

Oregon Journal
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED BY J. E. JACKSON, Publisher
[We claim to be content, but do not do so unless we have them to do so.]
Published every week day and Sunday morning.
At the Journal Building, Broadway and Taylor street, Portland, Oregon.
Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.
TELEPHONE—Main 7175, Automatic 800-51.
All departments reached by these numbers.
FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
Benjamin & Kenton Co., Brunswick Building,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York; 900 Madison
Building, Chicago.
Subscription terms by mail within the United States:
DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON).....\$5.00 (One month).....\$.50
SUNDAY.....\$.25
One year.....\$2.50 (One month).....\$.25
DAILY (MORNING OR AFTERNOON) AND SUNDAY.....\$7.50 (One month).....\$.75



I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little more as I grow older.—Montaigne.

THE RECKONING

FRANCE has quit buying American pork.

England began a wholesale cancellation of American pork orders last week, and has bought no pork of us since.

Germany wants to buy our pork, but cannot do so because of the worthlessness of the German mark.

These were announcements in yesterday's news dispatches. Weeks ago, New York banks began refusing to cash European bills of exchange.

Europe has long been without gold to pay her trade balances, and has been buying of us on credit. With her credit here stopped, our export trade with Europe is nearing an end until Europe can emerge from her bankruptcy.

That is why the French and Britons and Germans have cancelled their pork orders.

Goods cannot go from America to Europe when the various methods by which they can be paid for have broken down. They cannot go over the Atlantic if there is no way of realizing on their value. Export of them is blocked at the ocean's edge, they fall back on the home market, and must be sold here at whatever prices can be got.

Stoppage of exports makes accumulation of surpluses here. Money to carry these stocks at home increases the money demand and that increases interest rates. Increasing interest rates increase the cost of production and tend to disarrange industry. Thus, when exports are cut off, dislocation begins at home.

All this should have been foreseen by congress. That body by a constructive policy, could have done much to stabilize Europe. Both Europe and America have been kept ignorant of what the peace settlements were to be for more than 15 months after the armistice was signed, by the obstruction, dilly dallying and horse play of congress.

If the world had been given prompt assurance that America's great moral influence was to be exerted in stabilizing Europe, if it had been promptly indicated that the invaluable moral guidance of the United States was to be exerted in shaping world affairs, there would now be a greater confidence among men in the stability of Europe and a continued market there for American exports. All this was declared in big advertisements published broadcast by the New York State Chamber of Commerce.

We have been living in a fool's paradise, and congress either didn't have sense enough to see it or didn't care a whoop. Our prosperity was largely an inflated prosperity. We went ahead as if peace were a settled fact and reconstruction in Europe and America actually in progress.

Now our exports to Europe, which were part basis for our enormous activity, are almost at a standstill. Congress may now be able to realize that the rotten game its obstructionists have been playing is to bring a reckoning.

No doubt the maker of the machine, that, without damage, launched itself down a steep and rough hillside, burst through a fence and came to rest against a telephone guy wire, will claim for it a brand new and unexcelled endurance record—unless some jealous competitor asks him why the brakes didn't hold.

THE SAYING SPIRIT

SO LONG as the spirit of Lincoln is the spirit of our leaders; so long as the Lincoln type is the ideal of our people, that long will the spirit of America be free, and America safe.

So Chaplain Gilbert told his auditors at the Lincoln day banquet Thursday night. There is a lot of wisdom given there in tabloid form. It would be well for Americans everywhere to consider it.

Poor, he was the friend and counselor of the poor. Rich, far beyond the average in mind and thought, he sought fair treatment for all—the wealthy and the poverty stricken, the high and the low, the educated and the illiterate.

He prayed, and believed, that government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth. Trouble, discord, dissension did not daunt him. He pressed forward always with his face to the right, his heart optimistic because he felt and believed that the great heart of his country was sound and sane.

Chaplain Gilbert is right. We need more leaders like Lincoln. We need more followers like him also. We need his rugged honesty in many of the high places and in the low. And like Lincoln in his optimism. We believe that the spirit of Lincoln lives in the country today. We front, as he did, grave dangers. There is disloyalty here and there, sporadic fungus growths which grow quickly and which will die as quickly. There is discontent, unrest and dissension. It is a fever and will fade because the blood of America is pure and its heart is sound.

The spirit of Lincoln does live. It will guide us, and it will save us, for the spirit of Lincoln is the spirit of America itself.

Lewis E. Lawes has inaugurated his wardenship of Sing Sing prison, New York, by announcing a regime of "horse sense." He intends to keep the warden's office out of politics, to enforce an eight-hour work day for prisoners, to administer discipline through prison officials rather than prisoner organization, to temper discipline with courtesy, to punish but little, to provide the best of food, to employ the parole system and to use air and sunshine as reformatory agencies. Looks as if Warden Lawes had aimed his administration toward success.

WITH FLAG FLYING

AFTER investigating the manner in which Ciro Sepe, a streetcar track worker, came to his death, and after a deep and searching study of why the heavy truck ran over him as he stooped over a streetcar rail, and after carefully weighing all the evidence and studiously reflecting over the general preparedness of track workers for the future life, a coroner's jury gravely recommends that hereafter every such worker be required to carry a red flag.

Of course he should. And he ought to be made to display a tail light. And to make the precautions doubly sure he ought to be made to ring a bell or beat a bass drum. In any event there should be strict insistence on the red flag. If his work is such that he cannot conveniently display the flag, he should hire a boy to hold it aloft. The boy could also ring the bell or beat the drum and trim the tail light and send up an occasional rocket.

The coroner's jury has really made a great and valuable suggestion. Why not require every pedestrian to hang out a red flag when in a street? And to make their preparedness against oncoming motor trucks more complete, why not make everybody wear shin guards, chest protectors, baseball masks and head guards, in addition to tail lights and storm signals? And why not make them all, as they cross a thoroughfare, blow trumpets and sound sirens?

Obviously a big red balloon would be more convenient than a red flag—the track worker or pedestrian in the street could tie the string around his neck and have hands free for action. Possibly the coroner's jury has not thought of that feature. What is better, three or four or half a dozen balloons, one above the other, could be displayed without the slightest inconvenience. With tall columns of red balloons above him the location of the worker would be so definitely fixed that the driver could hit him every time.

A London convict died of an acute heart attack during an exciting dream. Is that what one would call auto execution?

A RAY OF LIGHT

THERE are several ways to determine why at the next election the bill should be passed which provides for the establishment of an Oregon employment institution for the blind.

Let the voter close his eyes. Let him grope among familiar objects suddenly grown strange and formidable in the darkness. Let him imagine a sightless future and think not only of how he would feel deprived of beholding God's sunshine and flowers and streams, but of how he would solve the problem of making a living.

The blind man selling pencils on the street corner doesn't want to be there. The blind woman who exchanges songs for charity would rather have another way of securing support. But the sightless must have an opportunity for training, especially proportioned to their handicap.

The proposed school for the adult blind is intended to furnish opportunity for independence. There is no prouder sensation than that of ability to care for one's self and one's dependents. The measure is intended to get the sightless off the street corners, to relieve them of the humiliation and unhappiness of accepting charity. It is designed to permit the blind to become economic assets instead of a burden upon generosity.

If you should become blind, think how you would welcome such an opportunity. Think of the gratitude

that would be inspired in you by the liberality of the voters of the state. Think of how you would put unusual energy into learning that you might justify the special provision in your behalf.

Perhaps the viewpoint of the sightless can be better secured by a quotation from the state official pamphlet as written by J. F. Myers, principal of the little school maintained by the Portland school board for the adult blind:

I am a blind man. I am self supporting. But I owe my independence to the fact that through the generosity of another state I received training in piano tuning, chair caning, basketry and broom making. Thus I have been able to support myself and family. Otherwise I might be today selling pencils or shoe strings on a corner.

For the sake of the 500 adult blind in Oregon who can be helped to become self supporting I ask votes for the bill proposing a small tax for an Oregon employment institution for the blind to be located in Portland. Such an institution will be like a ray of light in the darkness to the sightless of this state.

David Warfield as Simon Levy in "The Auctioneer" is a powerful sermon. It indicates the doctrine of hate in a way and at a moment when the indictment sinks itself deep into human memory, never to be effaced. The laughs and then the tears are a play upon the heart that make it receptive to the deepest impressions, and all the subtlety of the great actor combines to make the lesson of human kindness enduring. The fact that the play has lived so many years and still attracts packed houses is proof that there is something in it worth while, and that while is the gentleness of Simon Levy as Warfield portrays it.

A FRIEND AT COURT

URGENT JUDGE ROBERT G. MORROW belongs to many lodges, fraternities and clubs. It is a habit he has in common with some other politicians and jurists or politicians or jurists, whichever it is the most fitting and proper way to couple it. But it is a habit which breeds thoughtlessness of expression which, unless closely guarded, sometimes begets strategic mistakes.

It was probably this habit of talking, safeguarded by the pass word and the mystic signal, that led Judge Morrow to be so frank in hurling his sarcastic barbs at the direct primary law the other day. Speaking to his party brethren in judicial vein, he was deploring the obsolescence of political oratory, discussion and debate. He contended that political discussion and partisan argument had become a lost art since we have had the wonderful direct primary system.

It may be true. But it is not also true that we have Judge Morrow to counteract our sorrow and misfortune? It is in memory that the able jurist did not don the ermine until after the wonderful primary system had come to dam the floodgates of political discussion, as the judge contends has come to pass.

It almost seems that equity should estop the court from so heartlessly goading the patient ass that bore the burden of his crudition to the wool-stalk, and, perforce, the paycheck that tags it month by month upon affidavit duly made and sworn to. It is not just polite, you know, to look too brazenly at the tonsils of the gift horse or kick him in the abdomen after he has borne you from the valley to the high country and the sunlight.

If you notice your neighbor blustering his hands at the beating of the family rug along with other symptomatic evidences of house cleaning, it will be as convincing evidence that spring is coming as the robin's returning song.

ONLY BEGINNING

THERE is evidence of what the Pacific International Livestock show is doing for the Northwest in the \$6000 hung up as prizes at the next show for Aberdeen Angus cattle. The award is by the American Aberdeen Angus association of Chicago. That organization has not heretofore offered prizes at the Portland show.

In addition, the association has put a field man to work in this territory. It has kept field men in the Middle West and South, all along, but never before in Pacific coast territory. For this work, J. P. Doherty, formerly with the Western Bond & Mortgage company, has been named, and his field will be Oregon, California, Washington and Idaho. Among his duties will be constant effort at improvement of herds, the extension of thoroughbreds and the general forwarding of the Aberdeen Angus breed.

The great work that the annual livestock show will do for Portland, Oregon and the Northwest is only beginning.

Now there are lamb chops at 70 cents a pound, and Robert Stanford running for senator. With what eager anticipations certain kinds of hungry politicians will eye the muton market and the election campaign!

PORTLAND VIGILANTES

WERE are the vigilantes? What are the 250 Portland men doing who were appointed to report violations of the traffic law to the police? Are they living up to their agreements when they undertook to make Portland streets safe?

There are 250 vigilantes. From three to 10 reports are received from them daily at the police station. Are they giving their earnest attention to their task?

war to monopolize them are being used down near Los Angeles and San Diego to help the fishermen find schools of fish in the sea. The adage that "there are better fish in the sea than have ever been caught," may be disproved by a method which gives the fish, the best and the worst, no chance for escape.

Letters From the People

[Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written to only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address in full must accompany the contribution.]

A Statement by Mr. Harrah

Pendleton, Feb. 8.—To the Editor of The Journal.—F. Langner, writing for the proposed cooperative wheat marketing association of Washington, put me in an unfair attitude by saying I voted for the plan and am now opposing it. Mr. Langner has been of great service through The Journal and in person, to the fruit growers, dairymen, poultrymen and other agricultural societies, and I am sorry to see him getting a bad start with the wheat growers. Since Mr. Langner was not at the Spokane convention and has heard only one side of the question, I would like to explain how I voted.

I stood up, gave my name and address, and stated that I was opposed to the plan, but since it had already carried, I would vote for it in the interest of harmony in the Farmers' union. I did this believing that the plan lacked the proper foundation and support, and knowing that the wheat farmers already had a company they liked. But I hoped the plan might be localized and tried out very soon. When it failed, there would be no more spots left.

I meant to give them a fair chance to try their scheme, and I did not want to appear a poor loser. Many left the hall while the vote was being taken. I saw my mistake soon after the convention and tried to correct it when Mr. Gimore said they were coming to Pendleton and they wanted me to help them. I stated to him in the presence of many others that I failed to get the vision and would not get under the load. I further advised him to concentrate efforts and try out the plan in a small territory. Since their chairman, N. B. Atkinson, lived near Walla Walla, I suggested that he be tried in Walla Walla county and if the majority of the wheat in that county was signed up for five years, then they would have something to talk about. Instead of localizing, they are extending their plans, before any place is signed up. Instead of with a majority of the wheat, they may begin on as little as one-tenth and hold the farmers to their contracts for six years unless they object before they begin. Instead of beginning in a small way at the bottom with the farmer, they begin in a big way at the top with the promoter and a full coterie of officers and hornblowers. Everything will be handed down from above, so the farmer will have nothing to do but hold the

Never Was a Better Time

From the Chicago News.
Now is the time for all parties to come to the aid of their good men.

The Journal Presidential Straw Ballot

Vote for one, placing X before name.

GERARD
HARDING
HOOVER
JOHNSON
LOWDEN
McADOO
OWEN
PALMER
PERSHING
POINDEXTER
POMERENE
SPROUL
WOOD

My party affiliation is

Name

Address

(Cut out and mail or bring to The Journal business office. Mark envelopes "Straw Ballot.")

The Journal Presidential Straw Ballot

Vote for one, placing X before name.

GERARD
HARDING
HOOVER
JOHNSON
LOWDEN
McADOO
OWEN
PALMER
PERSHING
POINDEXTER
POMERENE
SPROUL
WOOD

My party affiliation is

Name

Address

(Cut out and mail or bring to The Journal business office. Mark envelopes "Straw Ballot.")

loose end of the contract, raise the wheat and pay the bills. The farmer will learn that there is the same difference in organizing and being organized that there is in working and being worked. W. W. HARRAH.

The Reds

Seaside, Jan. 25.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Having read with interest the reports relative to the legislation aimed at a solution of the radical trouble I scraw space for my views, speaking for one hundred millionth part of the United States.

President Wilson is right in saying that the way to cure the evil is to get at the seat of the trouble. Deporting radicals will not remove the cause of their complaint. It is undeniable that under the present laws, money has a tendency to centralize eventually in the hands of a few, producing a condition so bad that the people rise in arms, as in the Reign of Terror in France and more recently in Russia. It is only a matter of time till the United States must pass through the same travail unless she is more wise than men who have gone before. Many remedies have been offered, several of doubtful value. The adjustment could readily be made by use of the inheritance and income tax. This would not use the methods and systems now in use to prevent more progressive legislation later on. So far, congress has given no indication that it wants to deal out justice to the common people. It has passed these taxes on down to the poorer classes (as usual). Any single person making \$1000 a year must pay it. This means, of course, anyone not in the poorhouse, but now if the public large fortunes the bills call for a small percentage, when they should call for 80 to 90 per cent. If congress could see the handwriting on the wall it would do this. The present state of the so-called moneyed class in Russia as an illustration seems to have been entirely wasted. The idea worked out fairly well in the Far East, and there again it is to be submitted they must be kept ignorant. The public schools, the democratic ideals, the principles that have been developed by great Americans must be abolished. There is something wrong with the scheme which allows one man to accumulate hundreds of millions in one lifetime, but it is worse to allow a man to inherit this money who has done nothing to produce it.

C. P. STEVENS.

The Bad Taste Won't Wash Out

Somehow the habits of a wealthy Portland resident on a jail sentence imposed on conviction of recklessly driving an automobile while under the influence of liquor, when taken in connection with the number of automobile accidents in the metropolis leaves a bad taste in the mouth. And all the more so when we recall that the same individual not so long ago stood trial on a charge of running down and killing a woman. It is true he was acquitted by the jury, but notwithstanding, the bad taste still remains.

Never Was a Better Time

From the Chicago News.
Now is the time for all parties to come to the aid of their good men.

The Journal Presidential Straw Ballot

Vote for one, placing X before name.

GERARD
HARDING
HOOVER
JOHNSON
LOWDEN
McADOO
OWEN
PALMER
PERSHING
POINDEXTER
POMERENE
SPROUL
WOOD

My party affiliation is

Name

Address

(Cut out and mail or bring to The Journal business office. Mark envelopes "Straw Ballot.")

The Journal Presidential Straw Ballot

Vote for one, placing X before name.

GERARD
HARDING
HOOVER
JOHNSON
LOWDEN
McADOO
OWEN
PALMER
PERSHING
POINDEXTER
POMERENE
SPROUL
WOOD

My party affiliation is

Name

Address

(Cut out and mail or bring to The Journal business office. Mark envelopes "Straw Ballot.")

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Have you had a little burglar in your home?

Still time to straw vote for presidential favorites and in case of a tie the candidates can draw straws for it.

The people who live in Easy street are always afraid there will be too much crowd for comfort if anybody else gets in.

The cost of living is reported to be on the downward trend. We'd like 25-cent butter as a starter, to grease the skids.

John Payne has been chosen as secretary of the Portland branch of the National Association of Automobile Owners.

For some reason the historians have always refused to make any reference to the fact that the first automobile was the way to higher and better things.

An Englishman of science says one may prolong one's life by eating just one chunk of garlic every day; but why one must lose one's friends.

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

The fairest creation of our fiction reading imaginations has been torn asunder. From Bret Harte on down to the present day fictionists have delighted in making their readers believe such things as "Red Rover" and "Tomboy" existed only in the picturesque West. Yet here come Oscar Heise Jr. and Miss L. Hesse out of the heart of the Far East, and there again it is to be submitted they must be kept ignorant. The public schools, the democratic ideals, the principles that have been developed by great Americans must be abolished.

Los Angeles has a home site colony of the city of Portland, from many of the cities maintain public camping grounds, much on the order of that of Ashland, Or.

H. J. Schulderman, present state corporation commissioner, who is angling seriously for the office of secretary of state, is at the Portland hotel, where he is radiating his interest about the city in an intensive study of the prospects of succeeding to the office.

D. M. Will seems to be a little uncertain as to where he will find peaceful repose in the city. He is registered at two hotels, undoubtedly because travelers cannot always find accommodations where they are sought. It seems certain, however, that Phil Metcalfe, who is a guest at the Multnomah, will be in the city for some time.

Independence creamery butter is given first choice in the homes of the Polk county city of Portland. From many of the wrappers of the butter do not carry the picture of the Polk county courthouse is that the most ardent of the ambitious folk of Independence have decided to move their house from Dallas. If the picture were used, however, it would be at the order of K. C. Eldridge, proprietor of the creamery, who is a guest at the Multnomah while transacting business in the city.

Half way between Bend, in Crook county, and Lakeview, in Lake county, is Silver Lake, Lake county, which is equidistant from the railroads that enter Bend and Lakeview. In spite of that slight handicap, the town of Silver Lake has found his way into Portland and his name appeared Friday on the

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

Portland's first speed limit ordinance is quoted today by Mr. Langner, who once again in the history of the automobile and, far back of it, notes other self-propelled vehicles, to the people to whom they were first offered.

If you will look up our city records you will find that in 1884 the city fathers of Portland passed "Special Ordinance No. 53," which reads:

"Ordained that any person or persons who shall drive, or cause to be driven, any motor vehicle, or any other vehicle, so as to thereby endangering the lives of persons on any of the streets or cross streets lying between the Willamette river and Fourth street shall be fined not less than \$5 nor more than \$20 to be recovered on suit before the city recorder."

From all of which it is evident that Portland has been wrestling with the problem of speeders for the last 35 years, though it has apparently not yet arrived at a satisfactory solution.

The man who started all the trouble for the speed cops was Joseph Cuquot, who was born on the 18th of June, 1875, and died on the 18th of June, 1918. Cuquot built a steam road-carriage operated by two single action high pressure cylinders whose pistons acted alternately on the front wheel. His car had three wheels, developed a speed of over two miles an hour and would travel nearly half a mile before it had to stop to get a new cylinder. It was steam. It failed to become popular because if a person was in a hurry he would have to get out and walk; so it was put into the Conservatory des Arts et Metiers in Paris for safe keeping, and there it may still be seen.

The real father of the present day automobile is George B. Seldon. For 16 years he pestered the patent office at Washington to give him a patent on a gas driven automobile. The officials of the patent office regarded him as a par with the perpetual motion car, and politely sidestepped his application.

After all, though, we shall have to go back to China for the beginning of the automobile. The Chinese used to travel in horseless carriages centuries ago, the motive power being sails. A Jesuit missionary, becoming disgusted with the axle of his coach, and he made him horseless coach go, off and on—mostly off, however.

After the coming of the railroads numerous attempts were made to operate steam driven vehicles on the roads of England, but parliament decided that the axle of his coach, and he made him horseless coach go, off and on—mostly off, however.

It would be interesting if some of these wise legislators of the early '30s and '40s could come back to earth and try to cross Washington or Portland streets at a rush hour or sit by the side of the Columbia highway on a pleasant Sunday afternoon. They might come to the conclusion that after all they have been mistaken, and that knowledge and wisdom didn't die with them.

Curious Bits of Information For the Curious

Gleaned From Curious Places

"Mother Carey's Chickens," or "Stormy Petrels," named by ornithologists as the smallest of all web-footed birds, were given names by sailors, who, in superstitious dread of the former, are afraid of the latter. When it is known that they are witches, or that they contain the soul of some shipwrecked mariner,

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SIDELIGHTS

Dallas Odd Fellows of Friendship lodge recently celebrated the paying of the last installment of their hall debt.

The snow has left the low hills, the Dreyfus Pioneer Sun reports, foggy weather prevails and the grass is making its appearance.

Thus does the Burns News chortle at Artomys monax. The groundhog came, he saw on February 2, but he did not conquer. He went back into his hole and lay down.

"It is wasting time to worry over the loss of this year's fruit crop before it is a reality," says the Eugene Guard. This old prediction is made regularly every winter and spring and nobody can remember when it was to any great extent justified.

Nature story from the Oakland Tribune: John Abeene and his partner J. E. Cooper, who have been skunk killing again, Mr. Abeene having captured eight more of the varmints, are reported to have together three have this season taken about 70 skunks. Some of the pelts have sold for as high as \$5 each.

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

Imperial hotel register: Silver Lake, Ore. has a great population, but as the principal trading place in central Lake county the town has a big degree of importance.

R. D. Pinneo, manager of the foreign freight department of the Pacific Steamship Company at Seattle, arrived in Portland Friday morning to inspect the methods of loading and unloading for handling foreign freight in this port. Pinneo spent the morning with Frank O'Connor, local manager for the company.

Miss Marie Sommer, private secretary to Manager Campbell at the Multnomah hotel, returned to her desk on Thursday after spending nearly a week on a business trip that took her to Seattle. Aside from the fact that it has many deficiencies and that it is totally incomparable to the Seattle isn't such a bad place, it is reported.

Professor W. S. Brown, head of the department of horticulture at the Oregon Agricultural college, was a guest at the Seward hotel while here to attend and take part in the farmers' week program at Graham. Professor Brown was here on a business trip, and he is head of the department of horticulture, when the latter resigned to associate himself with the Oregon Growers' association.

Miss M. Christensen has prospered splendidly in the millinery business at Astoria, where she has drawn much of the trade of the college girls and whose bills have perhaps added to the trials and tribulations of many an indigent father. When Miss Christensen first came to the Cornelius hotel and made that her headquarters during a buying tour, she did not ask for nearly as much as she does now.

R. S. Eccles of Baker, Or., and W. S. Eccles of Astoria, have both identified with the extensive Eccles interests, are