universe. But he has my full sympathy as a man who stands for research and progress, who tries to break the metaphysical darkness and bring the light of science to the minds of his teachers and pupils. I pity the teachers who have brought charges against him; I compare them with the professors of Padua, who charged their colleague, Galileo, with the heresy of saying that "the earth moves." To charge a man today with the heresy of believing in evolution is to show his accusers' unfitness to instruct children in our public schools.

Who has not heard about Darwin, the man who "discovered" the law of development in organic nature. Everything that we see is the result of development and evolution. Nothing is ready-made. And still we have in Portland teachers, to whom we entrust our children, who deny these scientific facts, and who are trying to oust a man because he believes in them. RALPH V. CHERVIN.

Recall Convention in Columbia.

From the Houlton Herald.

R. S. Hattan, county judge; Norman Merrill, county commissioner; Henry Ruddiman, county commissioner, were the nominees to be elected to take the place of Judge Clark, Judson Weed and A. E. Harvey, present county court and commissioners. The action of the convention was unanimous, and each participant left the convention hall with a declared purpose of going out among the byways and hedges to bring in votes enough to elect the ticket by a rousing majority on May 19, the same day the primaries will be held.

J. W. Fullerton called the convention to order and stated the object of the meeting. Upon motion of someone Mr. Fullerton was chosen permanent chairman by acclamation. C. C. Cassett was chosen secretary.

Upon assuming the chairmanship Mr. Fullerton delivered a short, pointed speech on the rights and duties of the taxpayers. He said the present court and commissioners had become so autocratic and arrogant in their entrenched official powers that they had overridden a petition of 1272 taxpayers asking redress from the wrongs of the court in ruthless waste of tax money by misappropriating it in useless places while roads needing it were neglected and people were compelled to wallow through the mud and school children wade in mud or remain away from school; that the said court had ignored two recommendations and one direct order from the grand jury. He cited instances he said could be proved, where six men were engaged in loading one wagon. He said the right of redress has been abridged by the present court until it becomes necessary for the people to use their constitutional rights in recall to secure such relief.

The name of R. S. Hattan was placed in nomination. A motion to make it unanimous by acclamation was halted by Mr. Hattan when the question was called, and action on the motion suspended and laid on the table pending the selections of candidates for commissioners.

Mr. Hattan made a most appropriate talk. He outlined the necessary things to do, not only in the recall nomination for commissioners, but also for the nomination of the same men as commissioners at the primaries, to be elected again this fall, and that unless some concessions were agreed to by which the north and south ends and the west side of the county could pull together in perfect harmony, it would be useless to attempt recall of the Clark regime and bring the county court back into the hands of the people, and that if some such amicable agreement wasn't reached he would not accept the nomination for county judge.

Upon motion the name of Norman Merrill, of Clatskanie, was placed in nomination for commissioner, also that of A. H. Tarbell of Warren. Mr. Tarbell refused to accept nomination for recall candidate, being a candidate before the primaries. Then Mr. Merrill, also being a candidate before the primaries, refused to accept, stating that he could not accept, because that would leave two candidates—one south, one north—seeking nomination, opposed to this court, to divide the vote and let Mr. Harvey, the present court candidate, secure victory at primaries.

At this juncture Mr. Tarbell did a most magnanimous and commendable act. He arose and said: "In the interests of perfect harmony and a united people, I withdraw my name from the primary ballot for county commissioner." A round of applause and a five minute recess greeted this declaration.

Following recess the name of Henry Ruddiman, of Mist, on the west side of the county, was nominated, and with this amicable adjustment, Messrs Hattan and Merrill accepted the nominations and the ticket as announced at the head of this article, was nominated unanimously by acclamation.

The action of this convention looks more like a genuine heart-felt getting together of the masses to wrest the power from the bosses than the Herald editor has seen since he came to Columbia county.

Past Understanding.

From the Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

We have been hanging around on the outskirts of life and observing things for some years now, but we don't believe that we have an adequate appreciation even yet of the vast importance which a woman attaches to spring house cleaning and spring hats.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

A distinctive characteristic of 1916 is that it is a prosperous presidential year.

It's time to quit worrying about summer. A circus is advertised for next week.

"Individual tombstones for women" is a new slogan of the D. A. R., but it can hardly stand for a live issue.

One of the biggest duties staring Oregon people in the face may be discharged Friday at the primary election.

Talking of submarines, it's lucky for the world that Noah was wise enough to build his ark before they were invented.

A Boston lawyer has given up his practice and gone to raising pigs—probably figuring that the pen is mightier than the retainer.

When reports of drownings cause bathers to follow the safety-first rule, the summer season will be much more enjoyable to all concerned.

Hood River is late with its strawberries, but we will agree not to send a punitive expedition provided the delay is made up by abundance.

Ambassador Page says peace will come suddenly just as the war did. However, Europe doesn't seem to be making the elaborate preparations for peace that she did for war.

Tacoma is to restrict flags in its Memorial day parade to the Stars and Stripes. What the ordinary American can't understand is why anybody in America should want any other flag these days.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Leader states that real property is beginning to move again at Monroe.

La Grande's city commission has under consideration the resumption of an abandoned subway job, undertaken in the councilmanic era, and designed to eliminate a grade crossing, much frequented by school children.

"If there be truth in the report that radium has been discovered on Humbug, just across the line from this valley, some excitement will follow," says the Medford Mail Tribune. "We have discovered nearly every other kind of mineral in this region. It is hoped that this reported discovery is not a humbug."

"Portland, Roseburg and other cities," loudly proclaims the Gardiner Courier, "are making a great fuss over picking the first rose of the season. In Gardiner there is no such a thing as a 'first rose' or 'last rose.' They are with us all the time, and the most beautiful ones to be found anywhere in the state, at that. Arguments over such common things as roses make us weary."

Thrift story in The Dalles Chronicle: "The clean-up fever has struck The Dalles. Children are coining money from old pieces of tin, rags, pasteboard boxes, scraps of iron and various other rubbish which they are selling to local junk dealers. Boys, ranging between the ages of 10 and 15, who live in the 'hill' section of the city, have organized little 'stores' where they barter and exchange their 'goods.' Nails and pins are used for money. When they fill a gunny sack with iron and tin, they 'pack' it to a junk dealer and exchange for real money."

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

17—Bull Run Park

A day spent at Bull Run park is a scenic treat that no Portlander or his visitor can afford to miss.

It is easily accessible either by the Bull Run line of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company or by excellent automobile road.

Though its setting is in the lesser mountains of the Cascade range, it is truly a nature-made park, level, well shaded, frequently grassy and charming.

And it possesses a distinction not given any other place of public resort in the vicinity of Portland—two of the most powerful mountain rivers in this district, Sandy river and Bull Run river. Both streams, too, are dependable producers of trout, even for amateurs.

Only one direction need be given so far as the suburban line is concerned. Take the car at First and Alder streets. The distance is about 30 miles and excursion fares are granted on Sundays and holidays. The steel way leads first south, across and up the Willamette river, past Oaks park, Sellwood, the golf links, Linneman Junction and Gresham. So gradual is the ascent that the entrance to the canyon of the Sandy river with a sudden outlook upon the stream far below comes as a surprise. This portion of the trip is always good for a thrill.

For automobiles, Powell Valley road is the most direct route, and the best way to get on Powell Valley road is to go east to East Fifty-second street, thence south until you reach this well marked highway. This way will lead you through Gresham and to the top of the bluffs above the Sandy, thence turning southward and descending to the bridge spanning the Sandy river not far above the mouth of Bull Run river. The automobile entrance to the park is at the east approach of this bridge. The road is good summer and winter.

Or you may go out Base Line road and half way down the hill just west of the Automobile clubhouse, turning to the right and southward into the road you will find there, and following it, being sure to keep on the main traveled way, until you reach Powell Valley road. Or you may go out Division street and its continuance, Section Line road, to the Powell Valley road. Between these main routes are less traveled parallel roads equally charming and usually good.

In the vicinity of Bull Run park are a number of interesting places. Not far above is the Mount Hood power lake, and at Bull Run station, a mile above the park, is the power plant. Leading to Bull Run station is a road that branches from the Columbia River highway, marked as the Gordon Creek road. This is a very scenic route, but it has some long, steep grades and is better left alone in wet weather.

The stretch of Sandy river between the bridge near the mouth of Bull Run and a bridge two miles farther up is a favorite for steelhead and salmon trout fishermen, and as these fish come in from the sea the supply is practically uniform year after year.

If you wish you may follow the ridge road east of the Sandy river to a junction with the Mount Hood highway, or you may cross the Sandy by the upper bridge above the park and climb the hill to Sandy postoffice, returning thence westward to Portland or southward to the Clackamas river.

The Once Over

BY REX LANGMAN

THE POLITICAL SITUATION—just at present—as it looks to me—seems to be full of candidates.

¶ And the candidates are full of talk.

¶ And the newspapers full of ads.

¶ And the people are full of thoughts—about something else.

¶ And politics is one of the things—I guess—that keeps us from thinking—about things that really matter.

¶ And you might think—from reading this—that I'm going to say something about politics.

¶ And if you do—you've guessed wrong.

—because I have no idea—of saying anything—about anything.

¶ And my mind—so to speak—is almost a perfect blank.

—not quite as perfect a blank—perhaps—as the minds of those who write editorials—heavy ones—on the necessity of a protective tariff.

¶ And all I wish to say is—that there seem to be some things missing—from the present campaign.

¶ For instance—not a single speech—that I have heard—or seen printed—has had anything like this:

¶ "My friends—from the rock-bound coast of Maine—to the golden shores of California—and from—"

—and so on.

¶ In fact—the present campaign seems to lack anything—simply anything—resembling oratorical splendor.

¶ And I might suggest—to the campaign managers—that in future—they can supply this lack—by getting Frank Branch Riley—the boy orator of the Columbia basin—to run for something.

¶ It doesn't make any difference what.

—just so Frank runs—and gets a chance to talk.

¶ Or perhaps—I should say—just so he runs.

¶ Frank will do the rest.

¶ And that would relieve the monotony—of a campaign like this one.

—where the candidates lack imagination.

—and have nothing to say—except "Vote for me."

—or "My opponent is a blackguard."

—or "Turn the rascals out and put me in."

¶ Of course—they use a great many words—but that's about what they say—indirectly.

¶ That is—all except Sanfield Macdonald—who says:

¶ "The main reason that I want the job is because of the salary of $2400 a year."

¶ Such frankness—Sanfield—is revolutionary—in American politics.

¶ And if other candidates should follow suit—in future—and tell the truth—as to why they want to be elected—you'll be called a pioneer.

—the founder of a new movement.

—and there may be a statue erected to you.

¶ But I fear—Sanfield—that you will stand alone.

—and if a person stands too much alone—he gets no statue.

¶ And another thing—that I'd been missing—in this campaign—was for somebody—anybody—to "view with alarm."

¶ And I was afraid the campaign would end—without a single "viewer" being heard from.

¶ But the Oregonian—this morning—views Lafferty with alarm.

¶ And so things seem more normal—and—

¶ LISTEN—If things warm up a little more—before the primaries—somebody will be "deploring the tendencies of the times."

—which will make things seem natural.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Rural credit is a mighty good thing to have, and them who have used it least at the store have the most of it. Short skirts make a woman look younger, and a man look longer.

Virgil Comes Back.

Virgil Vumm was discussing the pleasing custom that prevails in a local photoplay house, that of having its girl ushers dress in costumes of the period or type shown in the feature on the screen.

"Great idea," declared Virgil. "Scotch play, they dress in kilts. Hindu play, they dress in the manner of high-caste Hindus.

"Great idea. I hope Annette Kellerman comes soon."

Modest.

Speaking of the practice of naming homes and farms, a correspondent of the Detroit News tells of a man near Holt, Mich., who has painted on the front of his barn in three-foot letters:

JUSTAMERE FARM

Have faith. If that which rules the universe were alien to your soul, then were nothing to be done but to die and be doomed everlastingly. But since this is not the case, why should one pity you? Or why should we pity one who, having a silver mine on his estate should lose a shilling through a crack in the floor!—Edward Carpenter.

A LESSON ON TOBACCO

From the Portland School Bulletin.

Tobacco is one of your worst enemies, and if you wish to avoid trouble, please stay away. He is a plant, yet a plant, somehow he is a human being. He steals upon you slowly and soon you are in his clutch.

Cigarettes are supposed to be the most dangerous thing tobacco is made into. They draw heat as well as smoke into the mouth.

The young boy watches the man smoke big cigars and he gets one just as big, and when he smokes it, he gets sick, very sick. It is not the tobacco's fault, but the boy's. He is not wise enough to stay away.

There is a poison in tobacco. He is tobacco's friend and his name is nicotine. He helps hurt us. The tobacco plant is slightly injurious owing to the presence of this nicotine.

The tobacco leaves are laid on sticks and taken to a dryer, where there are two large furnaces, which are then started. Doors, windows, and everything are closed, and the temperature is raised to 180 degrees.

Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake introduced tobacco to Europe. One day as Sir Walter was smoking, a servant came in and on seeing his master smoking, thought that he was burning up. He rushed out and got a pail of water and dashed it on Sir Walter.

People who smoke too much get a smoky brain and are not wise. The fact is, they think it is stylish, but they are very much mistaken, for it is even worse than chewing gum in company. —Frank Atkins, 9 Years Old. Kerns School 4A.

Stories of Street and Town

Effects Are Far Reaching.

WAY out on Dairy creek near the Coast range Sunday two discouraged fishermen were talking about the causes of the empty basket this year.

"It's because the state went dry," declared one.

"How's that?" inquired the other.

"Well, when a feller spits on his bait this year there ain't no flavor to attract the fish."