

Oregon Journal
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
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YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW IN PORTLAND

PORTLAND is highly prosperous. Not long ago, the city was in commercial and industrial gloom. Today, business is booming. Money freely circulates. Christmas shopping outdid all history of Christmas shopping in Portland. Crowds clamor at business places for clerks to serve their needs.

There is a tremendous lesson in the situation. There are 16,000 men in an industry in which there was no man yesterday. A great shipbuilding industry has sprung up. Its thousands on the new payrolls are receiving big wages. Your worker is always a spender. If his wage is high, he has more buying power. The test of his spending is the size of his pocketbook.

And the 16,000 workers in an industry in which there was none before, are a new payroll of a million a month in Portland. It has made a new city. It is a transformed city. It is a city of gloom made a city of vigor and drive and buoyancy.

Purse strings are no longer gripped with a frenzied clutch. Quarters are not squeezed until the eagle shrieks with pain. A nickel is no longer treasured and clung to as a last possession. Money is everywhere and is circulating instead of being hoarded.

One great industry did it. The new shipbuilding payroll wrought the transformation from gloom to gladness, from inactivity to drive, from pessimism to hope. It is an eventuation that there is no way to misunderstand. Payrolls, payrolls, payrolls are the way to prosperity and abundance, the way to business and plenty, the way to gladness and cheer.

The 16,000 workers are creating new wealth at the rate of a million a month. Tomorrow, their creations will be greatly augmented. A shipyard that the Journal could name had 350 men a few weeks ago; it has 2000 now. Another with 700 now will have 5000 as soon as the plant can accommodate them and the workers be obtained.

The 16,000 workers of today are fashioning the crude products of the earth into finished product. The raw materials in the forest and elsewhere are taken at little more than nothing and made by human hands into implements of enormous value. It is the conversion of raw resources into quick made wealth, and especially in the case of wooden ships, nearly the whole is paid out in wages and for material in the immediate community.

We are to build 150 ships this year. We may build 200, steel and wood. We are to grow rich on this single great payroll. We are learning through letters of gold what payrolls mean.

Every house in Portland is worth more. Every business in Portland has enhanced opportunity for profit. Every industry feels the enlivening and heartening touch of this single great payroll. Every investor's holdings are made more secure with greater chance of profit. Every public service activity is on a safer and more profitable ground.

In the light of the change, in the swift jump of Portland from gloom into gladness, is there not appeal for every Portlander with a dollar to invest to think of payrolls, to plan for payrolls, to struggle for payrolls, to sacrifice for payrolls?

Will it be red like the Indians, with high cheek bones and long, coarse, black hair? Many eminent scientific men predict that our children in a century or two will be physical replicas of the Indians. The Roosevelts of that coming day will look like old Tecumseh. The Websters will be twin brothers to Sitting Bull. The Wilsons will be images of Chief Joseph who, if we may believe Colonel C. E. S. Wood, was the mirror of chivalry as well as a competent fighter.

The Indians were not aborigines here. They came from somewhere else, quite likely from Mongolia across Behring straits. They do not look a great deal like any Asiatics we have seen, but we must remember that time and environment have altered them. Time and environment will also alter us, and since the same causes are at work, we may expect the effect to be similar. There is solid ground for expecting our grandchildren of remote generations to resemble Hiawatha and Minnehaha in feature and color.

Shall we weep over the prospect? Not at all. The Indian blood, where it has mingled with the British, has been a good strain in American life. We know that some of the 'first families of Virginia' run their pedigrees back to Powhatan and his charming daughter, Pocahontas, and are proud of their lineage, as well they may be.

The uncontented Indian was proud, honest, truthful and loyal, all of which virtues are the boast of our own plutocracy and the British aristocracy as well.

He lived upon these shores for many centuries without any trusts, politicians, jails or saloons. He had no palaces but neither had he any slums. He had no labor unions.

If in assuming the bodily appearance of the redman, as we probably shall, we at the same time assume their clean and manly virtues and gain some of their immunities from the plagues of civilization, we shall have much to be thankful for.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS

IT may look like slipping too much honey from one flower to again refer to the Agricultural Bulletin of Crook and Deschutes counties. It is an extraordinarily good piece of work. Why could not every county, or every two counties, publish one?

This from Crook and Deschutes is the nearest sort of an eight page magazine with some advertisements, and quantities of live reading matter. It is edited by the county agricultural agent, Mr. Ward.

The two counties for which this magazine speaks have an agricultural council whose seven members are named in the bulletin. The council has an executive committee which, unless we misread the report of their proceedings, is a good deal more than a debating club.

An interesting item in the bulletin refers to the development of the mutual aid and confidence idea in that part of the state. At an agricultural meeting held last month, County Agent Ward made his annual report, in the course of which he mentioned work he had done for the co-op testing association and the potato growers' association. It appears, therefore, that out Crook county way both the dairymen and the potato growers have found it best to abandon the old go-it-alone method. They are working together.

To point the moral we could tell the reader of a fine potato district not a great many miles from Portland where the farmers have been planting considerable tracts for many years. Some years they get a good price. Some years there is no sale for the potatoes, which rot or are fed to swine.

Never in any year have the farmers a word to say about the price they get. That is all settled for them by speculators and middlemen. They have followed this hit-or-miss way for 50 years or more without a thought that there is anything better. In every section of Oregon and Washington where potatoes are grown an association would yield great benefit to the farmers. It would enable them to study the market systematically, introduce improved cultural methods, obtain better seed and, to a certain extent, better their own prices. The larger the association and the bigger the crop it controlled, the nearer it could come to price fixing. Marketing power is like banking power. It increases rapidly with the volume of the commodity.

Good potato seed is one of the prime needs of Oregon and Washington. The old stock has "run out" badly almost everywhere. It is so decadent that the vines rarely produce the tiny green spheres bearing the true potato seed. A vigorous association can do a great deal more in the way of replenishing seed than any individual can unless his means are plentiful.

VIBRATIONS

THE word "vibrations" is used a good deal currently by people who know what it means, and by some who do not. The word "wave" is less used, though it means more and is shorter. A wave is the initial onward movement set up by an immense number of vibrations. It is thus that light travels. Countless other particles are vibrating in unison. Each particle passes its own motion on to another and comes to rest. Thus the vibrations continually die and are resurrected, while the wave sweeps on as a never dies. A wave is like the life of a nation or the whole world, which is everlasting. The life of an individual, which passes away from him into the next generation, is like a vibration.

Sound travels like light, only the vibrating particles are not ether but air. Just as waves of light give us the harmony and discord of color, so waves of sound give us music. Light waves can be made to pour out of the most inert material if we heat it hot enough. Even common clay will do it, though the temperature must be high.

Little by little as the heat filters through its substance the clay seems to change its nature, taking on strange angular attributes. First it smelts dull red waves like streams of blood. As the heat rises, the colors purify, cleansing themselves, as it were, of dross, and striving toward the heavenly white.

At last the bloody hue is gone. The clay has lost its earthiness, its lusty dead inertness. It fills the air with waves immaculately white. Heat, the miracle. It is the heat of fire or passion that sets the atoms vibrating and builds up mighty waves to sweep through time and space.

Perhaps it belittles a human being to call him a molecule. He is in fact composed of many molecules, so far as his body is concerned. But his mind, if we may believe the philosophers, is a unity. Leibnitz called it a monad. That is the main argument for immortality. Inasmuch as our immaterial part is a unity it can not be dissolved by death as the body can. How can death divide the invisible? How can the spaceless soul be broken into parts? It does not, therefore, belittle our psychic nature to call it an atom. On the contrary it exalts us, giving almost the only assurance we have of ultimate victory over death.

And since our souls are atoms they vibrate. The atoms of ether vibrate in the heat of the sun. The soul vibrates in the heat of passion and waves proceed from human units which sweep across the world in resistless tides, as light sweeps down to us across the gulfs of space from the Pleiades.

The common soul is common clay, heavy, inert more dead than alive. Like clay it is passive, endures everything and makes no protest. The powers that own and rule the world make slaves of the common man to build their palaces. They make him a beast of burden to drag their gilded chariots, to till their land, to dig their gold and coal. They make him a brick to build into the bulwarks of their military states. They drive him into battle to fight their quarrels out, and leave him dead in millions to rot in rain and sun. Common clay, what else was he made for?

One other thing he was made for. He was made to vibrate. The wrongs he suffers are the fuel that feeds fire within him, a smoldering fire at first, not hot enough to wake the dormant angel in the clay. But the more wrong the more fire. Carlyle said the French revolution was the final evidence that convinced him there was a just God. It took a thousand years of wrong to start that wave. All through that thousand years the human atoms were vibrating, slowly to begin with, hardly moving, hardly felt, but toward the end the wave broke forth, blood colored, and nothing could stop it then.

The wrong of the helpless peasant, tortured and imprisoned by his lord, became the wrong of the human race. The moan of autocracy's victim in the Bastille became the groan and travail of the whole creation in pain together. The vibrating souls of Frenchmen heated to angelic passion by a thousand years of wrong merged into a tidal wave which carried over the wide earth the doctrine of Jesus Christ that "the hath made of one blood all the nations of men."

begins its tidal sweep. It cannot be long ere the day break and the shadows flee away. "Thy kingdom come." The country is put to it for money with which to feed and back up American soldiers and sailors. Money, after all, is the resource with which to win this war or any modern war, and two billions dollars is expected by America from the war savings stamp sales. Lloyd George says the last half a billion dollars raised may decide the conflict. It may turn out that the American war savings stamp sales will prove to be the turning point. Are you buying stamps and pointing out to others what buying the stamps may mean?

Letters From the People
(Correspondents sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on one side of the paper, should not exceed 500 words, and should be accompanied by name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published he should so indicate.)

Oregon's Unfamed Farms
Honolulu, T. H., Dec. 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—Note the letter regarding "B" and your editorial referred to in your issue of the 12th. The available land to be put to use, especially at this time. At the same time, there are five more to this, as to most questions.

Underpaid employments. Such men cannot fight—the inspired French swept them straight across Europe to the gates of Moscow.

It assembled with an avowed purpose as apparently chaste as that of another peace congress which is to come together one of these days. This congress of Vienna had upon its hands as gigantic a task as will confront the congress of the present day.

Selfishness and compromise, a mad scramble for the representation of the privileged classes of the ancient world, who thought they had conquered the French revolution for all time. All the powers did exactly what Germany and Austria have done in peace negotiations today. To understand that period's tragic peace, and the lesson of it all for us today, it is necessary to see exactly what the French revolution gloriously succeeded and where it disastrously failed.

France, in the decade following the fall of the Bastille, was a nation which was the same position that America has been in for the last eight months. We have tried to send to all the peoples of Europe, especially the peoples of central Europe, a message of plain people to plain people. It was this same tremendous message which the early French revolutionists tried to send to the peoples of every powerful government in Europe saw in the incipient revolt against Louis XVI and the divine right of kings which was the cause of the French revolution.

The Honor Due the W. C. T. U.
Portland, Jan. 5.—To the Editor of The Journal—Allow me to thank you for the article in your issue of the 12th of the Journal of December 25. To those who have felled the trees in the forest, the habit of greed, and the root of prejudice, planted deep with the plow of knowledge, sown with liberal hand the seeds of scientific truth, cultivated the crop in heat and cold, storm and sunshine, watered it with tears and warmed it with smiles, worked on unheralded and criticized, until the years were near a half century, and the harvest was the result of the efforts of the W. C. T. U. is due, more than to all other causes, the victories for the dry cause today.

Childing Certain Legislators
Lakeview, Or., Jan. 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—The list of lawmakers who voted for the sterilization bill you performed a public service. By a direct vote on the 26th of last season the legislature said they did not want an inhuman law of this kind. If the misrepresentatives who voted for it are left at liberty to go on for many years, referendum votes may be respected hereafter.

The Road to Nablus
From the Christian Post.
The road to Nablus upon which the British are moving north from Jerusalem, is a highway over which Jesus and his disciples often passed. It is a valley road between rugged mountains, passing through little villages, many of which are familiar to readers of the Bible.

Industry Running Top Speed
C. H. Cobb, a lumberman from Seattle, Wash., is at the Multnomah. Mr. Cobb will leave for Aberdeen in a few days on a business trip. Mr. Cobb reports the lumber industry running in all branches.

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Movie Problems
From Film Fun
"Was the puzzling director got away?" "Here's the problem—we've got a scene at the Pyramid."

Boreas, His Kennel
From the Kansas City Star
"I think a lot of Canada, all right, but I don't think we wish it would keep its blizzards at home."

THE MEANING
By Berton Braley.
LIBERTY never has meant that men could do as they pleased without restraint. Never in history has it been a creed of license, unbridled, free. To hardened sinner and pallid saint; Liberty simply means that we (Tom and Dick and Harry and me, Ella, Mary and Marjorie) shall have a decent and equal chance to love and labor, progress and advance, so long as we do not interfere.

THE "GERMAN PEACE" OF 1814
From the Philadelphia Ledger
In September, 1814, there assembled in Vienna a congress of the powers to establish permanent peace. Its negotiations resulted in a situation calculated to engulf the world in permanent war.

Living the Old Testament
King David and Queen Mary are rulers of 700 persons in a peculiar religious sect at the village of Barmouth, who believe, says Capper's Weekly, they have descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel.

When the Blue Star Turns to Gold
The legend has been made that when a soldier dies the star of blue upon his service tag is changed to one of gold.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:
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Before the flickering shadows On the hearth. An aged couple kneel In supplication deep. For they cannot speak. But feel.

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"How to Live" Receives Commendation of Surgeon General of United States.

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Ragtag and Bobtail
Stories From Everywhere
To this column all readers of The Journal are invited to contribute original matter—short stories, verse or in philosophical observation—of striking originality and interest. The selection of exceptional merit will be paid for at the discretion of the editor.

The Gull as U-Boat Chaser
THE gull seems to be coming in for a lot of abuse, on the ground that he robs the fishermen of his prey, and is a of no earthly or watery use to anybody except for his feathers, says "Girard" in the Philadelphia Ledger. The crowd, Frank H. Stewart, president of the electrical company that bears his name, president also of one of the largest fishing outfits on the coast—the Ocean City Fishing Club. He says: "It is just as sensible to blame gulls for the high cost of fish as it would be to blame robbers for the high price of apples."

Depreciated Currency
George B. Thomas, "the man who got the moon" for the Moose Temple, went down to San Francisco for the year's day to visit relatives and friends. While there he called with a party at the Elks' club, and passed over a \$20 bill on the surface of the water following a school of fishes. Every boy on the beach knows that a diving, screaming flock of gulls indicates a school of fish. Like an aviator they can see below the surface, but they cannot reason that all things under the surface are not fish. They expect something to appear on the surface of the water following a commotion beneath. That something is food. When the gulls detect a submarine, they follow it like a school of fish, and if their hunger is ever attacked by the U-boats, we shall be sorry that we have not 10 gulls for every one we have now."

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