

THE JOURNAL

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AMERICA ASKS NOTHING FOR HERSELF but she has a right to ask for humanity itself.

MILIONS FOR DEFENSE, but not a cent for tribute.

One to destroy is murder, by the law, And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.

FOR OREGON AND ALABAMA

THE tribulations of the Oregon delegation in congress in their effort to save the proceeds from the Oregon-California grant land sales for the state of Oregon are due, very probably, more to the lack of real information on the part of members of the house of representatives than to any other cause.

The Foster amendment, which proposed to take 10 per cent of the proceeds allotted by the sub-committee to the counties from them for the additional enrichment of the federal treasury, illustrated the method.

It is a long way to Oregon from the national capital and many of the wise men of the greatest law making body in the world, who have never been north of the Mason and Dixon line or west of the Mississippi, believe in their hearts that this state is yet very largely an Indian reservation.

Back at Lafayette, Indiana, to quote the language of the information filed against him "Party De Vault did then and there feloniously take and steal a policeman, the property of A. Meyers, then and there being of the value of \$2.50."

THE JONES BILL

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then whether the United States, the large part of which will not be directly favored by the Jones bill, will be willing to accept its provisions.

There are many substantial men who believe that Oregon could well afford for the sake of the thousands of worthless acres that would be made productive to lend its credit to irrigation.

PAMPERED CHILDREN

MODERN students of education agree that children in American families are too much pampered. Parents who passed through hardships in their younger days are determined that their little ones shall have "an easier time."

Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, of the national committee for mental hygiene, is of the opinion that too much coddling predisposes children to nervous weakness.

For the "extremists" who make sickly children plunge into ice cold baths and the like Dr. Lewellys feels nothing but scorn, but he thinks it is a still greater mistake "to over-protect children" and fail to teach them the habit of cool baths and outdoor exercise in all kinds of weather.

Nothing is better for the vigor of little people, Dr. Lewellys thinks, than play, particularly play in the open air and with other children.

The hardening regimen for children which Dr. Lewellys favors is not new in the world. It was taught long ago by the philosopher Locke who went a great deal farther than our modern pedagogues.

Up in Clackamas county they elected Republicans on the Democratic county central committee and Democrats on the Republican county central committee and there have been no weddings all during the month of May.

THE SALMON SHORTAGE

THE spectacle of Portland being compelled to send to Puget sound and Alaska for its requirements of fresh salmon during the open season for fishing here is startling to the trade as well as consumers.

With the Columbia river right at its doors and with the Willamette usually a good salmon fishing stream, especially during the early part of the season, the idea of sending elsewhere for our own requirements of fish is rather distasteful as well as a monetary loss to the community.

In some respects the extreme high water in the Columbia and Willamette rivers is the cause of the present great shortage of fish, but there seem to be other considerations. In the constantly waging war between the so-called commercial fishermen and the sportsmen, the fish industry is not getting a square deal.

industry because it gives the salmon of the early spring run a chance to get to headwaters and spawn, carry the canning operations during the period when the fish are simply "bursting" with eggs. These eggs are "ripe" and the fish ready to spawn then, but they are so plentiful that the canners utilize them.

That salmon caught during the late summer season is unfit for food is even acknowledged by some of the leading canners, but they continue to operate just the same.

Many thousands of dollars are annually spent by the states of Oregon and Washington to propagate salmon, but the methods of the conflicting fishing interests undo much of the good work carried on by the state hatcheries.

"Sirens to Greet Ships. Reception for Oregon and South Dakota Arranged," reads a recent headline. Aside from the observation that this would indicate the height of hospitality, is it a wonder that timorous mothers sing "I never raised my boy to be a sailor?"

THE DEATH OF GRAMMAR

GRAMMAR is in a bad way. The general education board has condemned it for a mess of nonsense. Dr. Flexner says, in his polite, bedside manner, that it is "futile as an aid to correct speaking and writing."

"Grammar is the science," says the veracious textbook, "that teaches how to speak and write the English language correctly." And it begins to teach this valuable art by telling the pale little urchin that it has four departments, orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody.

We are disposed to confide to the reader the result of a series of lifelong observations we have made as to the effect of grammar on the soul. Not its theoretical, company effect, but its real one. Above all other arts and sciences it makes people conceited. Teach a woman half a page of grammar and she becomes unbearably prone to criticize everything you say in her hearing.

Now she is wrong about it in spite of her grammar. Some trains go fast and others slow, though any train may go slowly if it likes. Do you happen to remark that Johnny had better stay home from school today on account of his cold? Presto. She chitilly gives you to understand that "had better" can not be parsed. You must say "would better, forsooth, and make a mangled pedant of yourself."

It is contended by automobile owners that the general public needs to be familiarized with the traffic ordinances of the city, but it would seem to the man on the sidewalk that about the only education necessary is to know which way to jump.

SMALL COUNTRIES

IT is commonly said among speculative politicians that when the war is over there will be no small countries left in Europe. They will all have been absorbed by the big ones.

There are scores of other lively young Portland industries just like it. It's the kind Portland incubates. The Journal has mentioned about a hundred of the type—and 10 years hence they'll be thick as moss—and big as giants.

Greece was a single city, Athens, whose territory was no larger than a county in an American state. The Florentine republic which gave us much of the renaissance art, literature and architecture was the pettiest and defeated Spain and built the bulwarks of modern liberty was but little larger.

It is mere savage conceit to despise small states because they are small. A nation should not be valued for its size but for what it contributes to the good of mankind and judged in this way such countries as Switzerland and Holland are as much entitled to sovereign independence as the biggest empires. Often they are far more deserving.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

The infant industry is noted emphatically today in No. 10 of the Journal. "Nothing the Matter With Portland," writes the Journal of 1910 will be the full grown establishment of a decade or so hence.

It makes them by the ton, and of all lengths and sizes. And it makes other things, too. It turns out rivets by the bushel. It makes a full line of pole pins for telegraph companies and railroads.

Sewer contractors have the top bars for catch basins made by the Portland Bolt & Manufacturing company, the institution referred to at 209 Thirtieth street north, and it has shipped tens of thousands of bolts, burrs and washers to the government railroad builders in Alaska.

Business is good. "Business is mighty good at present," Mr. Llewellyn says. "The improvement began during the first days of January and has acquired momentum ever since. We have an exceedingly busy shop at this time. We are turning out a bunch of work for the new shipbuilding companies. Later they will install machinery of their own, but, after all, it is a question in my mind if they can do the work themselves as cheaply as we can do it for them. I recognize the convenience, however, of having a plant in their shops, but still I believe we will always have orders from them, and the larger their business the better we will be pleased. We manufacture bolts, rivets, washers, dies and tools for machine shops all along the coast, because it pays them to have this work done in a factory which specializes in these lines. We are constantly shipping to cities of the sound, Idaho and eastern Washington and Montana. Whenever there is a machine shop of any kind pretensions we are known and patronized, covering an area of 2000 miles up and down the coast."

And yet the concern is but a four-year-old. But it's a Portland youngster with more muscle, even than Judge McGinn at 15, healthy and robust as he was—and it doesn't have to whistle to keep its courage up. There are scores of other lively young Portland industries just like it. It's the kind Portland incubates.

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The Dolings of J. W. Doris. Wonder how many readers have made note of the youthfulness of a majority of the industries noted in these articles. Government reports show an amazing increase in Portland manufacturing concerns, and it is by remembering this that one can get a full comprehension of the fact that Portland's aggregated payroll is growing—not by leaps and bounds, but in a steady, substantial manner.

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are having increased calls for our tables, which means continual adding to our force. We'll cover the entire northwest by the first of January; see if we don't.

Only the clearest Douglas fir lumber is used by Mr. Doris. It is white as cotton and will take an oaken finish. It makes a handsome table and as made at the Doris factory will last for years.

The factory is but a baby, though. It will be an adult some time, and it is given a place in this column because the publisher of The Journal admonishes the writer "not to overlook the little fellows."

Letters From the People

Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on one side of the paper, should not exceed 200 words in length, and must be accompanied by a return address, but if the writer does not desire to have the name published he should so state.

Scorns the Home Rule Bill. Portland, June 3.—To the Editor of The Journal:—M. Tommey, in the Journal of May 31, attacks the Germans and censures the men who have just died for Ireland. It may be that Mr. Tommey is an Englishman in disguise, for an Irishman who is now in favor of England is as rare as an Indian on Manhattan Island.

In speaking of the Irish home rule bill people should not be deluded by the name. The Irish home rule bill is not a measure that Ireland should have. It means that John Redmond and a coterie of politicians shall have a toy parliament devoid of any substantial power. Under the proposed bill the Irish people will not have any say in matters relating to commerce and the economic development of Ireland.

The most beautiful spots of the Northwest are to be reached only as follows: Mr. Lee. His suggestions follow: "In starting, our packs each weighed 33 pounds by actual weight on the scales in the store at Cazadero."

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SHORT ON ENLISTMENTS From the Omaha World Herald. Nearly 150,000 men paraded in New York the other day in defense of preparedness. For some time the governor of the state and other authorities have been worrying about the fact that the number of enlistments in the new national guard, Omaha will not have a parade, but when it comes to enlistments they will have more than enough to fill their ranks and Omaha is always for peace and against militarism.

Five Dollars a Week. From the New York Globe. Few things are more exacting to the man who keeps a key body and a week, than to have some rich men tell him that it is easy to do it on \$5 a week. In opposing a minimum wage bill the other day an aged millionaire declared he had never seen a man get paid satisfactorily, and that there was no reason why other people should not do it as a regular practice. He did not, strange to say, pretend that he was still doing it.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE.

Come, now, Miss June, be your own sweet self for a few days. Enter the roses to help lend color and beauty to a too-long drab outlook. Favorite sons will soon be free to spend a few days in the bosom of their families.

The peace dove may be wary about visiting Europe on account of the scarcity of meat there. Speaking of sore thumbs, there is T. R. on the hand that must be used "prizing" with pride.

This is the week when Portland makes merry—and, come to think of it, there is a lot to be glad about. In addition to efficiency, the German nation is making a study of persistence, judging by Verdun.

If it is hot in Chicago this week and the icemen are overworked, that is not a business matter, it is a matter of the Big Stick against the Steam Roller in the big league, with fair prospects of an umpire or two getting mixed up in it.

Wonder how many marchers in the preparedness parade are convinced that a visit to the chiropractor is the essence of "saying nothing" of his firing of fish, the Brownsville Times reports on a recent profitable day's work of a Lindy and a double business, folded in the return home when he met the two cougars in the road and killed them both. He had a double business, folded in the return home when he met the two cougars and \$2 for the wildcat.

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

35—What to Put Into the Pack, and How

Any novice in mountain travel either asks first of all "How shall I prepare my pack for hiking?" or regrets failure to do so after the expedition has gotten away from civilization. The weight, and the contents of the pack have vitally to do with the journey's comfort. Before the Progressive Business Men's club a few days ago, John A. Lee, Mazama leader and experienced outdoor enthusiast, gave a lecture which he consented to repeat for Journal Journeys.

He described the equipment for a trip he had recently made about with two companions up the Clackamas river to the trail fork of a branch of that stream, the time four days and the distance 70 miles.

The camp outfit "consisted of the following: Three small packs with flaps, oblong in shape so as the better to fit in the pack, and graduated in size so as to nest. The first pack was made of a packmaker of the Duluth pattern and the third member of the party carried his pack by the aid of pack straps. The pack was made of roll fabric of camp outfit, his own bedding and personal effects, and a small portion of the provisions. The packs of the other two contained respectively their bedding and a portion of the provisions. One of them carried a camera and tripod.

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Our personal effects included only articles of absolute necessity. Two of us carried no coats. We each, however, had a change of socks and a change of underclothes, soap, one towel, toothbrush, razor, one comb, one tin of vasoline, one tin of Ointment and in addition a supply of surgeon's adhesive tape one inch wide, a can of talcum powder (for use on the feet, not on the face) and a small emergency kit to be used in the event of accident. The adhesive tape is useful in avoiding blisters on the feet and in case of cuts or other accidents.

It is strange to hear such reactionary stupidity today. It is strange to observe a man who has gone through life with such a complete lack of un-detracted sympathy, and who, in spite of his tastes, desires, and aspirations, fortunately his views are so obsolete in their extremity that to most living people they are ridiculous. Were it not for the dollars he owns he would have no opportunity of expressing them for a short space with an acquaintance that would hardly appeal to a young and properly eager man or woman who has tasted of them meagerly, if at all.

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"Stampede Proof." From the Kansas City Star. "Republican leaders" are quoted by the New York Times as having no fear that the Chicago convention will be stampeded for anybody.

"Human Folk." From the Boston Globe. The people who live in the hearts of men are the "human beings" of history—Lincolns, the Mark Twains and the Walt Whitmans of life who lounded through the world in shirt sleeves. They never took the trouble to put their pride at home, and knew if they did they would miss the whole show.

Uncle Jeff Snow says that the main secret in all these secret orders is that there is nothing worth secreting, and he blions to some 19 of 'em. It's always suspicious of eggs labeled "fresh." Where there's others in the same store labeled "Strictly Fresh."

The Once Over

ONE OF A WHILE AGO it may be recalled, "forced into my hands" of a man on Broadway—a copy of the Once Over book.

And he looked dazed—and gave me 50 cents—and asked me if I was going to buy office—said if I was to leave the book there.

I said "All right."

—and went down the street—to Milton L. Gumbert's fur store.

—to leave the book there for Milton—to whom I had just sold it—up the street, his office—said if I was to leave the book there.

—and Milton laughed at me—and told me to have my head examined.

—and I endured his taunts—and sold him a book.

—And for quite a while—I was looking for a man—who looked like Milton Gumbert.

—And finally—after I had spent the 50 cents—several times I was wandering alone.

—with Mano Zan—the w. k. boulevardier.

—And we went into the offices of the Milwaukee railroad at Third and Stark.

—And there was the man—who looked like Milton Gumbert.

—And I knew him—Ed Garrison—district freight and passenger agent.

—And he looked at me—calmly.

—and asked me if I was still working in the office—looking book trick.

—and if I was making much of it.

—and I couldn't say much.

—I tried—but they wouldn't let me. I said Milton and Ed looked a lot like each other—especially with their hats on.

—and they said—with scorn—that I had looked alike to me—was the picture of the lady—on the half do down.

—And bye and bye—I got Milton and Ed together—to prove it.

—and they looked at each other.

—and then both started to call me down.

—and I had to take it.

—But after that—and here's where my vindication comes in—Ed sold Milton a ticket east—over the Milwaukee.

—And between St. Paul and Chicago—Milton went into the dining car—to get a little something to eat.

—And while he was looking at the bill of fare—and thinking how the war had raised prices—a dian came in.

—and greeted Milton—cordially—and sat down opposite.

—and talked about Portland—and how it had been in the coast.

—and talked about my expensive meal.

—and so did Milton.

—and they ate—and talked—and smoked.

—and the man insisted on paying for the meal.

—And after a while—when Milton didn't seem to know much about the Milwaukee—the man looked at Milton—stupidly.

—and begged his pardon—but he guessed he had made a mistake.

—I took you for Ed Garrison—our agent at Portland—you look a good deal like him," said the man.

—and gave Milton his card.

—The man was C. B. Ferry—one of the vice-presidents or assistant to the real vice president—or something like that—of the Milwaukee system.

—And I just tell this story—to show that men may look like each other—and not know it.

—or hate to admit it—and—

LISENEN—This story is all true—except where the man paid for Milton's meal.

I just put that in to make it read smoothly.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Looks like we and either got to fight the militia in another war, more laws whatever for a spell, or we have got to repeal all in stock now an start over again. They're trying to rig the game of give away in Europe just now ever known, using boys like you an' mine for checkers.

SUCCESS:

There have been fifty thousand millions of dollars of business done in the earth since the great organizer doled the stage without a fight in the history of the world. The success on to their next neighbor, who had been laboring with the delusion that he alone was a success.

"Success," said one, "consists in doing something that is as good as you have done, what we are all doing; have you discovered the thing?"

"Success," said another, "is determined by individual characteristics and abilities." Exactly.

"Success," said Josh Billings, "consists not in drawing a good hand, but in playing a poor hand that no one else would play, and that you played it before you had any money, and you are sorry for it. After comparing notes, you find that you have done it, and you conclude that you are not such a duf.

What a mess of worry mistakes somebody else's success for his own. The man who is the error of not consulting the makers of guides to the life of the sixty-seven a minute that arrives at the point where you have done it. If it were a prize which is hung just two jumps ahead of you, you would have done it.

But, it seems, the Creator must have had a cunning estimate of human ways when he discovered that the only way to get on was to follow the delusions of Bourne street from Providence to Washington. If the march was a success in Washington, forever with no counter movement, the scheme might not be to master.

Sometimes, with a day off and an inclination to view the working of the machine from the high seat, one gets into a recognition of the simple way.

It is a simple matter of the danger line drawn in the nature of things, so narrow, never entering into the universal context of things.

Regardless of what they say about it, you feel pretty certain, anyway, that you are a little better off as far as you have done. The chief difference in the views, perhaps, is that you are willing to admit it, whilst the rest of us are not.

But that is their oversight, but they will all be the same in the end. If you stand yesterday, meaning you shall do the service for the rest of them.

But that is their oversight, whoever or wherever you are, though you will be loved none the less for that. —L. E. J.

PICNICS: I never saw a picnic spread.

They set up in the woods the vast Some peanut butter on the bread. And many plates of pickled beets. —Boston Telegram.

And as for picnic spreads I know of many jaunty little trips Where all they had was just a row Of boxes of potato salad.

I never to a picnic went. At which a summer-painted rent: Set down in a soft custard pie. —Houston Post.

I never to a picnic like. Dotted up in ice cream pans. Blew the tops off and got hot. They notified the ants.

—Kansas City Star.

At picnic, of the things they take, It always happens—too much cake. Not always enough.

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Tubular Jerry tells me that the main secret in all these secret orders is that there is nothing worth secreting, and he blions to some 19 of 'em. It's always suspicious of eggs labeled "fresh." Where there's others in the same store labeled "Strictly Fresh."