Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

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

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

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

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

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON)

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

SUNDAY

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

DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON) AND SUNDAY

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

America asks nothing for herself but what she has a right to ask for humanity itself.
—WOODROW WILSON.

Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute.
CHARLES C. PINCKNEY.

I am of opinion that, unless you could bray Christianity in a mortar, and mould it into a new paste, there is no possibility of a holy war.—Bacon.

PEACE?

ON ITS face, the Lloyd-George speech offers little hope of an early peace.

The "complete restitution, full reparation and effectual guarantees" which he demands of Germany are severe terms. Germany would resist them as impossible terms. If adhered to by the allies, it would prolong the war to a point of exhaustion.

The speech, however, is an advocate's speech. It was uttered more for the people of England and the people of the world than for the commons. It is a masterly presentation of the issues from the allies' viewpoint.

Bargaining between chancelleries is as common as between horse traders. The fixing of terms in the settlement of a trillion-dollar war will begin with the prices marked up. "Complete restitution, full reparation and effectual guarantees," tremendous as they are in terms, are an offer to do business. There will be a counter offer from Germany and her allies. A conference will probably result, to end possibly in agreement, perhaps in disagreement.

Horrible as is the cost, it is not probable that the allies want the war to end right after the blunder in Roumania. Or right after the blunder in Greece. Or with German arms so well staged in the Balkans. Or with German troops on the soil of every contiguous belligerent except Italy and England. Or with the conflict in a status where, if it suddenly ended, Germany would certainly point to it as a German victory and an allied defeat, a contention to which an impartial world would almost assent.

Lloyd-George's great speech makes it clear that the entente powers have not had the benefit of the highly concentrated organization and developed efficiency that it is now proposed to employ in the prosecution of the war. Conviction as to that and expectation of accentuated organization and cooperation will strongly hold the allied governments to demands that Germany will be slow to concede.

Peace or no peace will rest largely with the peoples of the entente nations. If the governments can hold their peoples to further submission to the awful stress of the conflict, the ententes will cling tenaciously to the slogan of "complete restitution, full reparation and effectual guarantees." That is the issue upon which peace or war now rests.

Meanwhile civilization can, if it will, draw from the peace proposals and replies the most ominous lesson that history can present. July 26, 1914, just before war was declared, Sir Edward Grey, then British secretary of state for foreign affairs, proposed to the German foreign office that representatives of Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain "meet here in conference immediately for the purpose of discovering an issue which would prevent complications." It was a proposal for a conference for the peaceful adjustment of the trouble between Austria and Russia over the Serbian issue.

After nearly 29 months of ghastly curse and terror, a conference is now suggested to do what it was proposed to do in the July conference of 1914 which was not held.

By the official testimony of the fighting nations, these things have happened in the interim:

Germany says in the peace proposals handed the American representative for transmission to the entente governments:

The spiritual and material progress which were the pride of Europe at the beginning of the twentieth century are threatened with ruin.

Germany says in the peace note sent to the vatican:

Europe, which formerly was devoted to the propagation of religion and civilization, which was trying to find solution for social problems and was the home of science and art and all peaceful labor, now resembles an immense war camp in which the achievements and works of many decades are doomed to annihilation.

Austria says in the note handed the American representative for delivery by the United States to the entente powers:

Continuation of the murderous war in which the enemy can destroy much but cannot—as the quadruple alliance is firmly confident—alter fate, is ever more seen to be an act of inhumanity justified by no necessity and a crime against civilization.

If civilization ever had a warning against war and an appeal for agreements by negotiation, it has it now in the proposal for a conference that was postponed July 26, 1914, until there could be a test of arms.

The forces are said to be gathering for an assault in the legislature on the Oregon Workmen's Compensation law. Do they forget that on referendum, the measure carried every county in the state, some counties by a vote of four to one? Do they forget that the Oregon supreme court in an opinion declared it to be "twentieth century legislation"? Will the legislators forget?

MYRTLE WHITE

TRAGIC is the story of Myrtle White. What can not passion do with human beings when they submit to its sway? There were no witnesses to her deed but the dead walls of the room in a Salem hotel where she fired the shots that killed her lover and then herself. But if the walls could speak they would strike us dumb with a tale of happiness and despair. Not wisely but too well the poor girl had loved. "We have had our time," she wrote in her last letter. "There never was another like it." And then time ended for her and him.

Poor children, may God forgive them. They set sail without a compass on the black ocean of passion and their boat was wrecked. So are all shipwrecked who voyage without guidance. When we read stories like Myrtle White's we shudder and pray. For there seems to be no full protection from the demon that tempts and kills except in superhuman might. So often does the passion upon which life depends drag our children down to death.

And yet there is hope. This passion, terrible as it appears, fatal as it may be, is not inevitably evil. In that strange book, The Wandering Jew by Eugene Sue, there is a wonderful passage bearing upon this matter. The author explains to his readers how the Jesuit potentate who plays a part in the story built up his power. It was by storing up the passions of his body and directing their energy into new channels. It was not by the "suppression" of passion. Science has invented a better word for it. The secret of his master mind was the "sublimation" of passion.

The passion which brought Myrtle White and her lover down to despairing graves might have been "sublimated" into something rare and beautiful had the miracle worker been at hand in time. The energy that destroyed their youth was something precious. It should have been saved. It should have been spent upon long lives for themselves and happiness for others. But it was lost for want of "sublimating" equipment in the world. Who will provide us with the social machinery that shall transform these deadly passions into conservators of life?

The express companies of New York say their Christmas business is the heaviest in history. The department stores in all the big cities and the other places where Christmas buyers shop, give similar testimony. What a contrast with Christmas in Europe! We are amid the blessings of a nation at peace.

MUNICIPAL BOOTBLACKS

THE Oregonian has not come out for municipal bootblack establishments exactly. Our wise contemporary merely intimates that a municipal bootblackery is as needful as a municipal light and power plant. It is idle to dispute over tastes. And just about as idle to dispute over the sense of values. If a big newspaper sees no difference between the value to the city of a bootblack establishment and a great public utility, why it does not see any difference and there the matter ends. If a man is blind he is blind and quite frequently there is no cure for him.

The Oregonian's witty article on this subject reminds one of the village cut-up who thought it would be a great joke to take his pet polecat to his mother's funeral. It would give the mourners such a pleasant surprise. The hardships of the poor under monopoly grinding may look funny to our wealthy contemporary. We have seen boys laugh at the antics of a kitten which they were skinning alive. But the kitten was not even smiling.

For one brief moment the Oregonian does seem to take the subject of public utilities seriously. This is when it says that the city already enjoys the benefit of three competing light and power companies. And why ask for more? Nobody would ask for more if the three companies effectively competed or could be made to do so. Their "competition" gives Portland 9 cent current while Cleveland, under municipal ownership gets the same service for 3 cents.

At this time, The Journal is not approving or disapproving the proposal for a municipal lighting system. But it is worth while to say that if the Oregonian really wishes to argue this diverting theme, it might begin by telling us of some city where municipal light and power costs the consumer more than monopoly light and power.

Does it know of any such city?

No annual gathering is given as much space in the newspapers as the meetings of the National Education association. For nation-wide publicity the convention next July will be the biggest thing that ever happened in Portland.

STORAGE ABUSES

SOME day, the manipulation of cold storage will end in a revolution.

What is happening to the saloon should be a warning to those who coin dividends out of the abuses of cold storage. The Chicagoan who boasted that he had 72,000,000 eggs in cold storage and tauntingly queried, "what are the people going to do about it?" caused thousands of people to arrive at very definite conclusions. You can stealthily pluck people a long time, but when you openly boast to them that you are doing it, they will not long stand hitched.

Many people of sound minds already believe cold storage plants should be under the strictest public regulation. Others believe they should be publicly owned and be conducted with only enough charge to cover the expense with the widest publicity as to all operations. The latter argue that in no other way can speculators be prevented from manipulating the prices of fruits, eggs, butter and other food products.

One abuse of cold storage is the practice of selling storage eggs as fresh eggs. That is a swindle on the consumer and a swindle on the producer. It puts eggs six months old in competition with fresh eggs, and is fraud.

The benefits of storage should be for the joy and service of the human atom and not for his oppression. Its potentialities are such that the storage process should not be a private snap but a public boon.

Unless the abuses become less visible, private storage will go the way the saloon went.

Under present arrangements, big profits are coined out of the feeding of prisoners in Multnomah county. The county furnishes the accommodations, pays all expenses, hires the sheriff and should receive the profits on the investment. Would a private enterprise turn all its profits over to a paid employe?

BURBANK'S WEDDING

THE country showers Luther Burbank with good wishes. At the venerable age of 65 he has embarked once more on the perilous sea of matrimony. May he have fair sailing into harbor. Mr. Burbank has always shown himself a man of courage. His investigations into plant breeding were begun long before most of the world conceived such a thing to be practically possible. Like a bold pioneer he struck out on the trail into the unknown and brought back rare treasures of knowledge from the wilds.

Now he shows perhaps still more courage by taking a second wife to his bosom. His first matrimonial adventure, as we understand, was prosperous. If Mr. Burbank were a timid man he would rest on his laurels and not tempt fortune again. But with admirable fortitude he stakes his life's happiness a second time. May the fates be still propitious and make his winnings plentiful. He has done much to enrich the world. We pay him in the coin of happy hopes.

MODERATE DEMANDS

OUR war maniacs are surprisingly moderate in their demands, considering that they are maniacs. They only want 3,000,000 men just now. Later, of course, they will ask for a real army, say some ten or fifteen million troops. But for a makeshift until they get their real plans formulated three million will do.

They can not raise three million men without conscription. But conscription is part of the game as they wish to play it. When they have the lives and liberties of the entire population in their hands they will be happy and not before.

Militarism grows with what it feeds on. Today three million men are wanted. Tomorrow they will want thirty million. No army is ever big enough to satisfy the demon of militarism. They are shouting now that the United States could be "crushed" by Japan and England. Yes, it could perhaps. And the sky might fall and the moon turn to green cheese. All these events are about equally likely to happen.

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.

Transportation Comparisons.

Portland, Dec. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—"Rob not the poor, because he is poor."—Prov. 22:22.

"He that oppresseth the poor to increase his gain, and he that giveth to the rich shall come only to want."—Prov. 22:16.

It is just that the Portland Railway, Light & Power company (in Philadelphia) receive protection. But not at the expense of any other legitimate business. If the whole of the above be not true, then let us go back to the old "stage coach," for, like the American Indian, the stage coach was first on the scene. When steam was utilized and the locomotive realized, the stage coach was practically relegated to the rear. The baby carriage superseded the arm carriage, the bicycle the velocipede, the motorcycle and the automobile the bicycle, and the electric car the mule car, etc. We agree that these perfections have in a great degree added to the comfort of the general public. In the first issue the big business monopolized transportation at the expense of the poor man. This is well and good. Today automobiles are being built at prices to fit the average man's purse, and at that with a speed equal to and surpassing the speed of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company's cars. This is the present day issue: the poor man is due to return to his primitive job—public transportation, and the jitney due to supersede the streetcar.

Justice: It would not be just to force such regulations and terms, etc., upon the streetcar company as would make it impossible for them to make a legitimate profit for their labor, as long as the public good was not in jeopardy. And if this be true with reference to the streetcar company, why not apply the same rule to the jitney? We are convinced that the regulations and terms binding the Portland Railway, Light & Power company have been liberal enough to allow them to realize millions of dollars at the expense of the public and pay the rich stockholders (in Philadelphia) in heavy dividends. If the regulations and terms binding the streetcar company are such as to allow them to realize a profit from their business, then in the name of justice we ask, have the mayor and city commissioners a right to bind the jitney men to such regulations and terms as will force them to quit running?

Moral: If I am not mistaken the Portland Railway, Light & Power company has been putting out pamphlets headed "Watts Watt" — written for self-flattery. Just a few nights ago I was riding in a Williams avenue car, and if I am to base my esteem upon the conductor and motorman of that car by a conversation they indulged in at the end of the line, it would be expressed by the statement that the virtue of any mother's girl would not be safe alone in their presence. This implies that the nature of the man working for the streetcar company is the same as that of the man following any other occupation. And further, if the force of the pamphlet is intended as a silent rebuke to the character of the jitney driver, let them remember that if public light should be flashed upon the canvas of their hearts we might be seeing things.

S. L. MENDEL.

The Negligence of the Railroads.

Portland, Dec. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—In the Labor Press of November 25, in a double-column editorial, Scott Nearing asks many clear and cutting questions about the railroads. They should be answered, and would be if Americans lived up to their reputation of being "free and independent."

But one question which he doesn't ask, will you kindly answer for your readers?

What would we think of a housewife who should be informed that she was to have 12 people at dinner, but made provision for but six? Would we be content with her explanation that there was a "dinner shortage."

The railroad managers, if they were ordinarily intelligent about their own business, must have known there was to be an unprecedented call for freight cars this fall and winter. They are said to have made a billion in profits the past year. If they were really fit to manage so great a public utility as the railroad system of the United States, wouldn't they have foreseen this need and provided against it, instead of cutting so many melons for themselves?

Don't you think that we, the people of the United States, should first squeeze the last drop of water out of railroad valuations and then take over these public highways and run them for use and not for private profit?

E. F. B.

From a Friend of the Horse.

Portland, Dec. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—After reading J. Corson Miller's eulogy on "Blind Jim," a faithful old truck horse that dropped dead on his job, I wondered if there were anybody in Portland who loves the horse as much.

The honest servant and benefactor of the human race, unlike the coveted auto, will take his master home, drunk or sober. While life lasts he will help, without murmur, to feed and clothe the family. He dies in battle with his master, seldom if ever shirks a duty, and often carries him out of danger. And when the last requiem has died away, majestically draws his remains to their last resting place.

Think of the colored soldier and his dying horse in Mexico. And yet we stand on the corner and listlessly see the heartless driver go by, jerking the iron bit in the mouth of the patient horse every few seconds in addition to compelling him to draw a heavy load. Soon comes the double team with tons of freight, their heads drawn to one side, and they, too, seem to be friendless as well. Methinks if they were allowed one prayer to their master it would be for better treatment.

If there is no adequate punishment for such treatment of the best friend humanity has on earth, civilization is not all it should be.

JOHN M. PAYNE.

Prohibition and Taxes.

Oregon City, Or., Dec. 19.—To the Editor of The Journal—Prohibition has accomplished many things for which we should be truly thankful. It has given us a friend in the Telegram. That the entire nation will ultimately go dry, as Representative Fitzgerald says it will, it would be well for all interested to take cognizance of the $327,000,000 liquor tax that somebody will have to pay towards the upkeep of the nation, since the amount will be no longer forthcoming from the brewers. Fitzgerald is all right in his declaration, but he didn't go far enough. He should have said, for the benefit of Oregon folks, that they would have to pay a goodly portion of this immense sum over and above their present exorbitant taxes. The Telegram should be appointed to devise ways and means and make collection of the increased taxes within the state. It might start in first by taxing the bachelor. That is, any man past the age of 25 years would of necessity consider himself eligible to bachelorship or some other institution less respected. Second, it might do worse than tax all the men of opposite political faith, since anything freakish is likely to be propounded as sound logic and connon sense. Third, it might get permission from the city council to use Alder street in any way it saw fit to attain its object. It could then invite the "Lady from the Washington ranch" (with all due apologies to the lady) to come and talk to these poor creatures who are so badly in need of enlightenment that they must be told when it is time for them to marry. We, the people, then would be given the opportunity of seeing things accomplished that are undertaken by the paper which "says and does things."

E. W.

The Farmer's Costs.

Portland, Or., Dec. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—We hear so many city people complaining about the farmers charging such high prices for eggs, potatoes and other farm produce. Now, I want to say we farmers do not set the prices on eggs, potatoes and many other things we have to sell. Then why should any one blame us? Consumers are not paying this price to us farmers. We are not getting the high prices. They are not buying eggs, potatoes and other farm products from us, but from the markets, stores and commission men. If they have any complaint to make, let them complain to the man they buy from. They seem to think we farmers can get any price for our goods that we ask, but if they ever owned a farm they would soon think differently. Whenever we ship eggs, or whatever it may be, we have to ship to a commission house and they set the price on our goods and pay us whatever they want to. We have to take what they give us, and consumers have to pay what they ask for goods. We get a low price and the consumers pay a high price for the same goods.

But do they think it costs no more to produce eggs this year than it did three years ago? Three years ago chicken feed cost less than half as much as it does this year, and eggs are selling no higher this year than they did three years ago. Do they think that by boycotting the eggs they will help cut down the price on eggs? They may cut the price for a while because many a poor man is trying to make a living in the poultry business and has to sell his eggs to make a living for himself and maybe a large family, but he will have to sell his chickens this spring and raise something else. Hundreds of small and large poultry men will be forced to quit the business this winter, and next winter consumers will be lucky if they get a taste of fresh egg.

When eggs are selling at 50 cents per dozen to the consumer the farmer and poultryman are getting only 35c per dozen. Let us figure on the cost of a sack of potatoes. If the farm is away from Portland and the potatoes have to be hauled about six miles to the railroad station, without counting the cost of land and interest on the money invested in such land, the taxes and the cost of plowing, cultivating and harvesting the crop, it will cost 10 cents to dig and sort each sack of potatoes. The sack costs from 12 to 15 cents. The hauling to the depot cost 10 cents. The freight to Portland is 10 cents. The commission 6 cents, making one sack of potatoes cost me about 60 cents without counting other expenses, as stated above, and if potatoes are selling for $1.25 in Portland the farmer will get only 80 cents at the commission house. After cutting 60 cents from the price of 80 cents the farmer will get only 20 cents for a sack of potatoes, and the consumer is paying $1.25 for these same potatoes at the store.

Apples are the same. We get only 40 cents for a box of apple that the consumer pays a dollar for.

I think if some of these people that are boycotting the egg business would live on a farm a year and work for their living as we farmers do, they would cut out this boycotting and try to help the farmers.

FARMER JONES.

Objects to Certain Banners.

Portland, Dec. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—A parade marched down Third street at noon today carrying banners in violation of the city traffic ordinance No. 32091, section 7, which reads as follows:

"No transparency or sign larger than 36 inches shall be borne, carried or moved in the prohibited district."

In the parade were a dozen boys wearing Boy Scout uniforms, assisted by men who carried banners, three by four and three by six, respectively. Why should this be permitted and the police look on and take no action? Owing to the fact that these boys wore the regular military regalia of the popular Boy Scouts, and owing to the fact that they were sons of soldiers advertising a certain theatre, is no reason they (the theatre people) should openly ignore the law.

Away with the system of government that stands for favoritism as against democracy and fair play. The writer herewith voices his protest against such high handed partisanship, and the total indifference on the part of police officers who are sworn to enforce the traffic laws without fear or favor.

R. V. COVENTRY.

The Crossing at Thirty-seventh.

Portland, Dec. 19.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your correspondent, A. S., uses a column of your space to give voice to his opposition to the proposed viaduct at the junction of the O-W. R. & N. tracks with the P. R., L. & P. company at East Thirty-seventh street, urging, first, the great cost of the improvement, and, second, the assumption that it is not really necessary.

To the first, it is readily admitted that the cost of any undertaking is an objection. If it did not cost anything to do thousands of desirable things, then those thousands of things would be done without meeting with any special objection. But some things must be done, even with the fact staring us in the face that it will take money. One of these is this very proposition to secure life against loss at the crossing of these two railway tracks.

Easily obtainable figures demonstrate that thousands of lives have been lost by just such neglect as your correspondent suggests—the neglect to insure safety where danger constantly lurks. This point at East Thirty-seventh street is just such a place.

It is a wise undertaking on the part of the railway authorities and the city. That part of the proposition has already been settled. The need of it is no longer a debatable question. It has passed that stage. And it doesn't pay to postpone a matter of this character. I read just the other day in an eastern magazine an instance of a farmer (he wrote the account himself to illustrate how a delay may prove very expensive and foolish) who one day noticed a strap on his harness had worn very thin. But he was in a hurry and did not stop to mend it at once. He would do that later, when he had more time. So it was postponed. A few days afterward, while he was busy cutting his wheat, that strap broke in two. He was a mile from the barn and sought to bore holes in each end of the strap and temporarily mend it with a string that he found in his pocket. But his knife was dull and it shut on his finger and severely cut it. He was then compelled to go to the barn, get a piece of leather and tools, return and do a piece of work that he could have done in a few minutes during some preceding morning or evening and without loss of time. As it was, he lost two hours' time and had a sore finger to nurse for a week.

The point is that this work at East Thirty-seventh street should be done as soon as the authorities can get at it. The loss of one life would be greater than the amount of the entire expenditure—if the person killed were a member of my family or that of "A. S." And individual members of other families are equally valuable—to those families.

ROSE CITY PARK.

Wonders of the Heavens.

Pendleton, Or., Dec. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—In regard to the strange "celestial phenomenon" which Eugene G. Brown of Cornelius writes about, I saw the very same kind of flash in the heavens in Colorado about 25 or 27 years ago. It was in the fall of the year, about 8 or 9 o'clock p. m. That flash was so awe-inspiring that I shall remember it all my life. It was a very clear night. If I remember right, there was not a cloud in sight. The moon also was shining brightly. This flash of light was as bright as day and lasted three or four seconds. Where this flash came from was very high in the sky. After this flash I looked up quickly and saw a snake-like streak. It looked like coals of fire without the flame—quite bright at first and gradually getting dimmer and smaller. But the streak held its shape to the last.

WILLIAM SCHMALING.

The Streetcar Conductors.

By N. S. Keasey.

Away where the curtains of sunset
Are woven in crimson and gold,
On the banks of a deep flowing river
There's a city of beauty untold.
The evergreen hills encompass
The homes in the valley below,
While distant the mountains stand guard
Ever clothed in their mantles of snow.

It's not the wealth or the beauty,
That makes for the city its praise,
But ever the people we meet
With kindly and courteous ways.
To the streetcar conductor I cite you
As men truly helpful and kind;
Wherever you go we are certain
Those better you'll surely not find.
And a "Thank you" is easily spoken
Whenever assistance they give.
And we trust that the ladies will say,
"Long, long may these gentlemen live."
And we wish them a bountiful Christmas,
With ever a glad New Year.

Same as Ever.

From the Florida Times-Union.

"Norway has put an embargo on the export of raw copper."

"Oh, well, Ireland will continue to supply the New York police force."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Dollar wheat now looks as low to the farmer as it once looked high.

Perhaps the egg boycotters are people who did their Christmas shopping early.

Mr. Bryan's self-imposed task is the task of leading the nation to water to make it quit drinking.

It will be mighty tough on our first congresswoman when she finds she must be content with "leave to print."

For a nation so thoroughly "hated" as ours, the good old U. S. A. seems to be a good deal in the peace news, after all.

"Twixt optimist and pessimist the difference is that between one man talking about the money won on elections and another man talking about the money lost.

The Germans report that the British have seized 41,000 bags of mail. So that saves Uncle Sam and the other neutrals the trouble of counting them.

Well, the world will stand for secret, or even ultra-secret, diplomacy, if it takes that to end the war; but it wants no more of the secret diplomacy that starts wars.

If the minds of Europe's chancellors could only be put in escrow it would hurry peace along just as the related procedure in civil life hurries along the ordinary form of real estate deal.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Wheeler county, it is expected, will be on a cash basis by January 1, 1918, all outstanding indebtedness amounting to only about $8000, with resources in sight to cancel it.

The American grants that Sumpter seems to be "able to get together to boost good roads, however hard it may be to get together in boosting any other proposition for the good of the town."

"The Coos Bay press is repeating the old story of a railroad from the interior of Douglas county over a mountain to Coos pay," says the Gardiner Courier. "Whenever there is a railroad built from the interior of Douglas county to the coast, it will be down the Umpqua river to Douglas county's own harbor, which in time will be the best on the coast. Railroads are not being built nowadays over mountains when they can be built on nearly a water level grade, and neither are standard wagon roads."

In its excellent and most beautiful Christmas number the Coos Bay Harbor thus predicts: "When the improvements which have been made during the past year are summarized, a review made of the advancement which is planned for the coming year and the expressions heard from men in all lines of business, it cannot be doubted that North Bend and Coos Bay in general will enter upon the year 1917 with the brightest prospects the community has had for a long time past."

THE STORAGE EGG SWINDLE

From the Rural New Yorker.

Every year since cold storage warehouses have been in use for the reservation of food products from one season to another, dealers have gone through the western states, from Indiana to Oklahoma, and gathered up eggs in the spring season and held them in storage until the supply of fresh laid eggs became scarce in the fall. The prices paid the producer in Oklahoma have ranged from five cents a dozen up to 15 cents and 18 cents at different times and different places. The cost of storage, including interest and insurance, candling and loss, amounts to less than 4 cents a dozen; and 3 cents to 4 cents a dozen is a good wholesale profit; and 5 cents a dozen is a liberal profit for the retailer, so that cold storage eggs at retail stores would give everybody a good profit and retail at 8 cents above the price to the producer. The custom is, however, to sell these eggs as fresh eggs and under the disguise of fresh eggs. Cold storage eggs sell at four to five times the price paid the producer for them.

Fresh eggs at this time of the year are produced largely in New York and other eastern states; and in the market the cold storage eggs are sold in competition with these fresh state eggs and sold at a price just a little under the price of the actual state eggs, with the result that the fresh eggs are discriminated against in the market. The demand for them is lessened because the housewife is made to believe that the storage eggs are fresh and, of course, this trickery reduces the demand for the fresh eggs and ultimately discourages the production of fresh state eggs, so that this swindle of the consumer becomes a fraud on the producer as well. Last season eggs were bought from producers at 13 cents to 18 cents a dozen and put in cold storage. They could be wholesaled at 27 cents to 28 cents a dozen and retailed at 32 cents to 33 cents a dozen. They have recently been selling at 38 cents a dozen wholesale and from 50 cents to 60 cents retail.

One dealer in Chicago, by the name of Weiz, bragged that he had 72,000,000 eggs in storage and that he was going to hold them for 50 cents a dozen wholesale. When the people complained he asked what they were going to do about it. In response to this defiance and monopoly the mayors of the different cities of this state and other states organized a boycott on the storage eggs, until the price was reduced to a reasonable level; and the department of foods and markets issued an order compelling the dealers to mark the cold storage product with the words "cold storage." This will stop the fraud and discrimination against fresh eggs. The housewife that wants storage eggs will get them at a reasonable profit and will use more of them, and by increasing the demand increase the price at the storage season in the spring. At the same time, the housewife who wants fresh eggs will be able to get them. The supply will be small and the increased demand will increase the price of fresh eggs to a reasonable profit for the producer and it will stimulate and increase production.

The speculators in cold storage eggs have raised a howl about this order, claiming that it would increase the cost of handling. On actual test, however, one-tenth of a cent is the cost of marking. Ten dozens can be marked for a cent. The only cause for the complaint is that it will stop the fraud of selling cold storage eggs, which cost the dealer 15 cents a dozen, in competition with fresh eggs, which may cost the producer from 60 cents to 75 cents a dozen.

Any boycott is uneconomic and dangerous. Its ultimate effect is an injury to everyone concerned. Any war is destructive and a boycott is war. It discourages production and makes eggs subsequently dear to the consumer. If effective, it reduces the profit of the dealer. If its effect, however, is to stop a fraudulent custom, it may be worth all that it cost.

Angered by the prospect of losing their monopoly, the dealers are trying to convince the public that the department of foods and markets organized the boycott on eggs, and caused a reduction in the price of fresh eggs. The truth is the department had no part in organizing or promoting the boycott and does not believe in the boycott as a principle. Its order to mark cold storage eggs will have the effect, if maintained, of increasing the price and consumption of fresh eggs. One of the complaints first issued by the dealers was that such an order, if enforced, would drive the price of fresh eggs to $1.50 a dozen.

Lloyd-George.

From the New York World.

Imagine William Jennings Bryan as the political idol of Wall street. Imagine all the financiers and bank presidents and corporation managers and captains of industry hailing him as the savior of the republic. Imagine all the forces of organized property and reactionary Republicanism rallying to his support. Then we should have a situation parallel to the situation in Great Britain, where Lloyd-George is engaged in organizing a new war cabinet.

Three years ago David Lloyd-George was easily the best-hated man in the British empire. He had been the best-hated man for half a decade. He was the ringleader of British radicalism, and while excuses might be found for other radicals, he was beyond the pale. Financial England detested him as enthusiastically as the dukes detested him. There was hardly a day when the British empire was not supposed to be rocking upon its foundations because of something that this "contemptible little Welsh attorney" was doing or preventing.

The worst that Wall street said about Bryan in the campaign of 1896 was flattering in comparison with the least that Conservative England said about Lloyd-George for five years, and yet he is the man to whom Conservative England has turned as the head of a new government.

It is beyond belief that the Tory intrigue against the Asquith ministry ever had for its object the making of Lloyd-George prime minister of Great Britain. Yet that is its inevitable consequence, for there are only two men who can meet the exigencies of that office. One of them is the prime minister who has been forced to resign and the other is the "contemptible little Welsh attorney" who has been the great driving force of the government since the beginning of the war. No member of the former opposition measures up to the work, as Bonar Law practically admitted when he refused to undertake the formation of a ministry. What the Unionist leader in parliament could not do, no other Tory can do.

The qualities that make a great chancellor of the exchequer with revolutionary measures of social justice, or a great minister of munitions or a great secretary of state for war, are not necessarily the qualities that make a successful prime minister. Lloyd-George has proved that he could use the Asquith government to mighty purposes. He has yet to prove that he can create a government of his own and use it for still mightier purposes. But there can be no doubt that with the Asquith ministry overthrown Lloyd-George is the one statesman to whom the average Englishman, regardless of partisanship or caste, would immediately look for leadership. He has proved himself the most vital individual force in the empire.

That this radical of radical democrats should be called upon at this time to organize a government is one of the most significant political events in British history. In a war that has been prolific in paradoxes, there has been no other such paradox as this.

But It Can Be Done.

From Judge.

It takes a lot of money to make a homely poor girl a pretty rich one.

Rag Tag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

[To this column all readers of The Journal are invited to contribute original matter—in story, in verse or in philosophical observation—or striking quotations, from any source. Contributions of exceptional merit will be paid for, at the editor's appraisal.]

Runts Is Runts.

ANTHONY EUWER, the well known rhymer, artist and speaker, whose book, "Rhymes of Our Valley," is being read with much interest, tells a good story on himself—or maybe it is on the woman or the third party in question. This is the story:

Mr. Euwer was giving a drawing-room reading of his rhymes last winter in the salon of a prominent New York woman. His audience was made up of typical easterners—the big city variety. They heard the dramatic story of the orchardist in "The Blood in the Apple," and were fanned by the wind off old Mount Hood in the eloquent recital by the author of "The Soul of the Average Man." Then they were dropped from the sublime to the ridiculous in the pitiful story of "The Little Runt," son of "Old Sophie, our sow."

After the guests had dispersed the hostess frowned slightly on her artist. "Your readings," she said, "were most interesting, sir; so different. But that one about the pigs—'the runt,' I believe you called him—was that not a bit intelegant?"

"Madame," replied the accused author, "I have yet to meet an 'elegant' runt."

The Spielless Public Market.

W. W. Lunger, a farmer of Lafayette, Yamhill county, who was recently elected a representative in the legislature, was telling about his experiences with the Portland public market. "It was three years ago," he mused. "My wife raised some turkeys, fed 'em well and fattened 'em, and I brought 'em to Portland. Down on Front street they said I could have 19 cents a pound, which didn't suit me, so, arranging to stay a couple of days, I rented a booth in the public market. Well, sir, in four hours I had sold out at 25 cents a pound. The next year, naturally, I came back to the public market, only I brought more turkeys. As people went by and looked at the turkeys I told how my wife had raised 'em and I had brought 'em to market. Pretty soon a policeman tapped me on the shoulder and told me I couldn't say anything about my turkeys. I could put up signs, but I couldn't but I'm going to tell 'em.' I went right up to the city hall and talked to Commissioner Bigelow, and he confirmed what the policeman said. Then I went to see Mayor Albee, and he said the law forbade using salesmanship. By then I had my dander up. I said, 'I'm going right back to my booth and I'm going to sell my turkeys. I'm not going to shout. I'm law abiding. I never was arrested, but I'm going to tell 'em.' I went back and pretty soon who do you think showed up? It was the city attorney. I had some black walnuts like the ones you used to pound out of their shells when you were a boy. They're sound and sweet.'

"What do you think he did? Instead of making a complaint against me he went and bought two pounds of walnuts."

'Tis the Voice of the Smoker.

"I don't enjoy smoking a pipe," said a friend of this column. "When I am using my own tobacco I meditate constantly on the high cost of living and the shortness of the smoke. When I borrow the tobacco my pipe is packed so tight it won't draw."

"Aw, Shucks!"

Lou Kennedy, the sport writer, is an avid reader of detective stories and he knows all the best authors from Dave Hazen to Wilkie Collins and Emile Gaboriau. Some time ago Kennedy purchased a nicely bound volume of "The Secret Plan," laid it on a shelf at home and intended to read it when he got the time, which was several weeks later.

When Kennedy took down the book and opened it at the first chapter, he discovered that it was a football story written for boys of 15 years.

Making It an Object.

At a certain church it is the invariable custom of the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young woman who was about to be married in this church did not relish the prospect, says Titbits, and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom obeyed the instructions given.

"Well, Harry," said the young woman, when he appeared, "did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that, in that case, he would charge only half the usual fee."

Tom Sawyer in Oregon.

There is a 12 year old youngster in Corvallis who should be able to prosper when he grows older. His parents had built for him a toboggan slide in the back yard, in payment for which he was to put several cords of wood into the basement. That pile of sawed wood looked bigger than the toboggan to the boy. Many weary hours of work would be necessary before he could enjoy the slide. So he used his head to hustle things. When his playmates came he issued an edict that no boy should be permitted to shine his trousers on the slide until he had wheeled in one full wheelbarrow load of wood, and that for each load he would be permitted five slides. In one day every stick of wood was taken to the basement and the contractor did not wheel a load of it. He states that not only did the other boys do all the work for him but they polished the slide so it "works just dandy."

The Item That Father Handed In.

It is the little things that cannot get into the papers that instill a little joy into the lives of the reporters, writes the Emporia Gazette's editor. For instance, it was a father sitting collarless and in his sock feet; father smoking a cob pipe and scraping his finger nails with a jackknife; father, who works 15 hours a day like a horse, who turned in the item that his two daughters, who had not done anything to make them tired within the last five years, were going away for a long rest and expected to take a maid with them.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Old Henry Miller once told me that if he had knowed as much when he was 21 as he knowed when he was 50, he would have owned all of California and half of Oregon. I see his estate is to stand a tax of 10 per cent, 'cordin' to the lawyers. Henry won't need the other 90, nohow, and if he is not kep back by some new rule and regulation he will gradually own all of where he has gone to, no matter which way that is. I ain't judgin' him, for Henry had his good points, even if he was some land hog.