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.

The glorious sun, the center and soul of our system; the lamp that lights it; the fire that heats it; the magnet that guides and controls it; the fountain of color, which gives its azure to the sky, its verdure to the fields, its rainbow hues to the gay world of flowers and the purple light of love to the marble cheek of youth and beauty.—Sir David Brewster.

A PARTY WAR

THERE are two armed camps within the Republican party in California.

It is an unavoidable situation. The California old guard openly say they hate Governor Johnson and his Progressive Republicans worse than they hate the Democrats. And apparently they do.

They are determined that there shall be no recognition of Progressives who have returned to the Republican party. "State Republican Chairman Keesling, National Committeeman Crocker, and other leaders have organized to crush the old Progressive element even if it costs the party the state," says a news dispatch.

The Keesling-Crocker machine style themselves the "regulars" and insist that all returning Progressives must come back to the Republican organization penitent and prostrate. Keesling has defiantly announced that Governor Johnson and all other Progressive leaders shall have "no voice whatever in the management of the Hughes campaign." Governor Johnson was even refused an invitation to attend Hughes meetings.

Secretary of State Jordan, one of the "regulars," is campaigning through the state and in his addresses is referring to Governor Johnson as a "party traitor."

"The Republicans of California," he recently said, "are determined to elect as senator from this state either a Republican or a Democrat; Johnson is neither."

Governor Johnson is one of the biggest men California has produced. He was a captain in the fight that delivered California from the long-time domination of the Southern Pacific railroad, a domination that elected senators, congressmen and governors, that ran the supreme court, that named the railroad commissioners, that owned the legislature and that governed the state and people.

Under Johnson's leadership, more progressive laws have been passed in California than even in Oregon. As a candidate of the Progressive party for governor, he received a vote of 400,000 against 250,000 for the Democratic and 116,000 for the Republican candidate.

The California situation is only an emphasized example of a condition that observers have long recognized. There are literally and actually two Republican parties. There are Lincoln Republicans and Penrose Republicans. There are Republicans who are progressive and Republicans who call themselves "regulars," the latter of whom have the organization and party machinery but are not in majority among the Republican masses. The condition is not local to California, but is in Oregon, in Washington and in every state in varying degrees throughout the country.

There is nothing in common between a Penrose Republican and a Lincoln Republican, except the party name. The California "regulars" would rather see Democrats elected than to see ex-Progressives elected, and if Governor Johnson gets the Republican nomination for senator, the "regulars" will go by thousands to the Democratic candidate. Indeed, that is their public boast.

Were this not true, there could have been no split of the Republican party in 1912. The 4,119,582 Republicans who went into the Progressive party were dissatisfied. They were dissatisfied with Penrose leadership, dissatisfied with the drift of the organization away from Lincolnism, dissatisfied with such things as Southern Pacific domination in California, dissatisfied with the refusal of standpat leadership in congress to enact the kind of legislation which has been enacted under the leadership of President Wilson in the past three years.

An evolution of parties is now going on in the United States. It is a revolution among the masses against the order that prevailed in this country for 25 years under Aldrich-Cannon-Penrose leadership. The Progressive movement of 1912 was a part of that revolution. It was Lincoln Republicanism asserting itself.

The present effort in California of the "regulars" to crush and humiliate the returning Progressives is but a small manifestation of the purpose that will prevail among the "regulars" throughout the country for a long time to come.

Men who are divided in principle and have nothing in common but a party name cannot always act in harmony. An explosion must come sometime. It has come in California, just as it came in 1912.

In fact, 1916 is, in many respects, 1912 over again.

The city water bureau reports that the cool summer has caused a ten thousand dollar irrigation loss to the department during the past season. Even nature is trying to reduce the high cost of living.

SINGLE ITEM VETO

CONGRESS, after months of investigation, talk and polishing down, passed the army appropriation bill. Through the insistence of Congressman Hay, chairman of the house military committee, one section of the bill provided, contrary to the existing law of an hundred years, that retired army officers should by their retirement be released from all military discipline or allegiance. President Wilson, for the best interest of the military service, was compelled to veto the bill.

In June of this year, Congressman James of Michigan placed a joint resolution before congress providing for the submission of an amendment to section seven, article one of the constitution to a vote of the states. His amendment was that the president should have power to veto single items in appropriation bills. Consideration of that resolution is now pending.

If that amendment were now a part of the fundamental law, it would not have been necessary for President Wilson to have vetoed the entire army appropriation bill. It would not have been necessary for him to have sent the entire measure back to again run the gauntlet of congress. It would not have been necessary for him to have staked the future of the entire army appropriation measure upon the consideration of that one objectionable clause by congress.

It is especially fitting to observe these facts at this time because the voters of Oregon will pass upon a single item veto amendment to the Oregon constitution in November. Governor Withycombe, during his campaign for election, said that the single item veto "was a two-edged sword." Yet 25 states of the Union, more than a majority of all, have single item veto clauses in their constitutions. Old states—Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina—have permitted their governors to wield this "two-edged sword" for many years and yet have not committed governmental hari kari.

It is a provision that should be in the constitution of the United States and of all the states.

Three thousand Washington grangers had a picnic the other day. All came with their families by automobile. There was not a horse to be seen. A little hard on the horse industry, but why should the gasoline man worry about that?

A ROAD PROGRAM

THE need of a balanced program in connection with state aid for highways, apparent in Oregon the past two years, is made doubly necessary by the extension of federal aid.

When the state highway commission was created, it was founded on the theory that the state would gradually build up and maintain a system of state roads. Under the present state administration this object has been lost sight of and the state road fund is being scattered here and there in small sums on local roads, in experiments and in overhead charges. As a result, no progress is being made in highway development. Is the same procedure to control the expenditure of money received from the federal government?

The true function of a state highway department is to build and maintain trunk roads. Roads that connect the centers of population. Other roads are local and the charge of the county governments.

A road system can only be built up in one way, the same way in which railroads, the telephone, the telegraph and all other means of communication are built up. First the great trunk lines, then the branch lines or feeders ever decreasing in size and importance until a dead end is reached. It is the natural way. It is the way in which a tree grows.

California has developed a comprehensive system of state roads, going about the matter in a logical way. Surveys were made and a general plan of improvement decided upon. All work was concentrated on certain roads in their order, working from the centers of population until the net had been woven.

Such a system can not be built in a day, but the work can be mapped out in such a way that it can be prosecuted by degrees towards a definite object without waste of money and effort.

In this way we can begin our trunk system by concentrating on the Columbia river and Pacific highways and completing them. They form the spinal column of what will be our road body. Other roads can be considered later.

A Portland man has sued his wife for divorce, alleging that she threatened to cut his heart out with a large knife. Perhaps she was curious to see whether he really possessed such an adjunct to the human body.

WHEN HE WAS GOVERNOR

IN HIS Portland address, Mr. Hughes said much about a budget system and economy in government.

In the final year of Governor Hughes' administration in the state of New York, the annual expenses of the state government rose to $39,600,000 against $15,700,000 in the final year of Governor Flower's administration.

The annual increase in Governor Hughes' administration rose year by year, an average of $3,150,000.

This annual increase of state expenses under Governor Hughes was more than three times the average increase under the administrations of Governor Hughes' immediate predecessors.

The average annual increase in the cost of the state government of New York under Governors Morton, Black, Roosevelt, Odell and Higgins was $938,000 a year against a $3,150,000 yearly increase under Governor Hughes.

Mr. Hughes' attacks on the alleged inefficiency and alleged waste of President Wilson would have more weight if Mr. Hughes had not been so expensive as governor of New York.

Texas rains, advancing in close formation, have routed the national guardsmen from Massachusetts, Michigan and Pennsylvania down at El Paso. If Funston is a good general he will now send the Oregon regiment over there. They will hold the fort.

ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

WHILE Mr. Charles E. Hughes was delivering his address to the people of Portland last Wednesday night, he paused a couple of times and brushed his facial adornment across the lips of a common water glass. When he had ceased to speak, and before he had left the platform, a man wormed his way through the crowd, crawled up onto the platform and slipped the glass into his pocket. It is doubtless now suitably inscribed and installed in a place of safety for the future awe-struck inspection of coming generations.

Souvenir hunters are funny people. They are like those who delight in funerals no matter who is dead, or small boys who collect tobacco tags. Anything they can reach is gathered in. It matters not what the occasion, they always feel a sense of duty not performed unless they take away a piece of the furniture. They cherish oil cups from wrecked locomotives, pistol cartridges from the scenes of a tragedy, bits of the hangman's rope, or cake from a wedding. They chip corners off monuments, they cut buttons off coats, they do anything so long as they can carry away the evidence.

They are first cousin to the habitual handshaker whom we all know; that ubiquitous person always to be found wherever fame passes by, waiting in the front rank to weary the arm of the tired man who must smile even though he suffers as he smiles. They are the reason for the maxim that it takes all kinds of people to make up the world.

California Progressives have told Mr. Hughes that the arbitrary actions of the old guard down in that state are likely to result in the state giving its electoral vote to Wilson. That was an inhospitable way to welcome a visitor to the Golden Gate.

BAD CHECKS

NATIONAL banks of the country handle about one thousand checks each day that are protested for non-payment, according to a special report of the comptroller of the currency. This averages about one protested check out of every ten thousand checks passing through the banks. Banking experience teaches that the great majority of such protested checks are, because of temporary insufficiency of funds, running the drawer's balance below the face of the check, rather than because of wanton attempt to defraud.

What is true of national banks is undoubtedly true of state banks in proportion to the business done by the two classes of institutions. It is safe to assume that the same relation as between honest and dishonest dealing prevails among the clients of state banks, as among clients of national banks.

The report is significant in that it points to the fact that there are relatively few dead beats in the country who are attempting to profit by the bad check route. The intricate system of protection thrown around the banking business of the country, and the infinite care taken by the banks to protect their depositors from loss, is, of course, a potent reason why there should be few attempts made to pass bad checks. But, in spite of this, the comptroller's report is patently indicative of the fact that the great mass of men who do business in this country are honest men.

LIFE TELLS WHY IT IS FOR WILSON

[Life, the New York weekly, had long been a fairly severe critic of President Wilson. But since the nomination of Mr. Hughes it has come out in active support of Mr. Wilson for re election. The article reproduced below is from Life's latest issue.]

THE country was heated to the point of torment. Judge Hughes made his speech of acceptance, and the land immediately cooled off. Let us hope the judge will speak often while the summer lasts. We have sweltered a-plenty.

The speech gave all but universal satisfaction. All the Republicans, except the Tribune, said it was sublime, a real speech at last, and were delighted. All the Democrats said it was vague and empty, and were equally pleased. The exception was the Tribune, which said it did not hammer hard enough in the right place, but would have to do.

It was a "Hey, Rube!" speech to rally the circus men to rescue the elephant.

* * *

What the judge said, in real effect, was that the Democrats are Rubes and don't know how to run the country, and have run it very ill. His main complaint was about Mexico, where, he said, the present administration had undone everything it had done, and had been always wrong, both coming and going.

There is no doubt about it that the Democratic party has abounded in Rubes, including some in office, and there is very little doubt that the Mexican job has been entrusted to some inimitable agents and boggled, first and last, a great deal. Nevertheless, the country turned cool the next morning after the Hughes speech. Millions of voters who were thankful to sleep again under a blanket remain apathetic about the presidency. There is no real excitement yet about the perils that beset the elephant, and not very much about those that beset the country. There is no visible, general eagerness for a change of administration, except among persons who have lost power and would like to regain it. Neither is there confidence that a change from Wilson to Hughes would amount to much. The professional circus men would recapture the circus, but there is little assurance that they would run it any more to the taste of the country than they did before. It almost seems as if the voters had lost interest in presidents and were disposed to look on them as necessary evils. The great war absorbs attention. An issue connected with that would get notice, but no such issue has come, as yet, out of the presidential campaign, and as between the candidates a good part of the country seems to be neutral.

* * *

The country is willing enough to believe that Mr. Wilson has made lots of mistakes, but is equally willing to believe that Mr. Hughes would make plenty more.

Confidence in the wisdom of the wise is running low all over the world. The most that Mr. Hughes can promise is to run the country in the good old way. Alas! the good old way of running countries has come a frightful cropper. Slowly, painfully and at enormous cost the world that it has regulated is working out of an awful pickle. People can't help feeling that the old remedies no longer cure, and that the existing world disease, like infant paralysis, baffles the doctors and calls for a new treatment. They have seen Mr. Wilson feel his way along and twist and turn, and they suspect he cannot see in the dark. But they doubt if anyone else sees more than he does, or has a keener nose than his for the new treatment all statesmen are seeking. They are more patient with his mistakes than they would be if there were less doubt what consequences would have followed a different course. They are also much more appreciative of his successes than Judge Hughes can afford to be just at this juncture. He had a fairly hard job to assault the administration. He has done it decently, though not so brilliantly as Mr. Root did some months ago. The supreme court is a benchful of canned lawyers, and it is reasonable that in political assault a canned lawyer should not equal one who has remained in active practice.

Judge Hughes mentioned no names, not even Josephus Daniels. All he said about Josephus was that the administration had imposed on the country an incompetent naval administration. That hardly does justice to this detail of the subject, but the judge was fresh from the bench and had not yet shed the dignity proper to his late calling. That, possibly, had to do with the refrigerating effect of his address.

* * *

In saying what Mr. Wilson had or had not done and what he himself would do if elected, the judge talked as though there was no congress. But there will still be a congress even if the Republicans win, and if Mr. Hughes gets as much out of it as Mr. Wilson has got he will be doing fairly well.

Most of his powder was burned over Mexico, not because that is the most important job Mr. Wilson has had to tackle, but because it was the easiest to find fault with. It is a dolorous subject, yet the Springfield Republican does Mr. Wilson no more than justice when it says that he "has grasped the underlying principle that we shall not have a permanently peaceful neighbor to the south of us until the most potent wrongs under which the masses of the Mexican people have suffered are righted through their own efforts." Perhaps their own efforts will not suffice. They haven't yet, and the outlook is not good. But Mr. Wilson, in dealing with Mexico, has thought first of Mexico and her eventual welfare. His surgery may not have been as skilful as it should have been, but at least he has avoided sewing up a sponge in her wound. If it ever starts to heal, Mexico may make a real recovery. If our doctors eventually have to take charge of the case it will be in obvious despite of Mr. Wilson's desire to let nature take its course.

* * *

One has to smile at Mr. Hughes' expedient of coming out for a federal amendment giving the vote to women. That may get him some votes, but it will make it easier for a good many doubtful voters to slide against him. Even if he is elected there will still be a congress and one earth to give the necessary majority to a woman-suffrage amendment. There is very little meat on this bone the judge has passed up so politely to the ladies. Mr. Wilson's position is sounder, and he does wisely to stick to it.

* * *

Folks have been prone to think and speak of Mr. Wilson as the schoolmaster. That is all right; he is one, and not only that, but is himself a diligent learner. His great office has been to teach the people and especially the Democratic party.

The Democrats, when he took office, did not know enough to run the country properly. They were out of practice; they were full of wild ideas; their leaders lacked sophistication. Nevertheless, they were the main depository of great political impulses that were driving toward changes necessary to the welfare of the country. Mr. Wilson himself did not know enough to be president. Especially he lacked acquaintance with men and practice in dealing with them. But he trusted whom he dared to trust and got what help he could, some of it very useful. He schooled himself and schooled his party. He made congress his kindergarten, using Republicans to perfect his bills and inducing his Democrats to pass them. What he got out of his first congress was wonderful.

When the war in Europe came it brought him a tremendous situation, crammed full of novelties, with Bryan in the state department. It is nonsense to say he made a mess of it. He was a green hand at world crises. Perhaps Roosevelt or the Archangel Michael might have done better for us, but neither of them was president. Mr. Wilson was president. He had to get along with the war, and he did. Mr. Hughes, or anyone else who undertakes to persuade the voters that Mr. Wilson and the Democrats have seriously misconducted our country in its relations with Europe in the last two years, has got a much bigger job on his hands than can be done in 12 weeks. It may be that we have neglected our duty and will have to answer for it. As to that, time and nothing else will tell. Meanwhile the mass of the voters don't think so. They won't turn Mr. Wilson out because he has failed the country in his dealings with Europe.

* * *

The education of the Democrats in federal government has made the country safer. It is not safe when either of the two great parties contains too large a proportion of wild asses. After three years and a half of Mr. Wilson's studies and pedagogical labors we have a cabinet, every member of which habitually wears both a collar and a necktie. The supreme court has three Wilson appointees under training, with fair prospects that a majority of them will become competent judges. Grape juice has ceased to be a great national topic of discussion; nearly all congressmen wear socks, and the virtuous aversion of even Texas and Arkansas to evening dress is perceptibly undermined. Free silver is dead; Mr. Bryan is back on the platform, where he belongs; we have got an army and a proper navy coming, and a lot of good improvements, like the currency system, in successful process of trying out.

These are great and important advances. It is not so bad, after all, to have a schoolmaster for president when what the country needs most of anything is to be taught.

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.

Civil War Veterans for Wilson.

Oregon City, Or., Aug. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am a subscriber of The Journal and believe it the fairest and best paper in Oregon.

I have just returned from a six months' visit with relatives in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, and after talking with many old soldiers and others—Republicans and Democrats, and men of all parties—I am glad to say that the people with whom I associated are almost a unit for the reelection of President Wilson.

I served in the Civil war as first sergeant of Company A, Thirty-eighth Illinois volunteer regiment, and find at least three-fourths of the old soldiers in the east will vote for Wilson.

C. H. EGGLESTON.

A Wilson Republican.

Tekoa, Wash., Aug. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am handing you a letter from the columns of the Spokesman-Review that was written by an old-time Republican, W. S. Turner of Spokane. Like him, there are quite a few Republican voters who, after hearing Mr. Hughes' speeches, have come to the conclusion that he is making votes for President Wilson. I am sending you this, hoping you will give it space in your valuable paper.

W. S. DORCHEY.

The letter transmitted by the correspondent follows:

"To the Editor of The Spokesman-Review: I am an old-time Republican. I have voted for 45 years in this party, with few exceptions, as in state and municipal elections. We are hearing Mr. Hughes, the candidate of the Republican party for the highest office in the nation's gift. I am not a little disappointed at the temper and lack of fairness of Mr. Hughes' speeches thus far, for a man of his reputation and standing as a public and judicial man for the office of president of the United States of America. I mean his arraignment of Mr. Wilson's administration as president. This is especially prominent in the matter of unpreparedness in a military point of view.

"Does not Mr. Hughes know that the Republican party has been on the throne, with two short exceptions of Democratic rule, for at least 45 years? Mr. Wilson has been president for less than four years. Suppose we had been in peril from Germany, England or Russia, would you blame Wilson, or his predecessors, for this unpreparedness? Certainly not the Democratic party, especially not Mr. Wilson.

"We are in about as much danger of an attack from any foreign power for the next 40 or 50 years as we are by the Philippine Islands or from the little nation called Greece. And if we are in danger from Mexico, then the Republican party is wholly responsible for that lack of preparedness. And if we escape from a war struggle with Mexico we may thank our stars that Mr. Wilson was president and not Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hughes was in the presidential chair. Conciliation is wiser than war and greatly less expensive. W. S. TURNER."

Mr. Hughes' Faulty Tactics.

Portland, Aug. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—I went to hear Judge Hughes at the Ice Palace. An ice palace is a good place for decayed aphorisms and spavined prophecies. Whether young or old, rich or poor, male or female, dissipating time listening to eloquent bunk is unprofitable business. I was proud of the welcome our city gave Mr. Hughes but sorry to see a commanding figure in the history of our country so choked with crass ambition as to essay the role of a special pleader for a political party whose soul and genius has departed from this world. Substance, not fine phrases, facts, not airy eloquence, are what the American people demand of their leaders in these critical days.

Judge Hughes consumes much time glimpsing into the future. What does Judge Hughes know about the future? Are not the things of the present sufficiently disturbing to engage our serious attention? Moreover, if we are to judge the future by the immediate past, we have at least the comforting assurance we will be kept out of war. Both parties have promised to turn over the tariff to an expert commission, taking it out of politics. Both are for an adequate army and an adequate navy, the difference being that the Wilson administration has acted on these things and the standpat party is still talking about them. Because work is plenty and farmers are prosperous, we are told this is artificial prosperity. If this were true, is there anybody in this neck of the woods who would refuse a little of this artificial prosperity? And does this justify Judge Hughes in entering an artificial campaign with artificial issues? By all the rules of reasonable analogy the Republican party of America and the Tory party of England contain the same elements. Both worship at the altar of plutocracy. In America Mexico must be exploited for the benefit of the privileged classes; in Great Britain, Ireland. Both parties distrust democracy. In England you can buy a title for gold and in America you can sell your talents for plutocratic favor and support. There is no difference, only in name, between Lord Lansdowne and Boies Penrose; neither will support any candidate for office who does not subscribe to the rule of Downing street or Wall street. Hughes is attracted to Huerta because Huerta would crush the aspirations of the common man; Lansdowne supports General Maxwell for the same reason. Point out to either what democracy has done for the uplift of man and both will rejoin that "that is artificial."

J. HENNESSY MURPHY.

Complains of British Censorship.

Reedville, Or., Aug. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Looking over old copies of the various newspapers favorable to the allies, one is deeply impressed with the great amount of false reports contained therein, reports that at that time were credited, but which time branded with the brand of falsehood. How many people are there who take the trouble to look back over the past issues of the different papers to see how time treated reports of those days? For their own good it would be well for readers to review the papers of the past two years. They can be had, I suppose, where they were printed. One is impressed, by such perusal, with the great amount of defeats of the central powers and with the enormous loss of life; and yet, reading on through, we see that the allies, though always winning, are retreating. They were winning when the Germans were 15 miles from Paris. They had Von Kluck cut off, surrounded, crushed. They had the Austrians cut to pieces, captured and killed around Lemberg and suing for peace. The German loss going through Belgium was horrible, according to the old reports. Germany wouldn't have a soldier left, and the battle line would be beyond Berlin. Truly somebody has been dreaming. When one looks back and beholds this nauseating mess, one wonders how they ever were able to pull such junk off on the public. What is becoming of the news service? Do they think people will swallow this stuff forever? Anyone who doesn't agree with me on this is invited to examine the papers for the last two years and then he can see for himself.

O. E. FRANK.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The Hughes drive in the west seems to be rounding up Wilson votes.

If a railroad strike should occur the automobile will be more popular than ever.

* * *

The Wilson administration seems to be able to make the postoffice department pay.

* * *

Now that we are to have schools to teach scientific motherhood what about teaching scientific fatherhood?

* * *

A new theory of heredity is that Secretary of State Lansing inherited his diplomatic talent from his wife's father.

* * *

Infantile paralysis in New York, sunstrokes in Chicago, hurricanes along the gulf but cool and pleasant in Oregon.

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The Poles ought to get something out of the war. Both sides have promised them autonomy. Their enthusiasm over it is dulled by the fact that they can't eat it.

* * *

Dr. Butler should be commended for his candor. He says Hughes will be elected but admits that the statement is based more on his personal desire than on his judgment.

* * *

The estate left by the late J. B. Murphy, the noted Chicago surgeon, is computed to be worth $1,000,000. This is an infinitesimal amount compared with his bequest of surgical research left to humanity.

* * *

The stomachs of New Yorkers are more tender than popularly supposed. A business man has brought suit against a renowned inn for $20,000 damages which he suffered when he found a dead mouse in his kidney saute.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

"In the wheat market all is lovely and the farmers won't care if they have to take more than a dollar, blithely remarks the Pendleton East Oregonian.

* * *

The Baker Herald grimly suggests to the farmers of Baker county that they might organize sluughaling parties, "to get men to work at the good wages in this vicinity."

* * *

Clothing stores in Medford, the Mail Tribune says, are displaying a variety of scarlet shirts, hats and caps, designed to protect the sportsman from the common fatal mistake of being shot at for deer."

* * *

The Hillsboro Argus never spoke more truthfully than when it said this: "Old Sol has been backed off the stage by cool winds and showers during the greater part of the summer, but Oregon crops are as good as ever, and that is saying a great deal."

* * *

That the Industrial club founded at the Muddy Creek mood last spring is doing the most efficient work of any club in the state, considering its age and its membership, is the statement of Professor L. J. Allen of the extension department of the state agricultural college at Corvallis, quoted by the Baker Herald. The club has 45 members.

* * *

The Union Scout pays this tribute to a lights public spirited musical organization: "The Hike' band of La Grande has developed into a public utility, and all of eastern Oregon is gainer thereby. They do not hesitate to pay their own expenses and furnish music for their neighboring towns. They are surely the best people on earth."

THE TEN-CENT LOAF

NEW YORK WORLD: One year ago last February, when wheat, mostly paper wheat, was selling in Chicago for 25 cents a bushel more than is the case today, the wholesale bakers of New York increased the price of bread to 6 cents a small loaf. In session now at Salt Lake the National Association of Bakers by resolution limits production to one loaf of larger size, which is to retail at 10 cents. In this arrangement there is room for a great deal of juggling.

The plea accompanying the extortion here proposed is that there has been an unprecedented advance in the price of materials, labor and overhead charges. If the master bakers had been disposed to tell the truth they would have said that the conditions referred to did not influence conditions greatly, but that they wanted the money and thought this was an easy way to get it.

WASHINGTON HERALD: Once more the crop experts have so arranged the wheat reports that the bakers are beginning to threaten a substantial increase in the price of bread or a marked reduction in the size of the loaf. Although it is difficult to figure out an actual shortage in the wheat crop, it may serve as a more tangible excuse than the war in Europe for juggling with the prices of food.

THE OKLAHOMAN: The federal trade commission now has under advisement the matter of investigating the bakers and their predicted advance in the price of bread. Decision is reserved until one of the commissioners, who is in Chicago, makes his report. The public also reserves judgment. Certain facts, however, may be cited. Government estimates say that, despite the shortage of this season's crop, there will be plenty of wheat in this country for home needs, and there will also be enough, or, at least, a good deal, for export. That fortunate situation is due to the bumper crop of last year. But there is nothing fortunate about the situation if flour and bread go to prohibitive prices. It is perfectly patent that if there is wheat enough for home consumption and also wheat for export, there is no legitimate excuse for jacking up flour and bread to semi-famine prices. The federal trade commission has exactly the kind of job on its hands that it was designed to handle. The bakers should be investigated.

DETROIT NEWS: The grain crop, it is predicted, will be a billion bushels less than last year's. Flour is selling at $6.25 a barrel this month; last month it was $4.75. There are two plainly apparent reasons for the prospective increase in the price of bread—the grain shortage and increased demand, actual and probable, abroad. In addition, we have come to suspect always that those who dwell within the interior of the economic machine regulate its workings for their own profit, as much as they dare.

It would be interesting to draw a line dividing a city's population, or the world's population, into the classes which will and will not be noticeably affected if ten cent bread comes to pass. The wealthy, of course, are removed from any immediate personal concern with the matter. There is also a large group of those whose incomes vary from several hundreds to a few thousands a year who will be unable to detect in their daily lives the pressure of ten cent bread. On the other side of the line lies the great mass which exists only through a constant struggle to circumvent the rules of simple arithmetic; to make a dollar go a few cents more than it normally would go. Extra expense of 5 cents a day means that much less to eat, that much weaker grip on life. If those to whom 10 cent bread means only a mildly interesting newspaper item could project their imaginations behind that announcement, they would behold a story of tragic possibilities.

The Once Over

BY REX HAMTMAN

"WHAT WE NEED"—said the esteemed city editor—as he frisked himself for a cigar—"is the super-reporter."

¶ And he seemed slightly surprised—at some of the things—that he found in his pockets.

—and the search proceeded.

¶ And presently he found a stick of gum.

—which he recognized—with a smile—unwrapped—and began to chew.

—just as if it was what he had been looking for.

¶ "Yes"—he said—"the super-reporter."

¶ And he went on to say—that he had been reading Nietzsche—the German philosopher.

—who evolved the doctrine of the super-man.

—or the man who is so strong—and good—that he can do no wrong.

—whatever happens to other people—while he is doing it.

¶ "Of course"—he said—"there are no such men—yet.

—"and I hope there never will be.

—"but from a standpoint of efficiency—just think what one super-reporter would mean to a modern newspaper."

¶ "You mean that we'd all lose our jobs—if this freak you're talking about came along?"—said the gentlemanly marine reporter.

¶ "Yes"—said the esteemed city editor—"that would be one effect of his advent.

—"but of course—that wouldn't make much difference.

—"because nobody—who really understands the gospel of efficiency—cares about a few men losing their jobs.

—"and you can't be a good disciple—of the efficiency doctrine—if you worry about such things.

¶ "Mere individual lives—you understand—Clifford—do not count—in this efficiency stuff.

¶ "And the idea is—if I understand it—

—"and I hope I don't—

—"to get rid of everything inferior.

—"and have only a few people—left on earth.

—"and have them very fine—and strong—and good.

—"so good—or so strong—that they wouldn't need any consciences.

—"to tell them the difference—between right and wrong.

¶ "And they'd all be so efficient—that all the other people on the earth—would have died of starvation—long before.

—"because there was nothing left for them to do.

—"no jobs.

—"no chance for them to work for anybody else.

—"and no chance to work for themselves.

—"because all the earth would be taken—and held—by the super-men.

¶ "And it wouldn't make any difference—whether they used it—or not.

—"because—

—"well—because they were supermen.

—"and it wouldn't be anybody's business—whether they did anything—or not—with the land—and other things—that they owned.

¶ "And besides—there wouldn't be anybody left to care.

—"except a few super-men."

¶ And the esteemed city editor paused—and thought a moment.

¶ "In fact"—he said—"it seems to me—that right there—there may be a flaw in this philosophy.

—"because—if the principle kept on working—there'd only be one superman left—after while.

—"and if he had a single spark—of human nature left—he'd die of loneliness.

—"In spite of all his power and wealth."

¶ "Yes"—said the gentlemanly marine reporter—nervously—"but what about this super-reporter—you were maundering about?"

¶ The esteemed city editor smiled.

¶ "There isn't any such monstrosity"—he said—"and there never will be.

—"and I just invented him—to throw a scare into you.

—"which he didn't.

—"and we can cut out this foolish talk now.

—"and do some useful labor—because—

¶ "LISTEN—Clifford—I think—from the gleam in his eye—that Rex has enough bunk—for today's Once Over."

CONCERNING WEALTH.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

Let it not be supposed by those who imagine that they are unfortunate, that the colossal fortunes heaped up by modern business methods will add to the happiness of those who have allowed greed to have its way. All the gold in the world will not buy an ounce of contentment; its purchasing power ceases where happiness is concerned. These statements are platitudes, of course, but it is well once in a while, to shake a live and wiggling platitude in the face of the public, if only to reassure some of the hopeless ones that God is in his world, and all is well.

Who's Dead?

Who's dead? Who at this moment died,
Or far away or close at hand—
Out where the ocean furies ride—
Or on the inland?

Who, when you bent to read this line
(No matter where, no matter how
Death came to him and gave the sign
Of beckoning), who died just now?

King, was it? Bishop? Robber? Wife?
Or babe in some worn mother's arms?
Or patriarch just finding life
Possessed of newer, fuller charms?
Perhaps it was a boy whose face
Was bright with youth—perhaps a bride—
Perhaps a chief of some wild race,
Stretched on his bullhide shield—who died.

And where? In fair and sunny Spain?
Or in the endless northern night?
Or on the parched Sahara plain,
Or on some alpine mountain height?
Touched death some islet of the sea
Where oceans part and oceans meet,
Or did he come a guest to be
Within the house across the street?

Who died just now in all the world?
(So calculating men declare)
Is but the tally for a death
In this great hive of men somewhere.
Somewhere just now, o'er trembling lips,
There passes forth life's final sigh,
Just as the disappearing ships
Drop down below the line of sky.

Who died just now in all the world?
For some one, statisticians say,
Is for each passing moment hurled
Down Azrael's dark and gloomy way.
To stand, gaunt-eyed and white and awed
Where Charon's boatlights dully shine.
Who was it died just now? Pray God
Not some one of your kith—or mine.

—S. E. Kiser.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

The Lord loves a cheerful giver is what the preacher at the corners told us last Sunday 'fore he passed the hat. So do the big grafters of one kind an' another, and we sure do pitch a lot in their hats here in old Oregon.