# THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

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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.

One God, one law, one element;
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.
—TENNYSON.

## THOSE DENUNCIATIONS

THE Chicago platform rings with denunciations of the work of the Wilson administration.

It is not the voice of rank and file Republicans, but the expressions of leaders, mostly of the "old guard" variety who want through the ballot box to get the reins of government again in their hands.

There is one tremendous fact that is a powerful indictment of these platform denunciations. The aggregate resources of the national banks of the United States now exceed by approximately $3,000,000,000, the combined resources of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the Bank of Russia, the Reichsbank of Germany, the Bank of the Netherlands, the Swiss national bank and the Bank of Japan.

It is a staggering condition. Nothing is more indicative of the amazing growth of the United States than is the relative strength of the banks of America in comparison with those in the countries cited.

The increase in the resources of American banks in one year exceeded the total resources of the Reichsbank of Germany in February, 1916.

The total deposits in American banks increased more than $411,000,000 in the three months ending last March. It was an increase over the total deposits in March, 1915, of $2,195,000,000.

The figures are so prodigious as to be almost unbelievable. It is concrete proof of national prosperity beyond anything known in American history. The full story of this vast growth of financial strength and amazing advance in wealth will be told by Secretary McAdoo in tomorrow's Sunday Journal.

Under the circumstances, the denunciations by the Chicago platform of President Wilson for his program of legislation and for keeping the country in that peace which has brought on this vast national abundance can have no other effect than to raise an issue that will be harmful to the cause of those who project it.

The Salem plan of erecting a big sign, "Don't judge our town by the depot," suggests great possibilities. For instance, every community might put up the sign, "Don't judge our town by some of the people who live in it."

## HILL AND HIS MONEY

A VENERATED contemporary, the Omaha World-Herald, consecrates somewhat more than half a column to moralizing upon the death of James J. Hill. The burden of its lay is that although Mr. Hill had "slathers and gobs" of money "it gave him no measurable advantage over men in ordinary circumstances" so far as warding off the grim monster is concerned. "Money," remarks our contemporary, "will not buy health. It will not buy medical services that are certainly availing."

There is just enough truth in this sort of talk to make it thoroughly misleading. Naturally there comes a time when every man must die and money cannot save him. Queen Elizabeth with her last breath offered her kingdom for a moment of time, but the kingdom was not hers to give and time for her was soon to be no more. So she passed over like any other mortal. Emerson has discoursed on money and its power much more wisely than our Omaha neighbor. He does not seek to blind himself and us with poultices of warm mush over the eyes. The great philosopher of New England understands that money is a tremendous factor for health and happiness, as well as for harm.

When a rich man is threatened with tuberculosis he can employ the most expert physicians to diagnose his case and can flee at once to a region where the air and sunshine will heal his lungs. The poor man must go on toiling for bread while the disease saps his life. If a rich man has a malady requiring surgical treatment he can go to Baltimore or Minneapolis or Vienna for the operation he needs and employ the most expert surgeons in the world to perform it. The poor man may have to forego an operation altogether.

Money enables the rich to live in hygienic surroundings, in good air, in houses properly drained and ventilated. It enables them to eat nourishing food and rear their children under the best auspices. Money gives the children of the rich countless advantages over the children of the poor in physical well being, in education, in companionship, in ideals of life. There is too much sentimental talk about the uselessness of money. We should candidly face the fact that it is one of the most potent agencies in the world.

The state taxpayers' league committee does not fall in with the suggestion made by Governor Withycombe at Eugene recently that most of the hue and cry against the consolidation of state boards and commissions is raised by second grade politicians. The committee is going ahead with its inquiry, holding a viewpoint that is different from that of his excellency.

## MARK TWAIN'S BEGINNING

THE close of the career in this world of the Virginia City Enterprise sends a ripple of interest through the newspaper and literary world. It was the Nevada paper for which Mark Twain wrote his first articles. He began by sending letters to The Enterprise from Aurora in Esmerelda county, Nevada, but finally came to town and joined the staff. His early letters were signed "Josh." Later he assumed the pen name of Mark Twain for its euphony.

The Enterprise was founded in 1858, as we learn from the San Francisco Chronicle, at Genoa, in Douglas county, Nevada. A little while afterward it moved to Carson and then, in 1860, to Virginia City, where it passed the rest of its life. The paper is not really dead. It has only been merged with another paper, the Virginia City Chronicle, as Harper's Weekly has been swallowed up by The Independent. Doubtless the Chronicle will take good care not to let Mark Twain's connection with its new acquisition be forgotten and will coin many an honest penny out of his fame.

It is not at Chicago that the destiny of these United States is to be determined, but at the millions of firesides scattered over the land. Repeating the words of Garfield "not in Chicago in the heat of June but at the ballot boxes of the republic in the quiet of November after the silence of deliberate judgment will this question be settled."

## ETERNAL VIGILANCE

WE HAVE just been looking through the secretary's report for the general education board. Readers probably know what this board is. It is the agency through which the Rockefeller interests are acquiring control over education in the United States. According to the treasurer's statement this gigantic corporation now has a little more than $46,000,000 at its disposal. The income is devoted to supervising education everywhere in the United States, strictly under Rockefeller influence.

The board has one or two members like Dr. Charles W. Eliot whose independence is, of course, unquestioned, but the others are simply Rockefeller puppets who dance as the billionaire pipes. The primary purpose of the board, as we gather, is to fix its grip upon the colleges. During the past year it has aided eight of these institutions with sums running from $25,000 up to $300,000. If the colleges knew their own true welfare they would shun such insidious gifts, but unhappily their needs are great and their discretion small and they take money wherever they can get it, without regard to its odor and with no thought of the obligations it imposes.

Of course, no college can take Rockefeller money without giving at least an implied promise to live up to the Rockefeller ideals in its economic and social teaching. The obvious intent of the general education board is to kill off "social unrest" by smothering it in the colleges. It is a case of Greeks bearing treacherous gifts to Trojans who receive them with eager docility.

But the Rockefeller board does not limit its attentions to colleges. It has gone to work systematically to build up a Rockefeller satrapy in the South by means of shrewd donations to the rural schools and to agriculture. It has an open field in this region, for the state and federal governments have almost totally neglected their social duties. Ignorance is prevalent and farming is semi-barbarous.

The Rockefeller method is to begin by destroying democratic institutions. Thus it has promoted a law in Alabama which completely abolishes local control over the public schools. The Rockefeller board speaks of this law as "an admirable statute which may well serve as a model."

The Rockefeller interests acquire their power over the schools and colleges through their money. By carefully calculated largess they make school authorities and college trustees their willing slaves. Their power will continue to grow until the people realize the danger and assume the duty of adequate supervision over education and adequate support of it. Our colleges and schools ought not to be obliged to turn to the Rockefeller dynasty for alms. Their support is a duty of the government and the control which support implies should be exercised by the government, not by a self-seeking corporation whose sinister motives are only too apparent.

Probably the chief reason why the state bankers' convention did not adopt a resolution in favor of a state bond issue for roads was the existence of a general sentiment that it would be better to wait until the state has a highway organization of proven efficiency.

## A PLATFORM BLUNDER

DENUNCIATION of the ship purchase bill is one of the errors of the platform makers at Chicago.

The farmers of the United States are now giving one bushel of wheat to get another bushel transported to Europe. The Liverpool price of wheat is a dollar a bushel higher than the Oregon price.

It is an outrageous situation, when the ship owner gets more money for carrying wheat to England than the farmer gets for producing it. Yet that is exactly what is happening and it is due to the shortage of ships.

President Wilson foresaw what would happen, and at the very outset of the war proposed that the government buy ships and put them in service either under private or public control in order to regulate ocean freight rates and to make up for the lack of American merchant ships. It was not only proposed that the ships should be so used, but it was also urged that the government-owned vessels could be used as transports and as an auxiliary navy in case of war.

But the bill was beaten in the senate. It could not be beaten by a straight vote, so a filibuster was resorted to. It was led by Senator Burton.

He got but a scanty vote in the Oregon primaries. The farmers of Oregon were against him largely on account of his filibuster to beat the shipping bill.

He and his filibustering colleagues cost the American farmers millions of dollars last year. By preventing the government from buying ships to be used in carrying wheat and other products to Europe the filibusterers increased the scarcity of ships on the ocean and compelled American farmers to pay more for getting wheat to the foreign markets than it costs them to grow it. The filibuster was an atrocious crime against the producers of America.

For 50 years this country has been waiting for private interests to provide an American merchant marine. Private capital has absolutely refused to provide sufficient ships. What encouragement is there to wait for private capital? Shall we always go without sufficient ships merely because private capital does not see fit to provide ships? Shall we always condemn our farmers to give one bushel of wheat to get another bushel to the foreign markets at the behest of private capital?

We did not wait for private capital to build the Panama canal. The government built it because private capital would never have built it, and government built it to facilitate shipping. If we can build a great canal to facilitate shipping why not build ships to facilitate shipping, especially when those ships are needed for an auxiliary navy?

The filibusterers beat the shipping bill at the instance of those who want ship subsidies. If government money were used to purchase ships, government would have something to say about ocean freight rates. But if government pays out money in subsidies to ship owners, government could have nothing to say about ocean freight rates.

That is why the Wilson ship purchase bill was filibustered to death. That is why farmers give one bushel of their wheat to get another bushel to market. That is why the Chicago convention's attack on the shipping bill is an egregious political blunder.

A noticeable fact in the preparedness talk is that it begins with the gun instead of the man behind the gun.

## THE CONSOLATION PRIZE

NOBODY seems to care much who is nominated for vice-president by any of the parties. The Republican nomination has been thrown at Mr. Borah, like a bone to a dog, "if he wants it." But the chances are that he does not want it. So far as the Democrats are concerned, it is a foregone conclusion that they will name Mr. Wilson again for president, but we have all forgotten to ask who is to be his running mate. Really it does not make much difference. A number of mediocre men are suggested for the vice-presidency to run beside whomsoever the Republicans may choose as their standard bearer. It doesn't matter. Anybody will do.

The vice-presidency is at best a consolation prize, and a pretty poor one. It is also useful as a nook where importunate candidates not pleasing to the big bosses may be shelved. Roosevelt was shelved there but his unhappy faculty for expanding burst the confines of his prison house and he emerged a bigger giant than he went in.

The vice-president has a certain shadowy importance, since he may ultimately step into the president's shoes, but even if he does he gains but little. Nobody ever forgets that he is merely an understudy.

It is all over. Queen Muriel and King "Til" have abdicated and resumed their station among the common people.

## NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[Stories of extraordinary growth from little or nothing at all have been a marked feature of The Journal's "Nothing the Matter With Portland" series. Today's story, No. 158, is of that class. The lesson of self-help is contained in it, together with a demonstration of the vital value of home patronage for home products.]

IN THIS series of articles we've published examples of some pretty lofty ascensions in prices of commodities, but here's one that offers a sensible individual a monumental excuse for wearing yaller garments. Soluble bluing, which sold at 31 cents a pound at the time the European belligerents began to do things, now costs W. P. Hansen, owner of the Hansen Manufacturing company, 6516 Powell Valley road, $3.25 a pound.

If that isn't rising in the world, sentence us.

Mr. Hansen is a manufacturer of bluing and ammonia.

He puts up 100 dozen bottles a day of these liquids. Last year at this time his output was 50 dozen a day. He says signs are pointing to 300 dozen a day a year from now—and maybe more. His business is growing like a weed.

HAS A NEW FACTORY BUILDING.

Mr. Hansen has been manufacturing bluing and ammonia in Portland for four years. This is another of the industries of this city which was started at zero, and by one of limited means. Therefore its growth has been accomplished by the merit of its products and sheer hard work. At last it is on the gallop on an up grade, however, and the gentleman can look ahead to a place on Easy street, where he may have opportunity to catch his breath.

His first bottles were brought by the gross.

They come by the carload now.

At first he washed them by hand.

He is now doing that work by machinery.

He mixed the ammonia and the water, and the soluble bluing and the water, by arm agitation four years ago.

The Portland Railway, Light & Power company's electric energy supplies the muscle to do that work now.

In the beginning his "factory" was in a shack. It is now in a new building, and he transports his goods to the stores of the business district in a fine gasoline truck.

He engaged in business with a "force" of helpers consisting of himself.

Two others were filling and corking bottles when The Journal representative called, and Mr. Hansen was "helping" them.

WHOLESALES ONLY.

He does a wholesale business only, and has the only exclusive ammonia and bluing factory in Oregon.

He expects in time to cover the state most thoroughly, and then branch over its borders, but at present most of his business comes from Portland merchants.

Asked how he procures his soluble bluing, which is a German product, he replied:

"I stand in with the kaiser. We're on good terms. He has considerable expense on his hands just now, however, and so I have to help him out a little. This is the reason soluble bluing has soared from 31 cents to $3.25 a pound. It is different with Uncle Sam. He hasn't increased the price of eight cents a pound for ammonia. This is an American product, so it never has to run a blockade or fear a commerce destroyer. I wish bluing were in its class. It makes me tired to have to pungle up $6500 for a ton of soluble bluing which formerly cost me $620!

"Still, come to think of it, it is not so bad. The kaiser pays two-thirds of the cost of war and I only one-third. That's letting me off easy."

Thus jocularly did the bluing manufacturer refer to the rise in the price of one of the "raw" products he uses in his work and business.

Mr. Hansen is another man who is perfectly satisfied with Portland. Its merchants are good to him—that is, most of them. Some still cling to foreign made articles, but his products are encroaching upon this field, and he hopes to root them out in time. Some of the large wholesale houses make their own ammonia and bluing, but with enlarged equipment, and with all his efforts directed toward this one line of products, he hopes eventually to convince them that they can save money by procuring their supplies from him.

## Letters From the People

### A Financial Catechism.

Portland, June 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—Permit me to ask if silver was demonetized in 1873, what does the word "demonetized" mean? What was it demonetized for? Who has been benefited by the demonetization? What party was in power at the time? Who supported the measure? Evidently it was done for a purpose to benefit someone or some class? Who were of that class? Were they the common people, or who did actually benefit by it?

We have also heard a great deal about 16 to 1 and free silver, the free and unlimited coinage of silver and the ratio of 16 to 1. Will some one enlighten me on the matter. Who would have benefited by the return to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1? What party advocated such a move and what party opposed it? Also, were the big interests for or against it? If you say that they were against it, I ask, Why were they against it?

Are the big interests on record anywhere or at any time doing things for the common classes? If 16 to 1 means 16 dollars in silver to one dollar in gold, would not that flood the country with 48 cent dollars? They would be so cheap and so heavy to tote around that they would be hardly worth picking up or fooling with; at least, they would not be in demand as they are today.

Or is it not a fact that 16 to 1 means that there are 16 ounces of silver found in the mines to where there is one ounce of gold found? What is our present ratio between the two metals? If the ratio between the two metals has been from 15½ to 16½ for the last hundred years or so, why would it not be a good law to make the average 16 to 1, to stop any fluctuation in our valuable money metals and stop that much speculation?

But then, the speculator would kick about that, and we must take care of him, if the classes do suffer. Anyway, what are the common people thinking about? Or do they or should they poison their minds on matters of the day? Money is the root of all evil. All the ills of the present day financially are tracable to the money sharks of Wall street. Tariff or any other cause cuts no ice at all. They are used as blinds to mislead the people and keep their minds off the real issue.

AN INQUIRER.

### Colors and Decorations.

Portland, Or., June 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—After an absence of two years I walk about our city and observe its improvements, but more especially the festival decorations. Up one street and down the next I observe carloads of decorative designs. At last it draws on me that the color effect is somewhat momentous. The object of this note is to refer this question to artists, specialists in the realm of the beautiful. I am no artist, so I dare not critcise, but even as a student of science it appears that efficiency enters into this great work of ornamentation.

Now why is it that only two colors are ever utilized for this expression of beauty? Red and blue are beautiful colors, but I dare not admit that any one color is more beautiful than the other six in the Solar spectrum. Each has its peculiar kind of beauty and the artist knows how to arrange them for certain effects. But why exclude the equally beautiful purple, light blue, green and the yellow and orange? Are not these colors also beautiful? And yet we have confined our decorations to our national colors—no—not that—to the two colors on our national standard.

What has this Rose Festival to do with international politics? Nothing. It is an occasion of mirth, emphasizing a feature of the Oregon country, and has nothing to do directly with politics or nationalism.

So, then, I would ask artists if it would not be possible to brighten the effect of the decorations by a greater variety of color.

Permit me to refer to a matter that has already been noted twice in the local papers during the past dozen years, that many decorators, while confessing themselves to the colors of our flag, evidently from patriotic motives, are so indifferent to that emblem that they turn the blue towards earth, and raise the red above it.

ERNEST BARTON.

### Mr. Clarke to Mr. Ahlson.

Portland, June 9.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mr. Ahlson's reply, while ignoring my remarks about the so called scientific authority of certain wise and able gentlemen in their own periodicals' spheres, quotes very liberally from sources in which I do not indulge to any very great extent. Mr. Ahlson, as he shows a liberal mind, stops at a half way house. (Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets.) I find that the myth is general to all ancient peoples; hence it seems fair to sum up only after a careful survey of the whole field. The question of the age of man on this planet is one which may well puzzle the greatest minds. The general consensus of reliable and modern investigation of course gives it a post-glacial antiquity. I should be inclined to believe that two or three glacial epochs have come and gone since man as an articulate and reasoning being with the rest of the fauna, found himself. It seems to me a matter of some regret that the Rosetta stone was not found earlier (1799). Our theological and scientific deductions would have been much clearer. I do not think there are any real causes why man should doubt the testimony of the rocks and the flora and fauna of past and present days. As Bergson says, "The history of the evolution of life reveals how intellect has been formed. The progress of the vertebrate series up to man was mere adaptation of the consciousness of beings to the conditions of existence."

Of course all of this is mere repetition of old established facts. I do not remember the question Mr. Ahlson renders from Darwin. It is, of course, the only natural conclusion. The coral and sponge may have been the great precursors of present day abundance.

As Omar says (eleventh century):

"O thou who dost with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road that I must travel in."

E. B. CLARKE.

### Business Psychology.

From the Omaha World-Herald.

The business institutions that are issuing so many publications use the word "psychology" so frequently that there seems to be developing what may be called a "business psychology." The application of this science, not the "piffle" that goes under that name in popular books and of which so much is heard in the clubs, will without doubt be of great benefit to the business world. The authority that business mostly quotes is Professor William James of Harvard university. There is one passage in his writings that the old standpatters should all read. It is as follows:

"Most of us grow more and more enslaved to the stock conceptions with which we have once become familiar, and less and less capable of assimilating impressions in any but the old ways. Old fogyism, in short, is the inevitable terminus to which life sweeps us on. Objects which violate our established habits of 'apperception' are simply not taken account of at all; or, if on some occasion we are forced by dint of argument to admit their existence, 24 hours later, the admission is as if it were not, and every trace of the unassimilable truth has vanished from our thought. Genius, in truth, means little more than the faculty of perceiving in an unhabitual way."

During the last four or five years some new ideas have penetrated the heads of the younger business men and one of the most important is that banking and commerce are only secondary things, that agriculture is the great basic productive industry and practically the industry upon which all other industries and all trade and commerce rest. Having comprehended this fact, the younger business men are anxious to make farming an ideal industry and not a small paying drudgery, fit only for the uneducated. The propaganda, if persisted in, will raise farming to the dignity of a profession, the cartoonist will lose his job of portraying the "country rube," and the whole nation will be lifted to a higher level.

### James J. Hill.

From the New York Evening Post.

James J. Hill's career must remain one of the marvels of the development of our west. It is true, of course, that many other Americans who have risen from humble beginnings have also achieved wealth and fame. But Mr. Hill never lost his balance, nor his wise foresight. His successes did not go to his head like those of other men whose prosperity made them indifferent to the rights of the public. He was a prominent railroad figure during that epoch when the railroads were portrayed as the chief enemies of the republic, and yet he himself retained to the end a rare degree of public confidence. This was in large measure due to his own democratic simplicity and straightforwardness, as well as to his rectitude and public spirit. But it was also due to a universal appreciation of his breadth of vision. Sometimes he was misled into rather alarmist views by this very ability to look far into the future, but there was none the less so much of the statesman in him that whenever he spoke the entire business world listened. It was in appreciation of this, of his great constructive ability in railroading, and his ability to reduce railroad costs of operation, that the James J. Hill professorship of transportation was founded at Harvard a couple of years ago by many of his business friends and admirers.

### A Policemen's Choir.

From the Knickerbocker Press.

The picture of 100 New York policemen gathered in the club rooms of a church for choir rehearsal seems a little odd. But it is a fact. The New York police choir is a successful organization of devoted and able singers, and there is a large waiting list at headquarters, composed of patrolmen eager to join.

Commissioner Woods, having heard of a quartet of policemen at the funeral of one of the members of the force, suggested to his men the idea of a chorus. Many more volunteered than could be accepted, and Charles L. Safford, organist and choir master of St. George's church, volunteered to train them. Commissioner Woods plans to have the chorus cooperate with the police band in concerts for the pension fund.

The Outlook, which tells of this venture in its current number, ventures to hope that the success of this chorus will suggest to similar groups of men in other cities the idea of starting choral work of this sort. Music, indeed, is a marvelous stimulator of fellowship, good feeling and esprit de corps. Every college boy knows that. Not everybody knows, however, how much good-heartedness, loyalty and serious attention to right living are to be found among our police. These healthy, husky, sturdy fellows will benefit themselves and the community by letting the public see a side of their natures not usually conspicuous.

### The Inevitable.

From the Houston Post.

The New York woman who says that she doesn't care how her husband gets money, so he gets it, will in good time be carrying flowers to the Tombs to brighten up his cell.

### Proof.

From Judge.

Tittle—Is he a man of the hour?

Tattle—Yep; he always keeps his eye on the clock.

## PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

### SMALL CHANGE

"Low visibility" seems to be what ailed those favorite sons at Chicago.

The hyphen may have subjugated Republican bosses, but not all Republicans.

June, having shown that she knows how to be kind, can now confer a further favor by keeping at it.

Now for a day of resting up, and then at the desk bright and early for work that accumulated during the festivities.

Portland's right ear is in danger of a conflagration if Rose Festival visitors continue talking at home as they talked in Portland.

It looks as though Greece is to be fought over just as fiercely as Belgium, but without having gained the world's admiration.

A bumper strawberry crop valued at $20,000,000 is predicted, and yet the shortcake supply will be a little too short for most of us.

Speaking of "the man who," those politicians who thought they were running the country at Chicago will find that the whoest man is Mr. Silent Voter.

That North Sea battle may not have benefited the belligerents to any considerable extent, but it helped us distinguish between the Skager Rak and the Kattegat.

When the conventions are over the voters will organize their preparedness parade to the polls—and there won't be so many disagreements as at Chicago, either.

### OREGON SIDELIGHTS

One of the surest of progress signs, printed in the Coquille Sentinel: "That big fir in front of W. H. Lyons' residence went down this morning to make way for the concrete walk to be built there."

The Baker Democrat is pleased to note that there is a considerable improvement in business at Sumpter, the revival of the mining industry in that district being the main contributing force, and predicts that the old camp will be better than ever in the near future.

Paying its respects to speed fiends, the Medford Mail Tribune says: "Owing to an epidemic of reckless driving on the Pacific highway, the more conservative motorists shun that ideal roadway. The county authorities will probably take action at an early date to prevent wholesale violations of the speeding laws, and the necessity of calling out the Red Cross brigade."

The East Oregonian tells of a Pendleton boy who when he grows up will never complain that he never had a chance. This boy, Arnold Reed, high school student and track athlete, is one of the most industrious students the school boasts. He keeps a paper route all during the school year, gets a substitute for the summer while he turns to more profitable labor and then recovers it when he returns to school in the fall. Last summer he took over the garden of the high school agricultural department and made good returns. This year he has ten acres in potatoes on the Umatilla reservation.

## JOURNAL JOURNEYS

### 40---The Figure Eight and Its Setting

COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY, NO. 5.

This will tell of the Figure Eight, a part of the Columbia river highway, and of Latourell Falls. Can you imagine traveling almost a mile in a 40-acre tract on a constantly descending grade? Can you reconcile your understanding of ancient road building methods with a highway that leads from Crown Point to a point 600 sharply slanted feet below yet always on a grade so easy that brakes need scarcely be applied and curves are broad and safe?

After you have left Crown Point the road swings to the north. At is outer side is a wall of stone with half circle openings. Look down through them. To do so, somehow, intensifies the effect of elevation—the river, the meadows and the trees seem so far below.

At Crown Point the winds of winter have misshaped the trees. Their branches have yielded to the east wind, and point all westward; their trunks are twisted by the force of the air currents and toughened by the yearly struggle to maintain roothold. But a little farther down you will enter a region of peace. The firs are of full size, and here and there in open spaces bloom wild flowers of many colors. Little streams born of higher springs flow down small ravines, and each is a place of refreshment. The contrast is great between this forest and its winding road and singing rivulets and lovely flowers and bold, outstanding, dominating viewpoint just above. This restful place of beauty ought to belong to the public as a park so that it might remain.

The paving of the Figure Eight was delayed because of the many fills that had to be made. While the main road was out of use a temporary route was employed, leading from the highway across a narrow bridge to the steep grade of the Latourell hill road. Every motorist breathed a sigh of relief when the safer, easier, though longer, way was opened.

The highway comes rather suddenly to the bridge that spans Latourell creek and affords view of Latourell falls, the first waterfall of size along the highway.

Latourell falls was named for an early settler, some of whose descendants still reside in Portland. Its height is about 225 feet and the top is easily reached by climbing a trail to the left of the falls. The land was bought some five years ago by Guy W. Talbot from Major G. W. Hazen, and here Mr. Talbot has built a summer home. Mr. Talbot has dedicated the enjoyment of the falls to the public. From the time he first bought the land with the falls there has been litigation over the water rights, but he has so far succeeded in maintaining his contentions; if he should lose, it would mean that the use of the water above the falls for commercial purposes would destroy the waterfall itself.

One of the attractive features at Latourell falls is the highway bridge, built of reinforced concrete on a pattern so delicate that one hears with a certain involuntary incredulity the well corroborated assertion that the bridge would sustain a procession of steam rollers.

## MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

After a public discussion of his qualifications such as has marked the career of none of his predecessors, Louis D. Brandeis is to become associate justice of the United States supreme court.

The opponents of Brandeis may be divided into two distinct classes—those who do not understand him, and those who do. To the former we may attribute the broad extent of the opposition. To the latter we may credit its intense bitterness.

Brandeis has been considered by those who did not know him as a freak if not a questionable character. If rarity alone were to determine a man's fitness for that designation, then Louis D. Brandeis is a freak. His services as adviser are sought by some of the greatest corporations of the country. Yet the great corporations as a class hate him. Why? The story is a long one. But the kernel of it is that Brandeis is never afraid to tell a client, whether that client be corporation, labor union or general public, that it is wrong. He is 60 years old, and throughout his career he has cultivated, instead of the biased mind of the advocate, the detached mind of the judge. Great financial organizations retain him not to juggle with the law. They hire him because they know if a point at law can get through Brandeis it can get through any fair court.

This is why Brandeis is misunderstood. The business and legal world thinks in terms of hired partisanship. Brandeis has established the private judgeship. The consequent confusion of the public mind regarding his qualifications for a public judgeship has caused one writer, who, as a reporter, has followed Brandeis' career for a long time, to say: "I am moved once more to admire and to execrate the skill with which life sometimes seizes upon a man's best quality as the very instrument with which to endeavor to compass his ruin."

But whatever the theories of the friends and admirers of Brandeis, the senate investigation has failed to find evidence to discredit their claims. Brandeis stands vindicated despite the desperate efforts of the organized special interests and of organized politics to accomplish his downfall. He stands vindicated despite the sage and sterilized advice of the combined ex-presidents of the American Bar association, among whom is William H. Taft, smarting victim of Brandeis' relentless honesty. He stands vindicated despite the conventional excuse of corporations and their representatives that, admitting his ability, Brandeis lacks the "judicial temperament."

"Judicial temperament," by virtue of its very vagueness is a convenient term for those who do not care to define what they mean. It has been used to describe men who could control themselves perfectly when justice was assassinated before their very eyes. If this is what the organized financial and political interests mean by "judicial temperament," then their observation of Brandeis is correct.

## The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

NOW—with the Rose Festival over—we can turn once more to the war—and politics—and the high cost of living—and things like those.

—which we had forgotten—for the time being.

¶ It's funny—about forgetting things.

—and the way to do it—seems to be—to get something else to think about.

¶ And the Rose Festival gave us all plenty to think about—for three days.

—or kept us from thinking—just as you like.

¶ But before the Festival becomes merely a memory—or the confetti is all swept up from the streets—I want to call attention—to the most harmonious thing about it.

¶ And that was the meeting of the Oregon Presidential Postmasters' association.

¶ They got together and all wore badges—with President Wilson's picture.

—and adopted resolutions—indorsing the president.

—and re-elected their officers.

—and shook hands all around.

—and adjourned.

—and had a banquet.

—and made speeches—complimenting each other—and the president.

—and shook hands all around.

—and all agreed that Mr. Wilson would be re-elected.

—and all said they hoped Roosevelt would run.

—and shook hands all around.

—and agreed that the country was safe.

—and shook hands some more.

—and went out and saw the parade.

¶ And they went back home—with the consciousness of having done their duties.

¶ And of course—all this seems remarkable.

—and it is—or would be.

—except that all these men are Democrats.

—and were all appointed by President Wilson.

—and will hold office as long as he does.

—and no longer.

¶ And if the reichstag should get together and adopt resolutions endorsing the kaiser.

—it wouldn't surprise me in the least.

—any more than it will—if Kernel Roosevelt—who wants to be president—should keep on condemning Mr. Wilson—who is president.

¶ It's all part of the passing show.

—and the same principle is involved.

¶ And another thing—about the Rose Festival—is that it provokes a lot of poetry.

—and a large part of the visible supply—for 1916—is on my desk.

¶ And I can't print it—because there's too much.

—and the Festival's over.

¶ And besides—it isn't any good.

¶ It seems to have been written in a hurry most of it—while waiting for a jitney.

¶ Anyway—the authors' minds don't seem to have been on their work.

¶ For instance—here's a stanza:

A guest stood on the hotel steps,
When all but him had fled;
The City of Roses again resumed
The quiet of the dead.

¶ That's the first stanza—and—

¶ LISTEN—So far as I'm concerned—it's enough.

¶ It sounds like an ode to Tacoma.

### Familiar Fiction.

From the Columbia State.

"I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Standing room only."

"Sorry, madam, she's just gone out."

"I dislike excuses myself, but you know I have to take the children."

"At the solicitation of many friends I hereby announce my candidacy."

"Positively no smoking."

"I'll pay you back tomorrow, sure."

"Speed limit 15 miles an hour."

### The Inspired Real Estate Boomer.

"The river Paraana is the most watery in the state, one of the most extended in the world. It is navigable until to this state for ships of great profoundness, it is also sufficiently fishful. — Announcement of a Brazilian real estate dealer.

### "Younger Than Spring Is She."

By Mary Carolyn Davies in "Contemporary Verse" for May.

Younger than Spring is she,
Sweeter than song;
Junes gone and Junes to be
To her belong.

While the birds sing for her,
While the buds part,
I can but bring for her
Song—and my heart.

### A New Ally in the War Against the High Cost of Living.

With summer coming along you will naturally soon be more or less peeved at the weeds that spring up on every hand. You may, in fact, be doing a little quiet cursing on the side. But did you ever stop to think that many of those weeds make good articles of diet? They do. There are 10 weeds that can be used for food. They are the dock, nettle, sorrel, purslane, milkweed, dandelion, pigweed, lambs quarter, marsh marigold and brake fern. Is the high price of living bothering you? Eat weeds. Would you enjoy a wholesale change from the usual daily grind of foodstuffs? Eat weeds. Would you put a meal before your neighbor that will make him gasp and wonder where you got such delicious delicacies? Use weeds. And when you want to feast on something that really costs nothing, just simply eat weeds.—Baker Democrat.

### Dramatic Note.

(From Don Coyote's Column in the University of Washington Daily.)

Our idea of humor may be somewhat warped and generally distorted after cranking this old box for a spell (colloquial Eng.), but we can't go this guy Charlie Chaplin. We have seen various personages who hang around this ruins cheetie themselves into hysterics over the antics of this slapstick nut. It's the same old bunk. He ogles at a jane in the park, picks his teeth with his cane, kicks the fattest policeman on the Keystone payroll in the stomach, and it winds up with a chase in which all the rounders off the bulkhead join in and the whole outfit fall over the same obstacles. If you yearn for excitement, you might try sleeping in a bed in which the bros. have sprinkled cracker crumbs.

## Stories of the Street and Town

### The Jitney Driver Fainted.

JITNEY drivers have experiences with frail humanity that jar their souls at times. Last week one of the Alberta street jitney brotherhood was imperiously ordered by a well dressed woman to make all haste to enable her to catch a train. The gasoline jehu accordingly passed up all other passengers and enabled the gracious passenger to arrive in time to depart as per schedule, and as she gracefully stepped from the auto to the sidewalk a large, round, glistening, new nickel was handed the driver. Before the jitney operator had recovered from the shock, the woman was gone.