

Oregon Journal

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

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

Foreign Advertising Representatives:
Jensen & Knott Co., Broadway Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, 900 Market Street, Chicago.

He gives power to the faint and to them that have no might He increases strength.—Isaiah 40: 29.

HOW SINCERE ARE WE?

THE sale of War Savings Stamps is one of the most democratic steps the United States government has ever taken. It is one of the most democratic steps that any government could take.

We are waging a war to defend our liberties from death. Nothing in the world was ever more certain than that if the Hun is victorious democracy will perish. Our soldiers are fighting for all that we hold dear. They must be armed, fed and clad for the struggle.

IN THE SMALL TOWN

WRITER in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger laments the inefficiency of the small town public library. He accuses it of being a "center of culture."

The sum of these complaints seems to be that the library is too holy. It is a sacred and secluded place consecrated to the worship of culture in the form of novels. It ought to be a resort for the eager and busy public who care little about culture and much about life.

Here is a note which, we think, should be sounded again and again in every preaching on the failures of our rural institutions. The library is not the only one of them which withers up and goes to seed after a few short months of activity.

It is the game with the rural school, the rural church, the rural dramatic society. Some witches' curse seems to blight them. They never become "resorts" like the pool-room and the barber shop. Why not? We have laws aimed at making the school house a resort, or a "community center," as the learned put it.

Nor is the small town church a resort. Nor is the library. Our Philadelphia Jeremiah says they are all blighted with "culture," whatever that may signify. They wither; they pine; they rustle wanly in the idle winds of gossip.

BUILDING EMPIRES

IT MAY seem impossible, but irrigation has increased the proceeds from the alfalfa crop in Klamath county 500 per cent. It has done the same for barley. The value of the oats crop is ten times as great as it was before the government irrigation project went into operation, eight years ago.

We who live amid the copious rains of Western Oregon have no conception of what irrigation means. Irrigation creates empires of production. It builds cities. It establishes schools and libraries. It drives civilization forward.

Table showing alfalfa production in 1908 and 1917. Columns include Acres, Value, and Acres. Values show a significant increase in both area and value over the period.

The cattle output increased in the eight years from \$55,636 to \$346,000, chickens from \$3082 to \$7426, hogs from \$14,171 to \$39,781, and sheep from \$534 to \$88,693.

The figures are for farmers reporting on irrigated farms under the government project. They do not include the big figures with similar increases from farms under private projects. The latter are greatly aided in many ways by the government operations.

For example, the government has a power canal at Klamath Falls which it leases to a local power company at a moderate rental with the provision that power for pumping on private projects shall be at a very low rate. This has greatly stimulated pumping and each year it brings about large increases in areas thus reclaimed by private irrigation.

Nor do the figures above include the Fort Klamath and Bly sections, where the production nearly, if not quite, equals that of the Klamath product. In short, the totals above are less than half the farming industry of the county.

This wonderful development in a single county conveys some idea to those unfamiliar with the subject of what reclamation will do in the development of the so-called dry land sections. Klamath county has an annual rainfall of about 15 inches against the 40 inches or more of Western Oregon.

The main agricultural portion of Klamath is the former bed of a very large lake, and although the different portions bear separate names, they are all about 4100 feet above sea level and are connected.

The old lake, which disappeared when the Klamath river cut its way through the present gorge, left the lower portions covered by water in what are now the Upper Klamath lake, a natural reservoir from which most of the water comes to supply the government project in the central portion of the valley.

The Lower Klamath lake, partly in California, and its surrounding tule marshes, covers an area of over 90,000 acres, and Tule lake, lying east of the Lower Klamath lake, has an area of about 94,000 acres.

get away from the triple mystery of our being. We are souls. We are minds. We are bodies. Make the small town library religious and it will thrive. Make the rural church religious and it will thrive.

There is in the body somewhere a gland no bigger than a pea which distills into the circulation tiny drops of fluid. A surgeon could cut out the gland and you would scarcely feel the loss at the moment.

The War Stamp is a banking system in which the relation between the individual and his government is direct, uncomplicated and close. It is the best system for taking care of savings ever devised.

A GREAT SCHOOL. One hundred and thirty-five young people, all young women but four, were graduated from the Oregon State Normal school at Monmouth Wednesday.

It is 135 young people intent on work, filled with purpose, expecting to serve. There was no insignia of wealth, no badge of birth, just 135 bright eyed, fresh faced, serious minded lassies and laddies going out to help build up the American school system.

Out on a broad plain in Eastern Oregon there is a white school house with a red roof. Most of the country school houses over there seem to be white with roofs of red.

The attendance arose to 875, but war has decimated the enrollment of students. The abolishment of a sophomore class and the restriction of the curriculum to purely normal training, has further cut the attendance, and it now stands at about 500.

There is an able administration. From a long service in active teaching, President Ackerman knows every teaching problem, and adds to that information a splendid administrative ability. A faculty of fine intelligence makes its presence and work felt in the public exercises at the school and in the output of the institution.

The plant is beginning to approximate the standard that a state of the educational progress of Oregon should have. Among the buildings is the "Senior Cottage," housing 26 girls, modernly appointed, and built from the earnings of the girls' dormitory presided over by Mrs. Todd.

The school system of Bismarck was a main influence in transforming the peaceful people of the 30 independent German states into a fierce and ferocious fighting mass. In America we must push the effectiveness of our common schools to meet the antagonistic influences of the Bismarckian school system, with its Prussianizing effects.

spirit in everything he writes. He discerns the seamy side of life, but he smiles at it. He does not rail. He is gentle, tolerant, wise and always satirical.

Some of his satire is like Heine's, but with more truth in it and less sting. His poem on "The Little Girl" is a gem in Heine's plan. It begins with sunshine. It ends with tears.

Every War Stamp bought is a blow struck at the kaiser. He has the supreme virtue of practising what he preaches. "The world would be better if speakers would boom the old-fashioned virtues and keep them in bloom."

Washington, June 22.—A 250-mile radius from Portland is about the line at which wool may profitably be shipped to Portland for scouring.

A big, husky soldier came in to see me one day. He was Marshall McAllister, secretary of the Eighteenth Engineers. My brother Harvey said he had been to school with you at O. A. C. He wrote me that you were somewhere in France.

I sat across the table from Mrs. Ruth House in another occasion. She had just returned to a most fascinating narrative about her work. She is secretary for women's work of the World's Student Christian federation, just as Dr. Rouse is secretary for the same organization.

Letters from the People. [Comments sent to The Journal for publication should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be signed by the writer. The address in full must accompany the contribution.]

Six-Cent Fare Case on Merits. Astoria, Or., June 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I want to congratulate O. E. Frank on his change of ideas and because of the favorable result it will secure that line could be drawn around the territory in the vicinity of 250 miles east of Portland. Tariffs could then be amended to discourage backhauling to Portland from territory east of this line, and adjusted west of this line to basis so that wool within this distance may be profitably scoured at Portland and Thy Dalies.

WALT MASON'S BOOK. A DIP into "Walt Mason His Book" confirms the belief we have long held that Walt is a "rattling good" poet. He punctures humbugs with a lyric fervor that delights and uplifts the soul.

Walt Mason punctures our bubbles but he does it with an infectious laugh. "If you will be fools," he says blithely, "permit me to smile at your folly." But he does not get angry at us, nor does he make us angry with him.

THE WAR SAVINGS STAMP ARMY

By Elias Lieberman. OUT of the poor man's strain and stress, Out of the rich man's fruitfulness, Millions and millions of little men Assert the might of democracy.

Our silent army plods ahead, Our bugles never blow retreat; Our ranks defy the whizzing lead, Our ranks stretch out for many miles; But grim as Death and like him dumb, We march ahead. We come! We come!

The rich man's feast, the poor man's crumb Allike give life to us. We come! We come! We come! —From the Nation's Business.

JOURNAL MAN ABROAD

By Fred Lockley. [News of Oregon men and of Y. M. C. A. activities in Mr. Lockley's letter published today. Such letters as this have proved an exceedingly popular feature of Mr. Lockley's staff correspondent of The Journal in France.]

Somewhere in France—On a certain Saturday night I gave a talk at a camp about 40 miles from here, on "A Westerner's Impressions of France." Among the men composing the audience were a number of men of the Twenty-third Highway Engineers. One of the men of this organization fell into talk with me.

I have met Mr. Arthur R. Priest of Seattle, or Dean Priest as he is usually called. He has been connected with the Y. M. C. A. of Washington 19 years. He is here in Y. M. C. A. uniform, looking out for the interests of graduates and students of the University of Washington.

A big, husky soldier came in to see me one day. He was Marshall McAllister, secretary of the Eighteenth Engineers. My brother Harvey said he had been to school with you at O. A. C. He wrote me that you were somewhere in France.

Edward Release, a Lake Charles, La., a business man of the south, is at the Multnomah hotel for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw of Mill City, Or., are at the Benson hotel over Sunday.

PERSONAL MENTION. Major W. C. Rafferty is at the Portland hotel, where he is stopping for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw of Mill City, Or., are at the Benson hotel over Sunday.

Army Officers Visitors. Major W. C. Rafferty is at the Portland hotel, where he is stopping for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw of Mill City, Or., are at the Benson hotel over Sunday.

Journal Journeys. North Beach, in Washington, a Suggestion of Choice Resorts. Now that vacation days are here, the city dweller feels the lure of the great outdoors. For those who live in Oregon other "distant" places of choice are where to seek relaxation and change of scene.

Ratgag and Bottaib

Stories From Everywhere. The Blind Marcher. In a large parade this week, writes a Margaret R. Sangster in the Christian Herald, there was a certain marcher—a woman who wore the white apron and flowing headpiece of an official Red Cross worker.

Playing Truant. Charlie had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young mates, who accosted him with the usual question, "What's anything?" Charlie, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded, "Ain't been home yet."

One of Those Lucky Accidents. Umson leaned back in his chair at the dinner table, held a corky between the thumb and first finger of his right hand, and eyed it closely. Mrs. Umson, says the Youngstown Telegram, looked, but did not smile. Pinching the corky and moving it up and down as if to carefully ascertain its weight, Umson continued his inspection. By this time Mrs. Umson was glowing.

A Perfect Alibi. Alfred Francis, composer of "The Love Mill," was examining girl applicants for places in the chorus, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. When he asked one her name she replied, "Minnie Sota."

A Song for Uncle Sam. [Mr. Bonaparte's March] [The author of the verses in this accompanying note says: "I have one boy in the army, one in the navy and one in the aviation service. The first one is a Doughboy. The second one is the die in the hour is past for freedom to the heroes."]

Uncle Jeff Snow Says: Education and religion is powerful restraint on men's savage nature, I know; but the reason dogs were prohibited from entering the Habbit Hill in Wilson county, Texas, back in '78, was because they dogged kick started in a fight once in a while right in meedn', and the dogs were not allowed to enter while the women jumped over the winders. Sometimes the preacher got out first, and sometimes the women got first, and the dogs were not allowed to enter in the wall. After bustin' up several congregations and revivals the no-dog law was clapped on to stay.

Journal Journeys. North Beach, in Washington, a Suggestion of Choice Resorts. Now that vacation days are here, the city dweller feels the lure of the great outdoors. For those who live in Oregon other "distant" places of choice are where to seek relaxation and change of scene.

Journal Journeys. North Beach, in Washington, a Suggestion of Choice Resorts. Now that vacation days are here, the city dweller feels the lure of the great outdoors. For those who live in Oregon other "distant" places of choice are where to seek relaxation and change of scene.

Journal Journeys. North Beach, in Washington, a Suggestion of Choice Resorts. Now that vacation days are here, the city dweller feels the lure of the great outdoors. For those who live in Oregon other "distant" places of choice are where to seek relaxation and change of scene.

Journal Journeys. North Beach, in Washington, a Suggestion of Choice Resorts. Now that vacation days are here, the city dweller feels the lure of the great outdoors. For those who live in Oregon other "distant" places of choice are where to seek relaxation and change of scene.