

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER... PUBLISHED EVERY DAY, AFTERNOON AND MORNING... C. E. JACKSON, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon... TELEPHONES—Main 1713; Home, A-6651.

I have no patience with the foolish talk which would make us nothing but imper-

TWO YEARS AGO

TWO years ago today America went to war. Overnight the nation turned its feet from the path of peace and sent its sons and daughters across the sea dedicated to the cause of a victorious liberty for all humanity.

It has taught us much, this two years of war. Still more, America is a new America in the eyes of the world.

To Americans the war has taught the virtue of self reliance. It has taught us how to suffer and still to smile. It has taught us how to fight and yet to be just and merciful.

THE World of Vancouver, B. C., publishes a characteristic letter from a farmer named Thompson, who lives at a town oddly called Dewdney Mudill.

THE Turks are shipping their German military tutors back to the Fatherland. The hot affection of yesterday is cold hash today and not very appetizing hash.

ELSEWHERE in today's Journal will be found a section devoted to the home and to home building, a problem prominent in the minds of Portland citizens at this time.

Palaces do not make a city, for they house the rich, and the rich are the exceptions. Cottages do, for they contain the common man and the common woman, the bone and sinew of all communities.

When you start for an all night journey to Klamath Falls you are compelled to go on a long excursion into California before you reach your destination.

is hardly noticeable. In Oregon, where we have blooms all the year round, winter and spring are normally indistinguishable.

COAST TO COAST

ANOTHER page serious minded Portlanders urge the Port of Portland commission to put on a steamship service between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts via the Panama canal.

They suggest for a beginning, that ships be chartered, and that in the end vessels be built in Portland particularly adapted to the trade.

It is a proposal for Portland to have service at cost of operation. It would be a service, on which no profit would be paid to private individuals or corporations—a service in which no dividends would be paid on watered stock.

There are men on the Port commission who are capable of employing and supervising persons to handle such a project. They can find and employ a man who would operate such a coast-to-coast line, economically, effectively and successfully.

There were not many cases, however, in which the good varieties of trees were abandoned for alfalfa and wheat. The 20,000 acres of trees dug up represented badly selected varieties, as well as trees planted on ground unsuited to apple or pear culture.

Higher transcontinental rates would little concern Portland if this port had a coast-to-coast line of steamers, operated at cost with rates at that minimum never attained except in water transportation.

Not since the peak of the real estate boom a decade ago have been so many sales of Oregon farms as at the present time.

THE fruit industry in the district has become highly stabilized. It is now on a thoroughly commercialized basis with all the former speculative features and over capitalized trimmings absent.

There is business optimism at Marshfield, Coos county. Litigation has thrown the C. A. Smith milling and logging operations into temporary stagnation.

THE Turks are shipping their German military tutors back to the Fatherland. The hot affection of yesterday is cold hash today and not very appetizing hash.

ELSEWHERE in today's Journal will be found a section devoted to the home and to home building, a problem prominent in the minds of Portland citizens at this time.

Palaces do not make a city, for they house the rich, and the rich are the exceptions. Cottages do, for they contain the common man and the common woman, the bone and sinew of all communities.

nothing to the tenant but cancelled checks and the remembrance of a shelter. A home breeds confidence and self respect. He who owns one is his own master, undominated by the caprices of any overlord.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

nothing to the tenant but cancelled checks and the remembrance of a shelter. A home breeds confidence and self respect. He who owns one is his own master, undominated by the caprices of any overlord.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

nothing to the tenant but cancelled checks and the remembrance of a shelter. A home breeds confidence and self respect. He who owns one is his own master, undominated by the caprices of any overlord.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

By Henry Van Dyke

THOU warden of the western gate, above Manhattan Bay, The fogs of doubt that hid thy face are driven clean away:

No more thou dreamest of a peace reserved alone for thee. While friends are fighting for thy cause beyond the guardian sea:

Oh, cruel is the conquer-lust in Hohenzollern brains: The rats they plot to gain their goal are dark with shameful stains:

Britain, and France and Italy, and Russia newly born, Have waited for thee in the night. Oh, come as comes the morn.

O dearest country of my heart, home of the brave desire, Make clean thy soul for sacrifice on Freedom's altar-fire:

And all the peoples lift their heads in liberty and peace. April 10, 1917.

OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

trip in eight days. Landing at Liverpool, we went immediately aboard the train, going direct to Southampton.

"Yes, I am a Portland boy," he said. "I was born here in Portland on May 2, 1897. My people moved to Roseburg in 1903."

"I was unable to buy a Victory bond, you can at least afford to buy War Stamps. The test of devotion is the same today that it was in the days of Pizarro and the Marne."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Ragtag and Bobtail

Stories From Everywhere

Intensive Farming AN INDICATION of what will happen when capital gets to farming, comes from the East, where J. P. Morgan has hired a former aviator to work as a flier on his wheat ranch in Montana.

Crusader Song (Air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic") For five long weeks I've tried my best to do each day a chore.

Chorus I have brushed my teeth and every night have slept ten hours of more.

Chorus I wash my hands before each meal and clean each finger nail.

Chorus I try to mind my teachers, and each little rule obey.

Chorus I love to take warm soap baths, especially on showers when they're fresh and cool, and use a glass of water after each meal I drink.

Chorus I have tried to wash my hands with no more real sense than a chicken with its head cut off.

The News in Paragraphs

World Happenings Briefed for Benefit of Journal Readers

GENERAL The world's first "air port" is being established at Atlantic City, N. J.

GENERAL Mrs. Nora Miller is still awaiting at Oakland a word from her mother, who is following an attack of influenza.

GENERAL Records show that at the three Port World War veterans' rallies, E. D. Ely was killed by Jim Cameron, a heavy-weight negro pugilist.

GENERAL Lieutenant Colonel Frederick W. Dickman, who was killed at the battle of Cantara, was buried in the cemetery at New York City.

GENERAL The late "O. S. Salem" boyhood home of Abraham Lincoln, has been presented to the state of Illinois by William A. Lincoln.

GENERAL Baron Rosen, former Russian ambassador to the United States, arrived at Newark, N. J., on Friday, and is expected to escape the Bolsheviks.

NORTHWEST NOTES All garbage useful for hog feed is collected here in Spokane.

Hammond, Or., will pave its streets and install a municipal water system the coming summer.

A contract was let this week for a new bridge across a small creek at Hood River, with a cost of \$250,000.

Mrs. Mary S. Galloway dropped dead at Hood River Wednesday as the result of a heart ailment.

Construction work was begun this week on the new \$500,000 flouring mill to be built by the Port of Astoria.

The big lumber mill at Powers, employing 150 men, and the logging camp, with 500 men, will soon begin operation.

Clinton A. Lathrop, convicted at Spokane for shooting his wife to death last February, has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

Many former Oregon Agricultural college students who were drafted into military service are reported to be in the hospital at Camp Lewis.

The Central Chamber of Commerce has adopted a budget of \$1900 for the coming year.

The Edwin Briceboe boys' home at Orilla is left \$123,000 by the will of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Foss, Seattle pioneer and philanthropist.

Bids will be asked on April 30 for the construction of a new Pacific highway at Toledo that will cost \$125,000.

On account of farmers being busy with spring work, Judge Belt has postponed the trial of the case of the court for Folk county to April 21.

The state board of control has recommended that the case of the court for Folk county be postponed to April 21.

A coastwise movement for higher salaries for teachers was launched in Tualatin Saturday by Dr. W. W. Wilson of Bonton, editor of the New England Journal of Education.

Pendleton school have completed arrangements for the erection of a new temple, which will be one of the finest in the state.

Reports in circulation that the Roumanians had evacuated Bessarabia are denied by the Roumanian minister at Vienna.

Every Day Should Be Thrift Day in U. S. A. (Stories of achievement in the accumulation of War Savings Stamps, sent to The Journal, will be published, and a prize will be awarded a Thrift Stamp.)

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

By Henry Van Dyke

THOU warden of the western gate, above Manhattan Bay, The fogs of doubt that hid thy face are driven clean away:

No more thou dreamest of a peace reserved alone for thee. While friends are fighting for thy cause beyond the guardian sea:

Oh, cruel is the conquer-lust in Hohenzollern brains: The rats they plot to gain their goal are dark with shameful stains:

Britain, and France and Italy, and Russia newly born, Have waited for thee in the night. Oh, come as comes the morn.

O dearest country of my heart, home of the brave desire, Make clean thy soul for sacrifice on Freedom's altar-fire:

And all the peoples lift their heads in liberty and peace. April 10, 1917.

OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

trip in eight days. Landing at Liverpool, we went immediately aboard the train, going direct to Southampton.

"Yes, I am a Portland boy," he said. "I was born here in Portland on May 2, 1897. My people moved to Roseburg in 1903."

"I was unable to buy a Victory bond, you can at least afford to buy War Stamps. The test of devotion is the same today that it was in the days of Pizarro and the Marne."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.

Portland, March 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am still in search of a quiet place to live. I am not the end; the immortal soul faces eternity.