Oregon 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

Greater men our country has produced; but not another whom, humanly speaking she could ill spare, when she lost him as the victim of Wilkes Booth's murderous aim. Though I very heartily supported it when made, I did not favor his (Lincoln's) renomination as president; for I wanted the war driven onward with vehemence, and this was not in his nature.—Horace Greeley.

THEY ARE CRAZY

THE process of making the Republican party a war party goes grimly on.

It is unjust to the early principles of that party. Lincoln was not a warrior, but a humanitarian. He rose to fame through his efforts to uplift the submerged, white and black.

But the big leaders are determined to make that party a party of war. Congressman Joe Cannon blew a fierce war blast in the house Tuesday. He scored the president for not pacifying Mexico by armed force. He said:

I say we ought to set up a responsible government in Mexico to preserve order. After we have restored order, we should have a treaty permitting us to send our troops into Mexico to restore order.

This is a bugle call to arms. It comes from one of the big leaders of the party. He knows the inner plans of the other big leaders. He voices their set purpose if they can get authority from the American people in the coming election to do so, to issue calls for volunteers, to raise an army of 500,000 men, to spend millions for war material and supplies, to enter Mexico on the first pretext with armed forces, to shoot down all Mexicans who offer opposition, to overrun and subjugate the country, to set up a military government, to station armed forces in every state, city and village in Mexico for police purposes, and to retain control of the country as we are retaining control of the Philippines until such time as a Mexican government can be trusted, possibly for a generation.

"We want deeds, not words!" shouts Mr. Hughes. "We should set up a military government in Mexico!" shrieks Joe Cannon. "We should march to the City of Mexico and set up a responsible government!" chants Mr. Penrose.

There is no way to misunderstand their meaning. They are appealing to the American people to give them power to invade Mexico; and they are doing it in the name of Republicanism. They are asking the people of America to charter them upon a course that will fill this land with weeping wives and children, with mothers in tears, with impoverished widows, with bereaved homes, with empty seats at the table, and make this peaceful and prosperous country a land of fury, a land of mourning, and a land of military debts.

They are crazy!

In its denial of the petition for a rehearing, the Oregon supreme court attempts to satisfactorily explain the "and"—or—"or" decision. It cannot be explained. There is no explanation. The 1910 amendment giving the supreme court authority to brush away quibbles when substantial justice could be rendered makes any attempt at explanation futile.

NO WAR

"I WILL not help these men," so said President Wilson, in his Detroit speech. He was speaking of the men who have been trying to exploit Mexico's wealth and ruin Mexico's people. Mr. Wilson will not help them in their wicked ambitions. On the contrary, he means to help the Mexicans themselves—the plundered and starving population of that miserable country. We have been helping the Belgians and the Poles and the Serbians, giving them worlds of sympathy and millions of money. Is it not time to bring our charity a little nearer home, and begin to help our next door neighbors?

President Wilson evidently thinks it is high time to do something of that sort. Instead of sending troops to plunge the Mexicans into more horrible misery, Mr. Wilson wishes to bring them comfort and aid. Instead of robbing their country of its independence, he wishes to respect its sovereignty and restore its prosperity. President Wilson takes the stand which history will approve and which the American people will honor.

This is not a robber nation. It is not a military empire. The United States was founded to promote peace and guard the common welfare of mankind. It is cause for thankfulness that we have a president who puts his whole soul into the performance of that lofty mission. "War," he said in the Detroit speech, "means hate." It means every brimstone passion that seethes out of the black inferno. It blights every best human hope and dams the progress of the race.

Henry Ford "takes off his hat to the president who has kept us out of war and will keep us out of it." We say amen. We Americans want no wars unless aggression compels us to fight them.

A convicted Portland robber has been sentenced to remain out of Oregon seven years. But how about the guarantee against cruel and unusual punishment?

IF—

PROF. KING of the University of Wisconsin, shows that something like two-thirds of our population have no wealth except the clothes on their backs and a little furniture and personal belongings, while the major part of the nation's wealth is owned by less than two per cent of the population. He adds:

A nation can be said to be really prepared only when its people are as a whole hygienically, economically able to earn a decent living, to marry at the normal age and raise a healthy, happy family.

This is not the statement of a soap box orator. It is not the shriek of a demagogue. It comes from an acknowledged authority in one of the greatest educational institutions in the world.

Sane military preparedness is of some importance. But it is only incidental. It is superficial preparedness. It overlooks and ignores the fundamental.

We have been a nation for 139 years. We are a splendid nation. We are today playing an illustrious part on this earth. We are the most favored people in the world.

But, after 139 years, with two-thirds of our population having no wealth but the clothes on their backs, a little furniture and personal belongings, we have not risen to our real place as a nation. We have not done the things necessary to real national preparedness. We have failed to give our average people the chance in life that they ought to have.

The Progressives as a national party have disbanded. Their work was just begun. They were the ally and part of the strength of President Wilson in legislative enactments to better equalize the distribution of wealth in America. They should have gone on with the struggle instead of letting Perkins betray them and their cause.

Placing military preparedness first and economic and social preparedness last is a mistake. Many persons are clamorous for the one, and unmindful of the other. They are in eruption over war preparedness and stagnant over peace preparedness. They are excited over preparedness to kill and unconcerned with preparedness to live.

If you give all the American people a chance to be hygienically, economically able to earn a decent living, to marry at the normal age and raise healthy, happy families, you will make America the last word in national preparedness.

Did you ever notice that those who clamor loudest for war invariably want to be colonels, captains or generals if they enlist at all? But generally, they do not enlist.

IRISH LEADERS

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says with a good deal of point, that the true leaders of the Irish people are such men as Sir Horace Plunkett and George W. Russell. The editor thinks their names are greater and "more permanent" than those of Casement, Carson or Redmond. He even intimates that Plunkett and Russell have done more credit to their green island than Bernard Shaw or the poet Yeats. This is high praise, particularly so when we reflect that very few people in the big world know who Mr. Russell is.

We will throw a ray or two of light upon him by remarking that he edits the Irish Homestead, a farm paper of rather unusual merit. He is also a poet and a painter, one of those jacks of all trades who are often a great deal more useful in the world than the plodders of one idea.

Mr. Russell had something to say lately about the deficiencies of rural life in Ireland. Much of it might be said of the United States, and indeed has been said, but we question whether many listened.

Mr. Russell wants the theory and practice of agriculture taught in the Irish rural schools with the exclusion of some of the nonsense which now composes the curriculum. Formal grammer, the absurdities of English spelling, banking, complex fractions and so on might all be omitted and agriculture put in their place. Not book agriculture, of course, but the actual realities of planting, growth and cultivation.

Mr. Russell laments the miserable diet of the farm. He says it consists, in Ireland, mainly of potatoes, cabbage, tea and bacon and is so far from a "balanced ration" that it makes the people scrawny and anemic, like a typical Yankee. Bad food shows the same consequences whether it is eaten in Ireland or Iowa.

They also serve who send checks for families of Oregon boys on the border.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE man to whom President Wilson has committed his political fortunes in the coming campaign is a former football star. He became nationally known in 1893 by a goal kick which unexpectedly won the game for Yale in a contest with Princeton. The feat closed his career on the gridiron in a blaze of glory for both himself and the Yale team, of which he was fullback and captain.

Vance McCormick is the man. Physically, he is a little below average height, broad shouldered and square jawed. He is genial, companionable and a good mixer. The New York Evening Post, in a description of him, says there is a look in his eye which carries conviction.

He is the man who cleaned up Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, his home town. In 1900 he became a member of the council and served two years. Because of his leadership in reforms, he was nominated for mayor and overwhelmingly elected as a Democrat in a rock-ribbed Republican city. He justified the faith of the good citizens who scratched their ticket to vote for him, by making Harrisburg almost a model city.

As mayor, he began to inquire into the activities of Colonel Guffey, who had been for years Democratic boss of the state. Pursuing his inquiries, he soon became a thorn in the side of the "old guard" Democracy of Pennsylvania. It had long been an open secret that the Republicans could get anything they wanted from the Democrats, C. O. D.

In 1910 McCormick openly fought the Guffey crowd. He secured the nomination of State Treasurer Berry for governor. Berry is the man who exposed the Pennsylvania state house grafters, whose operations had become a national scandal.

In 1912, McCormick beat the Guffey machine to a frazzle, and went to the Baltimore convention with a solid delegation for Woodrow Wilson. When the Democrats failed to get Secretary of Labor Wilson to run as candidate for governor of Pennsylvania in 1914, the president indorsed McCormick. McCormick's record was so clean and his progressivism so acknowledged that Dean Lewis, Progressive nominee for governor, withdrew in McCormick's favor.

McCormick's knowledge of the great game of politics has been learned in the school of experience. The Guffey machine was a mighty engine with which to match wits, but McCormick dared it and won. In reputation, position, training and power, he is well equipped to captain the great contest in which he is to be a star strategist.

He is 44 years of age, is wealthy, is unostentatious, is noted for achieving things without making noise about it in advance, and is a breeder of Percheron horses on which he takes prizes at many Pennsylvania fairs.

Dr. Loveland of the First Methodist church wants a lot of Portland funerals, with "grumblers" riding in the hearses. Does he also want these objectionable Portlanders sent to a place where they will have something to grumble about?

NOT SO BAD

THE New Republic shrewdly points out a feature in the Mexican situation which is often overlooked. If conditions down in Mexico are as bad as they are pictured by our warlike brethren why do so many Americans stay there? We have been wringing our hands, says the New Republic, and begging them to come back for years. Congress has even made a frugal provision to pay their home-coming expenses. But still they stay where they are.

If these Americans were crackbrained young adventurers athirst for gunshots and glory, we should not wonder at them. But for the most part they are staid fathers of families and their wives and children are with them. If Mexico were really in the condition of anarchy that is described to us by our war-lovers, why do these peaceable people not leave their property and come home? The answer evidently is that conditions in Mexico are not nearly so evil as some would have us believe.

If you came to Oregon from another state, can you not write some congressman from that state, urging him to support the Sinnott bill to spend the 40 per cent of grant land money for reclamation on Oregon reclamation? That kind of work by the state societies brought results in the recent grant land legislation.

A FIRE EATER

HENRY T. SEELEY is the department commander of the G. A. R. for Connecticut. He is no doubt a good man in his way and does not mean to be irreverent or absurd. But sometimes a man achieves both these undesirable ends in spite of himself. We think Mr. Seeley did so when he said that "if God Almighty were president of the United States and did what Mr. Wilson is doing the Grand Army would condemn him."

But irreverence and absurdity are not the worst part of Mr. Seeley's remark. Its aberration from the truth is still more regrettable. We do not believe that the Grand Army would blaspheme the Almighty for keeping peace on earth and promoting good will among men as Mr. Wilson has been doing.

On the contrary, we incline to think that most of that fine body of men would praise him for it as they are undoubtedly praising Mr. Wilson. Such fire-eaters as Mr. Seeley should speak for themselves and not try to misrepresent a whole great organization.

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.

A Valued Indorsement.

Portland, July 12.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your attitude toward the intricate questions involved in the recent Mexican difficulties have won you a new subscriber.

It gives me great satisfaction to subscribe to a daily paper whose aims are humanitarian and whose policies are above the venom of blind partisanship.

I feel that you have answered President Wilson's touching appeal to the Press club: "Gentlemen, help me keep our country out of war."

When the false gods of fear and panic were let loose, you held aloft the hope that the president would find a way out—which he did.

It takes vision and patience to look beyond the strife and clamor of the moment, to where reason can reach the heart of the problem.

May your paper continue during these months of political conflict to grasp this clear vision and cast true enlightenment on our national issues.
A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Mr. Hughes' Versatility.

Portland, July 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—Since the Chicago convention I have on numerous occasions heard admirers and supporters of Judge Hughes remark that the judge is a great jurist and statesman, but in no sense a politician. I read in yesterday's Oregonian what purported to be an Associated Press dispatch from New York, to the effect that Judge Hughes had on the previous day been visited by a committee of the National Woman's Suffrage society, headed by Mrs. Catt, its president, and on the same day he had also received a visit from a committee of the anti-suffrage association; and that after these meetings both committees expressed themselves as much gratified with the position of Judge Hughes on the question of woman's suffrage.

If Mr. Hughes has the versatility to own, and express on the same day, sentiments on the question of woman's suffrage not only entirely satisfactory but highly delightful to both the radical suffragist and to the radical anti-suffragist, it behooves the supporters of President Wilson to abandon the idea, if they have been led to entertain it, that Judge Hughes is without political acumen.
OGLESBY YOUNG.

Hughes and the Four Hundred.

Portland, Or., July 10.—To the Editor of The Journal—"At the home of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney," says a Saturday's dispatch, "Mr. Justice Hughes met 300 women workers who are to help in his campaign."

Wonderful Mr. Hughes! Lucky Mr. Hughes! His is the distinction of being the first candidate for the presidency to be taken up by New York's four hundred.

Imagine the scene. Amid the splendors of a multimillionaire's modest cottage, a regular pink tea—one of those the society reporters rave over. The veil of silence and whiskers is parted. The Sphinx speaks:

"My dear Mrs. Astorbilt, so charmed."

"So pleased, my dear Mrs. Anheuser—if you will pardon a word made common by Mr. Roosevelt—so happy to meet such a loyal friend of my dear Wilhelm."

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Steelmaker, I knew I could depend."

"So good of you to take the time from your social duties, Mrs. Wealthiwon."

"I know it must have been a great sacrifice to leave Fido in less tender hands, Mrs. Nochild, and you must know I appreciate your devotion."

And so on. And so on. Alas, the lion must leave. He must study. There is so much to be learned, so much to cram behind that hirsute veil before he can open his mouth again to talk man-talk—to talk to human beings, real men and women, about their lives and their liberties and their problems.

Reluctantly he takes leave of his hostess.

"So clever of you, my dear Mrs. Whitney. But not surprising. One can always depend upon the Astor family for undiluted Americanism."

And the laborers in the political vineyard depart singing praises of noble countenances, of manly beauty, of parted whiskers, and planning bridge affairs and monkey dinners to provide for the expenses of the campaign.

Fortunate Mr. Hughes. Such a charming personality, this which is at once taken up by New York's four hundred, by the family of the expatriated Astors, and by the National Council of Teutonic Sons.

Imagine the shade of Lincoln gazing upon this society scene of latter-day Republicanism.

Lincoln was a mild mannered man, though they never took him up in society, but looking over this charming spectacle of undiluted pink tea Americanism, one can imagine Mr. Lincoln's comment would be:

"Damn!"
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

The Incorrigible Partisan.

Portland, July 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—The frenzied state of mind that is wrought by partisan political agitators is to be deplored and scorned. There are so few things uttered from a non-partisan viewpoint that it is a wonder that we are able to advance politically in any direction. Everyone seems to give only his particular side of any question and shut his mind to truth even when it would serve his own interests better.

Only a few days ago a local newspaper gave on its front page a cartoon in handwriting depicting President Wilson's keeping us out of war. This newspaper overstepped, in its eager anticipation, presupposed that war with Mexico was inevitable and changed the reading into "He got us into war," to defeat the slogan as yet vindicated by our president. This was done, without doubt, for partisan purposes and of course no other reason is assignable but the deceitfulness of partisan politics.

A letter of this sort appears in the Oregonian, written by Ex-Governor T. T. Geer on Wilson's Mexican policy, which criticism, I dare say, Mr. Geer would not carry into his everyday life and which manifestly is the outcome of blind partisanship.

Because Mr. Wilson has succeeded in minimizing the troublesome Mexican situation, which unquestionably has been fostered by American capitalist interests, and uses diplomatic strategy to save the lives of American citizens whom war would make into soldiers, Mr. Geer indulges in criticism, taking advantage of our composure of mind by staging with fixed date the appearance of his letter on the day of the funeral of a "gallant young Oregon boy." Mr. Geer would cure this unfortunate circumstance by sending a million other boys from the different states into Mexico to die of disease and Mexican bullets as a relief for the sadness of this occasion. Of course this would (not), in the mind of Mr. Geer, relieve, avenge or balance up and bring happiness to a million other homes in this nation. Mr. Geer knows good and well that it would not. He knows that Mr. Wilson is squaring this matter with far better judgment than by needlessly rushing this nation into war for the benefit of American capitalists who wish to grind the lives out of Mexican peons.

Were the case reversed, and were Mr. Taft—whom he no doubt voted for—president of the United States and doing the very same things Mr. Wilson is now doing he would no doubt be writing long letters of praise of his actions.

It is really too bad that otherwise good men will use their prestige to multiply the loss of life and multiply unhappiness, for partisan politics. Let the sober minded people face these matters as they really are and not be blindly led into war because a few lives are sacrificed, where multiplied thousands would be if partisanship judgment were dominating. The stakes are too large and the issue is too vital to be dragged into partisan politics.
C. W. BARZEE.

The Car That Passed in the Night.

By Russell Shaver.

I stand aside in the darkness
To let a car go by
With a blinding blaze of headlights
And a siren's mournful cry.

And, who may it be, I ponder,
Piercing the black o' night,
With a glare like the eyes of dragons,
And a wail like a banshee's fright?

Perchance 'tis a pair of lovers,
Fleeing a parent's wrath,
Or yet, it may be a faithless wife,
Forsaking the narrow path.

It may be a frenzied father,
A-race to his dying child;
It may be a boy with the love of life,
And breath with wine defiled.

It may be a man who was trusted
And failed to play his part;
It may be some craven coward,
Ashamed of the fear in his heart.

They fascinate me strangely,
These cars with their human freight
Of varying emotions—
Love, sorrow, joy, fear, hate.

The gloom of night hides much from sight,
That God's sunlight would ban,
But, pshaw; that was just a jitney—
I'm a fanciful old man.

Infantile Paralysis.

From the Detroit News-Tribune.

New York city is suffering from a scourge of infantile paralysis or, poliomyelitis, as the disease is termed by medical authorities. The disease is obscure as to its origin and cause, but the general characteristic is an inflammation of the gray matter of the spinal cord. The visible manifestations of the disease begin with an attack of coryza or common cold in the head. In a few days a bronchial inflammation follows with loss of appetite and disturbance of the functions of the digestive tract. Often there is high fever, a feeling of general prostration, profuse sweating and pain in the limbs.

As the attack progresses there is great weakness in the limbs and considerable lack of muscular coordination which advances to a stage of paralysis and wasting of the muscles. Fatal consequences are caused by paralysis of the muscles of respiration or of the alimentive tract.

The first recorded epidemic of this terrible disease occurred in Norway in 1868. Sweden suffered one in 1905. Since that time other epidemics have occurred in several European countries, in the United States, Canada, Alaska and Brazil. It is therefore known as a disease without geographical limits since it has prevailed in epidemic form from the polar circle to the equator.

The Rockefeller institute has employed some of the ablest investigators of the world upon the study of this disease. They have proved that it is an infectious disease and that the germ which develops the poison is so minute that it passes through the most elaborate filtering apparatus. The virus of the disease has been found in the brain, medulla, the spinal cord, the cerebro spinal fluid, the spleen and even in the marrow of the bones of its victims. It has been successfully transmitted to monkeys, guinea pigs, rabbits and dogs, together with all the symptoms of the disease. They have discovered that it is a disease of slow development and that its more dangerous manifestations do not become apparent until the walls of the blood vessels and the choroid plexus have undergone some corrosion.

The commonly accepted theory is that the most common source of infection is through the bites of bloodsucking insects and the one that is most under suspicion is the common stable fly. The primary symptoms of disease are considered as indicating the stages of its attack upon the various tissues. Thus far the best means of prevention known consist in guarding against the bites of insects, isolation of victims and by keeping the nose and throat free from mucuous accumulation and by use of disinfectant sprays.

The most severe epidemic thus far suffered in the United States was that of 1910, when 1459 deaths occurred. Adults are rarely attacked. The death rate among those attacked varies greatly, the range being between five per cent during an epidemic in New York and 22.3 per cent from an epidemic in Austria.

Chauvin Left a Word.

From the Christian Herald.

There lived once in France a soldier, Nicholas Chauvin, who was so demonstrative in his patriotic fervor that he made a fool of himself, and ever since his day a man who displays a cocky and hysterical patriotism is called a Chauvinist. In England such a man is called a jingo. A jingo is always bragging about his country's preparedness to fight. In Germany this form of patriotism is known as Pan-Germanism, in Russia it is called Pan-Slavism, and in the United States it is labeled "spread-eagleism." The only patriotism which some men seem capable of exhibiting is a contempt for other nations and a glorification of their own. Let us agree that all such patriotism is dangerous as well as silly, and let us face the problem of cultivating in the American people a patriotism which is rational and Christian.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Secretary McAdoo says he thinks the new silver coins will be popular. Quite likely he is right about it.

A little more warm weather, and the Columbia highway will have to share scenic honors with the bathing beaches.

There seems to be a question whether Villa is in his old haunts or traveling streets paved with good intentions.

The new revenue bill aimed at incomes above $20,000 may expect opposition from those it will tax and commendation from those who would like to be.

Astoria says she pays 28 cents a barrel more than Portland to get cement by water from San Francisco, and is angry about it. Seems to be a case of righteous indignation.

If it is true, as reported, that a German submarine will bring over a cure for infantile paralysis, the cargo will be more valuable than any that ever entered an American port.

Washington's supreme court rules that a wife has the right to confiscate expensive gifts from her husband to another woman. However, that is a right few women care to exercise.

Dan Patch, the world's fastest pacer, died of "athletic heart," according to veterinarians, but lovers of a magnificent horse have the consolation that it took 20 years to beat the champion.

Oregon City's claim that it has the largest per capita manufacturing output in the United States should remind other Oregon communities that manufacturing is one main source of a city's prosperity.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Paraphrasing a notable utterance, the Baker Herald says: "Said the judge of Baker county to the judge of Grant county: 'It'll be a long time between bumps when we get these roads fixed.'"

Excavation work for the new federal building at Roseburg, which began Monday, will be in progress a matter of three weeks. It is hoped to have the building under roof by the time the fall rains set in.

Grants Pass is already planning a sugar factory celebration. The plan is to hold the jubilee on the day the first beets are transformed into sugar, and the public will be invited to inspect the works on that date.

The Klamath Falls Herald urges the city authorities to hasten and secure a tract for "a good sized park, close in, where outdoor attractions can be staged," and thus to prepare for future Fourth of July and other public outdoor celebrations.

"The weather man has come in for considerable criticism of late, so it is only fair," says the Medford Sun, "that he should now be given credit for presenting us with the most ideal summer weather that, we believe, old Mother Earth has ever enjoyed."

Such reports as the following, from the Fossil Journal, are now what might be called "rife" in the state press: "Warm sunshiny weather has prevailed throughout the week, and this, following the heavy rains of the previous week, has caused crops to make a really wonderful growth. In this district a bountiful harvest is now practically assured."

JOURNAL JOURNEYS

73—A Trip to Saddle Mountain

Dan C. Freeman of the North Bank railroad, who contributes the following journey to Saddle Mountain, says he is indebted to Rev. W. S. Gilbert of Astoria (now chaplain with the Oregon National Guard) for much of the information it contains:

"Saddle Mountain, a culminating peak of the Coast range, lies 21 miles southeast of Astoria. It is known as the 'biggest little mountain in Oregon,' as it rises in sheer precipice to an altitude of 3316 feet.

"While there is no great danger in climbing it, still the trail is so steep as to test even experienced climbers. The view from the 'Horn' is well werth the climb. From the summit may be seen ships far at sea, cottages at Gearhart and all the line of breakers along Clatsop Beach, culminating in the magnificent sweep of the Columbia river bar.

"The northern horizon presents a magnificent view of the Columbia river basin hemmed by the Washington hills.

"Eastward seven snow peaks are seen, reaching from Mt. Rainier to Mt. Shasta. On the south is the Nehalem valley and the limitless range of untouched forest. Almost on the very summit is a perpetual spring, which must surely come from some pressure or else from some higher point in the Cascade range.

"There is a fine road from Astoria to Marxeus, four miles from the mountain. In dry weather automobiles easily make this run in three hours. Parties have left Astoria in the morning and have climbed the mountain and returned to the city that same evening. Usually parties go from Astoria to Marxeus one afternoon and climb the mountain the next day. From Marxeus to the mountain there is a good trail, kept in condition by the Astoria Saddle Mountain club. Signboards are placed all along this trail pointing out items of interest and plainly marking all uncertain turns.

"On the summit of Saddle Mountain is a copper record box and it is interesting to know that in the summer of 1915 over 300 people climbed the mountain. Parties often take a launch at Astoria for Olney, 10 miles out, and from there tramp to the mountain. There is a possible trail from the mountain down the Nehalem river to the coast and to Seaside, though this is but little traveled. The trail from Marxeus to the mountain follows the old military road from the coast to Salem. There is fine fishing and hunting along this route."

AN ESTIMATE OF WILSON

From the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The best definition of democracy that we know was framed by Elihu Root:

"Popular government is organized self-control — organized capacity for the development of the race."

In our opinion the greatest living leader of such a democracy is Woodrow Wilson.

During the last two years Mr. Wilson has guided the republic through the most critical period of its history since the Civil war. The problems that his immediate predecessors had to solve were child's play in comparison with those that confronted him. He has rested under a burden of responsibility heavier than that of any other president except Washington and Lincoln. Through it all he has kept the peace and honor of the nation and the true faith of democracy.

It is easy enough to find fault with the president. Mr. Hughes had hardly thrown off the robes of his judicial office before he made a smashing attack upon Mr. Wilson, but, like all assailants of the president, Mr. Hughes did not venture to say what he would have done that Mr. Wilson failed to do or what he would have left undone that Mr. Wilson did.

For an answer to all such criticism we shall go to another eminent Republican, Samuel W. McCall, now governor of Massachusetts, who, in a lecture at Yale last year, on "The Liberty of Citizenship," said:

"To rebuild history in imagination and to avoid in our mind the errors that have been made is not at all a difficult art. It is no more difficult than to get rich out of yesterday's stock market. But the statesman stands in the front of the advancing line and facing the future has no control over the past. His domain is the present and he strives to influence what is to come. He must act before he knows how things are going to turn out."

Governor McCall has admirably described the difference between President Wilson and Mr. Hughes in this campaign. The president is the man who has been "in the front of the advancing line," and who had to act before he knew "how things were going to turn out." Mr. Hughes has been sheltered in the cool and quiet cloisters of the United States supreme court, and now rushes out to censure the man who has borne the heat and brunt of the battle.

When judges like Mr. Hughes are perplexed by an intricate and complicated case, they order the lawyers to reargue it. The cases that have come before the president could not be reargued. He was compelled to decide without delay or hesitation questions that involved the destiny of the nation for half a century. There was nobody with whom he could share the responsibility. The peace and welfare of 100,000,000 hinged upon his word, and he has brought them safely through each difficulty.

One of the complaints of the president's critics is that while his attitude toward Germany was sound, he deserves unsparing censure for the long delays that ensued before the imperial government conceded his demands. This is like attacking Mr. Hughes for having been nominated on the third ballot instead of the first ballot. Grave issues must be settled when they can be settled, and between negotiation and war there is no middle course.

He is a very conceited man who dares to stand before the American people and tell them in detail wherein he would have been a better president than Woodrow Wilson. None of the president's critics, including Mr. Hughes, has yet undertaken that task. Nor do we think that Mr. Hughes, with all the advantages that come from rebuilding history in imagination and getting rich out of yesterday's stock market, will venture to submit a bill of particulars to prove that in the midst of the world disaster of modern civilization he would have been a wiser and an abler leader of democracy than the president has been.

The American people owe their peace and prosperity to Woodrow Wilson and they owe to him the most important program of progressive domestic legislation ever enacted by a single administration since Washington's. He has taken plutocracy and privilege out of popular government and put the republic back on the Democratic track. They are further indebted to him for the most comprehensive measures of national defense ever undertaken in time of peace—measures that bid fair to solve the perplexing problem of arming a democracy and still holding it fast to the best traditions of Democracy.

His leadership has made the country ready to face the new problems that a world war has imposed upon mankind. He has pointed the way to a new peace of the nations by which the weak can be protected against the strong and the security of each guaranteed by the strength of all. American Democracy cannot repudiate him without repudiating its highest ideals and aspirations.

We should not dream of paying the president the silly compliment of saying that he had made no mistakes. Like all other human beings, he has committed faults of reasoning and faults of judgment, but his administration as a whole has moved ever forward, ever in the right direction, ever in the pathway of true Americanism and true Democracy. Its impulses have been the right impulses, its motives the right motives, its principles the right principles.

No other country in the world would dream at a time like this of driving a tried leader like Woodrow Wilson out of office to make an experiment. No other country in the world would hold its peace and its welfare in such light esteem that it would care to take chances and substitute the unknown for the known.

Mr. Wilson has given to the American people the one truly progressive administration that they have had since liberty and union overcame slavery and secession, only to sink into the quicksands of plutocracy and reaction.

Whatever the outcome of the election may be, his place in history is fixed. He will rank not only among the great presidents of the United States but among the great leaders of democracy for all time.

It is not Mr. Wilson who is on trial in this campaign, but the American people—their solidarity of citizenship, their seriousness of purpose, their understanding of the crisis through which they have passed and the grave questions that they face, their comprehension of the part that this country should play in the restoration of peace, and their appreciation of the influence that American democracy should exert upon the future of civilization.

The one question to be decided at the polls is whether in the face of this record the American people are so frivolous and so unstable that they are ready to gamble with destiny and recklessly risk the future for the excitement of changing the administration of their government in the midst of a world crisis. Are they ready to go before a war-wrecked Europe with the irresponsible announcement that they have repudiated their president and all his policies, but hope for the best?

Still Hard Up.

From Puck.

"Old man, I am sure in hard luck. Need money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it." "Well, I am glad to hear that. I feared you might have decided on me."

The Once Over

BY REX LAMPMAN

THIS KOLLUM—from time to time—and especially since the boys were called to the border—has been getting poems about war.

—telling of the glory of dying for one's country.

—or of the sorrow that war causes.

—or both.

¶ And other pomes have been about peace.

—which—their authors seem to think—is the only thing worth fighting for.

¶ And some of these poems—I have printed.

—and then their authors have sent me other poems.

—which I have sent back—with a pang of regret.

¶ And these pangs were getting so numerous—that my principal business was regretting.

¶ And I got to feeling very regretful.

—like a banker—when he says no.

¶ And I was beginning to wonder what to do.

—when I met Carl Reiter.

—who used to be manager of the Orpheum.

¶ Carl isn't doing anything now.

—and seems as busy as ever.

¶ But the other day—as I was saying—I met Carl.

—and he told me his latest story.

—which he has added to his string.

¶ To be exact—he started in—to give me the whole monolog.

—but I stopped him—and asked him to start in further along.

¶ And we had been over that ground—so I stopped him again.

¶ And finally—we got down to the last story.

—which was the only one he hadn't told me.

—and which is about a person from Ireland—who was taking a civil service examination—to be a policeman.

¶ And the examination was oral.

¶ And the applicant was getting along all right.

—and answering all the questions—without hesitating—till they came to the question:

¶ "What are the rabies—and what would you do for them?"

¶ And the Irish person stopped—and scratched his head.

¶ They always do that in Carl's stories—and they're thinking.

¶ And the examiner waited a moment—and said

¶ "Well——?"

¶ And the Irish person answered.

¶ "Well, sor—they're Jewish priests—and I wouldn't do a thing for them."

¶ But that isn't what I started to say—about meeting Carl.

¶ Only that's what he said—before I could say anything.

¶ And then he asked me why I was printing so much war poetry.

¶ And I tried to think of a suitable answer.

—and he went right on—saying:

¶ "Here we are—not even at war—and you are subjecting us—the defenseless public—to one of war's worst horrors."

¶ And I said—"What do you mean—horrors?"

¶ And he said—"War poetry."

¶ And I said—"Oh."

¶ And Carl may be right.

¶ Anyway—I'm going to pretend he is.

¶ And there won't be any more war poems—after today—in this haven of hopefulness.

—unless there is a great public demand—and—

¶ LISTEN—By a great public demand—I don't mean that I'll pay any attention—even if all the war poets hold a meeting—at the public library—and adopt resolutions condemning me.

¶ I simply won't be intimidated.

Other People's Troubles.

Simon Lewis is able to be on the street and gas with his friends, although he carries his eye in a sling and gets some one to do his reading for him. He considers himself fortunate, however, in not losing the sight of his eye entirely.—Burns Times-Herald.

Mrs. Charlie Ayth was the victim of a runaway accident Wednesday afternoon near Galesville, says the Glendale News. She managed to get to Mr. Fisher's and a doctor was called. Mrs. Ayth was very badly shaken up and bruised and had a couple of ribs pulled loose. Unless there are some internal injuries, she will be up and around in a few days.—Roseburg Review.

An elderly lady at the Southern Pacific depot this morning was complaining to Ticket Clerk Tyler that her daughter-in-law beat her and threw her out of their buggy on her way to town, and was asking advice as to the proper legal procedure. She bore evidence of a struggle, for her face was badly bruised and scarred where she said she fell when thrown from the rig.—Albany Democrat.

Some parties stole out the auto belonging to one of the Newell boys Wednesday evening, and, from the appearance of things in general they had been indulging in some "kill-at-1050-yards" bootlegger booze. Any way, the car was found turned turtle near the foot of the grade north of town, with F. G. Kelly pinned beneath and in an unconscious condition. When recovered from his perilous position and he had gained consciousness, Mr. Kelly stated he had no knowledge of getting into the car or how the accident occurred. Anyhow, he and the auto both are in their respective hospitals undergoing much needed repairs.—Burns News.

A Mere King.

From the Christian Register.

Some one asked Whistler if he was acquainted with King Edward. He said:

"No, I have not that pleasure."

"But the king says he knows you."

"Oh, well," responded Whistler, "you know he is always bragging."

Waiting for the Call.

(Dedicated to the Mothers of Soldiers and Sailors in the Service of the United States.)

Just before the battle, mother,
We are thinking most of you.
To fight the Mexicans we are waiting
With their army full in view.

Comrades brave are onward marching,
Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For we know when battle's o'er
Thousands sleep beneath the sod.

Hark! We hear the bugle calling,
It's the signal for the fight
And we'll fight for our country's honor,
And may God defend us in our right.

Then weep not, mothers, for us,
For our country calls your sons,
And should we fall in battle, mother,
Our faces will be toward the guns.

And when the cruel war is over,
We'll come marching back to you,
With no stain upon Old Glory,
Then honor, mothers, will be your due.

—Written by W. H. Hardy, aged 80, a survivor of the Commodore Perry expedition to Japan of 1853-4.

Ding Dong.

From the Kansas City Star.

"And the bridegroom wore the conventional khaki."

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

A smart feller in Portland is boosting abolishing the initiative and referendum with a new constitution to be drawed up by some special highbrows. It may be we Oregon common folks don't allus hit the bullseye with our initiative, but, by gum, we like to do our own shooting, even if we don't hold the gun to suit the lawyers.