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With respect to the authority of great names, it should be remembered that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity.

THE FARMERS' TESTIMONY

MUCH has been said and much written during the past few years about going back to the farm.

Many of us, chained to office and shop, have looked out through the sunshine and wondered why it was so.

The other day we learned the reason why more and more the farms are standing idle while the young folks seek the city and their fortune.

We heard farmers tell of the struggles they faced, of the pinch of money-need and of the grinding toil of paying back.

We heard farmers tell of the high interest, of brokerage charges, of short time loans and bitter struggles to renew.

The sturdy men who told their stories from the witness stand asked for no foolish thing.

Money in America is greedy and never still. It must be forever turning or it is a disappointment to him who owns it.

It was a significant thing to see a hundred farmers leave their harvests to give testimony about the need of rural credit legislation.

No act that congress has ever passed is of more importance to the country than the rural credits act.

It was a long time to wait. A very expensive viaduct and one of the most majestic structures in the west remained for nearly three and one-half years very little used except by the street car company.

After being closed for several weeks for paving and other improvements, it was not until last Sunday that the approach to the structure from Union avenue was finally opened for public use.

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and plenty, comfort and contentment. It means that the old farm will again be home.

Charles Mahaffey, who left Portland last night to become a solicitor in the interior department at Washington is clean, capable and honest.

THE GOVERNOR'S DUTY

THIS foul conspiracy to destroy the flax experiment ought to be squelched.

Governor Withycombe has boldly exposed the deep dark plot. The list of the villains who had a part in it is almost terrifying.

The exposure began several months ago, when the governor denounced The Journal as a falsifier and fraud when it suggested that if methods then pursued were continued, the flax experiment would be a financial failure.

Later, when Secretary Olcott wrote a letter to the board saying that the methods were "unbusiness like," Governor Withycombe denounced him and set out to beat him for renomination for the secretaryship.

At a board meeting after that, Warden Minto of the penitentiary was declared by the governor to be one of the conspiring galeots.

At the same time Secretary Goodin of the board of control was added to the list of darkling plotters.

Goodin, the governor said, was juggling with the figures to make it appear that the experiment was a financial failure when it was not a financial failure.

Then various and sundry employes in the prison were added to the list of pestiferous highbidders, nature fakers and character assassins.

And to cap the climax, the governor yesterday mercilessly declared that Senator I. N. Day and Secretary Olcott are conspiring "to discredit the flax experiment."

He charged that Senator Day and Olcott had been seen "together today framing up something."

The highly indignant governor also added the warden and deputy warden of the penitentiary to the list of rascals.

Happily, the militia is back from the Mexican border and the governor is commander in chief of our armed forces.

Mounted on Loretta, he should place himself at the head of the troops and quell this scoundrelly interference with the orderly administration of state affairs.

If the enterprising gentlemen who shipped 40 gallons of whiskey from San Francisco to Portland in milk cans, consigned as milk, had been more truthful and shipped it as eggnog or milk punch they might have been guilty of bootlegging, but not of misbranding.

THE GRESHAM FAIR

THE Gresham fair is a Multnomah county institution. It is more than that, for it is of interest to the state at large.

It is one of the county fairs which, conservatively and at the same time progressively managed, has more than justified the expenditure necessary for its maintenance.

The time was when the county fairs of the state were the children of logrolling at the legislature.

full provision should be made in advance for a proper improvement of the streets leading to it.

However, if isolated, Broadway street is now in connection with the bridge, one of the show places of Portland, and in the improved conditions, those who have contributed to the change will have both credit and profit.

The voters at St. Louis are to decide in November whether they will continue their municipal elections under a strictly partisan system, or will enact a clause in the charter doing away with all party designations for candidates for city office.

Whether the change is made this time or not, the fact that the board of aldermen of St. Louis submitted such an amendment to popular vote shows that more and more the people are looking for the man and not the partisan to fill public office.

IF AT WAR

ACES around the German dinner table would look more cheerful if it were possible to get a little butter to eat with the eternal potatoes.

This is a sentence from a German dispatch. Meat is more plentiful, the item goes on to say, but the people are only given one egg a week with their bread ticket.

It is hard to conceive potatoes without butter, or a government edict which limits an individual to one egg a week.

When we think of war we see struggling men and the long lines of the wounded and the dead.

We think of sorrow and suffering and of the tears that fall for those who do not return.

But here we see the privation and hardship that comes to the women and the children at home.

And yet in the face of the all-embracing sorrow and suffering of it, there are those in the United States who would willingly see this country at war.

The handling of flax straw is to be revolutionized, so they tell us, by the development of a system of chemical retting.

If the system had been perfected a year ago perhaps it would not have been necessary to call the emergency board together to help out at the penitentiary.

REDEMING MEXICO

THE joint commission on Mexican affairs now in session at New London promises to do wonders for that distracted country.

The members of the commission, among whom is the far-seeing and gifted John Mott, have taken the trouble to study the questions which they are called upon to decide.

This is rare in political life and diplomacy. We may perhaps thank President Wilson for impressing upon the minds of the commissioners the novel idea that they ought not to expect to settle Mexico's perplexed worries either by clairvoyance, like Colonel Roosevelt, or inspiration like Judge Hughes.

To be on the safe side, the commissioners project a line of blockhouses stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific shore.

The purpose is, of course, to set the fortifications so close together that they will form a continuous defense.

No doubt this is desirable for the present while the Mexicans are quieting down to peaceful work, but if the other projects of the commission are carried out the blockhouses will presently become superfluous.

There is no need of any along our Canadian border because both the Canadians and our own citizens prefer to till the soil, mine and trade rather than to fight one another.

expected and, perhaps, so out of place.

The author has achieved one feat in this book which ought to double her fame. She has written a story in which every character, with one or two dismal exceptions, is an ingenious and fascinating liar.

The lovely heroine, her envious rival, their male-co-inmate of the magnificent palace of the mysteriously murdered lady, the fair and widowed neighbor who slips in after the deed is done to console with them artfully and treacherously, the false and Frenchified lover of the slain millionaire, all, all of them lie smoothly, plausibly and endlessly.

Where did Carolyn Wells acquire her consummate mastery of the Machiavellian algorithm? Was it born in her?

The book is interesting and that is all one can conscientiously ask of a detective story. When you sit down to read it you will not want to go out and pick up a basket of chips or milk the cow until you have finished it.

The reader is fooled up to the very last page and there is not a dull moment in the story.

We hope Carolyn Wells will hurry up and give us another detective story. Every new one she writes is an improvement on the last. They are all silly, but that doesn't matter.

Free read detective stories for moral instruction or for deep philosophy. She contributes bountifully to the world's stock of innocent amusement, a commodity of which there is never any too much, and for that we are grateful.

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 200 words, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of their sacredness. It robs ideas of their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and leaves no conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

The Railway Controversy

Centraia, Wash., Sept. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal:—Allow me to quote from Collier's of the 9th Inst. This is the only case where the railroad strike does not seem to be getting down to fundamentals.

President Wilson did great service in bringing the interests of the nation into the case. His policy, with a view to his service would be greater if his grasp of the situation were clearer.

The present trouble is only one phase of a struggle that has been going on for nearly 40 years. The four great trunk lines of the railroad have been made their members a privileged class as regards hours worked and pay received, not only in comparison with the other railway employes, but also in comparison with the rest of the community.

A man can make more money on a train than he can on a ship or on a farm, and do it with less work. The men who do this are not content with their wages, but get anything like the pay of the engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen.

This is why the trainmen keep harping on the eight-hour day and the four-day week. Industrial justice should begin with the underdog.

The railway executives have been headed toward this bog ever since they began to secure the right to campaign for national regulation of our national transit facilities.

Many a plain citizen is listening nowadays to their arguments and wondering if these are the rights of the citizen. He is against proscribed accounting systems and talk of the "impossibility" of having air brakes and automatic couplers on freight trains.

The railroad presidents ought to have fallen over themselves to take advantage of the chance to get the Interstate Commerce commission between them and some of their troubles.

Standardized wages and working conditions are needed. They are adjusted to the conditions under which the work must be done and fixed by the same authority that fixes rates for passengers and shippers—that is, the only authority that has the right of ownership can evade the shifting, neither can postponement make it easier.

ready to say "That is my own, my native land," nor have I ever heard Ireland likened to a cemetery or that my dear country be dedicated a tomb.

For her glorious dead people, I live alive, thank God, unconquered and unconquerable and she will never die as long as true Irishmen of all creeds and political thought, though separated from her, honor her and love her.

Men and women have left Ireland in the past, not because she was dead but for reasons that John MacNulty, being a writer, is a heart, head or spirit, cannot understand.

Ireland is alive today because her exiled sons and daughters have loved her and she has lived on in the hearts of the suck of her breast ever become so morally and patriotically unworthy as some of your contributors, and on this last point all agree, Unionists, Constitutionalists and all sorts of men.

The Mexican Issue. Portland, Or., Sept. 9.—To the Editor of The Journal:—Former Governor Geer had a contribution in the Oregonian of August 31 pertaining to the pending presidential campaign.

Which he expressed the belief that Republican voters are warranted in opposing President Wilson for reelection because he is a Democrat—simply confining themselves to that single objection as sufficient justification.

Does (Mr. Geer's) judgment, for their course. Like Candidate Hughes, he recites a number of instances in which he asserts President Wilson and the Republicans are guilty of the same crimes.

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PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

While Europe is busy Japan is playing bridge in the China shop. The Candidate Hanly admits that he has no chance to be elected president.

How would our congressmen have gotten home if the railroad strike had not been averted?

The singing of that popular favorite, "The Song of the South," will be postponed a few days longer.

If Henry Ford gets that million dollar verdict how much of it will he give to the man that framed the first Ford?

If Chairman Wilcox's method of "riding the bull" is so satisfactory, why are there so many denials of reports that it is not?

A Seattle boy recovered his memory while watching a picture show. Another indication of the great possibilities of the moving picture.

Says Senator Day to Governor Withycombe: "That was a deliberate falsehood, you can take it just as I mean it, too."

The word "obey" is to be stricken out of the marriage ceremony. The bride and groom are to pledge themselves to support the groom?

Benjamin C. Marsh in "The Public" Raymond Robbins has recently given a course in supporting Mr. Hughes. As Mr. Robbins and I hold about the same views on economic questions, I ask you to consider the following reasons why the Progressive Republicans should support President Wilson:

The Republicans have not changed their spots. The party is just as much controlled by privilege as ever, and is determined to make the poor poorer, and the privileged more prosperous, at the expense of the victims of privilege.

The Republicans opposed the income tax, the federal government and frankly admit their purpose to raise more revenue by taxing workers on what they eat and wear, by tariffs or by other means.

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OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The big bulge in Coos county marriage licenses indicates increasing prosperity.

The assessment totals of Bbaker county show a gain of \$400,000 in taxable property over last year.

The Umpqua Courier has received the report that the first train over the 10-foot in length, which was taken from the field it was still growing.

The first consignment of the 1916 cranberry crop grown on the Coast plain has gone toward San Francisco.

It may be necessary, says the Pendleton East Oregonian, to place the library under the management of the fire department.

The mayor of The Dalles has issued a notice to the general public denying the report that he is promising jobs and increased salaries in order to secure votes for proposed charter amendments.

Lee Paine, known as the best mule skinner on the Pacific coast, recently took Mrs. Newmeyer and Burrows over to the city of The Dalles, Oregon without spilling them, according to an exchange.

"I have lived 40 years in California," he said, "and was broke all the time. But I have been in Oregon three days and have money in my pocket. I've been getting 'em meals a day and it's been work keeping the ladies from feeding 'em to death. I'm sure going to live in Oregon."

Doubt It, But Worth Trying. Gony and Edjha are down with colds. Mr. Kaufman did it with his little brush—High school note in Summit Blue Mountain American.

Any woman can economize when she's broke. Get the idea? Keep her broke.—Kansas City Star.

But by keeping her broke, the man would have so much cash that he would go extravagant himself.

But why waste sympathy over the woman for being broke? Our charity begins at home.

All Is Vanity. The girls were all surprised to see the mirrors upon their desks Monday morning during the boy's visit at Warren. Mr. Kaufman did it with his little brush—High school note in Summit Blue Mountain American.

Life In Oregon. Wednesday evening a number of the young people have surprised Miss Loris Magnus by giving a party in her honor.

The Rhyming Candidate. Teddy thinks that "Chas. E. Hughes Can fill the Presidential shoes."

William Harper, our Charlie Hughes Never, never, never, never. A. B. Y. But even so, we can't outdo the author of the choice of "Charlie Hughes."

On With The Dance. Twinkle, twinkle, little star, Now I know you're what you're not. Over the floor the feet may patter, But when trotting, do not flatter.

Dancing used to be an art. Born of grace of limb and heart. Now it's just a silly wrinkle—Twinkle, little star, twinkle, little star.

Who Cares, Anyway? "Popular Hits. Now in Demand." isn't non-shop ad. Of course, it needn't be necessary to refer this item to Doc McCreedy and his merry men.

Stories of Street and Town

Oregon Has Some Friends. LOYD LEGARIE and his misadventure tell a story about an Irish tramp whom they met down in southern Oregon during their recent automobile journey to Crater Lake.

"I was born in Ireland, and therefore, I qualified for membership in the Native Sons," said the tramp, "and your Oregon boys are giving me a grand time over my boots!" That Irishman was boasting all the time.

"Have ye a lift shoe?" demanded the pedestrian, approaching the Legarie tramp. "I need a lift shoe, me own is all worn out."

"Not to spare," replied Lloyd, "but here's a dime." Pocketing the dime, the Irishman knocked at the door of a house close by and the Legaries heard him asking for a shoe.

"Ye see, many men wear out their right shoes before they do their left, and my left shoe is worn out before me right shoe. Maybe your husband has a lift shoe?"

The lady of the house had no lefts to spare, either; but this did not daunt the Irishman.

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One Progressive's View of Hughes. Mr. Hughes ran away from his job because he wasn't man enough to fight the rage—and I told him so at the time.