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made this conflict a war of liberation for deliverance of mankind from an unfit order. Measures taken by the American government against extravagant war profits on munitions supplied this country are sound policy. There should be no capitalization of war sacrifices for inordinate personal enrichment.

NO TIME TO TINKER This is no time for Portland people to be bedeviled with proposals to change their form of government. It is not possible now to have the calm and careful consideration necessary to choose wisely. Problems of Red Cross organization are occupying public attention. War has been made on America and the country is preparing to meet the situation with every resource.

Recruiting for land and naval forces is in progress. The bugle call and the voice of the drill sergeant are within hearing. There are local problems of the most weighty consequences with which men are struggling. Many issues of vital local importance are pending. Within two months there is to be a Portland city election and a referendum election. Nothing could be more ill-timed or more out of place than to throw confusion into an already confused situation by undertaking at such a moment to tinker with our form of municipal government. This will be other and more appropriate opportunities. Indeed, when a change is to be made, there should be a long and quiet period in which to work out the plan for change. The work should be done by a competent body of well known citizens with abundant time for preparing the proposal and for a still longer period in which to give the people full understanding of its provisions. Nothing like this has been done in the present instance. Scarcely two months is given for discussion of the plan and that amid the most momentous conditions that have been faced by the people in a generation.

calists, but who would have the heart to enforce it now when prices of food are so extravagant? The very argument which backs up the government's attempt to use against commission government is a powerful argument for commission government.

A Non-Militant, Yet Would Aid. Newberg, Or., April 3.—To the Editor of The Journal—The "Foreign Crisis" ballot in the issue of April 2 and am marking it carefully and prayerfully. Will you grant me a little space in the Journal to explain my position and conviction in regard to the present situation?

EFFICIENT AUTOCRACY THE notion that autocracy is by its nature efficient while democracy is inefficient and wasteful has lost something of its glitter in the course of recent events. But it still casts a deceitful spell over some minds. Dr. Boyd is reported to have sung the praises of autocracy in a public address the other night, pointing out its wonderful advantages over democracy. He illustrated his theory by the case of the Panama canal, which stands before the world, so Dr. Boyd seems to imagine, as one of the great triumphs of autocracy.

Unless our memory is widely astray the Panama canal was built by a democracy and not by an autocracy. But the democracy which built it had the fine good sense to entrust the details of its construction to a single capable head. From this fact, we suppose, arises Dr. Boyd's error, which is a very common error. It consists in the notion that there is no such thing as democracy, unless every Tom, Dick and Harry have their fingers in the pie, while if the business is put in capable hands and no silly meddling allowed you have autocracy.

Dr. Boyd and others might escape from their error if they would pause and reflect that both democracy and autocracy must carry out their schemes through agents. Neither the monarch on his throne nor the democracy in its myriad homes can do anything except through intermediaries.

History shows that democracy is quite as apt to choose efficient agents as autocracy is. Most of the good things that have been accomplished on earth have been done by democracies through their well chosen agents. Most of the foolish things have been done by rotten autocracies.

For it is characteristic of autocracies that they quickly rot, as we may see by glancing at Russia, France of the Old Regime, England under the Stuarts, Rome under the emperors, Persia under the line of Xerxes, Constantinople under its Byzantine tyrants. We wish Dr. Boyd, or somebody who thinks as he does, would give us an example of an autocracy which was not rotten within a generation or two of its full establishment. And with rot has always come deadly inefficiency.

The much praised efficiency of the Prussian autocracy has sent several million men to useless deaths, "ravaged Belgium and France, covered the bottom of the sea with unken ships and the bodies of dead sailors and loaded the backs of men with debts they must toil and starve for centuries to pay. Was democracy ever so wasteful or so senseless cruel?

The truth is that democracy with all its mistakes and faults is creative and kindly. It loves, it produces. It does not prey. And if now and then it grows inefficient through carelessness, it contains within itself regenerative powers which quickly sweep away the waste and the waters and confront great problems with great men. Democracy always has a Lincoln in its bosom reared for the day of need.

THE MIDNIGHT PLAN THOSE who demand return by Portland to aldermanic government argue that the body which levies taxes should not expend the money. Why not? Is there anything more efficient in American life than the big business corporations? Their boards of directors levy the taxes which the corporation assesses against the public and the same boards make the company expenditures.

It is pleasant to notice that the culture of chickens is increasing and the culture of dogs declining in certain parts of Portland. Chickens enjoy some clear economic advantages over dogs. They lay eggs and they do not bite people. But they are not without some perplexing problems. There is the rooster, for instance. He is denounced by the profane as "a noisy cuss" who tunes up at 2 o'clock in the morning and continues his song until the middle of the forenoon. When a dozen roosters join in a musical competition the night becomes too lively for sleep. There is a city ordinance against keeping these vol-

better than copy the systems of American business. A few minutes after that body had adjourned since did, Senator Birch returned to the senate chamber to get into a room he had left there. He saw Governor Whitaker sitting by the stove with a sad look on his countenance. He asked the governor what he was doing there. "I have nothing to do here," said Governor Whitaker, "but I don't like to leave my stove, and I am waiting for it to cool so that I can take it." Whether or not he took it is not known; but the whole incident is entirely lacking in dignity. "Sir, the other fellows have stolen all the stove, pens, knives, inkstands, wastebaskets and spittoons. They would not take the stove unless it were carried away at the end of a session." A REGULAR MEMBER.

A Story of San Juan Hill. Portland, March 29.—To the Editor of The Journal—Notice a letter in the fourth of March by "Volunteer of 1898," telling of Roosevelt's near disaster—or blunder; whichever fits it best—at Santiago when he based away in the colored troops got there, but he did not think there were so many in there as there were, and he thought "he" could lead them into the trap. (They have themselves. The Spanish used about 25 or 30 men as a bait for the enemy, and Roosevelt thought that was the extent of their number. He made a charge on the mountain, for some reason, and left an opening for him to come through.) Then the rest that were waiting for him to come through closed up and there was no escape. He had been enough to tell the tale, if it had not been for the colored troops coming in the nick of time. As it was, those two colored troops saved the day for him, and they fought like tigers. So to the colored race he owes his life and the lives of his troop.

An Appreciation. Corvallis, Or., March 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—Miss Elizabeth Scott was married in Corvallis recently, at the age of 81 years, to the Portland woman's union. She was a woman of unusual and beautiful character, distinguished for qualities of cheerfulness, self-sacrifice, and patience in affliction; latter being demonstrated to a remarkable degree during the loss of her eyesight. I beg to offer the following tribute to her memory:

Dear friend of mine, I miss you so. Your gentle ways and kindly smile Through all the days that come and go To me are lost, but for a while. Your kindly patient, helpful life In the quietude of a quiet mold; And you, through earthly pain and strife, Calm, purified, came forth as gold.

You who hid with gentle mirth: A frailties mine gave you grace; You are with child, gentle were on earth. Now see Him face to face.

Restore Yamhill! From the New York Sun, March 30. The city commission of Portland, Or., has succumbed to an attack of mock elegance and under its influence has erased from the city directory the name and meaningful name of Yamhill street, substituting for it the commonplace and sordid Market street. Had the commissioners escaped "avaunt" and "adieu!" when sensitive reformers turned their attention to place names they usually riot in pretentious and inappropriate designations. The removal of Yamhill street is a grotesque common sense that will soon restore Yamhill to the directory. The Kelly clan, according to the Portland Oregonian, demands the undoing of the city commission's action. Oregonian itself cries for rectification of an error "thoughtlessly and ignorantly" committed.

Yamhill is ancient, respectable, typical historic. Alexander Henry, founder of the Northwest and the man, traversing the then unknown Willamette country, met at Yamhill falls, January 10, 1814, seven Indians, all "red Indians." They were of the Yamhila tribe, as Henry spelled it in his diary, the name being derived from the Yamhila, or yellow river. Yamhila became Yamhill and Yamhill became Yamhill. "It has an honored and undying place in Oregon history. The Yamhill river was the seat of early navigation, and the Yamhill country was the home of the first white settlers who cleared the land, tilled the soil, founded schools, churches, communities, civilization and there established the beginnings of a state. These are the leading citizens of Oregon who are proud to have hailed from old Yamhill. Well they may be for they belong to the real aristocracy of the Northwest. They are men of true living, high thinking, worthy doing and sound patriotism."

Space prevents my going into details of this argument, but should anyone desire, I will be glad to furnish them with data showing conclusively that Multnomah county has a very "poor excuse" for a district attorney and chief deputy.

THE SUN'S ARTICLE IS reproduced because it is believed it will be of interest to our readers of the Journal in respect of the fact that the city commission, considering the matter, had decided, on March 28, two days before the Sun's editorial was published, that the name should not be changed.

Purchased Multnomah Lodge. G. F. Kaufman, well known Portland hotel man, one time manager of the Hotel Commodore, who has been in the restaurant business, has purchased Multnomah Lodge on the Columbia river highway. Railroad Men Go to St. Paul. L. C. Gilman, president of the S. P., E. R. R. company, and W. D. Skinner, general manager, are going to St. Paul on a business trip. Glace Fruit Maker Guest. Max Mayer of San Francisco, a representative of the Lyons California Glace Fruit company, one of the largest makers of glace fruits in America, is a guest at the Portland Hotel Man Entails. C. C. James, manager of the Hotel Imperial, has resigned to assist in the Oregon National Guard. W. C. Dyer, Salem insurance man, is at the Oregon. George A. Beavis is registered at the Commodore in the Dalles. Dr. and Mrs. E. Milne of Marshfield are at the Imperial. Mrs. Melville P. Johnston of Rich-

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF SMALL CHANGE Rubber heels are contraband, but rubber-soled shoes are at a premium. Women's hats are to be smaller, which makes it more necessary to look for hats to hang the higher prices onto the war.

War with Germany will be simply for the speedy finishing of a job, business. The "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" spirit is entirely lacking. But the hand of America will be none the lighter for that; heavier, if any. An enthusiastic exchange admonishes the civilian: "When you pass a National Guardsman on the street these days, remember that the fellow who is there is your brother; he deserves it, all right, but who would be more ashamed than he if you should do so."

Both parties in England promise woman suffrage is to be granted if the suffrage question we may expect to hear, and so on to gain with suffrage, their immediate voice as implement for the silencing the process of military preparation as it relates to food.

THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY But liberty will not be satisfied with Europe part free and part bound. Not war will be satisfied with any part of the world bound. The leaven is working in Germany and throughout Europe, and it is only a matter of time before it will sweep them away, root and branch. It is not possible to name the number of despots who are to be overthrown. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs follow the Romanoffs into limbo; but the fact is as certain as the persistence of human nature.

What a magnificent event the Russian revolution has been! So quick, so certain, so tolerant, so comparatively bloodless. It has been so complete that it suggests a play on the stage, where the several parts have been rehearsed, and each actor in his appointed place. Not a mistake has been taken, not a line mumbled, but all has moved smoothly—not to the end, but to the present stage.

The hope that the Russian revolution may move on to the end is based upon the wisdom and self-restraint of the revolutionists. They have shown amnesty and freedom of speech they set the seal of genuineness on their democracy. Vengeance has ever been the stumbling block of revolutions. But the Russian revolutionists are not of that stamp; but as representatives of other men, their death marks their transcendence.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY The nose on your face (No. 2).—We should be careful about our nasal toilet; the regular use of nasal drops is a great benefit, and it is injurious and impairs the protective ability of the mucous membrane.

PERSONAL MENTION Adams are Walla Walla visitors at the Portland. Dr. W. Carruth of Yamhill is at the NORTONIA. E. D. Pools of Seaside is at the Perkins.

men, Ind., is a guest at the Multnomah. C. Wood is a Maupin arrival at the NORTONIA. E. D. Pools of Seaside is at the Perkins. Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Durbin of Vancouver are at the Washington. L. D. Nash of Nashville, Or., is at the Imperial. Mrs. E. W. Perry of San Francisco, a representative of the Hartford life insurance company, is at the Portland. M. A. Gowen is a Minnespota visitor at the NORTONIA. Mrs. B. C. Littlepage is at the Mosier. Mrs. E. R. Zimmer of Kelso is at the Perkins. Mrs. N. R. Morris is a Goldendale visitor at the Commodore. Mrs. J. W. Milne of Marshfield are at the Imperial. Mrs. Melville P. Johnston of Rich-

Asking for the Real News. REPRESENTATIVE H. E. F. L. N. of Alsea, Ore., known among his friends in congress as "Handsome Herlin," enjoys also the reputation of telling, with unequalled humor, good stories about the world he sees. The Popular Magazine. There are some parts of the south, Herlin says, where all the "best people" are Democrats, just as there are sections in the north where all the "best" are Republicans.

The Christian church at Milton has commenced work on a new church building that will cost \$20,000. Weston's brick plant is to be set in operation, the first of the new ones. On March 29 it snowed all day and turned off on a blizzard, which is the first snow since the blizzard of 1916.

While March, as observed at Pendleton, was unusually cold and windy, it was not even normally wet. The weather records, extending from the East Oregonian, that there was a shortage of one inch for the month. The weather records, extending from the East Oregonian, that there was a shortage of 2.45 inches.

The Omnipresent Allibi. Various people have various occupations. The Red Cross organization means, as the local work on soliciting new members are finding out, says the Pendleton East Oregonian's weekly, Bull Rogers. One local man, who has been accused as being afraid she couldn't pass the examination and another because she had a husband and two children whom she could not support, is the original excuse for not joining was that offered by the sweet young thing who said that she just never could stand the sight of blood.

As Our Mothers See Us. Neighbor—How did that naughty little boy get out of the house? Ditto—That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick. Election time was drawing near and an enthusiastic politician was addressing his constituents in a frenzied speech. A few of his assertions reduced to cold thoughts diametrically opposed to one another, says the New York Times, but each proposal was received with applause.

To Arms! 'Tis the tramp of marching millions that assails the listening ear. While the bugles sound the martial strain, Uncle Sam is in the saddle and his nevvies far and near. Are you with him with all speed to war's alarms. Every state within the Union—Men-A- come to the aid of Uncle Sam.

The Eternal Triangle. Sunday three Chinese peasants, one hen and two roosters, flew into town and lit down on the lot back of William Corwin's residence, says the Hillsdale Herald. At once engaged in a fierce rooster fight, and from the way the gaudy plumage was disheveled it was evidently a highly royal to see which would vanquish the other one and become the husband and "solid Muldoon" of the hen. The battle lasted for a half hour, when the "conquering hero" sized up his rival and flung him to the fall timber, the vanquished following in pursuit, realizing perhaps that he would have to select a wife from the more inferior damsels of his feathered tribe.

The Little Bay Mare. I saw you, beautiful little bay mare, in the shadow of the big tree. But my heart was heavy and full of pain, for I saw you in the shadow of the great, great tree. You were on your way, O little bay mare. When you arched your neck so high, to chafe and death, and horrors unthought of.

Men made the war for greed and more. Those men should suffer their share. But not 'tis the innocent that are the guilty. We'll have 'em. Just 'folks'—and you, bay mare, —Our Dumb Animals. Uncle Jeff Snow Says: Life Billieover was has a half cousin in the penitentiary. Tows they sized up the situation and they have the place fit for a decent convict to reform himself in. I asked him what was the matter with lettin' him come live in camp, the way they do in lead, and he said they would let him help the farmers plant and dig up. He give it up, but mebbe' will find out in time to fix up the place if it comes to that. My neighbor Billieover worked an' fussed a whole lot to fence in his goats 'fore a Jap came along and showed him how to cut the cord in one leg 'so' when Mr. Goat jumped out right where he stood from. Mebbe' we don't savvy how to handle convicts in Oregon any more.