Oregon Daily Journal

C. A. JACKSON ..... Publisher

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
[Be calm, be confident, be cheerful and do unto others as you would have them do unto you.]

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Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE ONLY REVOLUTION

A GREAT state cast its vote yesterday.

It was self-government in action. Every individual of voting age had full freedom in making choice of candidates and measures. The ballots were all counted and out of the mass the final decisions were made by majorities.

That is America. Government is of the people, by the people and for the people. It is theirs to decide, theirs to control, theirs to order. It is exactly the kind of government the people see fit to make it, for they themselves are the government.

There was an open road to every polling place and an unmolested and untrammeled choice for every voter yesterday. There was order and quiet and peace as citizens filed in and filed out of the voting places in the process of depositing their ballots. To look on at such scenes and then to go off and complain that America is not a place of freedom and democracy is to be absurd.

To men who would overthrow our system and substitute another, this query is submitted:

What plan would they use? In what other way could the wishes of the people be ascertained? In what other way could there be self government? In what other way would the people decide the issues?

There is no other way. The ballot, universal suffrage, a fair count, the majority and a responsible and responsive head to carry out the decisions, these are the inexorable essentials to people's rule, and we have them all. We all saw them in full function yesterday. The people are their own governors.

But they say there are abuses. So there are. And the way to correct them is for the people to make education more universal, to make conscience more authoritative, to think more of the under dog and to participate more in public affairs. That is the only revolution heeded in America.

Now that the war is over, or, rather, now that the primary campaign is past, some violent feudists will probably have lunch together and in the comfort that follows the small black discover that they still belong to the same party.

SAVING LARCH MOUNTAIN

BY THE congressional act which the president recently signed, including the north slope of Larch mountain in the Oregon national forest, the people, particularly those who are resident of Portland, have been provided with a playground of indescribable features. Added to the 14,000 acres previously designated as Columbia Gorge park, the whole constitutes a recreational and inspirational area which cannot fail to prove a blessing to generations of beauty lovers, both present and to come.

The tract affected by the most recent enactment comprehends some 12,000 acres. It includes the area extending from the Columbia river highway to the summit 4000 feet above where one of the most majestic of the outlooks upon Mount Hood and surrounding country is had. It includes the watersheds of Multnomah creek, whose wild leap from dizzy heights into the depths of the gorge of the Columbia thrills all beholders, and of Oneonta creek, whose deep cleft gorge ever holds in its dim recesses the shadows of mystery.

Had private ownership of the lands been continued and deforestation allowed to proceed as in the past, the area would have been despoiled of its scenic beauty, the waterfalls would have been robbed of their force.

The professor of languages who became a page in the hatroom of the Los Angeles Athletic club will probably be able to understand a tip in almost any language. But will he be equally able to withstand the shock of sudden prosperity?

SEEN BEFORE THE SCREEN

ROMANCE is held in fee not alone by the screens of the motion picture show. It treads the boards not exclusively of the legitimate drama. At times it sits in the seats before the scenes. Occasionally it brings into warm clasp the hands that toil has marked. And with rose petal flutter of wings it brushes the dust of the years from faces that wrinkles have grooved.

Father, mother and their two boys were sitting in the dimness that is darkness when one first comes into a movie house. The brown skins and jet hair told a story of nativity in some Southern land where the sun burns hot. But his face was long and thin; hers was weary with care. One of the boys had evidently bumped his head on something sharp and the cut was only partly healed. To be honest, the group looked as if the home background might be a shack down by the railroad track and his daily winning of bread a tussle with the gravel and weeds along the right of way.

The boys were watching the shocking sequences of a border play. The little mother tried to, but evidently getting them all ready to come had climaxed the fatigue of a long day. Her head drooped. Her eyes closed. The father looked down and his face softened with understanding. His calloused hand patted hers very gently. When she opened her eyes and he smiled it was like the sweeping of a plumed hat from the gallant head of a grandee of Spain. It was like the reverential pressing of aristocratic lips to the hand of a lady fair when knighthood was in flower. The deep affection that spoke through the smile transfigured the little group. The mother sat with a queenly grace and the boys lost their interest in the picture to pay her homage. It was something more beautiful than any movie camera ever caught.

A New York man who had fortified himself against the dry future with several barrels of excellent whiskey, was arrested after a neighbor had told officials of the location of the liquor. Was the neighbor jealous?

THE PROFITEERS

IT'S a shrewd profiteer who in charging all the traffic will bear knows when he has extorted all his victims will stand. Most of them ultimately are the victims of their own greed. Eastern market reports state that silk moves slowly because the price is too high. Foreign orders for leather have failed to materialize because prices are prohibitive. Even domestic shoe jobbing has slackened except for the high grades of glazed kids sought by those who have more vanity and money than instinct for economy.

Sugar that the refiners admitted they could sell wholesale at 8 to 10 cents a pound but had priced at 18 to 20 cents to discourage unnecessary use, and because they could get it, has gone far above this rate, even at a point like San Francisco, where the sugar is refined. As a direct result fruit canners that usually have their season supply of fruit contracted, lack the encouragement of orders from wholesale buyers and are taking no steps to assure so much as the operation of their plants during the summer season.

The crew of a ship in Portland harbor threatens to strike unless a bird, the ship's mascot, recently disappeared, is found. It is a bird of an excuse for not working.

WHEN LEAGUERS COME

AT A luncheon in Portland yesterday it was publicly predicted that the next governor of Oregon would be a Non-partisan leaguer.

The prediction was made by Robert E. Smith, who is an opponent of the league. But he declared that organizers are at work in six counties in Oregon, and that in some of them recruits are being gathered with ease and in very large numbers.

He argued that a compact body of voters, throwing their ballots to a candidate agreed upon by the mass beforehand, could easily nominate and elect a governor.

The remarks were made at a luncheon held for discussion of the plan of a market commission. Bankers, wholesale merchants, commission men, professional men and various other interests were represented at the gathering.

The disadvantages with which farmers contend in the marketing and distribution of their products were eloquently portrayed by Judge Stapleton, jurist and farmer, and master of the Gresham grange.

He declared that the farmers are not getting a just share of the fruits of their labor and enterprise. He said that before them was the inevitable question of "how much are you paying" when they have things to sell, and "what is the price" when they go to buy. Under the system in which they market their products individually they are struggling under a handicap, the product of which is dissatisfaction, reduced production and insufficient profits.

That they are getting but a fraction of the profits they were entitled to on their production is fully realized by the farmers, and that they are restive under the condition was emphasized by Judge Stapleton, who made a strong appeal for action rather than mere talk in dealing with the situation.

Colonel Harris Weinstock, former director of markets of California, declared that a properly administered state market system had solved the farmer's marketing problem in California, and that it would effect the same result in Oregon. He told of the debts and near bankruptcy of California poultrymen before the two poultry associations of California were organized, and made comparison of those conditions with the prosperity of the industry as a result of the organization.

Before the associations were organized, the poultrymen were permitted no representative on the San Francisco Produce exchange, where the prices were fixed from day to day. But as soon as the associations were formed under the leadership of the California state director of markets a place in the Produce exchange was readily granted the poultrymen, and producers at once began to have a share in the fixing of the prices of poultry products.

Colonel Weinstock declared that California producers as a result of cooperative marketing are getting a greater share of the fruits of their labor than are the producers of any other state in America, and that as a result of it, unrest is gone and conditions in the agricultural districts so prosperous that Non-partisan leaguers have no chance to successfully invade that state.

The reason for the heavy increase in imports of eggs from Canada was recently discovered in New York. A man had just stepped from the boat, lugging a weighty basket of eggs. A taxicab hit him. The odor of rare old Scotch filled the air. The eggs had been filled with liquor and carefully sealed.

A NATION'S DECISION

THE entrance of Switzerland into the League of Nations as a result of the recent popular vote is significant. It is significant in that the people themselves voted by 400,000 to 300,000 to join the league. It is significant in that Switzerland has long cherished a permanent neutrality. It is significant in that the league was opposed only by parts of the German population and by the militarists of Switzerland.

The Swiss are a democratic people with centuries of political education. They vote five or six times a year. They keep in touch with events political. They live in the midst of the turmoil of Europe. From their calm mountains they survey the world on every side. They have seen the rise and fall of the balance of power under the leadership of England, France and Austria. They have seen recurring mobilizations of armies. They have seen the world thrown again and again into the fires of war by the machinations of European diplomats with selfish purposes in view. They visioned the whole world in red war from their neutral vantage point a short two years ago.

Her neutrality was as vital to Switzerland as the Monroe doctrine to America. She held back from the traps of war. She avoided the plots of wily ministers. She refrained from participation in the battles for thrones. But she foresaw the turning point in her own as well as the world's political history.

The election campaign was feverish. The federal council of seven, or the executive department, was in favor of the league. Four of its members stumped the country. Parliament voted three to one to join. Most of the political leaders were for adoption as were the chambers of commerce and peasants' union.

The only opponents of the league were the large German population and the leaders of the army. They wanted no league. Disarmament isn't cherished in Germany. And professional fighting men are against it.

But the junkers and pro-Germans were beaten in Switzerland. The votes of the statesmen, of the business men, and of the peasants prevailed. They were tired of intrigues, balances of power and wars. They had viewed results close up, and they chose the paths of peace.

The situation in America is similar. We have tasted of war and European diplomacy. We have mixed with balances of power and intrigues. We have noted their failure. Wars continue.

And as in Switzerland the lines in America are drawn. The workingman, the business man and the other elements that go to make up the great majority of the common people are for the League of Nations. The radicals and the militarists are opposed. They want no league.

But there is one essential difference. Switzerland made no sacrifice during the last war to establish permanent peace. America left more than 50,000 boys in Flanders field.

A New Jersey householder, evidently of some means and position, recently inserted the following advertisement in his local newspaper: "Wanted—Lady to assist in housework: must be stylish; fingers well manicured; willing to have her breakfasts served in bed; no washing, no cooking, no cleaning, sweeping or dusting; flowers and bonbons provided; salary or stipend, $200 a month; limousine will call." The bow of promise never shone brighter. A maid who wouldn't be attracted by such ease and luxury must have been stony hearted. But what if the man's wife read the advertisement? If she did, what tears, what upbraidings, what a procession of happenings to fill the husbandly heart with grief!

FROM THE "DARK HORSE" PADDOCK

By Carl Smith, Washington Staff Correspondent of The Journal

Washington May 22.—Now that Wood, Johnson and Lowden have bunched up in the preliminary heat of the presidential race, and it becomes certain that no candidate is likely to run away with the prize for several ballots, closer inspection is being given the paddocks where the "dark horses" are waiting. There are several of these, with Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania, Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts, Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin and Senator Kenyon of Iowa listed as the most prominent. An examination of the field shows that Sproul is in far the most favorable position, for several reasons, one being the fact that he will have the big Pennsylvania delegation unreservedly behind him, another because he is free from objections which immediately appear when the others are put on parade.

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Sproul is not a military man, so he does not meet the especial opposition of those who oppose Wood and Pershing as military men. He has no record as an irreconcilable on the peace treaty, and apparently is free from the argument raised against Hiram Johnson and Poindexter on that account. He has made a good governor and has large business interests, so he answers in this respect the requirements of the supporters of Lowden, who call for a man who has applied business administration to government. Then on the important test of progressiveness or reactionism, Governor Sproul seems able to catch 'em both ways. It has seemed almost incredible that Senator Penrose and Gifford Pinchot could be found supporting the same man, but this is happening in the case of Sproul. Pinchot was recently appointed by the governor as the chief of the Pennsylvania forestry department, and he is out for Sproul for president, with Wood as second choice. In Pennsylvania politics Sproul has been sometimes with Penrose and sometimes against him.

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In the country at large, outside the active circles of the politicians, it might be thought that Herbert Hoover would receive serious consideration as a compromise choice, but the big Republican politicians are not considering him at all. They do not expect him to start with many convention votes, and it will be their especial care to see that the Hoover infection does not spread. The conservatives would like well enough to take Harding or Nicholas Murray Butler but neither of these would satisfy the liberal wing and the Republican leaders are not so sure about electing "any Republican." They want somebody to hold both wings, so far as possible. The fact that Sproul is from Pennsylvania, a state the Republicans consider safe with any candidate, militates against him to some extent, but after all the elements are considered, it still seems a good tip to keep an eye on Sproul.

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On the Democratic side, the experts believe that William G. McAdoo has an excellent chance to win the nomination, and that "dark horses" may not be in demand. There is, however, one promising steed not much talked about who seems certain to receive attention if the convention reaches a deadlock stage. That is Secretary Edwin T. Meredith of the department of agriculture, an Iowa man, editor, farmer and progressive, who seems to combine in considerable degree the requirements of the situation at San Francisco.

Letters From the People

[Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on 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.]

WHEN LEAGUERS COME.

Scio, May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read all articles in The Journal regarding the Non-partisan league, but have so far failed to find anything very enlightening about conditions in North Dakota, which is said to be their stronghold. It seems The Journal might get us some facts from there, so we might know what's what. Have they a legislature made up mainly of chair warmers entirely dominated by a gang from their largest city? Have they a governor who vetoes unimportant bills because of the emergency clause attached, and lets one for $10,000,000 get by with the same tag on it? Are they carefully sheltered and protected from having anything to say or do about their roads or other home affairs? Do they allow a murderer to get off with about eight months' confinement? Do they allow drunken, dirty foreigners to run down and slaughter elderly ladies and little girls in the streets of their principal town? Do they have to get permits or licenses to do about everything except pay taxes? Are the farmers being robbed? Are they writhing and groaning under the tyranny of the Non-partisans, or does old Reuben Glue kinder sorter like it, by heck! Are they talking seriously of trying to prevent their legislature from doing things during the closing hours, by a divided session or some other senseless piffle? Do they elect and reelect the same old barnacles to the most important offices, term after term?

If we knew the facts regarding these matters, my brother hicks and myself would know better how to receive the leaguers when they come. Neither abuse nor praise proves anything. Abe Lincoln was abused, and Gus Moser has been praised. Neither does waving a tax receipt prove very much. I can flourish one that cost three times as much as it should. This league business may become a very serious matter, and calling the leaguers Reds, and so forth, may not settle it. Business and politics have no fear of the farmers, of course; but they are afraid of organized labor. The two combined might make it rather unpleasant for business in some ways. It looks to me that the farmers have had a mighty raw deal in times past.

Harry Freeman.

THE ENGINEER AND THE WRECK

Portland, May 11.—To the Editor of The Journal—A. T. Mercier, superintendent of the Southern Pacific railway, puts the blame for the train wreck last Sunday on Engineer Silas K. Willett. Possibly Mr. Mercier is right, but I contend he is wrong. Of course Mr. Mercier feels that it is his duty to fix the responsibility of the wreck upon someone.

In the first place, according to Mr. Mercier's own statement, Mr. Willett was a very reliable and efficient employe, and if he were not, why was he placed in such a responsible position? I believe Mr. Willett was a very careful and efficient engineer, and why should he disobey an old established rule? And he did not, regardless of what Mr. Mercier or anyone else may say. Mr. Willett was either dead from heart failure or a victim of epilepsy, five minutes prior to the crash of trains. Every electric car is equipped with the "dead man's control," and as long as the engineer grips that control his train will proceed. If the grip is relaxed, intentionally or accidentally, "the dead man's control" automatically disconnects the power and applies the brakes. But all dead men do not relax their grip; same applies to a person afflicted with epilepsy. Some of the passengers say the brakes were applied just before the crash. Possibly so; the motion of the train may have caused the engineer to relax his grip.

"Disobedience," said Mr. Mercier. Mr. Willett's family and friends, I am sure, will agree with me that the word "disobedience" is very obnoxious without adducing proof of his assertions. Let us give the dead the benefit of the doubt, and pass a law requiring two motormen on all passenger trains operated on a single track.

P. H. Powers.

LOUIS J. WILDE EXPLAINS

San Diego, Cal., May 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your paper of May 6 is a news dispatch regarding Mayor Wilde being scored by court and oil project being halted.

I wish to say this is not a fact and is all pure political bunk. A lot of my friends and myself did go into a jazz cat gamble to see if there was oil in this county or elsewhere, and that is just what we are doing. We have two wells going in this county and a payroll of about $5000 a month, and while this was being done there is an election approaching for congress and for mayor, and I am mayor and was reelected the second time without any effort and can run again if I care to and be elected perhaps with less effort. I have been proposed many times for congress on the Republican ticket and when Kettner made the race the first time I was proposed on both tickets, but took up the fight for Kettner at all times. I do not want to go to Washington. I have no political ambitions. I am in business and they do not mix well. I have many enemies because I have whipped them so often, they are very bitter and I am proud of all of them because they represent a class of people that are like near beer—only have a 2¾ per cent kick in them, and their Americanism totals up to that same weak percentage.

I have never done anything that I am ashamed of. I try to be right first and then fight afterwards, and I usually win my battles. There must be some reason for it. When you are armed with right you are armed with might. Temporary restraining orders, injunctions, suits and threats only make life's battle interesting and strengthen one's determination. The people who oppose me here are crazy about office. The judiciary is all up for election again, and every councilman wants to run for mayor and many down and out politicians, jellyfish and political cooties are out in bunches to get in the Republican bandwagon that is already filled up with junk from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, so somebody has got to get panned out who faces the firing line unflinchingly, and that's me-Bill, and I have never run from duty yet and I am going to ride from now on.

I am going to tell you about it, Mr. Journal, because you were always fair about giving the people both sides of the news and tried to run a regular newspaper.

The only reason this contemptible attack is made on me is on account of politics. As far as the jazz cat gamble is concerned, that is a healthy cat. We have over $150,000 worth of assets paid for and don't owe anybody a dollar, and about half of that is in cash in the banks here in town, and we are at work and with this letter I am enclosing some clippings which will show which way the wind is blowing and put you dead right and in the clear.

Yes, I was bawled out by the court, who did not know anything about the oil game or the jazz cat gamble, but did know he was wanting to be a candidate for congress.

Now you have got it and you have got it right.

L. J. Wilde.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

Portland, May 13.—To the Editor of The Journal—I want the water department of this city to give a good reason why they put their work in a private employment office, where a fee of $1 is charged. The taxpayers of this city maintain a free employment office and there are hundreds of men there every day looking for work in the city, while a private employment agency has been sending them to the water department, after charging $1 as a fee. I am not blaming the private employment agent for this, because he has a legitimate right to do it, but it looks as if there was something wrong when the city of Portland puts its work into a fee office.

E. A. Linscott.

["The bureau of water works has been unsuccessful in securing sufficient laborers from the municipal free employment bureau," says L. S. Kaiser, superintendent of the water bureau. "Therefore we have notified the various private employment offices to send men. We are unable to understand why some men prefer to pay $1 rather than go to the free employment bureau or inquire at the waterworks offices for such work"]

BEGGARS

Portland, May 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—With the amount of work in this country, it is strange to see so much begging by strong young men, not cripples or blind. I have come here from Omaha and I have never in my life seen so many men begging. I was eating in a restaurant the other morning when a man came in and sat down by me. He wanted to know if I was good enough for two. Think of the nerve.

E. E. Brown.

Curious Bits of Information For the Curious

Gleaned From Curious Places

Since the ostensibly despised but privately relished prune has gained the dignity of high price, it is interesting to note the advent of a particularly luscious species remarkable for its utter lack of a stone. In place of the usual adamantine core is a tender, unprotected seed, with the look and flavor of an almond kernel, making the whole fruit deliciously edible, according to Popular Mechanics. The development of this curious and valuable food product by a noted horticulturist has naturally extended over a considerable period of years.

Olden Oregon

Hardships of Road Locators, and of Immigrants Who Followed.

The first party to mark out a road over the Cascade mountains by way of the middle fork of the Willamette, in 1851-2, was attacked by Indians on the headwaters of the Malheur river. The Indians wounded three of the party, which was composed of seven, and captured the baggage. After wandering eight days, with only wild berries to eat, the survivors finally made their way to the old immigrant road, 60 miles from Boise. In 1853 another party was sent out to improve the trail marked out by the first party. The work was done so hastily and imperfectly that about 1500 people who took the new route from Boise to the Willamette valley became lost for five weeks among the mountains, marshes and lakes of the region about the headwaters of the Deschutes. While no lives were lost, many thousands of dollars worth of property was sacrificed.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Keep up the clean-up.

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The debt of the world is estimated at $200,000,000,000, of which we bear a share.

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It may be a little bit chilly now, but wait until the Shriners come. They'll warm things up.

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When Lew Blue of the Beavers knocks a triple it looks blue for the opposing team.

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Now that nearly everyone who could anywhere near afford to do so has built himself a house, the price of lumber is tumbling.

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A young man who was married over the telephone is now charged with bigamy. He was probably on a two-party line and didn't know it.

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Aviators flying 15,000 feet above Los Angeles encountered a snowstorm. Now when the motion picture people are in need of a snow scene they will know where to get it.

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A cow wrapped its tail around the neck of a Tacoma policeman and choked him almost to death. We have always been taught to believe that the other end of the cow was the dangerous end.

SIDELIGHTS

The fishing in Crooked and Deschutes rivers was well rested out last Sunday by a number of Prineville citizens, the Journal says, and was found to be much better than ever before.

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The Klamath Falls Herald's columnist says, inter alia (which is Latin for "among other things"): "It would not surprise the writer in the least to wake up some morning and find a real, genuine oil boom had hit Klamath Falls. But suppose it doesn't. We do not have to depend on oil. The timber industry will keep this town forging ahead for a good many years yet. So don't worry. Real estate will never come down. Not in your or my time at least."

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Building note from the Baker Democrat. "Whether or not it is best for a man to sell his home at a tempting price and find afterward that he is cast adrift into the street with not even a room to move into, is a matter for the individual to decide for himself. And this is the predicament a number of people have found themselves in of late. There are no houses for rent, and people are buying right and left and getting good bargains, too, considering the cost of construction of new houses. The fellow who sells must just take his chances."

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

Cold, hard business brings Judge Joe J. Dunham and Henry W. Beard, attorney, to Portland, yet the pair are finding time to enjoy the beauties of Portland—the beauties of a scenic nature, of course. The visitors are here to investigate charges of unfair competition by the Utah-Idaho Sugar company, the Amalgamated Sugar company and other smaller concerns made to the federal trade commission. Judge Dunham is an examiner for the trade body. With several assistants the two men have been taking testimony at Salt Lake City and Rigby, Idaho, strongholds of the Utah-Idaho company, for the last two months. They are going from here to Medford to resume the hearings. More than 500 witnesses have already been examined. Judge Dunham reports. The judge's home is at Buena Vista, Ga., but in two days that he is to spend here friends declare he will get idea enough of Portland's charms to make him at least desire a change of residence.

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Stepping out ahead of the field again, the Multnomah hotel organization, inspired by Eric V. Hauser, owner, has just issued a guests' guide for its patrons. The pamphlet is attractively illustrated and contains a mass of vitally important information for both the pleasure and the business visitor. Almost every logical question a visiting guest might ask about the city or the hotel is answered in the compilation, whose cover bears the red-feathered head of the Multnomah Indian symbol.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Nebergall of Albany are at the Seward hotel. Albany is enjoying a period of unusual prosperity, in which the Nebergall meat-packing plant is said to be taking its part. The plant was destroyed by fire a year or so ago, but upon the embers a bigger and better equipped institution has been erected and is in full operation. With its own fruit cannery, furniture factories and the like, Albany is developing her payroll beyond anything she ever had.

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Judge Harry H. Belt, who presides over the circuit courts of Polk and Yamhill counties when he isn't in Portland helping Multnomah county judges dispose of the local docket, is at the Imperial, registered from his home at Dallas. At the same rotel and accompanying the Polk county jurist is Walter L. Tooze Jr., who is assumed to have come to the big city to inspect the appalling ruins of the Poindexter-for-president primary campaign. Tooze, who lives at McMinnville nowadays, registered at the Imperial as from Dallas—probably excused by the force of habit.

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Justice Charles A. Johns isn't personally interested in the primary election, but he arrived at the Hotel Oregon Friday from Salem, where he sits as a member of the state supreme court, to look in on the findings of the public mind and to spend the week end in the city. Four of the judge's associates on the supreme court bench were renominated at Friday's election.

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Dr. M. Irvine of North Powder, Or., is at the Imperial. North Powder is down near the southern boundary of Union county, where the Powder river roars. It isn't a very big place as to population, but it contains 600 or 700 enterprising adults who find thrifty occupation at half a dozen callings. North Powder is the shipping and distributing point for Southern Union and Northern Baker counties.

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Mr. and Mrs. George B. Weber of Uniontown, Wash., are guests at the Multnomah hotel while in Portland on a business trip. Uniontown has a population of fully 400 and is situated in Whitman county.

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Kuppenbender Ben, who reverses that incorrect order when he signs his name to checks, is at the Multnomah from Tillamook. Mr. Kuppenbender is the tallest member of the Tillamook County Dairy association, and in addition sells groceries and farm machinery to other Tillamook county folk.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hawkins of The Dalles are guests at the Seward hotel while spending a few days in the city.

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L. M. Roser of Alder, Or., wherever that is, is a guest at the Cornelius hotel.

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G. V. Wimberly, who retired from the newspaper publishing business when his father's paper, the Roseburg Review, was consolidated recently with the Roseburg News, is at the Oregon hotel.

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Mrs. R. R. Lewis, whose husband operates the R. R. Lewis Merchandise company at Echo, Or., is a guest at the Multnomah.

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

[Here is another installment of the travels of a remarkable man—a wanderer—who, contrary to the rule governing wanderlust addicts in general, makes money wherever he goes, but who has decided that there is something far better than either wandering or money-making, and that something he is practicing here in Portland.]

If the ship you long thought had foundered suddenly came into port, how would you spend the money? I was talking to Leslie Cranbourne a day or so ago, and we discussed this very subject.

"Making money is not difficult," he said. "Getting something worth while for your money is much more difficult. I have always had the wanderlust. Life is too short to settle down to mere money-making while all of your finer faculties atrophy. I love to study men by mingling with them. I love to see new places. Some years ago I made $15,000 in about 18 months out of a novelty, so I decided to indulge my love for travel. I traveled leisurely to the Canal Zone, and while there I felt the lure of the languid Southland. I traveled over South America until my $15,000 had dwindled away. I saw the wonderful trade possibilities of South America. Returning to the United States, I secured a position with Tausig & Co., introducing their drugs into the United States. This job gave me a chance to display my salesmanship and took me all over the Southern states. I took a course in salesmanship, and 50 lessons in Spanish, to enable me to talk to cultured Spaniards in South America. I took a position with Harmon & Co. of New York city, putting on subdivisions. Times were booming. There was big money in real estate. I soon had what money I needed, so I resigned my position and bought a ticket to Liverpool.

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"I went to London, traveled through Scotland, to Paris and on the continent, until my money was spent. In one of the expensive hotels in London I ran across a very likable chap who had the agency for Great Britain for the Young Folks' library. We decided to go in together and introduce this work in Australasia. Needing ready money, we spent a few months in London and vicinity. The books sold so well we traveled all over England with them before going to Australia. When I had cleaned up nearly 1000 pounds, we sailed from Liverpool for Montreal. From there we went direct to Vancouver, B. C. We got there during the height of the real estate boom. My friend bought an interest in a big printing company. I went to selling real estate on a commission basis. Six months later I had enough money to start again on my travels. I went to San Francisco, to Honolulu, and from there to the Fiji islands, where I spent six weeks.

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"I had an excellent offer in the Fiji islands to go into business with the copra king of the country, but as I still had some money left and there were a lot of countries I had not seen, I turned it down. From the Fiji islands I went to New South Wales. From there I went to South Africa. I saw South Africa pretty thoroughly. In Johannesburg I met a theatrical man from the United States. He was very much disgruntled. He had brought out a lot of cowboy films, and the Dutch people exhibited no interest in them. We spent the evening together. Next day we drew up a partnership contract on a 50-50 basis. I hired a lot of native carts with ox teams, put big banners on them describing American life, playing up the superior skill of the American cowboy over the riders of South Africa. We played the next night to a capacity house. We started theatres in Kimberly, Pretoria, Johannesburg and elsewhere. The thing went so big that I was offered $15,000 for my half interest. I accepted, and visited East Africa, India, the Suez canal, the countries along the Mediterranean, and Asia. Thence I went to Berlin, to Paris and the beauty spots of France, and then in leisurely fashion all over Ireland, which, by the by, is one of earth's beauty spots. From there I went to New York city, and from there to Seattle, where I had good luck in a financial way. Within a year I cashed in and went back to South America.

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"Returning to America, I came to Portland, and went by motor to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Deciding to make some more money in Los Angeles, I secured a contract with Harry Culver to sell acreage between Los Angeles and Venice. It almost sold itself. I sold $90,000 worth the first week. During the next three years I built over 100 bungalows, selling them at a fair profit. I made an average of $3000 a month. I cashed in and went to Chile and Peru. Peru is a second California.

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"I crossed the Cordilleras into Argentina and investigated the cattle and wheat industries. I spent some months investigating the hardwood industry. I picked out Buenos Aires as a winner. El Senor Katz, the largest department store owner in Chile, entered into a contract with me to erect a huge modern hotel on his property and to subdivide his suburban holdings and put up houses. I was to have 10 per cent on the total cost of operations as payment for my work. This would have made a good clean-up for me, but the United States declared war on Germany and the whole thing was off.

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"I tried to get into the army as soon as I got back to New Orleans, but my stiff wrist knocked me out. I went to Los Angeles and on to Portland. I ran across Barclay Atchison. I told him I was trying to get into the Red Cross work to go overseas. He introduced me to Harvey Stone and Albert Grilley. Almost before I knew it I had been adopted into the 'Y' work. The more I studied the future the more I saw the big part the 'Y,' the churches and the schools must play in reshaping a disorganized and chaotic world. If there is any fault to be found in the work of these institutions it is that they lack salesmanship. They lack the 'go to it' and the 'go get it' spirit. They have the goods, but don't seem to realize the value of their line. The more I saw of Grilley and others like him the more I saw my duty to give my life to service and not to go on foaming around the world and living entirely for self. That's why I am here, at a salary that would not pay my gasoline bills a few years ago. I am trying to sell idealism, service and character in place of fruit lands or suburban acreage, and I find it infinitely more worth while."

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON NOTES

Work on the Salem Commercial club's free camping grounds is progressing rapidly.

Grain and alfalfa crops near Prineville are looking fine and making a great growth.

The Wasco county grand jury has reconvened its session of last February. Few criminal cases will come before the jury.

Prospects for excellent summer range in the Ochoco district were never better, according to the statement of forest rangers.

The Standard Oil company is limiting the sale of gasoline at Hood River in order to conserve it for the use of orchard tractors and sprayers.

With only enough gasoline available at Bend to meet the normal demand for three days garages and supply stations have been put on rations.

The right of a personal representative of a person killed in an accident on the state highways to sue and recover damages is established by a recent decision of the supreme court.

The Stafford school on the Mohawk river above Eugene, one of the pioneer schools of Lane county, will be permanently discontinued if plans to divide the district are carried out.

At the district convention of the Woodmen of the World at Tillamook resolutions commending the leadership of Head Consul Boak were adopted. The next convention will be held at Dallas.

Madras High school won the Central Oregon track meet for 1920 at Redmond. Its score was 45 points. Redmond was close behind with 39 points. Third place was won by Prineville with 29. The score of Bend was 11.

WASHINGTON

Managers of lake resorts near Spokane have started war on the bathing suit thief.

Reductions of 20 to 50 per cent are announced by two of Aberdeen's leading stores.

A Boy Scout troop has been organized in Napavine, with H. G. Clothier as scoutmaster.

Advices received at Seattle say that the ice is breaking up in the Yukon river at Dawson city.

Fred Chleshlik was drowned at Spokane when he fell 60 feet down a well into 12 feet of water.

The Chehalis High school will graduate 27 pupils this year. Commencement exercises will be held June 10.

Prosser's new high school and an additional grade school will be built immediately at a total cost of $60,000.

William H. Searing of the Seattle police force has been appointed chief of police to succeed Joel F. Warren.

An additional 3250 feet of sidewalks within the city limits of Davenport have been condemned by the city council.

The population of Tacoma, as announced by the census bureau, is 98,865, a gain of 22,273 since 1910 or 15.8 per cent.

Owing to the discharge of three men some 60 members of the Timber Workers' union went on strike at Leavenworth.

The Kalama Building corporation, recently organized, has accepted plans for its three bungalows and is now arranging for construction.

The Centralia Rotarians have approved the election of O. E. Nelson as delegate to the international convention at Atlantic City in June.

Colonel T. M. Anderson of Tacoma has received notice that he has been awarded the French croix de guerre with gold star for his war service.

The ladies' auxiliary of the Chehalis American Legion post are planning on making a community service flag ready for presentation on Memorial day.

William U. Neely, for the past four years superintendent of the Davenport schools, has been appointed deputy state superintendent of public instruction.

The public service commission sitting en banc at Walla Walla, June 15, will hear protests against the proposal of the Pacific Power & Light company to increase rates on all except irrigation power.

IDAHO

The Caldwell Traction company's Wilder branch has gone into the hands of the Oregon Short Line.

J. K. White, commissioner of public welfare, is dead at his home in Boise after an illness of two years.

A local branch of the American Association of Engineers has been organized at Lewiston with a membership of 25.

Smallpox is rapidly on the decline in Boise, according to Health Officer Pfirman. At the present time there are but 36 cases.

The board of trustees of the college of Idaho will launch a campaign to raise $200,000 to erect new buildings on the campus.

The Idaho Realty Development company, an Idaho Falls real estate company, with a capital of $25,000, has been incorporated.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Down on the Santy Anny river in Southern Californy in early days lots of folks uster git stuck in the quicksands, crossin' when the river was low. The Greasers'd hitch a lariat onto the wagon tongue and pull from the horn of the saddle and save the outfit. Pete Dignowitty got pulled out thataway one time, all but the tailboard, which same was gulped by the sand before it could be lassoed. Some of our most patriotic politicians is a-goin' to be like the tailboard of Pete's wagon, no matter how hard thier friends tried to pull 'em acrost Salt River.

Oregon Is Mighty Proud of the Once Despised but Now Exalted Prune.

The unwritten but seldom violated law of boarding houses in this country and abroad is to dish out four prunes to each boarder. The prunes grown in Oregon would supply 540,000,000 boarding house helpings every year.

When it's properly made, you can't beat prune pie. Oregon's prunes, allowing a third of a pound to the pie, would provide the fruit for 180,000,000 pies. Just think of a bakeshop containing shelf upon shelf of pies until the total reached 180,000,000, with white skinned, brown skinned, yellow skinned and black skinned people, in equal number, standing in line to bear them away.

Once it was the custom to speak of the lowly prune. But the prune has been promoted from the peasantry to the aristocracy of fruit. Its ascendancy in the realm of affairs gustatory may be due to the exceptional quality of the prunes grown in Oregon. People are just beginning to learn that the best prunes in the world are grown in Oregon. For a long time it was the custom of California packers to buy up the greater part of the crop and send the prunes out in fancy packages—under a California label.

There are in Oregon more than 1000 prune orchards. Their value ranges from $400 to $1200 an acre, or an average of about $800. The total value of prune lands is about $24,000,000. There are 500 driers in the state and a large number of prune processing plants. We produce about 60,000,000 pounds of prunes a year and ship them to every state in the union and to England, France, Germany, Canada and the Scandinavian countries.