THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

Published every day, afternoon and morning (except Sunday afternoon), at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES—Main 7173; Home, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, 1218 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

Subscription terms by mail or to any address in the United States or Mexico:

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON)

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON) AND SUNDAY

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

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.

Many a one on our decks knew then for the first time how faine a sight his country's flag is at home compared to what it is in a foreign land. To see it is to have a vision of home itself and all its idols, and feel a thrill that would stir a very river of sluggish blood.
—Mark Twain.

THE FLAG

FLAG DAY means a great deal to the American people this particular year.

They are in peace. They are in prosperity. Sons are at the family fireside. Brothers are in the home.

They are not being sacrificed for military glory, that "military glory" which Lincoln described as "that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood, that serpent's eye that charms to destroy." They are under their own vines and fig trees where the eyes of mother look into the faces of her loved ones, all secure against the death and devastation of war, all spared the horrors of the trenches and the agonies of crimson fields.

It is the young manhood of Europe that is walking in blood. Thousands of years of a boasted civilization and all the ideals in governmental perfection as exemplified over the Atlantic have failed to save a continent's youth from the slaughter of such a shambles as earth never before saw.

The flag to which America is to pay tribute tomorrow is the emblem on which all the world looks with envy. There is not a mother in Europe but wishes its spirit had been the spirit of all the nations of the world.

There is not a people in Europe but wishes that the purpose that charts the course of America had been the purpose that guides governments under every sky. There is not a ruler in Europe but looks upon the American flag and regrets profoundly that the principles and policies typified by that beautiful symbol had not forever been the principles and policies, so far as peace and war are concerned, of his nation and his people.

There is not a mother in the United States but is thrilled with a new joy as her eye rests on the silken folds of the star spangled banner and reads there a delightful story of peace and plenty at home and good will to all the earth. Flag day in America this year is a day's story of a glorious land of tranquillity as one oasis in the fathomless desert of a war-mad world.

Whatever the country may be, one of those Chicago conventions was not in "the heroic mood."

IN DIXIE LAND

THE people of Dixie school district up in Linn county had a good roads picnic last Friday. Fifty men were there with their wives and children. Twenty-seven teams and wagons were on the spot bright and early in the morning and before dinner time more than 300 loads of gravel had been put on the road where it was badly needed. Then with clear consciences the hungry teamsters betook themselves to the feast of fat things which had been spread for them.

The school teacher, Miss Edna Leech, prepared the feast, or at any rate it was prepared under her competent direction. Such pies, such fried chicken were never eaten before in Dixie district. Never before did a dinner taste so good to the men and big boys, for there is no sauce like the knowledge of duty well done. Those 300 loads of gravel judiciously dumped into mudholes and bogs would have seasoned a dinner of herbs, but Miss Leach saw to it that these good citizens had something better than herbs to stay their stomachs. We wish every district in the state had such a teacher, one who can nourish the minds of the young on wisdom and the bodies of their elders on dumplings and roasts. Miss Leech has a happy combination of talents.

At Albany the county board maintains a gravel pit from which it sends gravel to all parts of the county. Under the policy of the board, the gravel is sent free to road districts that will use volunteer labor in putting it on the roads. This cooperating system brings about such occasions as transpired at Dixie, and it is swiftly building up a good road system in Linn county at a minimum of cost to the taxpayers.

It is a part of the general system in vogue in Linn county where the tax levy last year was lower than in any other county in the state.

A Kansas man walked 100 miles for a marriage license. It is admitted to be the longest preparedness parade on record.

MR. HUGHES' STATEMENT

CANDIDATE HUGHES' first definite declaration in his statement of acceptance, is:

It is true that in our foreign relations we have suffered incalculably from the vacillating course which has been taken with regard to our rights and duties.

What would Mr. Hughes have done that President Wilson has not done?

Abraham Lincoln had exactly the same kind of critics. They assailed him for not invading Mexico with an army to quiet the turbulence and turmoil there. They censured Lincoln because American property was destroyed, American lives sacrificed and a member of the American diplomatic corps murdered. Through it all, Lincoln's course was exactly the same as Wilson's course, which Mr. Hughes now condemns. Lincoln's own position as stated in his instructions to the newly appointed American minister to Mexico, as revealed in public documents on file at Washington, was as follows:

For a few years past the condition of Mexico has been so unsettled as to raise the question on both sides of the Atlantic whether the time has not come when some foreign power ought in the general interest of society, to intervene to establish a protectorate or some other form of government in that country and guarantee its continuance there.

You will not fail to assure the government of Mexico that THE PRESIDENT NEITHER HAS NOR CAN HAVE, ANY SYMPATHY WITH SUCH DESIGNS, IN WHATEVER QUARTER THEY MAY ARISE OR WHATEVER CHARACTER THEY MAY TAKE ON.

Such was Lincolnism. It was a definite and emphatic statement against interference. But the instructions did not stop there. In the language of diplomacy expressed through his secretary of state, Lincoln went on to say:

I FIND THE ARCHIVES HERE FULL OF COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT FOR VIOLATION OF CONTRACTS AND SPOLIATION AND CRUELTIES PRACTISED AGAINST AMERICAN CITIZENS. It is not the president's intention to send forward such claims at the present moment. He willingly defers the performance of a duty, which at any time would seem ungracious, until the incoming administration in Mexico shall have had time, if possible, to cement its authority.

President Wilson must be modelling his Mexican policy after President Lincoln's Mexican policy. On no other supposition could the Wilson policy be made so nearly identical with the Lincoln policy.

And we have further evidence of Lincoln's attitude toward Mexico. He opposed the Mexican war. Speaking in congress before his election to the presidency, Lincoln attacked President Polk for his part in bringing on that war. He said:

He is deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war like the blood of Abel is crying to Heaven against him; that originally having from some strong motive, what, I will not stop now to give my opinion concerning—to involve the two countries in a war, and trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze on the exceeding brightness of military glory, that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood, that serpent's eye that charms to destroy, he plunged into it, till, disappointed in his calculations of the ease with which Mexico might be subdued, he now finds himself he knows not where.

Here, in Lincoln's own words, is a masterly expression of what was later the Lincoln foreign policy, a policy which, when employed by President Wilson, Mr. Hughes denounces, saying that because of that policy "we have suffered incalculably."

Mr. Hughes cannot make this charge without turning his back on Lincoln. He cannot attack the Wilson foreign policy without repudiating the foreign policy of one of the greatest presidents America ever had.

Remembering what Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, did to put Silverton on the map, one naturally concludes that the present effort of Silverton to mark his grave with a monument is appropriate and deserved.

THE BLUES

PEOPLE who wish to live long and well are learning daily to pay more attention to the activity of the intestines. It is pretty well established that this organ may easily become a receptacle for poisons which are absorbed into the system and cause numberless ills. A Chicago physician, Dr. E. H. Pratt of the Homeopathic medical college, has written an article to show that mental depression, melancholy, the blues, "pessimism," and so on are all caused by poisons disseminated through the body from the large intestine.

These poisons are as insidious as they are destructive. They do not warn the patient of their presence by giving pain. They are produced in secrecy and quiet and they undermine the patient's life before he suspects that anything is wrong with his physical system. Dr. Pratt given us to understand that "fault-finders," the down-hearted, prophets of evil, alarmists, haters, and suicides" all derive their "cussedness" from the poisons which accumulate in their interiors. It would seem therefore that the best way to cure a jingo of his visions of fright would be to treat him to a thorough purgation.

Dr. Pratt mentions the case of the late C. W. Post, a vindictive enemy of organized labor who lately committed suicide in San Francisco, and argues that the mental trouble which led up to his death was due to auto-intoxication from the intestine. In the same way he explains the suicide of Dr. Sachs in Chicago. Dr. Sachs was turned out of the superintendency of the Chicago tuberculosis hospital after he had built it up by his own efforts. The common story is that he killed himself from grief.

Dr. Sachs himself said in his last letter that he intended to die in order to make the crime that had been committed against him look as black as possible.

But Dr. Pratt explains it all as a case of intestinal poisoning, saying that if Dr. Sachs had attended properly to that part of his system he might still have been alive and useful. Neglecting its functions he fell into a fit of "the blues" and made an end of his existence. Of course this theory, like any other, may be pushed to an extreme, but there is no doubt that a little care to keep the body free from intestinal poison would make many people healthier and therefore happier and more efficient.

Forty per cent of Oregon grant land proceeds ought not to be spent in other states. Oregon has already furnished enough money to other states for their reclamation projects.

A FABLE

ONCE upon a time there was a rural school house, little and red, with a mud puddle before the door. In wet weather the puddle was wide and deep and the children crossed it on a plank. In dry weather the puddle contracted its bounds and the children then slipped round it to the door.

In that school district there was an incendiary agitator who talked a good deal about draining the puddle. He argued with his neighbors that the puddle was useless at all times and often dangerous. He pointed out that little boys and girls often fell into it and so muddied themselves that they had to go back home to be scrubbed. He also maintained that the school premises would be much more beautiful without the puddle.

But he argued in vain. The staid, solid patrons of the school, not to be led astray by any fads and crazes, told him flatly that they were not disposed to rush into any untried innovations. The mud puddle had been there when they went to school. It had been there when their fathers went to school. And there it should always stay. And so far as beauty was concerned, in their opinion it was far more important to give the children lovely souls than to surround them with material luxury.

The incendiary agitator then started a new craze. He argued that if the puddle could not be drained and the children must continue to fall into it, the district ought at least to provide a wash basin for them to scrub themselves in. But here again he was put to rout. "Of what use would a wash basin be," the solid, sensible parents asked him, "without water? And water implies a well and no well can be dug without increasing taxes." The incendiary agitator was so enraged to be thus defeated by logic that he went and hanged himself, like Judas.

The mud puddle still spreads its fragrant expanse before the door of the little red school house and the parent who contributed most cogently to silence the incendiary agitator is now making a good living by delivering lectures on "political crazes and taxation."

The 40 per cent of grant land proceeds for reclamation ought to be spent on Oregon reclamation. The grant lands are by rights Oregon's grant lands.

WHY CHANGE?

HUGHES and Wilson preach about the same brand of preparedness doctrine. Each wants to see the country able to defend itself. Neither wants to rush into a wild orgy of militarism. So that issue fades away into nothingness. We shall be sufficiently prepared no matter which of them is elected. The only question is who shall be delegated to do the preparing. Since Mr. Wilson has already undertaken the job and has his hand in, it may seem wise to let him finish it. Lincoln used to say that it was hazardous to change horses in the middle of a stream.

A lighted candle left on a pile of paper boxes in a basement nearly caused a conflagration in Portland. That was one dark spot which the fire department's fire prevention campaign had not penetrated.

HOME RULE

HOME RULE for Ireland has been definitely promised by Mr. Lloyd-George speaking for the British government. No doubt the decision to grant the right so long desired and so often refused grows out of the recent rebellion. The men who dared to take arms against British power were defeated and many of them have paid with their lives for loving their country too well, but if their sacrifice leads to the establishment of Home Rule the world will believe that they did not die in vain.

For many centuries Irish history has been a record of tyranny illuminated with recurring struggles for liberty. But the Irish have never been wholly united. Internal dissension has worked hand in hand with foreign power to keep the people in subjection and Home Rule now comes as a concession from England rather than as a military victory for Ireland. This is the best way for it to come since it will now quench old hatreds instead of kindling new ones. May the two islands soon become loving sisters with all their mutual wrongs forgotten.

NOTHING THE MATTER WITH PORTLAND

[The Portland way as the equal of anybody's way anywhere is again demonstrated in today's installment, No. 161, of The Journal's "Nothing the Matter With Portland" series. Close specialization is the rule of the company whose activities are described, and widespread patronage attests the high standard attained as to products.]

THE GRASLE PAPER BOX COMPANY, 212-214 East Twenty-fifth street, North, is different.

Its management has its own methods and ways of doing business.

For example, it will manufacture only collapsible boxes. No other kind is turned out from this institution, and yet it has every appliance for constructing anything in the box line made of cardboard. On its two 50x100 foot floors may be found such an array of machinery that the uninitiated in the box making art becomes bewildered in wonderment as to what they mean or can be used for. But those young men and women employes fully understand them, and they are handled as if they were toys.

NOT MERELY A TRADE.

"Paper box making is not a trade, merely," says Howard E. Grasle, proprietor of the factory. "Many products are works of art. From those presses you see running on our first floor come some of the most beautiful pictures! They are actual works of art—and the production of our own and outside artists. The day of 'daubs' is no more. Often it is the package that sells the goods, and the paper box manufacturer is looked to to produce the attraction that will do the business.

"And we do it. If we didn't some other factory would. Our illustrations could not be made at any price the dealer could stand a few years ago. It is the improvement in appliances that enables us to do this work at this time."

MARVELOUS EXPANSION.

Up to a year ago Mr. Grasle emulated the mistakes of scores of manufacturers. He attempted to be proprietor, business manager, superintendent, foreman, salesman and factory hand. He made a five years' trial of the game, and wasn't getting anywhere at a very rapid pace. A year ago he came in contact with George G. Guild, who had had experience in handling lines quite similar to the paper box business, and made arrangements with him to take over the buying and selling management of the plant. Thereupon Mr. Guild opened an office at 310 Henry building, pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and began to wade in. He went it at a pretty lively gait, too, with the result that the three or four hands employed by the factory 12 months ago have been added to until now their number is 15 actual box makers, and Mr. Guild declares:

"We have six months orders ahead. The factory's output today is ten times that of this time last year, and new business is continually rolling in.

1000 A MINUTE MACHINE.

"In equipment we have more than doubled the capacity of the factory, and I am confident there is not a better appointed plant on the Pacific coast. We have added a second story to the building, and there is more machinery in this new addition than formerly in the entire structure. Among these new purchases is an automatic gluing, folding and counting machine, warranted by the makers to glue, fold and count 1000 boxes a minute. How is that for speed? Some of our clients, the Hazelwood, for example, place orders with us for 1,000,000 cartons. Suppose we had these partly printed and the company would make a hurried demand for 100,000. When could we have them ready?. In 100 minutes! Isn't that going it a little?"

ANOTHER FINE MACHINE.

Another new machine of recent invention paraffines both sides of the cardboard used in the box manufacture at the same time, and it surely gives its owners a "run for their money." It is not so active in its operation as a Journal printing press, but it makes a great "stab" at it. Cardboard sheets run through the device with amazing rapidity, and the board is not only airtight when made into boxes but germ proof and noxious odor proof as well.

All mail and city orders are attended to by Mr. Guild, but there is one salesman constantly on the road looking after distant business.

"It is occasionally stated that eastern paper box factories are more up-to-date than those of the west," Mr. Guild says, "but you may be sure that not one of them, no matter where located, can take the palm away from us. We have samples of the work of every important factory of the kind in America, and I say it with a great deal of satisfaction that we can measure up with any of them. I believe we supply most of the big creameries in Oregon with their butter cartons, and we are turning out thousands upon thousands of other folding boxes for confectionery manufacturers, and in fact for all lines using such goods, and we are at this time contemplating still another story to our factory. We specialize, of course, on one particular kind of paper box and, believe me, we are doing a real land office business in this line."

Mr. Guild is a live wire. He knows the paper box business. He knows how to sell them. He knows how to buy material from which they are made.

The factory covers everything in the line of suit boxes, millinery boxes, laundry boxes, collar bands, butter cartons, egg cartons, candy and cake boxes.

Letters From the People

[Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published he should so state.]

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Proposes a Currency Plan.

Jennings Lodge, Or., June 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—The first esential to efficiency in any law or custom is a fixed and unchangeable money standard of value. The following is a brief description of scientific money:

The United States will capitalize the total wealth of the nation as a total available money supply by demonetizing gold and adopting the nation's time notes as the standard of value and sole legal tender at their face value, for the payment of all debts public and private; and maintain equilibrium between the supply and demand of money by issuing bonds to equal each money issue of notes. Disburse the notes; deposit the bonds in depositaries throughout the country, where bonds will be exchanged for notes, or notes for bonds, on demand without cost. Depositaries will detach the interest coupon for the current half year from all bonds exchanged for notes; all bonds presented for notes must have all unmatured interest coupons attached.

All the bounty of nature will be conserved for the common good, and any title to land, mineral deposits, oil, gas, or natural resources of any kind whatever will be taken by the state without compensation whenever required, except for improvements; upon the intuitive and self evident principle that the owner of the property can take his own wherever it may be found, no matter if innocent purchasers may be in possession.

All party platforms and policies are impotent and incapable of giving any relief from universal poverty and oppression until the invisible government has been destroyed by demonetizing gold and adopting a fixed and unchangeable money standard of value.

The St. Louis convention should make the money plank the principal plank in its platform—proclaim the remedy, and make it so plain that anyone can understand it and no sophistry can refute it.

Under the perfect financial system United States banks of deposit and exchange will be opened in every community requiring banking facilities; all deposits will be kept on hand either in legal tender notes or United States bonds; no loans will be made, and no obligations incurred except to depositors. The bank reserve will always be maintained at 100 per cent of the total deposits. Borrowers will never fall to find unlimited capital seeking loans at the current rate of interest, which will be in the hands of all men who have accumulated wealth and hold the superabundant supply of bonds in circulation bearing the lowest rate of interest.

The supply of bonds cannot diminish by use, but must remain a constant and exact total in circulation until paid at maturity; no matter how many times the bonds may be exchanged for private securities it cannot affect the total supply of bonds in circulation.

It shall be made a crime to issue, pass or receive any coin, note, check, or anything else for money, except legal tender notes or checks drawn upon a deposit in a United States bank. And the same penalty for (1) depositing or receiving on deposit United States bonds, (2) paying or receiving United States bonds for money in making any exchange of wealth, (3) buying, selling or exchanging United States bonds with anyone but a United States bank.

The combination of bondholders and the manipulation of money supply will inevitably take place unless all the financier's ammunition for creating a panic is destroyed. E. L. M'CLURE.

Oregon Schools.

Portland, June 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am pleased to note your editorial in Saturday's Journal entitled "Eternal Vigilance," for it somewhat proves my contention as hereinafter set forth.

Now that the state school fund has been reenforced, there is no reason why we should not have the best equipped schools in the world. Before offering himself, a candidate for school work should weigh the present system of education and he would no doubt arrive at the same conclusion as some of our leading educators, and that is, that the present system is without a fundamental purpose or national idea. This should suggest a work that should be outlined as his platform and presented to the people as his argument and only argument for his election and if elected in this way, his work being initiated by the people for this reason is more than half done.

It is very gratifying to know that we live in a country where the citizens by the power of their vote can adjust or revolutionize the social, political and financial condition, but, if for the common good, the vote must be based on clear reasoning and common sense.

It is hardly necessary to say that not one per cent of the graduates of our public school system can point out by reason, the first or prime principles of nature, as this is a subject practically denied the students of our public school system, and it is for this reason that 99 per cent of the citizens of this nation control but 10 per cent of the wealth of the nation. Which is power? Money or mind? Instead of teaching the science of pure thought they teach salesmanship. As we sow so shall we reap; the mind of the pupil is the garden of our citizenship and for this reason we should advocate the sowing of clear reasoning and common sense, which will be our rule if the majority are so trained.

The government of England recently enacted laws to prevent the drifting away from the original purpose of school work. In the campaign M. E. Sadler, M. A., L. L. D., professor of history and administration of education, Victoria university, Cambridge, England, quoting Faraday, said, "Faraday declared that even the classes that were esteemed to be educated were for the most part not only ignorant of physical science and its methods of inquiry and judgment, but also ignorant of their ignorance." The result is that one of the first aims prescribed by government for every public elementary school is the careful training of the children in habits of observation and clear reasoning so that they may gain an intelligent acquaintance with some of the facts and laws of nature.

Our nation is in need of a Sadler. It is encouraging to note that the candidate who has as his slogan "common sense in the schools" has received the nomination and no doubt will receive the election. C. B. MARTIN.

Woman's School Board Sphere.

Portland, June 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—As one among the hundreds of women who are hoping to elect Mrs. Blumauer to our school board next Saturday, I wish to state some of our logical reasons

First, that women are the natural educators of our youth, at least in our present social system, as shown by the overwhelming majority of women teachers in our public schools.

Second, that we believe a coeducational school system should have a coeducational board of directors.

Third, as our public schools are teaching household economics on a large scale, we believe a woman's practical experience in these matters is an absolute necessity to the understanding of this department.

Fourth, we believe a wise cooperation between the schools and the home to be of great advantage to a large majority of the pupils. It may be said that such matters belong to the duties of the superintendent. True enough. But all questions are presented to the board of directors. By whom would they receive the most intelligent consideration? I think, naturally, by the woman whose sympathy and instinct give her insight into such problems.

Fifth, in nearly all cities the size of Portland there are two women school directors.

Last, but most important of all, we believe Mrs. Blumauer is in every particular thoroughly qualified to fill the office of school director to the complete satisfaction of all of our citizens. MRS. JULIA MARQUAM.

The Parole.

San Quentin, Cal., June 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—So long as the board of paroles proceeds with caution and is not carried away by any sentimental attitude or politics toward prisoners the general public will commend them for granting paroles to all who can be trusted to go out and make an honest living for themselves and support their families. About the most useless human being alive is the prisoner in one of our county jails or in one of our state prisons with nothing to do. And with all our prison wardens have been able to do, they have not been able to get all the prisoners well or profitably occupied.

Of course there will always be degenerate criminals who can not be trusted with any degree of liberty—detention for them is merely safeguarding the community. But these are but a small minority. By far the larger part of the men and women in detention can be trusted reasonably after the whiskey and drugs have been worked out of them. In any event, a man at work, earning his own living, is a better investment for the state than the same man held in confinement and fed at public expense. And parole is an economic measure of great value even if we say nothing more for it. For it is the means of restoring many men and women to useful and orderly lives, who were on the broad road to perdition. Parole should be granted to all first timers; in fact, probation with every safeguard should be granted by the presiding judge, who is familiar with the case. The poor victim should always be permitted to tell his story; if there was an ulterior motive, revenge or persecution, these facts should be considered by the judge. Every man has his good qualities and can be reached by showing confidence in him. In most cases, men rise to their opportunities. Every prisoner is worthless to state and family. The average man should be worth $1200 to the state, or more, per year. Prisons do not reform. A clean minded man, after associating a year with hardened criminals, will never be able to purify his mind. The cold, hard world points the finger of scorn at the poor unfortunate and fails to heed the tender words of the lowly Nazarene. The family are worse than orphaned; they are outcasts.

The prisoner is robbed of from 1 to 20 years of his life by an excessive sentence given by a hardened judge whose conscience is seared by long contact with unfortunates and hardened criminals. Parole is the only method of restoration to a man.

The state should do more. It should give him employment. Again I say, grant parole to first timers at the expiration of one year's good conduct. ONE THAT HAS HAD THE BITTER EXPERIENCE.

In Support of Mrs. Blumauer.

Portland, June 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Portland Woman's club, for the second time in its history of 20 years, offers a candidate for the school board of District No. 1—Mrs. S. M. Blumauer, an honored member of the club.

Fifteen years ago the club presented Mrs. Charles Sitton as a candidate for the same office. She was elected, notwithstanding an organized prejudice. Men said it was "a man's job." After five years' service she was reelected without opposition, everybody agreeing that a woman was needed on the school board. Mrs. Sitton resigned at the end of another five years. Why not elect another woman—strong, efficient and experienced? GRACE WATT ROSS.

"The Brave Days of Old."

Portland, June 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—In this day of preparedness, when the attitude of the citizen toward his country's government is being more or less sharply outlined, when we are parading the streets playing music and singing modern patriotic songs, it might not be altogether out of place to quote the sentiment sung and recited on the streets of Rome less than 200 years after the founding of the city, when already the people were looking back to the good old former days and complaining against the then present government. Hear Macaulay:

"For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
in the brave days of old.

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

"Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old."

O. G. HUGHSON.

Free Medical Advice.

From the Christian Herald.

"Doctor, my brother stepped in a hole and wrenched his knee and now he limps. What would you do in a case like that?" "I'm afraid I should limp, too!"

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The allies seem to be using "the glory that was Greece" for a doormet.

Looks like seismic shocks coming from the vicinity of Oyster Bay are about petered out.

Wonder what George W. Perkins and others who had no second choice for president are going to do about it?

With only one "man who," that St. Louis convention will have a distinctive feature in common with the June bride.

It is hardly possible that the colonel will ask Professor Taft's advice as to whether there should be a third candidate.

Just when the farmer was hoping for warm, growing weather a Fairbanks wave comes down upon him. Looks more than ever like a cold summer.

A vacation suggestion: If it is worth while for easterners to come out and see Oregon this summer, why isn't it worth while for Oregonians to see Oregon first?

Germany and England, not being able to agree on who won that naval battle, ought to sign articles for a championship fight to a finish and pledge themselves to abide by Referee Neptune's decision.

Four years ago the colonel wrote: "Official heads of the Republican party have carefully provided in advance that four years hence the Republican voters shall be delivered bound hand and foot to the political bosses."

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Complaint is heard at Medford that vandals are cutting rose bushes and destroying the trees in the parkings. At one place rose limbs three feet in length were cut and left on the lawn.

The Eugene Register advises a Tennessee man who has written for slips of the roses in Eugene's depot park that if he wants something like the real thing, he will have to get slips of the soil and climate also.

The Hermiston Herald reports that "with the government camps taking every man to be had, the Newport company with several good crews and the large fields of alfalfa ready to harvest, labor is almost at a premium."

"The Coos County Tax association," says the Coos Bay Harbor, "has sent men into the woods to watch for fires. The association saves a great deal of property yearly by this method and the cost is not excessive. There are at times as high as 25 men employed, the most usually during the hunting season."

Indorsing a program framed at Malheur's metropolis, the Baker Herald says: "Ontario is to have an out-and-out boying celebration next week, opening with Flag day exercises, auto parade and including three days of fine programs including sports and amusements. The city is openly asking people to visit Ontario, enjoy themselves and buy its goods. It is not a bad idea and might be tried in other cities."

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

43—Mist Falls

COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY NO. 8.

In the spring of the year when the first lordly Chinook salmon were vigorously thrusting their gleaming silver bodies over the rapids in the gorge of the Columbia and heedlessly were leaping at and over the jagged black reefs—when Mount Hood at each dawning was flushed rose pink with the rising sun and the world was growing young and tenderly green again, Speelei, God of the Yakimas, came over from his valleys to fish. With him he brought his wife and his sons, for they were useful in the cleaning and curing of his catch.

When the open tepee was hung with the rows of dried fish and the salmon that had not been caught were hundreds of miles farther up the river in the spawning beds, Speelei said to his wife and sons, "Arise. We will return to our own country." But so enamored was Mrs. Speelei of the beauties of the Gorge of the Columbia, now penetrated by the Columbia river highway, that she resisted the will of her god-husband. She refused to return but said that she would remain in a region so good as that to which the great fish of the ocean came, and where, in the river under the shadow of high mountains, the fur seals disported themselves.

"Then you will remain forever," the god of the Yakimas is reported to have edicted. Whereupon Mrs. Speelei became a cliff of basaltic rock that still had her complexion of copper brown.

And over the verge of this cliff poured a waterfall that seemed to leap straight out into the air, to be caught in the wind and to be torn into spray that drifted along the face of the rock like a rain of sorrow, only to be caught as in a giant hand and again hurled forth. The falls are the long tresses of Speelei's wife, which whip about her face as she grieves.

The sons of Speelei were likewise insubordinate. They refused to depart from the place where their beloved mother had been fated eternally to remain. So Speelei turned them into pinnacles of rock, sometimes called the Pillars of Hercules, now better known as Speelei's children.

Thus runs the charming legend that adds the suggestion of age-old mystery to Mist Falls, above the Columbia river highway.

Mist Falls come from a greater elevation than any of the other waterfalls along the wonder way. Authoritative height measurement is lacking but an estimate gives the total altitude as about 1000 feet.

I have never known any person to travel on the highway as far as Mist Falls without ejaculations of wonder and admiration. You have come to the point where the immensity of the gorge begins to grow upon you. The waterfall at its beginning is a thread of silver white. It is caught so easily by the winds that blow where eagles are sailing, and yet so persistently it returns to the cliffs whence it must be repeatedly torn.

The rugged cliffs are of heroic, massive mould. Their colorings are of magic beauty, and the tintings change from the subdued to the vivid shades of royal purple, velvet brown and joyous green as the light varies. In the surface of the river at the still evening hour the cliffs and their waterfalls are reflected. On the Washington shore is that pipe organ of the Almighty, the fluted cliffs of Cape Horn.

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

Sundayisms.

THE following paragraphs are taken from Billy Sunday's sermons at Kansas City:

* * *

I always did consider it a nuisance to gallop a mile just to get a hug or two.

* * *

Seven millions girls go wrong in this country in a century, and three fourths of them are ruined by the dance.

* * *

We have charity balls, and I think that they are the biggest insult to God Almighty and decency that God ever looked at.

* * *

You old lobster! You don't want to dance with your wife, but with some other fellow's. You had just as soon go out and husk corn all night by moonlight as dance with your wife.

* * *

Spectacular drama? If it were not for the leg shows the theatre would go bankrupt.

* * *

It is upon the charred souls of women that most of the men who are a power in the theatrical world have climbed to their height.

* * *

It is almost impossible to find in the theatre decency and purity.

* * *

The church and the theatre have nothing in common.

* * *

The only way to reform the theatre is to turn it into something else.

* * *

The stage gives the people what they want, and the church gives them what they need.

* * *

What games do I play? Well, I play baseball and lawn tennis, although I think that is a girl's game and I don't like it—and I play golf and checkers and chess.

* * *

I charge in behalf of the poor gambler that the so called Christian homes are the kindergartens of gambling.

* * *

If you have a Bible and a pack of cards in your home, burn one or the other. Either burn the cards and keep the Bible, or burn the Bible and keep the cards. Don't let them both stay under your roof all night.

* * *

I believe that cards and dancing are doing more to damn the spiritual life of the church than the grog shop.

* * *

Wherein it may be seen that Mr. Sunday seems to have fully made up his mind about dancing, theatre-going and card playing.

Free Verse Sets Boy Free.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

Clarence Wilde, 18 years old, Portland, Or., wrote a poem while "riding the rods" to Chicago from Washington that won his freedom after he had been taken into custody by the police of the Chicago avenue station today.

When he said he had not eaten a good meal for a week the police gave him money and took him to a nearby restaurant. When he was taken back to the station he handed the desk sergeant the poem, and after reading it the sergeant let him go with a warning to try to find work.

Here's the poem:

Fair is the sky tonight
The wistful wind
Creeps down the flittering filament
Of beaten steel, and
The rhythm of the rods and beams beneath the box car
Makes somber, sighing music.
I'm a cavalier—
A knight with scarce
A care.
The wind sings to me,
The sky looks down and seems to smile.
I am happy, but lonesome, too.
I would return to my home
To the arms of my mother and the sturdy embrace of my father.
The cavalier is tired.
I would go home.

Wilde said he worked for a time in a lumber camp in Washington and then decided to come to Chicago for a better job.

Life's Infinite Variety.

Mrs. Frank Hixson has a curiosity in the poultry line, a Plymouth Rock chick hatched with only one wing.—Pleasant Valley Correspondence Baker Herald.

It is reported that Monroe has a haunted house. We can't vouch for the truth of the report, but reliable parties assert that they have frequently heard strange noises while passing the old creamery, some of them bloodcurdling in the extreme. The sounds come apparently from the front part of the building, and are somewhat similar to those Bob Wilson used to make while practicing with his horn. It may be that Bob has "gone over the range" and his spook returns to his old haunts. Some say, however, it is only somebody trying to sing. An investigation will be made, and meantime we hope none will get excited or terror-stricken until the true cause of the disturbance is ascertained.—Monroe Leader.

It's here—summer time! Two small lads, togged out in regalia that would have put to shame the primeval costuming of old Adam himself, proved the coming of the months of sunshine and flowers by taking a dip in The Dip this morning. Shivering and sputtering and yelling like young Indians on the warpath, the boys romped in the water for more than an hour. "Cold? Sure it's cold, ain't it, kid?" covered with "goose flesh" and shaking with aguish motions in the sharp wind, one lad answered a query and turned to his young companion for reiteration of his reply. "But what if it is? B'lieve me, it's fun, mister. Come on in!"—The Dalles Chronicle.

The mayor, the whole council, the chief of police and the acting city recorder failed miserably last evening to qualify as safe crackers even when they were supplied with the combination. Recorder Fitz Gerald is ill at his home, but had supplied his substitute, John Holley, with the combination to the safe. However, the whole force couldn't make the safe open, and so it was that council was held without the official minutes of the previous meeting.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

On Saturday last Mrs. Dan Pierce experienced a genuine thrill when she lost control of her auto and the machine went crashing into the curbing near the postoffice and stopped short only when it struck a big electric light pole. In another instant she would have run into a window front. Laddy Graham was in the path of the machine, but the big pole saved him. The machine escaped with a broken fender and shattered lamp.—Forest Grove News-Times.

A SONG.

Last night I heard a song, and as the words came to me and the voice thrilled me, the Gates of Memory swung open and I entered the Garden of Dreams. And no sooner had I entered than I saw the face of one whom I had known and loved in other days. It was not strange that she should be the first to greet me there for the song is so interwoven with thoughts of her that its first note brings always the vision of her loved face before me. When she saw me, she leaned toward me with outstretched hand, and her smile was like sunshine on a winter's day.

"Dear one," she cried. "Where have you been so long? I have missed you," and she held my hand closely within her own.

"And I have missed you, too," I cried, while the blood ran warm and fast at the joy of our reunion. "If all the thoughts I have sent you these long months had been butterflies or birds, the air would be peopled with the winged throng. Tell me, how goes the world with you?"

"All's well, dear friend, all's well," yet her eyes did not look into mine as she spoke, but sought the ground instead, and I, who had so long and yet so short a time before, seen her in the agony of silent grief, knew that she was thinking of the little maid, child of her heart, who had fallen asleep just when the dawn of life was fairest.

Yet she said "All's well."

So we sat in silence while our hearts communed.

Then the song ceased. We had but said "Greeting," and now we must say "Farewell."

"Until we meet again," I said, shaken to the depths at the brave soul of her.

"Until we meet again," with smiling acquiescence. So we parted and the Gates of Memory swung to.

* * *

What is there in a song? Ah, who can tell?
—A. P. C.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

The way some fellers grab off toothpicks at the cafeteria counter would justify the U. S. marshal pulling 'em for being timber thieves.