Oregon Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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If we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theatres; but a city without a temple, or that practiseth not worship, prayer and the like, no one ever saw. —Plutarch.

THE APARTMENT HOUSE

ACCORDING to a story from Los Angeles one person in every five of the population of that city lives in an apartment house. The total number is 100,000. Perhaps Los Angeles has somewhat more apartment dwellers than other cities, but probably not a great many more in proportion to the population. That way of life is much in favor everywhere. Upon the whole it is cheaper than the isolated house and it is far more comfortable.

We might enumerate some of its comforts without taking much trouble to think them up. The servant problem is evaded. Heat, light, water and janitor work are all taken care of without worry on the tenant's part. The family can live near the center of the city without bearing the expense of a separate house. There are no taxes, no visits of the gas man, the electric light man, the water man. Everything is paid for in one monthly bill without fret or fuss. In many ways the apartment house life is ideal.

How much it is liked in Portland we may see from the number of big apartment buildings which have been built in the last few years. Their inmates have greatly increased in number while the total population of the city has risen rapidly. The truth is that the apartment house with its conveniences and comforts, its freedom from worry and its economy, is rapidly taking the place of the old time "home." Even the individual kitchen, so dear to many hearts, is vanishing and people are learning to eat at a common table in the apartment house dining room.

Thus economic determinism is bringing in the reign of cooperation without our noticing it. There are those who claim the change in our habits of life is fundamental, and it proceeds as quietly and imperceptibly as spring follows winter. Does it mean new flowers of health and happiness in our national life or a crop of noxious weeds?

Thinkers divide over this question. Some hold that the apartment house is a baleful influence; others that it is destiny working out.

Objectors say that, since it gives no outdoors and room on green lawns and big open spaces for them to play on, the apartment house is not a favorable spot for children, and that the true home is a cottage in the suburbs with its patch of green, its flowers, its shrubs and its free uncontaminated air from the big outdoors.

Don't buy stock in fly-by-night concerns or in any concerns until you have the word of some banker, merchant or other reliable person that you know, that the venture is honest and promises to be successful. Before he risks his money, every investor should take the trouble to insure himself against loss caused by irresponsible concerns gotten up to get something for nothing.

MOVING AROUND

WE READ with pleasure in the editorial columns of The Dalles Chronicle some comments on the guardsmen who have settled in Arizona. The arid country repelled them at first, but after a while they were caught by its mysterious charm and now they do not care to come back home. The same spell fell upon the lotus eaters in olden time. The Chronicle remarks that it is "good for the whole country to have citizens move around a little now and then." Exactly so. Arizona will gain by the move and Oregon will find new citizens to fill the places of the exiles.

It is quite a habit among soldiers campaigning in distant lands to make homes where they have served. There is a story that many British Tommies are taking French wives and learning vine culture and other callings on the sunny slopes of Champagne and Normandy.

Alexander's soldiers on their long campaigns in central Asia took wives from among the natives and made themselves new homes in the cities which the great conqueror founded along his route. Trajan's troops took helpmeets in the Balkan country and became the parents of the modern Roumanians.

It is well known to students of American social history that the campaigns of the Civil war made many a good match. The southern belles detested the "Yankees" at first, but, liking them better on acquaintance, they took many a boy in blue to their hearts and thus helped most effectually to obliterate the old sectionalism.

At the same time there has been a heavy northward emigration of ambitious youths from the south in recent years. They have founded fortunes in the north and made homes here with Yankee wives to inhabit them. Thus the eternal interchange proceeds. The Chronicle is right in saying that it is well for our citizens "to move round a little." There is nothing like a good circulation to keep a body healthy.

TO WILLIAM SPROULE

RECENTLY, The Journal directed the attention of William Sproule, the able head of the Southern Pacific lines on the Pacific coast, to the almost certain benefits that would come to his company through a policy of greater faith in and larger justice to the public.

In line with that suggestion, The Journal again offers advice to Mr. Sproule, and it is advice wholly intended to establish a greater confidence in and a kindlier purpose toward his company among the people of the Pacific northwest.

The hotel men of the northwest, representing all the people of the northwest, are striving to secure elimination of the Shasta differential which the Southern Pacific is struggling to perpetuate. That corporation is now using all its resources to induce the Interstate Commerce commission to vacate its order eliminating the differential.

From a check kept for two months during the Panama Pacific exposition, it is estimated that only 7 per cent of those who journeyed westward to visit the exposition passed through the Pacific northwest. This means that 93 out of every 100 fair visitors came to the coast and returned home via southern routes.

That is an extraordinary circumstance. Most of the travel was in the heated summer months when northern routes were obviously more attractive. In selecting the southern routes for both coming and going, picturesque America, which has its headquarters in the north and northwest was, for some reason, ignored by the tourists, who passed over longer distances in most cases and through less attractive country in going to and from the exposition.

The Shasta differential, which is a rate discrimination of $17.50 against Portland, Seattle, Spokane and all other Northwest territory, is ascribed as the reason for this avoidance of the Pacific Northwest by American tourists. Mr. Sproule's company, in seeking to perpetuate this discrimination is pursuing a policy that cannot be defended, and that naturally awakens intense opposition in the territory discriminated against.

It is a policy of making the Southern Pacific a California road instead of an all-Pacific-coast road. Whether so intended or not, its effect is to subordinate everything on the Pacific coast to California, and to submerge Oregon, Washington and the rest of the Northwest region as minor and unimportant.

This is the conviction among the people of the Northwest. They are now fighting through the hotel men and their allies to remove the Shasta handicap. They are struggling to put the Northwest states on the same map with California as to tourist rates.

In the interest of his company, the great influence of Mr. Sproule ought to be joined with that of the people of the northwest in securing the removal of the Shasta Arbitrary. Its removal must come some time because it is wholly indiffensible as a general railroad policy in which the rights of localities of the same group are to be respected and recognized. Since it must ultimately come, it would be infinitely better for it to come with the Southern Pacific's consent and cooperation than over its bitter opposition.

There are few steps that Mr. Sproul could take that would do more to lift his company in the confidence of the people of the Pacific Northwest.

The house has passed a public buildings bill that it knows President Wilson will veto. It is a cowardly business. Congressmen who vote meritless appropriations with the expectation and desire that the executive will veto them are unworthy of their positions.

RUSSIA

RUSSIA lives up to her historic role. After weeks of defeat and retreat she has "come back" in the Roumania region and is now forging ahead again. Since the recapture of Vandeni by the czar's troops the fall of Odessa does not seem quite so imminent as it did a while ago.

If we may believe the reports, the Russians are pressing heavily on their foes in the neighborhood of Riga. It is said that their activity in that quarter has brought the German advance in the south almost to a standstill. The news is obscure but things are working out as if it were true.

We may look for a great enveloping move on Constantinople from the east and south in the spring. The British are active in the Sinai region and we hear vaguely of Russian operations in Armenia. It is quite likely that a large combined operation has been planned which may at one stroke wrest Asia Minor from the Turks and leave Constantinople comparatively defenseless.

The eluding of the English blockade by the taking of the prize Yarrowdale into a German port with selected cargo and prisoners from the captured merchantmen is an astounding feat. It is proof to the world that the British blockade is not a real blockade, and that German effectiveness is almost unmatched.

INDIGENT CHILDREN

A BILL of which Senator Huston has taken charge aims to provide medical and surgical treatment for indigent children. As Journal readers are sadly aware, such children, as the situation stands, often go without adequate treatment for years, during which they constantly suffer, while ailments that might be completely cured if taken in time, finally become irremediable by delay. Thus by ignorance and neglect many a person who might have been a useful citizen becomes a permanent charge upon society. The bill of which we speak would remedy this bad business. It makes indigent children, who require treatment, charges of the county judge where they reside. Upon proper complaint made to him he may order the child to be sent to the medical school of the state university where it is to receive the best of medical and surgical aid with a bed in a hospital and modern nursing. The expenses are to be paid by the county where the child lives and the medical and surgical treatment will be rendered by the university officials as part of their regular duties without extra fees.

We can think of no better solution than this for the problem of the indigent child who needs treatment. The bill provides for him the best there is and gives it freely, so far as the child and his family are concerned. At the same time the university medical school will not be without some return, since the reception of these unfortunates will provide it with instructive clinical material.

Two features of the bill merit particular comment. The first is a provision that the child shall "not be used for the purpose of experimentation." The second is the provision that almost any person may bring the needs of the afflicted child to the notice of the county judge. The proceedings begin without much ceremonial and are carried through with celerity.

When you have in mind the purchase of a lot or a tract of ground, go to the assessor and ascertain its assessed value, and then recall that the law requires that all property shall be assessed at its "true cash value." Then go to the owner and inquire if he wants to sell the property. If his price is more than double the assessed value, beware. It will mean that the landlord is profiting by undervaluation to the state for assessment purposes—that he is either cheating the state or proposes to profit unduly off of you.

BOOKER WASHINGTON

NO DOUBT Booker Washington's figure will grow larger as it finds its true place in Time's perspective. He is one of those men, few in number, of whom Emerson says that they stand out like pillars in the dark abyss of the past. The new biography of Booker Washington by Scott and Stowe calls him the "builder of a civilization." The title is exaggerated, but it is not far from the truth.

It is commonly admitted that Washington revolutionized education for the colored race. He did almost as much for the whites. It is to his thought and power of presentation more than to any other cause that we owe the great educational reforms of our generation. He never said outright that the education which is good for a black man must, in the nature of things, be good for a white man too, but his reasoning made that conclusion unavoidable. He asked the country to give him the means of industrial training, vocational preparation and realist mind development for the negroes.

The country answered by bestowing those benefits on all its children. At any rate, it has begun to bestow them and will go a great deal farther in that direction. It is to Booker Washington that we largely owe the decay of sterile classicism in our schools and the wholesome influx of modern life. Teachers everywhere caught his inspiration and learned his educational theories. It is only the cloistered pedagogue, joined to his Latin and Greek idols, who rejects Washington's educational gospel.

A California legislator proposes that pistols be leased to responsible persons who wish to conceal them on their persons, and has introduced a bill for that purpose. If it becomes a law, it will tend to curb the indiscriminate carrying of concealed weapons. The pistol is an implement that has a hundred crimes charged against it for every good service it ever rendered. With the saloon, it should pass on.

MIGNON

PRETTY nearly all of Portland's musical ability seems to have cooperated for the production of Ambroise Thomas' charming opera, "Mignon." The symphony orchestra led by Waldemar Lind will attend to the instrumental side. Mignon, Wilhelm Meister and all the other parts are to be taken by Portland singers and the chorus of fifty voices has been organized by Mr. Corruccini from local sources.

We have often said that the best way to promote musical culture in a city was to make the most of local ability rather than to import artists from abroad. Mr. Corruccini and the symphony orchestra have followed out this principle in preparing for the production of Mignon and we hope to see ample fruits ripening from their praiseworthy effort. In almost any American city of the size of Portland there is plenty of musical ability and training to form a good opera company if it were only organized and utilized.

Our symphony orchestra has kept the good work going for several years under great difficulties and with only partial encouragement. Now we are offered a fine opera produced entirely by local artists.

The only way to make a city a musical and art center is to give ample recognition and reward to local enterprise. Everybody is eager to see and hear the distinguished artists from New York and Europe who occasionally visit us. Our eagerness to encourage home genius is not always so manifest. And yet if we were truly lovers of art and music we should all unite to make the most of the gifts we have at home.

Violation of the law is responsible for the death of three men burned in yesterday morning's fire in Portland. There were no lights and no night locks on the doors leading to the fire escapes, though both the late owner and the agent of the building had been repeatedly warned by Fire Marshal Stevens' office to provide these safety-first appliances. The three men died within easy reach of safety because the warnings of the fire prevention service were ignored. How many other owners are violating the safety laws?

IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS

ONE of our entertaining exchanges, the Pittsburg Leader, pokes some rather impertinent inquiries at the federal government. They pertain to the incomes and profits of the various trusts which so heedfully look after our food, drink, clothing, coffins and tools. The papers have published the increases of wages which the trusts have bestowed upon their workmen of late.

Some of these increases have been praiseworthy. When the trusts are actually forced to raise wages they often do it so gracefully that it looks like a free gift conferred from above upon the deserving poor. But our inquisitive contemporary wants to know how these wage increases compare with the profits of the trusts themselves.

What percentage of its booty, for instance, has the milk trust handed out in largess to its employes? We should not be surprised to learn that the percentage is small, if there were any way of learning. But unhappily there is not.

The trusts perform the same function in our body politic that a tapeworm does in the human intestine. They devour the food that should nourish the patient. The more the poor fellow eats the fatter the parasite grows but his food brings no color to his own wan cheek nor does it round out the pitiful angles of his anatomy. Some of our national prosperity is of the tapeworm variety. The parasites wax comfortably rotund while the victims who nourish them totter like specters to untimely graves.

There is a mournful reflection in the announcement that 2000 horses that have been used on the stage lines in Yellowstone National park are to be replaced with gasoline and are to be sold to the allies for service in the war. From the quiet and serenity of a matchless mountain park to the roar and terror of battle, from the delights of beautiful nature to the horrors of the blood-soaked field is the dreadful transition under which the horses are to pass. The curse of man is not only on himself but on his most faithful ally in the animal kingdom. The poor horses!

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.]

The "And or Or" Case.

La Grande, Or., Jan. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—In connection with your publication of a comment from the Detroit News, you recently published another editorial criticising the supreme court of Oregon for its decision in the famous "And or Or" case, reported in 158 Pac. Rep., at pages 173 and 527, and strongly intimating that the supreme court of Oregon is responsible for the great delay in the final determination of that case. Believing that some other member of the bar or some bar association would before now call to the attention of the press certain pertinent facts arising in this case, I have until now refrained from saying anything upon the subject. However, believing that the supreme court of Oregon is unjustly criticised and held to account for the alleged shortcomings in the administration of justice between the parties in that case, I proceed to give my reasons for such belief.

As early as the September term in 1873 of the Oregon supreme court (4 Or. 288) the rule was squarely laid down that denials pregnant with admissions are faulty; and, again, on December 11, 1899 (36 Or. 259), the court reiterated the rule. The rule of pleading thus declared might not have been good law but it is evidence of what the law is and certainly was notice to all Oregon judges and attorneys of what the supreme court of Oregon held to be the law.

In their answer, the attorneys for the company in this case charged that White, the deceased, had "carelessly and negligently" turned his back upon the company's auto truck in passing. Attorneys for Mrs. White in reply denied he had "carelessly and negligently" done so. Long before the trial, attorneys for the company interposed a demurrer, and, according to the court's report of the case, those attorneys notified the widow's attorney, prior to the hearing of the demurrer, in writing, as follows:

"Upon the hearing of this demurrer defendant will submit that said reply to which the demurrer is directed, being conjunctive in form, is therefore pregnant with admissions of the allegations contained in the affirmative answer of defendant, and hence does not constitute a denial in law of said affirmative defense."

Still standing upon his pleading, the attorney for the widow brought the demurrer on for hearing before the judge, who overruled the contention of the attorneys for the company, based on this clearly declared rule of the supreme court, and according to an article on page 5 of the issue of The Journal of June 23, 1916, said, in overruling the demurrer:

"We used to waste a lot of time when I was a boy talking about negative pregnants, and I don't suppose any boy after he has gone through the subject knows much more about the affirmation contained in a literal denial, but there has been entirely too much time taken up with that slush. Where it is manifest that an issue has been joined it is about time we get away from that stuff and come to the substance of the lawsuit and not the subtilties of the school men. Ecclesiastics used to devote a lot of time to telling how many souls could stand on the head of a needle, but we do not talk that language now."

Notwithstanding all of this notice given the attorney for the plaintiff, and notwithstanding the implied recognition of the established rule on the part of the trial judge, the interests of the widow were hazarded and allowed to go to trial before a jury, without any request from her own attorney to amend her answer, or any suggestion that such a course be taken, from any source. As stated by the supreme court, the widow's attorney "should have confessed the demurrer and obtained leave to amend, which would have been cheerfully granted by any court. Having persistently refused to do this, we cannot remedy the omission here." In the light of these facts, is it not unjust to the supreme court of Oregon to persistently publish to the world that the court is responsible for the retrial of the case and for her failure to secure as large a verdict from the second jury, and for her being taxed with the costs of the first appeal to the supreme court, and likewise to publish letters written by her to her attorney, apparently at his suggestion, wherein she delineates her present extremly straightened circumstances? In view of the fact that her attorney seems willing to have this case persistently discussed in the newspapers, it seems to me no objection may properly be taken by him to an expression of an opinion on the part of one who also practices before the supreme court, that if he will follow the suggestions of the court in identical cases previously passed upon by the court, and not accept as law philosophical disquisitions about the subtilties of schoolmen, he will have his verdicts for his clients promptly affirmed. And may I also add the suggestion that most lawyers are sufficiently sportsmanlike, not to say professional, to accept responsibility for a course which they have persisted in squarely in the teeth of settled adjudications, and not permit, without protest, one newspaper article to criticise the court, even inferentially, for declaring to be the law in his case what it has expressly declared at least three times before in a period covering 44 years. C. R. E.

Condemns Near Side Stop.

Portland, Jan. 16. — To the Editor of The Journal—I and many others would like to know how long the street car company intend to stop the cars on the near side of the street. We had the present system not a dozen years ago, for a time, then changed back to the far side crossing, and if stopping on the near side then was not satisfactory, why is it now? It is a regular nuisance, getting on and off the car in the middle of the street. And that isn't the worst feature. We have taken the best of care of our parking, the same as of our lawn, and the majority of the crowd make a stamping ground of our parking and, worse still, right in front of our plate glass window, and some have no more decency than to let their children romp on our lawn.

I, with many others, am waiting impatiently for the change. E. B.

To Obtain a Patent.

Tenmile, Or., Jan. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—Where should I apply to get a patent on an invention, and how, and what will it cost?

I. H. P.

[Write to "Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C." and ask for a manual entitled "Rules of Practice," which contains forms of application, with instructions, and is sent free. It contains all necessary information.]

Why Not, Indeed?

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

A commission of naval officers has been named to select suitable sites for new navy yards. Why not enlarge its authority to disclose the unsuitable sites of some we have?

A BALLAD OF MANILA BAY

By Charles G. D. Roberts

YOUR threats how vain, Corregidor;
Your rampired batteries, feared no more;
Your frowning guard at Manila gate,
When our Captain went before!

Lights out. Into the unknown gloom
From the windy, glimmering, wide sea-room.
Challenging fate in that dark strait
We dared the hidden doom.

But the death in the deep awoke not then;
Mine and torpedo they spoke not then;
From the heights that loomed on our passing line
The thunders broke not then.

Safe through the perilous dark we sped,
Quiet each ship as the quiet dead,
Till the guns of El Fraile roared—too late,
And the steel prows forged ahead.

* * * * * * *

So through the dark we stole our way
Past the grim warders and into the bay,
Past Kalibuyo, and past Salinas,
And came at the break of day

Where strong Cavite stood to oppose,
Where, from a sheen of silver and rose,
A thronging of masts, a soaring of towers,
The beautiful city arose.

How fine and fair! But the shining air
With a thousand shattering thunders there
Flapped and reeled. For the fighting foe—
We had caught him in his lair.

* * * * * * *

The dominant blood that daunts the foe,
That laughs at odds, and leaps to the blow—
It is Dewey's glory today, as Nelson's
A hundred years ago!

THE MINISTER'S JOB

"W. J. C." in Detroit News.

A Michigan pastor has resigned as shepherd of his flock because the flock desired to do some shepherding on its own account for its shepherd. I have used those terms just to show how inadequate they are for the average church situation; for churches no longer regard themselves seriously as "flocks," and as for ministers being "shepherds" they must wield their crooks very diplomatically or the "flock" will hold a meeting and replace him. If a minister is content to regard himself as an amiable sort of Sunday lecturer, he can get along very well with the average church; but if he is really a called man and holds radical views of his duties and authority, he is paving his path with thorns. Sometimes he wins through; if he be an highly spiritual man (and spiritual men are usually endowed with plenty of common sense) he does win through; if not, he usually decides he can be more useful in some other field.

Only the other day a clergyman told me that after he was installed in his present church he was visited by a committee and solemnly informed that he need not greatly bestir himself in making present-day applications of the teachings of Jesus Christ. (The gospel is "safest" when kept to the flowing robes and allegorical language of Syria!) But what struck this minister most forcibly was the evident feeling of the committee that they were doing him a favor in thus permitting him to vegetate in his new charge. But he wasn't of the vegetating kind. He informed the committee that they might fossilize if they wished, but that he owed it to himself to keep himself intellectually and spiritually alive. And he is getting on very well—not with the timber represented by the committee, to be sure, but with the younger generation which is asking eager questions of the gospel.

* *

A minister's job may be as easy as he makes it; it may be as hard as his sense of duty. When the head of any other institution wants things done; the editor orders his staff, the foreman his workmen, the orchestral leader his players, the stage director his actors, the teacher his pupils; but the minister may not order anything. He must invite, persuade; the rewards he has to offer are not such as appeal to man's acquisitive faculty. If he be a man of power, he gets things done, even in a little church; if he be an ordinary man—as most of us are—he just struggles along with many heartaches over the indifference of people in general and "his own people" in particular; and sometimes he "speaks his mind" and destroys the relationship between them and himself.

Now the minister is human, intensely so. No one enters altruistic work who is not human above the average. And as a human being he has his feelings and opinions. He knows the tight-wads who pray loudest; he knows the fault-finders, who work least; he knows the lovers of doctrine who will not practice what they say they believe.

But may he stand in his pulpit and denounce such people? Oh, no. That is not what he is there for. You and I may denounce them as much as we like. The newspaper, for example, fulfilling the duty of the publicist, may take the chief pillar of the church and castigate him publicly for his anti-social conduct. But the minister's work is to restore such people. He is working on them from the inside, not from the outside. He regards the offender as a soul—a soul to be saved from its meanness; a soul to be restored to what it was meant to be. If he began a course of denunciation, he would simply destroy the road of communication and influence he may have set up between himself and the man denounced. And as a usual thing, no matter who or what the man is, he is better off as a foundling in the church than as an outcast from it.

* *

Yet the minister has the same temptation to "cut loose" on these misshapen souls as the rest of us have. Some ministers do that, and for a time are popular, because people like to hear others' faults exposed and denounced. But such preaching wears out quickly. The "called man" does not fall into that snare.

And because he works on a constructive instead of a destructive plan, the minister is oftimes criticized as being "mealy-mouthed," or "afraid to speak out." He is not afraid. More times than we know he speaks to the man directly. But he knows he has no more call to make public exposures than physicians or confessors have. And yet he knows what is said about him by those who never go to church, and who would scorne him if he followed their advice; and it is not strange that sometimes he feels the burden of it.

* *

The minister's authority and the source of his power are not in his office, but in his spiritualized personality. He lives in an age that requires an intellectual approach to spiritual truths, and more than that, a spiritualized personality to exemplify them. His work is "the cure of souls." If he degenerate to a Sunday lecturer or a moral publicist, or a Christian politician, he has his place in the world's work and a wide field before him; but that field is not the pulpit. "The cure of souls" is just what it implies—an interior work.

PERSONAL MENTION

Passenger Agents Visitors.

A party of Southern Pacific passenger agents from southwestern cities are at the Imperial on a visit over the lines of the system. Among them are C. M. Reeves, Waco; S. Erickson, El Paso; J. B. Porter, Houston; W. A. Snyder, Lake Charles, La., and Lewis E. Nitschke, Austin, Texas.

Auto Sales Manager Arrives.

T. L. Tincher, district sales manager for the Haynes Motor Car company, is in Portland, on business with H. L. Mann, distributor for the local agency of the car company. Tincher is staying at the Multnomah.

Banker Goes to Bay City.

E. G. Crawford, president of the Lumbermens National bank, has left the city for a business trip to San Francisco.

Army Officer at Multnomah.

Colonel F. M. Caldwell, U. S. A., is a guest at the Multnomah.

A. J. Splawn, ex-mayor of North Yakima, is at the Imperial. He is a breeder of fancy stock.

J. M. Slocum is a Salem visitor at the Portland.

George A. Beavis is registered at the Cornelius from The Dalles.

P. Bogardus is a Bridal Veil arrival at the Perkins.

Roger W. Moe, of Moser, is at the Multnomah.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Pittenger of Astoria are guests at the Oregon.

C. L. Knickerbocker is a Sheridan arrival at the Cornelius.

W. C. Washburne, a Junction City merchant, is at the Imperial.

H. C. Meade is registered at the Multnomah from Cody, Wyoming.

Mrs. George A. Tonee, of Bend, is a guest at the Portland.

M. L. Denham, Elgin attorney, is at the Nortonia.

C. E. Brown is a Stayton visitor at the Perkins.

J. G. Richardson of Salem, deputy state corporation commissioner, is at the Multnomah.

A. H. Lea of Salem is at the Imperial.

R. C. Hoskinson of Burell is at the Cornelius.

C. M. Rosenberg is an Oakland visitor at the Oregon.

K. A. Hayes of Aberdeen, Wash., is at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Johnson of Cayley, Alberta, are at the Imperial.

Dan Sommer, a business man of Elgin, is at the Nortonia with Mrs. Sommers.

B. H. Lage is a Hood River visitor at the Perkins.

Mrs. E. M. McGinnis of Los Angeles is a guest at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Johnson of Astoria are at the Nortonia.

T. L. Tincher of Denver, western manager for the Haines Motor Car company, is at the Multnomah.

F. G. Deckebach is registered at the Oregon from Salem.

The Torchbearer for Humanity.

From the Detroit News.

It is easy to lay blame upon nations instead of where it belongs, upon war. All of the nations have done things in this war that will not bear the light. Some of them are more advantageously situated than others with reference to smothering intelligence of what they do, so that we come to think at times that only one side of the struggle is guilty of harshness. All nations have been terribly hard in this war. The war has made them hard. It is the province of a nation like the United States to hold the light of humanity over against the hardness and from time to time wrench a little relief from belligerent hands for the service of those who have been made to suffer even more than war ought to have made them suffer. The United States is not neutral on the question of common humanity.

The Limousine Look.

From the New York Tribune.

Perhaps it is hypercritical of us. Riding in a limousine is a magnificent and awful thing, and how should any plain mortal be expected to endure it without amendment to his soul? Still, from our sidewalk, we do observe and protest. Can no human being, even though to the limousine born, learn to ride in a closed car and avoid the closed face, that blank, toplofty aloofness of expression so alien to normal American worry and cheerfulness?

The limousine look attacks any happy laughing debutante or bank president the instant the door slams and they sink back in what is technically known in motor car literature as "miladi's drawing room on wheels." It comes on or off the face very much as do the detachable tops that convert an ordinary touring car of commerce into a miniature palace fit to stand before the blazing glory of an opera house with a uniformed attendant handing in a very charming and expensive wife.

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.]

The Troubles of a Claim Agent.

THE public service corporations have troubles of their own. One of them is the person very slightly injured who demands damages and threatens suit. One of Portland's most notable public service corporations last year had an experience with a colored citizen of fast middle age, who slipped and fell as he alighted from a car. He presented himself the next day to the claims department, limping and demanding consolation.

He was given a pair of crutches and a bland standoff. But every day he appeared to talk over his case, and every day he was suffering from increasing lameness, until at the end of 10 days he was scarcely able to drag himself along on his crutches, aided by an active and bright-eyed 12-year-old son.

The claim agent offered him $50 to call it square, and put the money before him as a concrete example of aggregated wealth. The injured citizen of color could not resist the offer. He signed the release and slowly stuffed the money out of sight.

"Gen'men, Ah's much obliged," he said. "Ah's sure ah has no mo' use foh dese crutches. Mabby dey'll help somebuddy else some time." And he walked out with a step that surprised even the claim agent.

Whitewashing the Captain.

It was bitterly cold. Captain Price was officer of the day. It was necessary for him to inspect the guard after midnight, and, fearful of the grip, he sought prevention in hot toddy, says the New York Times. Fate decreed that he should be reported drunk on duty. Now, the men in the troop thought much of their genial captain. They petitioned McSweeney, orderly to the troop commander, to go to the court-martial and swear to anything, but to be sure to clear the captain. So it came to pass that McSweeney appeared as a witness. The judge-advocate said he must swear to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Then he thundered:

"Do you know the accused?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer, "he is my troop commander, Captain Price."

"Did you see the accused on this date?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the condition of the accused?"

"The captain was sober, sir."

"The testimony reads that he was intoxicated."

"No, sir."

"It is further stated that you helped the accused to his quarters."

"No, sir. I went over to the quarters with the captain."

"It is said that you helped the accused into his bunk."

"No, sir. I took off his boots."

"Did the accused say anything that would lead you to suspect that he was intoxicated?"

"No, sir. He only said one thing."

"What was that?"

"When I was leaving, sir, he said: 'McSweeney, call me early. I am going to be Queen of the May.'"

The Village Munitions Co., Inc.

FORMERLY THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The smithy used to stand;
The smith, a prosperous man, is he
As any in the land.
For many a shell in a foreign trench
Now bears the smithy's brand

His clothes are new and fashioned well,
His foods are rich and rare;
His hands are nicely manicured,
And freshly trimmed his hair—
And he slaps the whole world in the face,
For he is a millionaire

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
And eke from night till day,
You can see his factory fires aglow—
(Three shifts at double pay.)
None makes more profit than the smith
In all these U. S. A.

And people coming home from work
Look in at the open door,
And say, what time they see the fires,
And hear the bellows roar:
"I wish I'd bought some Blacksmith common
When it was 24!"

Tolling—rejoicing—profiting—
With pleasure evident,
Each morning sees some shells begun
For some belligerent.
Something attempted—someone done,
Has earned two thousand per cent.
—F. P. A., in New York Tribune.

Queen o' the May in January.

By Ella McMunn.

At the corner of Broadway and Alder streets yesterday afternoon stood a girl in front of a window where there were skates, sweaters and advertisements of ice hockey games. With a cold drizzle and women hurrying past with their furs clasped close about their throats, the picture from every point of view was that of winter. Everything except the girl. She looked as much like spring as peach blossoms or the early hyacinths. On her head she wore a straw hat, trimmed in pink and blue maline, of the vintage of 1912, when they called them cart wheels and the car companies kicked because such hats interrupted and congested traffic, completely blockading the vestibules of trains when the hats got stuck going through the narrow doors.

In one hand she held a suitcase, but that she was not traveling, had not traveled and did not expect to travel, was evident, for she stool close to the wall and concealed as much of her pink face as she could under the huge hat, which came protectingly over the greater part of her features. She was about 17, and it was reasonable to suppose that she had some feelings of repugnance at appearing several months in advance of the spring season and several years behind 1917 style.

Women laughed as they passed her, and made remarks. Men looked shocked, but always with sympathy that so fair a creature should be thus reduced to such extraordinary demands upon garret and rag bag.

Only one woman boldly stopped and insisted upon knowing why she appeared thus, and was told that she merely felt the thrill of spring in her blood and wanted to come out in spring clothes. But the woman didn't believe her, and so she stood between her and the curious crowd long enough to learn that she was being initiated into a girl's sorority.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

There was a feller here the last Saturday before we finished the pertater diggin' who 'lowed there wuzn't nothin' in no foreign country we wanted in our grand and glorious constitution. I jest axed him if some of our constitution didn't come from England, and some from Holland, and wasn't a good idee like a new kind of spud, somethin' to be took for what it was worth. And he 'lowed I was one of the dadburned progressives, and must uv voted for Wilson. Some folks can guess right the first time, and he snorted when I congratulated him on bein' such a good guesser.