

THE JOURNAL

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All will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be just must be reasonable.

THE PEACE RUMORS

PART from the fervent desire of all good men and women for peace on earth, the real interest in the peace rumors that float across the sea is the nature of the terms that will eventually be put forth.

In a general way it is predicted that none of the warring nations will obtain all it wishes or lose what is necessary to its existence.

For England security means a continued stream of supplies and raw materials for her factories and a preponderant control of the seas.

For France security consists in recovering strategic positions in Alsace and Lorraine.

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TWO REPUBLICAN PARTIES IN OREGON

THERE are two Republican parties in Oregon. There are two Republican parties because a powerful clique in Portland in conjunction with the governor's office, by its attempted exercise of despotic power makes it impossible for all Republicans to remain united and harmonious within one party.

One of them is the group led by Governor Withycombe and the Oregonian which tried to deprive Secretary of State Olcott of his right to be a Republican. The other is that large mass of Republicans who decline to take orders from a group of so-called "regular" Republicans who claim they are the only Republicans and that all other persons styling themselves Republicans are not Republicans but Democrats.

Mr. Olcott is an example of the "outlawed" Republicans. The whole campaign against him was a claim that he is not a Republican. The whole fight against him was by the stalwarts who claim that they alone are Republicans and that all other Republicans are outlaws and Democrats.

There was no reason for such a claim. Mr. Olcott has always been a Republican. He refused to accept assemblyism and supported Oswald West in 1910 for governor. So did more than half the Republicans of the state. They went out of their party to oppose assemblyism on principle. So did Mr. Olcott.

After that, Mr. Olcott was appointed secretary of state by Governor West. He was appointed as a Republican. He accepted the appointment as a Republican. There was a Democratic protest because Governor West named a Republican to the position.

After that, Mr. Olcott was nominated for election as a Republican. He was elected as a Republican. Yet, we had throughout the late primary campaign the constant and reiterated insistence that Mr. Olcott is a Democrat. We had in the Oregonian and in the Telegram an aggressive endeavor to drive him out of the party with which he has always been affiliated.

We had the spectacle of all available attaches of the governor's office and executive departments moving heaven and earth to put Mr. Olcott in the ranks of "outlawed" Republicans. There are a great many such Republicans in Oregon. Every Republican who opposed the assembly and assemblyism stands exactly where Mr. Olcott stood. If Mr. Olcott is a Democrat, they are Democrats. If he is a disinherit and disfranchised Republican, they are disinherit and disfranchised Republicans.

There is little in common between these two Republican parties. One of them is the Mark Hanna Republican party and the other is the Lincoln Republican party. Identification is easy. The first believes in party rulership from above, the other believes in party rulership by the masses. The one attempts to give orders and expects obedience, denying the masses a right to be heard. The other believes in wide open party councils instead of secret intrigues, believes in a fair discussion with every one given his day in court, believes that the final decision as to party control and leadership should be by all and not by a "Secret Circle."

Though different in form, the principle today is exactly the principle on which the party divided on assemblyism, and exactly the principle on which it divided again when more than half the party went over to Roosevelt in 1912. The conflict is irrefragable and will continue to make two Republican parties in Oregon because the Oregonian and the powerful group of allied interests, the Multnomah county ring and Governor Withycombe's state machine are determined to draw a secret circle inside of which they claim are the only Republicans, while proclaiming that all other so-called Republicans are Democrats and outlaws.

Nobody has claimed that Mr. Olcott has been an inefficient official. On the contrary, the white-winged and haloed Republican despotism that led the fight against him was forced to confess that he is an excellent officer.

But he was fought by Governor Withycombe's state machine and by the newspaper oligarchy in Portland because he wouldn't apply the spoils system in public offices, because he would not use public places as a political asset, because he would not "stand in" with the governor's foolish and childish programs, because he would not become a cog in the Withycombe-Oregonian political machine, because he insisted that merit is the true and only test for appointment to office, because he was guided in his action solely by a consideration for the public welfare rather than for private gain and because he acted on his conscience and his judgment, refusing to take orders from those who are exercising the power of invisible government in this state.

The charge against Mr. Olcott was that he is a Democrat. That was the only charge made against him. The effort was to deny him the right to be a Republican. The warning is that all Republicans of the Olcott type can take it for granted that in the view of the white-winged "regulars" they have no right to be Republicans.

Every Republican who opposed assemblyism, every Republican who voted for Roosevelt, every Republican who believes in orders going up from below instead of coming down from above, every Republican who denies the right of Oregonianism and Withycombeism to rule the party is considered a Democrat and an outlaw.

world too often measures men by what the others can not accept and will not accept. Charley Moores is an excellent man, a good citizen, a steadfast friend and a member of one of the Oregonian's most prominent families of Oregon. It was a crime for Oregonianism and Withycombeism to drag him out to be slaughtered.

THE ONLY thing that saves the world," said President Wilson to the National Press club, "is the handful of disinterested men that are in it." Referring to those at the national capital he said that he had found a few such and wished he had found more. He did not say just how many he had found. The Lord would have spared Sodom if poor old Lot could have found ten righteous men in its population, or even five. But he was finally obliged to own that there was only one, namely himself.

There are "a few names even in Sardinia which have not defiled their garments," and these men, so Mr. Wilson thinks, are the salt of the earth. The wonder is that he should have kept so much faith in mankind after all these years' experience of baseness and treachery. Some lies may yet remain untold about him but there can not be many. It may be possible to misinterpret his motives still more malignantly than has been done, but we do not believe it. Human ingenuity seems to have gone to the limit in that direction. He has waded through a slough of calumny made viscid with petty spite for many months, and yet he still sees good in the world.

and from the unpolluted depths flow conspicuous streams that water the thirst of men who strive and suffer. No man can be disinterested without faith in a just God. If he had no faith how could his heart keep up its course?

The Powell valley paving agreement was kept insofar as circumstances would permit. Commissioner Lightner delivered the paving job but the Oregonian's "Secret Circle" was unable to deliver the election certificate.

ROAD LEGISLATION

PROBABLY fifty road bills have been introduced in congress the present session, but it is not likely that any of them will be enacted into law. For this statement there are several reasons. One reason is a lack of funds. Another is a lack of crystallization of public opinion on any comprehensive plan of federal aid.

This is shown in the character of the bills. Representative Adamson of Georgia has proposed to rent roads traveled by rural and star route carriers at the rate of \$25 per mile for the first year and \$15 per mile for each year thereafter. Under his bill the expenditure for the first year would be \$30,000,000.

Representative Bryns of Tennessee would limit the federal appropriation to \$30,000,000 a year, while Representative Candler of Mississippi would appropriate \$100,000,000 in annual installments of \$20,000,000.

Representative Edwards of Georgia would rent post roads at the rate of \$25 per mile. Kincheloe of Kentucky would appropriate \$48,000,000 annually for an indefinite period. Representative Sells of Tennessee provides in his bill for a \$500,000,000 bond issue for roads to be constructed under the supervision of a national highway commission.

Representative Tillman of Arkansas goes him one better and would issue one billion of bonds, giving each state one million annually without regard to population, taxable property or road mileage. Out of all the bills introduced only two have passed one house. The Shackleford bill in the house and the Bankhead bill in the senate.

The Shackleford bill appropriates \$25,000,000 annually and indefinitely. The Bankhead bill provides for a maximum appropriation of \$75,000,000 to be scattered over five years, five million the first year, ten million the second, fifteen million the third, twenty million the fourth and twenty-five million the fifth.

Under the Bankhead bill Oregon would receive \$81,450 the first year, or a total of \$407,250. The Bankhead bill differs from the Shackleford bill in its provision that the states shall be required to maintain the roads.

While the campaign of good roads education has been under way in congress for several years and substantial progress has been made, the time is hardly ripe yet, it is believed, to adopt a comprehensive policy of federal aid.

THE HOSTS OF THE LORD

JOHN HAY touched true when, in homely phrase, he said: I never seed nothing that could or can Just git all the good from the heart of a man Like the hands of a little child.

There will be nothing at the Rose Festival to surpass the children's parade. It will be a pageant worth journeying miles on miles to see. Without the sunshine to enliven it, the drill on Multnomah field Wednesday was a scene of beauty beyond compare. It was life and innocence in the essence. It was purity and beauty intensively refined.

A project to have the drill repeated during the festival is said to be in contemplation. The objection is offered that, in addition to the robed parade, it would be too heavy a work for the children. On the other side, it is argued that the spectacle is so beautiful that as many as possible should be able to behold it.

Those who looked on at Multnomah field Wednesday were profoundly touched. A sense of the majesty of child life thrilled them through and through. The purity and innocence, the clock-like evolutions in the figures of the drill, the living pictures painted with little faces and forms like the colors of a gorgeous sunset, all mirrored a life as no human hand can paint it. Only the hand of Omnipotence can provide the colors and materials for such a painting.

When we look upon a marching column of troops with hands playing, we are profoundly moved. When we gaze upon a vast body of people in a mass meeting or convention, we are deeply impressed. But to behold thousands of children moving in precision and grouping themselves in beautiful figures is an appeal to the human sentiments that words cannot adequately picture.

In contemplating the children we know that we are standing in the presence of the future, the great unsolved future. They are the republic of tomorrow. They are the majesty of a coming year. They are in their innocence and happiness, the hosts of the Lord.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

(Growth from a man and a boss up to a force of almost two scores in seven years is a record of which to boast. And that is the growth accomplished by a Portland ironworker's establishment that is considered today in the 100 of the "Building the Matter With Portland" series. A feature of the article is a description of a new pump for which a maximum of efficiency is claimed.)

THE Peninsula Iron Works was bought, seven years ago, for \$1500. That sum was every dollar that W. A. Bennett owned. The plant was located in a building about as large as two box cars. Today the concern is worth \$40,000 and it covers three-quarters of the company's full acre of ground fronting on the river and railroad tracks at St. Johns.

At the beginning its "force" of mechanics consisted of one man and the proprietor. Its payroll was \$25 a week. Today there are 38 skilled workmen employed, at a monthly payroll of \$2500, and this number of men often is increased to 50 and 60.

The first year's output of the enterprise was, in dollars and cents, about \$10,000. It is now \$70,000 to \$80,000. The plant at this time consists of a first class machine shop, blacksmith shop, a pattern department which occupies a large building by itself, and foundry.

IT'SURELY WAS TINY. To illustrate how "things" grow in fertile Oregon it is interesting to understand how infinitesimal, how tiny, part of this plant was in its childhood. Old timers will remember Mrs. Bennett's pies. They were liberally advertised and as liberally sold. Mrs. Bennett baked them herself and they were, like most other things at that time, the genuine, pure stuff.

But finally Mrs. Bennett, on account of advancing years, retired, and the range she used in baking was the first core furnace in the Peninsula iron works. Today there is a fine brick furnace there, supplied with track and car, for handling the cores, and it is as large as an ordinary bedroom. And as the core furnace has grown, so have all other departments. But this expansion has not come without effort. It has required hard work and energy.

Success has been achieved through toil and sweat. Stick-to-it-iveness has been an important factor, but best of all has been the company's unwavering determination to be worthy of success.

SURMOUNTED DIFFICULTIES. "There were many difficulties to surmount on our journey to our present station," Mr. Bennett says. "One of these was a fire that almost wiped us off the map. Our insurance did not nearly cover our loss, and it was hard traveling for a long time after that. There were predictions that we could not survive, but that did not daunt or discourage us.

When The Journal representative called the works was fabricating a plant for a big beet sugar factory at Twin Falls, Idaho. The castings made and machine work were amounting to \$10,000. Some parts were very heavy, others exceedingly intricate and delicate.

FRUIT CLEANER AND GRADER. A fruit cleaner and grader is also manufactured by the company. This seems to be a most useful article. Fruit thrown into it is first polished with brushes, and as it moves along, passing over wire screens of different sized meshes, is graded, the fruit falling through into bins below. The device is marketed in all fruit growing districts of the west and south. Fruit growers of the Pacific coast have recognized its merits, and it is found in all sections from California to the Rocky mountains.

It is made in Portland. It is owned here and originated here. It will advertise Portland's industry for all time to come.

Letters From The People (Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. It is not necessary to enclose the same published or should so state.)

On The Dublin Reprisals. Portland, May 19.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In the resolutions on the executions of Irish leaders, drafted by their officers, I observed one paragraph especially which I am not able to understand. It reads thus: "Whereas, if the same drastic measures had been used against the strikers, slackers and shirkers in Wales and in England; if the necessary patriotism to make a nation great and respected would never been an issue."

Now, judging by that paragraph I refer to, England and Wales have done but little toward swelling the 6,000,000 and more of the army that Great Britain has today, and as I understand it, it is not an absolute conscription there yet. Where has this mighty army come from? I am informed that only 90,000 soldiers have come from Ireland. Scotland no doubt has furnished her quota. I am speaking now about

MY TRIUMPH

By John Greenleaf Whittier

LET the thick curtain fall; I better know than all How little I have gained, How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted Let life be banned or spoiled; Deeper than written scroll The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any song My songs that found no tongue; Nobler than any fact My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song— Others shall right the wrong— Finish what I begin, And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they? Mine or another's day, So the right word be said And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers! Hail to the brave light-bringers! Forward I reach and share All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me; A glory shines before me— Of what mankind shall be— Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman Diviner but still human, Solving the riddle old, Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor; An equal-handed labor; The richer life, where beauty Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples, The joy of unborn peoples! Sound, trumpets of old blown Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all, I keep the festival, Fore-echo the good to be, And share the victory.

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

20--Salmon Fishing at Willamette Falls

One of The Journal Journeys has already led you to Oregon City and has given you the view from the heights above the historic town. You must go again. Not to the heights but to the deep and turbulent river below the falls of the Willamette.

There will be scenery, but added to it sport in the most fascinating, the most kindly kind. During April each year the royal chinook salmon come in from the sea. They turn from the Columbia and the Willamette through the center of Portland. Only rarely are they seen by watchers in the lower river, for they swim deep.

But when they reach the falls at Oregon City they find an obstruction too great to be surmounted by the highest bodies of their powerful, silvery bodies. As the weeks go by their numbers are increased by fresh recruits from the ocean. It is the spring run of chinooks. Unable to get above the falls they linger in the pools and eddies for weeks until the water falls sufficiently to enable them to treat the fish ladder or until the flood stage from the Columbia backs up the current in the Willamette so that they may go over the falls. The theory is that in olden days, before there was a fish ladder at the falls, the salmon had always to wait for the help of the high water from the Columbia before they could proceed to the spawning beds above.

any other pump; a foot valve is not required; will deliver water up to 200 feet above itself; is the answer to irrigation, mining and hydraulic questions; is nearly noiseless; engineers pronounce it the most efficient pump ever made and, measured by intrinsic value, it has not only a peer but not an equal in the market.

The Once Over

BY BEX LANFERN

NOW THAT THE TUMULT—and the shouting—of the late unpleasantness—known as a primary election—has died away—it is time for all good men—and women—to try and forget it.

And this may be difficult—for a good many. Because there were a good many candidates. —who have lost their faith in human nature. And human nature—particularly at election time—is something no man knoweth.

But anyway—folks are folks. And there isn't much difference—really—between the man who is beaten—and the man who beats him. —And the greatest crime—perhaps—about holding office—is to hold it too long.

—Which is one thing that the office-holder—and the voters—seem to disagree about. A person who has an office is sure—because of his efficiency—and integrity—and his experience—and all that—that he should keep it indefinitely.

—Particularly if it pays well. —And the people—after a few years—during which the office holder has joined all the lodges—and attended all the church suppers—and bought champagne in all the raffles—and everything else—

—the people—as I was saying—decide that a change is as good as a rest—or something. —and they elect someone else. —And the office holder meditates on the ingratitude of the populace.

—And now—good people—for a brief period—we may be allowed to consider other things. —For instance—the rose—how she grows. —and makes the earth a place of living beauty. —And we may think how poets have rung of her.

—through all the ages. —And to our fancy—quicken by her grace—may come pictures—of what she may have meant—to others. —in the days that are dead—and all their roses vanished into dust.

—And—perhaps—if we have not forgot our dreams—of old romance— —we may see a wall—of rough-cut stone—as the bridge, the moonlight— —And in the shadow—of all tall trees—whose leaves are all a whisper—there is another shadow. —that moves on quiet feet.

—And the young man's face is upturned—toward a lattice—high on the moon-white wall. —and he pauses—still as a tree-trunk. —And there is a little low whistle—like a bird-call. —And then a pause—with only the whisper of leaves.

—And then it sounds again—a little louder. —and with the sound—the lattice opens—though blown gently—by the breeze. —And a white arm flashes. —and the lattice closes—with no sound. —And at the young man's feet—a rose has fallen. —and his heart leaps up. —for it is the pledge that means all to him.

—And this—of course—happened long ago. —before pictures—and movies—and other things—where young folks may go together—had been thought of. —And the rose—as you contemplate her beauty—may bring quite another picture—and. —LISTEN—As for me—I'm glad to live in a city—the moonlight—each June—certain days—in which to do her honor.

Our Guess Is That His Name Is Short. It is said at Reidsport that wedding bells will soon ring for a popular young man once engaged by the bridge construction work. His name is not lengthy—Gardner's Courier.

Aunt Matilda Writes a Letter. Aunt Jex: When I read your last Sunday paper, I thought "What a fine tribute to his mother." Trueman says, "Happy be with you in the future, some fine view of his blood, and trust all things high come easy to him, and though he trip and fall, be not troubled himself with care." But how do you change from the sublime to the ridiculous—about "Tup Tuesday." If there's a "Tup Tuesday," the note you will find some morning and "find him famous." This note to me, with "Sunday's dinner," "remembrance," "plaudits from pulpits and press," and "a great faith in womanhood," is a standard of method so that each will realize her shortcomings, overcome them, and be a better person than she is now. I am glad to hear of you. On Sunday, I was a spectator at Council Crest and Washington park. After climbing the hill, I seated myself on a seat and watched the parade. Mr. Hood and the Panopans of city, river and mountains, passed before me. I thought of "Tup Tuesday." The mist rolled back, like a scroll, and the mountain was unveiled in its whiteness. I thought of "Tup Tuesday." What is that? A "miserable of him?"

Uncle Jeff Snow Says: When I see some of these new fellows who come to the picture show by their winning post in the direct primary wonder I didn't get in the running myself. Looks 'sif some of these European nations wanted somebody I could get off.

Stories of Street and Town "The Man of the Hour." ED MYRICK, of the Columbia, is trying to get by with this: He says recently the ushers notice a fellow, manifestly of the low classes, who came to the picture house in a tattered coat and stayed until the films were run through the last tin. The third night he intercepted I man to find out what the attraction was. "No, no," came the answer, "that scene in that play where a pug on the crook down in a saloon for flirt with his skirt. Just as the pug starts to take a wallop, two guys come in and into the saloon and grab the pug." Then the crook beats the pug nasty one in the mug and beats some night them guys ain't going to show up and I'm going to be there to see what the pug does to the other guy.