Oregon Daily Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. A. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

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Remember this: They that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear Reason, she will rap your knuckles.—Franklin.

BUT INDICTED NOW

AN INTERESTING study in the psychology of some American business men is afforded in a recent interview by William M. Wood, head of the American Woolen company. The corporation operates 57 mills, some of them among the largest in the country. An increase of 15 per cent in wages had just been granted employes of one of Mr. Wood's mills.

"Will the increase be passed on to the public?" Wood was questioned.

"Of course it will be passed on to the public," was the reply. "What do you think we are going to do with it?"

"I don't see why people are kicking at high prices," Wood continued. "Aren't they getting from 100 to 125 per cent higher wages than they used to get? What are the increased wages for if they are not to pay the increased prices of the things they have to buy?"

The Wood theory is very evident. His thought is that all the worker requires is a bare living. It hasn't occurred to Wood that the toiler is a better toiler and a better citizen if he has a home of his own, a luxury here and there, or a tiny savings account.

The Wood idea is the old feudal idea that the employe was put on the earth to do work, to till the soil, to run the machines and to buy the products of the Woods. Allow him what wages you are forced to pay, runs the Wood theory, what little you can under prevailing conditions, what the market in labor dictates, but get it back in prices.

That is what increases in wages are for, says Wood, to enable the toiler to buy necessities. Wage is but a form of loan; gives it to the worker for awhile, but get it away from him in additional prices.

Wood did not deny that his company had made $40 a share last year in comparison with $14 the year before. But he was getting back what he had given out in wages. He was extracting from the toiler the money he had loaned to him in increased wages.

It is the Woods that are responsible for unrest. They are the Metternichs, the Neroes of industry. Lives of men are nothing to them. Toilers are suffered to live so long as they are useful in industry and provide a market for manufactured goods, goods that they themselves have produced.

Fortunately, there are American manufacturers of a different school. They think as much of their workers as of their machines. Many of them think a great deal more. And their number is swiftly increasing, in spite of the efforts of the Woods to hold the just leaders of industry to the old feudal idea.

The American Woolen companies of Massachusetts and New York, and William M. Wood, president of both companies, have recently been indicted by the federal grand jury on a charge of profiteering. The indictment declares the profits of the companies for 1920 "exceed on an average from 300 to 400 per cent, those of 1919."

Wood is the gentleman who asks "what are increased wages for if they are not to pay the increased prices?" and the same gentleman who says "of course, the increased wages will be passed on to the public."

The greatest attraction Portland has to offer visitors is sight-seeing jaunts about the city and its environs. To see these lures is a chief reason why the conventions were brought to Portland. If there is not sufficient gasoline to fuel the thousands of autos that will be required for these trips, a great point in bringing the conventions here will be lost. Conserving gasoline now is loyalty to Portland.

MR. HOUSER AND THE PORT

MR. HOUSER has announced that he cannot accept a reelection as chairman of the Port of Portland commission.

The reason which he clearly defined in his statement to the commission and to the public is that he questions the propriety of including real estate transactions in the great port project submitted by the committee of 15.

Mr. Houser is entitled to his point of view. There is a serious question as to whether the public should buy at large prices the areas comprised in Guilds lake and Mocks bottom. It is absolutely certain that the public should not take title to these tracts at three times the assessed valuation as was proposed by one member both of the committee of fifteen and of the port commission.

The true test in public service is, are you going to help the city or are you going to help particular individuals? The property at Mocks bottom and Guilds lake is undeveloped. Its owners are powerless to develop it. The same is true of Swan island. All are wastes and will remain wastes until the city makes an expenditure that will reclaim them to use.

Mr. Houser's public statement assigns the real estate activities in the program as a reason why he is out of that harmony necessary for him to accept reelection as president of the port commission. Whether his objection is limited to the price features here discussed or whether it is on the broader ground of the proposal for the city to develop publicly owned industrial sites, is not made clear. If it is the issue of possible over payment for waste lands, there are thousands in Portland who are in accord with him.

As chairman of the port commission, Mr. Houser has shown concern in a developed port and Portland. He has helped increase public confidence in the commission. Might it not be wise to retain his leadership in port affairs by at least a sincere consideration of his viewpoint?

On his part, Mr. Houser may well afford to give part of his time to the public service. Should he do so it would be a source of gratification to him in after life. After a certain point has been reached in building a private fortune there is unusual opportunity for a man capable of accumulating a private fortune to use part of his time and his talents for the benefit of his city and state. Forgetfulness comes soon to the works and name of the man who lives rich, dies rich and who renders no public service.

But public spirit and thought of the home welfare of all the community wins a place in the public mind worth any man's while.

The Swan island project needs the best thought this city can give it. It needs the service of the best men this city can find to forward it.

It will be sanctioned and underwritten by the people if once they are convinced that all its ends are public ends and all its processes for the benefit of the public.

Many loyal Portlanders have temporarily put their automobiles in the garage, so a gasoline supply may be accumulated for the conventions. The number of pleasure cars on the streets is perceptibly decreased. It looks good.

HOGGING THE ROAD

ONE hundred and twenty-five automobile collisions in Portland last month were caused by failure of one driver to give right of way at intersections. It means that 125 drivers took that which did not belong to them. It means that they attempted to force their way through, while the other man waited. They were hogs of the road.

The first man in the intersection is entitled to right of way under the ruling of Judge Rossman. If there be question the man to the right may proceed first under the law.

But those drivers who attempted to hog the road paid no attention to the ruling or law. They had no thought of the other man's rights. Else, their machines were not under control, and they could not, under the circumstances, give the other man right of way to which he was entitled.

Speed often causes wrecks at intersections. Automobiles pounding along at high speed cannot be stopped in 10 feet or 20. The driver approaching an intersection at excessive speed doesn't expect another machine to be there. He proceeds on the theory that his path will be clear, that his is the only machine on the street. If, however, another appears, his high speed often forces him to take right of way regardless of the other car, and when both attempt to take it, a crash is the result.

Heavy cars, in instances, encourage drivers to hog right of way. They know that other drivers don't care to subject lighter machines to a ramming from a heavy steel truck. They get used to having preference at intersections and usually take it.

The hog of the road is responsible for one out of every eight automobile accidents, and he is despised by the public generally.

A lack of gasoline during the convention weeks would prevent thousands of delegates from seeing Portland, the highway and surrounding points of interest. That would be Portland's loss, for these beauty spots are among the city's best assets. Those who are unnecessarily using gasoline now are, whether they know it or not, working against themselves.

IN JUNE

"YOU don't get much sunshine in here, do you?"

The questioner was a well dressed woman. Her query was addressed to the elevator man. "Only what folks like you bring in, ma'am," he answered. He added: "Some folks carry enough sunshine around with them to light others up a bit."

And it was on a beautiful June day; and what is more beautiful than a June day in Oregon? Out there, just beyond the city limits, the wild flower tips its face with a smile to the gorgeous sun swinging through the sky. The trees in their new robes of leaves, and the meadows greened with a new verdure revel in the sunshine.

And the shouts of the children at play are full of gladness as they exult in the sun. And the tinkling bells and the roundelays of the birds and all the sounds of nature are a jubilee of joy over and for the glorious June sun.

Yet, as the elevator man said, what a lot of people there are who must depend upon others for all the sunshine they get! And how few of us carry enough extra sunshine around with us to lighten even one dark corner!

Perhaps we shall all learn to spread more of geniality and good cheer. If we try we can make life a beautiful adventure for all. We can catch the sunshine of an Oregon June and store it up to be spread wherever spirits are drooping or souls in trouble.

The mere material is but a fraction of life. The rich man's gold, accumulated by grasping and grabbing all in sight, is never hauled with him to the cemetery. He goes into the same six feet of earth and on exactly the same level to which the pauper goes. And the pauper may have the better chance hereafter.

This does not mean that we should make no effort to save and amass a competence for the late years of life. It does mean that the woman who carried the sunbeams into the elevator is going through life on the true course and that the wayfarers along her path are helped and hoped by her sunshine.

City Health Officer Parrish is to insist that the water in Portland swimming tanks shall be changed often enough to be fully sanitary. Nor should he fail in that purpose. If tanks are not kept sanitary they should be closed. It is for guardianship over such things that city health offices are maintained.

COSTLY CANDIDACIES

IN A statement, General Wood says that some means should be found to make political campaigns less expensive. He adds that unless some plan is adopted the cost of campaigns must necessarily come pretty high.

They do seem high on the basis of the known $1,252,919 which the Wood managers spent, as acknowledged before the senate committee. Then there is the other million or two alleged to have been spent by Wood managers for the welfare of the republic, but of which no confirmation has yet been obtained.

But then running for president is something of a luxury, at least when the running is on a money basis. Delegates are delegates and shoes come high and clothing comes high and sugar comes high.

In all business transactions a great deal always depends on what kind of a bargain you drive. After his managers have paid out more than a million the general's feeling of depression over the high cost of things may issue from misgivings as to what he is getting for the money. In the quietude and sanctity of his own bedchamber, General Wood may be asking himself if the more than a million spent has brought him a million dollars worth of delegates.

BY ONE MAN'S POWER

THE final defeat in Delaware of the suffrage amendment is reminder that there are two men in America in whose hands rests the power to deny millions of American women the right to vote in the November election.

The two are Governor Holcomb of Connecticut, and Governor Clement of Vermont. The suffrage amendment lacks the vote of but one state. The majority of the legislators of both Vermont and Connecticut are reported to favor ratification. In each state the governor refuses to call the legislature into special session.

Both in Vermont and Connecticut great influence has been brought to bear. The party organization in each has come out for ratification and urged the convening of the legislature. The women have petitioned, appealed and implored.

Nothing has availed to move either governor from his stubbornly maintained position. Placed by accident of fate in the extraordinary position of holding in his hands the power by which millions of women would be given the ballot, each refuses to budge, and the country witnesses the spectacle of 35 sovereign states in line for ratification with the thirty-sixth and final state held out of line by the power of one man.

Neither governor is acting with reason. Both know that the amendment is certain of ultimate ratification. Each knows that he is merely postponing the final day. Any reasonable man, acting on common sense and free from subterranean influence, would accept the inevitable and let the women vote.

BARRELS AND BAR'LS

Rum and Hard Cider of Washington's Time Succeeded by Gold Stream of Recent Presidential Years.

From the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Within the last few days the high price of politics has become a headliner in the daily press, the reports of the senate investigation of presidential campaign funds giving concrete evidence of a condition and not a theory that confronts the candidate for nomination to an office which veracious historians have recorded cost its first incumbent, George Washington, "a few barrels of rum punch and hard cider."

But that was back in 1788, and that, as Mr. Kipling probably would phrase it, "is another story."

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Times have changed in the intervening 132 years, and the barrels have changed with them. Today, according to the reports that have come from a United States senate committee room during the week, the barrels tapped in the pre-convention presidential race gave forth not the "rum punch and hard cider" of Washington's day, but a golden stream of dollars which flowed into the waiting and patriotic maws of campaign managers.

When the astonished reader is confronted with the statements of fluent witnesses testifying before Senator Kenyon and his associate investigators that the campaign funds of the various candidates for the nomination they represented ranged up to date from $700,000 down through such snappy items as $414,954, $75,000, $72,000, $66,000, $22,000, and so on, until they reach one candidate who confessed: "no funds, no organization," he must at first gasp. Then he realizes what "pikers" the predecessors of the present managers of candidates must have been in drawing the golden stream, not from the spigot, but from the bunghole of the political "barrel."

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But is it so? If a statistical genius were to set to work at gathering up and collating the figures that have made monetary sensations in presidential campaigns far antedating this amazing year of 1920, with its disclosure of millions spent before the conventions in advancing the interests of aspiring candidates, it is pretty certain he would be able to show that the hustling managers of a past generation were not infants in the game of "frying the fat" out of more or less enthusiastic contributors to the work of greasing the wheels of the national political machinery.

"Frying the fat," by the way, was a cant phrase in more than one campaign not entirely eradicated from the memories of the middle-aged man of today.

Unfortunately, there exist no official records of primary election expenditures until within the last dozen years or thereabouts. Various states passed laws requiring reports of such outlays by candidates, in this course following the example of congress in enacting statutes setting forth limitations in which money might legitimately be spent in boosting a candidate for public office.

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But waiving the disadvantage resulting from lack of this "official" information and the exactness of such figures as those revealed by the senate investigation now in progress, it is possible to form an idea of the "bar'l" of our daddies. It was called "bar'l" back in the days of the Tilden-Hayes campaign of 1876, when Samuel J. was reputed to have established his famous "literary bureau" at the tidy cost of $250,000, and when his campaign for the presidency, which he lost by the 8-to-7 decision of the electoral commission, was said to have inflicted a million-dollar dent in the capacious Tilden "bar'l."

These sums, it must be borne in mind, apply to the election, not to the primary campaign, such as the one now undergoing the senate probe, but they serve to throw light upon the fact that as long ago as 40-odd years the "Democratic simplicity" of Jefferson's day had passed. The historic horse on which that old patriot rode from his Virginia home to the capitol, tying the beast to a post while he went indoors to take the oath of office, had given way to the celebrated "mules" (used entirely in a figurative sense) with which William H. Barnum, sometime chairman of the Democratic national committee, sought to draw his candidate to the White House.

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It's difficult, really impossible, to "get down to brass tacks" in estimating the actual cost of modern presidential campaigns, for the reason stated, namely, that until the last few years there has been no law governing expenditures or requiring reports of the same. Rough estimates placed the sum at between $2,000,000 and $5,000,000 for each of the great political parties. In the very old days the annual expenditures ranged in the thousands.

This is a sufficiently vivid contrast to the "few barrels of rum and hard cider" said to have been employed in the choice of the first president of the republic, and the $1000 which the committee had that directed Abraham Lincoln's first election, to show the development of the great American game of politics. Indeed, it had made quite a stride when Lincoln made his second race in 1864, and when the expense of his election was put at $200,000.

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By way of "a modern instance" of the phenomenal increase in the cost of presidential elections—and again it must be borne in mind that the pre-convention expenses are not included—the report filed by Cornelius N. Bliss, chairman of the Republican national committee in 1916, is illuminating. It showed total contributions of $2,445,421.

Case That Throws Great Light on Profiteering

American Woolen Company Illustrates Profiteering at Its Source.

From the New York World

If the practices of the American Woolen companies of Massachusetts and New York, as set forth in an indictment by a federal grand jury in this city, have been generally resorted to by manufacturers, an explanation of the high cost of living is at hand. Profits of 100 per cent or more are shown in various transactions, full details being given. In many instances such gains are three or four times greater than those formerly accepted as reasonable.

With prices inflated to that extent at the source of fabrication, gouging all along the line to the consumer becomes inevitable. It is not to be supposed that the middlemen with whom President Wood's double-headed company dealt were ignorant of its methods. The goods reached them at high cost, necessitating at each stage larger capital and involving greater risk, if the buying fever were ever to end. Naturally, therefore, they would follow an example so illustrious and so profitable, and by that chain of circumstances we may account for retail prices more than doubled.

In defense of such prices it has been urged that they were due to the increased cost of raw materials, labor and supplies and to burdensome taxes. All these things have contributed to the expense of production, of course, but if 100 per cent has become the prevailing standard of profit the prices that the American people have been paying for clothing must be set down largely to extortion. Nothing but their amazing willingness and ability to pay has made such a situation possible.

Momentarily embarrassing as his indictment for profiteering may be, it will hardly interfere with President Wood's disinterested advice to the Republicans at Chicago when they come to the tariff plank in their platform. If he can write that and the Schedule K's of his party's tariff bills he will cheerfully take his chances with grand and petit juries.

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.]

EXPLOITERS AND MEXICO

Portland, June 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—The ground hogs of America will never rest until they have molded Mexico's government to their hearts' desire, even though a million boys must be sacrificed on the altar of their greed. The claim that the oil and timber and forests are undeveloped and that all comers have a vested right in their proper development is the moral justification for their invasion and plunder. It makes no difference how wicked may be the motives of the exploiter, innocent people are always appealed to to aid their maurading expeditions on the plea of some humanitarian ideal. It is true that the Mexican people, like the American Indian, had no right to monopolize the land on the plea of prior possession if the land could be put to better use, but if equality of rights had been instituted instead of murder the Indians would still have happy hunting grounds if they chose, and still no one would have been deprived of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The same is true of Mexico and all subject races. It is true of the labor problem in our midst. It has been true since humanity inhabited the earth.

There are just two causes for this inhumanity of man to man. One is that the wise and learned have nothing to offer by way of institutional safeguards, for they are ignorant. The other is that greed and ambition override all fine spiritual unfoldment. Conquest and lust for power will not stop at Mexico if the Fall recommendations are adopted by this government. These will mean that the "white peril" will invade South America, and what little democracy we have left will be converted into a kaiseresque military camp and we in turn shall one day meet the allies of the world in their struggle to make the world safe for democracy. J. R. Hermann.

GARBAGE COLLECTION

Portland, June 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have just read with much interest your editorial entitled, "To End a Nuisance," forcefully dealing with the importance of systematic disposition of garbage and rubbish.

Your commendable position on the subject prompts me to draw a brief comparison between Cleveland, Ohio, and Portland. During the summer months Cleveland gathers garbage from homes, hotels and restaurants three to five times a week, about twice a week during the fall, winter and spring. It is the civic duty of the householder and others to provide their own garbage cans, have them in a convenient place for the garbage squadron, and keep the cans clean. It is hauled away in special closed wagons, and by means of reduction is converted into fertilizer, from which the city derives a revenue.

Rubbish is gathered every two weeks, and the dates are announced in a good snappy newspaper story, sometimes embellished by the cartoonist, in order that all householders may properly observe "Clean up day," with the result that all cooperate with the city. So it will be seen that there is no reasonable excuse for an accumulation of disease breeding garbage and rubbish, and the people are grateful for the removal of it free of charge.

All Portlanders are familiar with the garbage and rubbish nuisance, as it exists in Portland. For the benefit of the general public, therefore, permit me to suggest that you investigate and publish information on systems of handling the nuisance as adopted by say 10 leading cities, including Cleveland. The resultant odor might be strong enough to start the sale of the $75,000 in bonds and pull Portland out of the cesspool class of cities, giving her people free collection and doing away with the further nuisance of uncertain collection service and high charges for same, and the natural tendency to unload on vacant lots when no one is looking. Somebody might get a fair profit on the contract for furnishing trucks and other equipment, but that would be "none of the people's business," so long as they got continuous service, if we are to judge from past methods of handling public utilities.

Sell the bonds and clean up! Ordinances against belitterment of vacant lots cannot and will not be enforced.

L. E. M.

Olden Oregon

Legal Marriage Age Placed Very Low by Early Legislators.

The early marriage law of Oregon rendered invalid marriages contracted without the consent of the parents where either of the contracting parties was under the age of 21. This was amended by the legislative committee of 1844, which changed it by making males of 16 and females of 12 years competent to enter into the marriage relation providing the parents' consent was obtained, up to the time the male was 21 and the female 18. Anyone marrying minors without the sanction of parents or guardian was liable to a fine of $100, but this did not invalidate the marriage.

Curious Bits of Information For the Curious

Gleaned From Curious Places

Various theories have been given regarding the use of orange blossoms as bridal ornaments. The custom is supposed to have been brought to Europe by the crusaders from the East, the Saracen brides being accustomed to wear orange wreaths at their marriage. To this objection was raised, that although the orange tree was brought to England as early as 1290, it was long before there was any real cultivation of it even in greenhouses. A second theory is that orange blossoms came to be worn by brides on their marriage because they were not only scented but also were rare and costly and so within the reach of only the noble and rich, that indicating the bride to be of high rank. A third is that orange bridal wreaths had their origin in Spain, where oranges have been cultivated for centuries. Thence the fashion passed to France, and by means of French millinery was spread to other lands.

ABLE TO KEEP GOING

From the Buffalo Enquirer

Earning $40 a share of common stock the American Woolen company seems to be able to keep going under Democratic tariff legislation

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

The old superstition about touching Wood seems to be still alive.

It costs a lot of money to obtain presidential candidates, but we don't have to take them.

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"Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose" is said to be a popular song with some of the Oregon delegation.

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The Mexicans are becoming a literal people. They now call their new executive a temporary president.

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Not even the great use of soap money in the Southern states would make the black and tans come out lily white.

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The low purchasing power of the dollar in these days is reflected in the statement that Poindexter spent $75,000 in his campaign for the presidential nomination.

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The local Shriners are going ahead with preparations for the imperial council notwithstanding the prediction of the Boston man that all nations which participated in the world war are to be submerged by the Atlantic ocean.

SIDELIGHTS

Aurora's artesian well, a municipal affair, flows 3000 gallons an hour and the water has just been pronounced O. K. by the state board of health.

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William Ward covered the long and tiresome journey from Walla Walla to Prineville last Tuesday, the Prineville Journal says, burning kerosene in his car.

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In the Jacksonville cemetery, according to the Medford Mail Tribune, are buried 60 veterans of the Indian war of that section in 1856-7, 98 veterans of the Civil and Mexican wars, and six of the late world war, so far as known. Several of those buried there were in both the Mexican and Civil wars.

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The Salem Statesman, first quoting the New York Tribune as saying that the most beautiful women in the United States are on Broadway, Los Angeles, goes on to say: "He has evidently never been in Oregon. Joaquin Miller was, and he said Oregon had the most beautiful women in the world. He attributed this to the Oregon climate. And this can be proved by every man in Oregon who is not stone blind."

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

The gasoline shortage is knocking skyhigh all the joys of the tourists. Mrs. E. E. Sirrine and Mrs. James Meehan of Seattle and their chauffeur are almost stranded at the Multnomah with the promise of only four gallons to start them on their way through Washington. On January 3 the two women left Seattle for a tour of California. All went happy and they drank in all the scenic attractions of the south, unknowing of what was in store. While they were still in the Yosemite, someone tapped their car one night and they found themselves minus several gallons. At Sacramento they had more trouble, and the troubles increased the farther north they came. Oregon was a continual succession of gas trouble. At Oakdale, where they spent Wednesday night, someone tapped their car and made away with seven gallons. Thursday they had "an awful time," said Mrs. Sirrine, and only with great difficulty could get little portions at the filling stations, enough to carry them to the next town. Arriving finally in Portland, they had to beg for part of a gallon to get them to the Multnomah. "We wanted so much to see the Columbia highway," said Mrs. Sirrine, "but we can't get any gas for the trip. We don't know how we are going to get back to Seattle."

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J. V. Tallman of Pendleton had a similar experience. Tallman, accompanied by Mrs. Tallman, is resting at the Imperial before trying to get the rest of the way home from Los Angeles. Tallman said he saw many machines in California and Oregon stalled for want of gas. He had to beg for gas all the way through California and Oregon. At a filling station he would be asked how much he had. He did not know. The station man would look, allow him just enough to get to the next town, and then charge him a dollar a gallon for it. All the filling stations in Southern Oregon and Northern California are short of oil and are holding the motorists up for it, Tallman said. "That is nothing," remarked a listener in the Imperial lobby. "I gave a garage man $10 for filling up my tank, besides paying for the gasoline."

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Portland hotels were full of babies Thursday night—so full that when Major and Mrs. E. C. Hanford of Corvallis arrived with their 1½-year-old offspring there was no crib to be had. Not only was every crib at the Portland, where they engaged a room, occupied, but telephone calls to every hotel in the city revealed the fact that every one of the few cribs each hostelry possesses for baby guests was in use. Then attempts were made to improvise a crib from a cot, but little Miss Hanford would have none of it. She insisted upon a real crib, and she insisted so vociferously that the dignified major, who can give orders to nearly everyone except his own baby, engaged a touring car and started out into the residence portion of the city in search of a crib that might be borrowed for the night. He got one.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Baer, who own a big hardware store at Pendleton, have arrived at the Benson to spend a few days' vacation.

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Preparing for the possible opening of Crater Lake national park about the latter part of this month to Shriners who wish to include this scenic portion of Oregon in their itinerary, A. L. Parkhurst, owner of the hotel at Crater Lake, will leave for the resort next week to prepare for summer business.

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Dr. E. B. Stewart is up from Roseburg attending the medical convention. Dr. Stewart is physician for the Southern Pacific system. His father is county judge of Douglas county. Stewart is staying at the Oregon while in the city.

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B. C. Barkow has returned to the Multnomah desk after two months spent in a store at Mill City. The appeal of Portland and the Multnomah proved stronger than the attractions of the little town over near Detroit.

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At the Multnomah are Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Armstrong, who own about 20,000 sheep in Montana. The Armstrongs live at Great Falls, but Armstrong spent the winter near Nampa, Idaho, where he fed a big flock of sheep to ship to Montana this summer. The drying up of the range and the scarcity of feed in Montana last summer made it necessary to sell off a large part of their stock and buy more in Idaho to feed up where the feeding was good. The prospects of feed this summer are fine, says Armstrong. The Montanites are taking a little vacation in Portland, expecting to stay until the Shrine convention, when they will clear out so as to give up their rooms. Armstrong expects to get back to Montana in time for the shearing season, about July 1.

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Max Gorfkle, the hide dealer, has blown into the Multnomah from that metropolis in the midst of the region of livestock and grain—Pendleton.

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J. C. McLeod, who is in charge of the stretch of paving running south from Salem, was one of the highway engineers at the Imperial within the last few days.

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Harry Seckler, first lieutenant of company C Twentieth Kansas regiment, during the Spanish-American war, who commanded the recruit battalion of 313 men of the First Oregon regiment at Camp Merritt, San Francisco, in 1898, is a member of the Abdallah Shrine patrol, which is coming to attend the imperial council of the Shriners. He was city editor of the Morning Astorian in 1900. At present he is advertising manager of the Leavenworth (Kan.) Times.

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R. E. Clanton, state superintendent of fish hatcheries, and Carl D. Shoemaker, secretary of the commercial fish commission, left Wednesday afternoon for Vancouver, B. C., to attend the annual convention of the Canadian Fisheries' association, June 3 to 6. Clanton will address the convention on Oregon methods of fish propagation, and natural feeding of salmon.

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Miss Marie Sommers, private secretary to A. B. Campbell, manager of the Multnomah, returned Wednesday from a month's visit to her parents at Indianapolis. Miss Sommers says Eastern hotels are crowded much the same as Portland hostelries. She believes housing conditions a little more acute in the East than in the West. This was Miss Sommers' first visit home for four years.

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J. S. Delaney, president of the Warrenton Investment company at Astoria, is registered at the Multnomah. He motored up from Astoria.

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

[The story of Billy Sunday's early life, its events being related by "Ma" Sunday, will be presented by Mr. Lockley in this and two succeeding installments. This is a recital with which other writers have occupied themselves very little if at all.]

Not long ago the editor of the Baseball Magazine asked me to write a short article on Billy Sunday for the June issue of that publication. Because Billy Sunday is a resident of Oregon, and because so many Portlanders have visited Billy and "Ma" Sunday at their beautiful apple ranch in Hood River valley, I believe some of the things "Ma" Sunday told me about their early life and later successes will be of interest to Oregon readers.

From professional ball player to world famous evangelist is a big jump, but that is the jump that "Billy" Sunday has made. I visited Billy Sunday and "Ma" Sunday on their ranch in Hood River valley, near the base of Mount Hood. Billy told me innumerable incidents of his baseball days, but what I was after—the story of Billy's boyhood—I got from "Ma" Sunday. As we sat on the steps of their summer house with the wonderful panorama of the Hood River valley spread out before us, she told me of Billy's boyhood, his early struggles, his young manhood, of their courtship and of his successes on the diamond and in the pulpit.

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"My husband, Billy Sunday, was born near Ames, Iowa, on a farm, November 19, 1862," said "Ma" Sunday. "Billy's father was 35 when he died. He was a soldier in a Northern regiment. When his wife wrote him of the expected arrival of the baby, he wrote back and said: 'If the baby is a boy, I want him called William Ashly Sunday.' Billy's father planned to come back to see him, but he died without getting home, so Billy never saw his father. Mrs. Sunday was only 21 years old. She was left with three little boys. She found it pretty hard sledding to support her three babies. She married not long after her husband's death. Her new husband did not want her to keep the children, so she sent Ed and Billy to the Soldiers' Orphans home at Glenwood, Iowa. Presently the Glenwood home was overflowing with orphans, and 100 of them, including Ed and Billy, were sent to the orphans' home at Davenport, Iowa. Billy was just a little tot. The boys had told him all sorts of stories about the new home he was going to, so he decided to run away and go back to his mother. Mr. Pearce, the superintendent of the home, was in charge of the children who were being transferred. He happened to sit down between Ed and Billy, so Billy had no opportunity of getting away.

"Occasionally at the orphans' home, Billy was late for a meal. When this happened, he was required to sit at the table with the others and watch them eat, but was not allowed to have anything to eat himself. Every boy was supposed to earn his way. Billy was small. His job was to make beds, work in the laundry, scrub the steps, wash dishes, and, when he was older, work on the farm.

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"Ed was two years older than Billy. When the orphans reached the age of 16 they were set adrift, as it was thought they could hustle for themselves at that age. When Ed was 16 he was sent away. Will could have stayed two years longer, but he was so fond of Ed that he left with him. Billy's grandfather, Squire Corey, lived at Ames. You probably have heard of him. He gave 20 acres of his farm to help start the Iowa Agricultural college at Ames.

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"When Billy was a little chap, he had been very sickly, and until he was 2½ years old he had been carried around on a pillow. In those days traveling doctors used to go through the country, stopping at different farm houses to sell medicine and to treat anyone who needed their services. One day a traveling doctor, a Frenchman, drove past, and, stopping at the gate, called out, 'Anybody sick here?' Billy's grandmother said she had a sick baby and asked him what he would charge to prescribe for him and furnish the medicine. He said, 'If you will put me and my horse up for dinner, I will call it square.' He examined Billy carefully and told them what to do for him. He was an herb doctor. They followed his directions, and within a few months Billy was strong and husky and was able to walk, something he had never been able to do before.

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"His grandmother died when Billy was 3 years old. Missing Billy the day after her funeral, they hunted for him and finally found him lying in the freshly fallen snow on his grandmother's grave, sobbing as though his heart would break.

"Billy's mother wasn't able to take him and his grandmother was dead, so they sent Billy to the orphan asylum."

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON NOTES

An organized effort is to be made at Hood River to combat the proposed increases of fruit rates.

Practically all of the goods stolen from a Turner store have been located in a Portland secondhand store.

Two factions are developing in Lincoln county over the route of the proposed highway between Tillamook and Yaquina bay.

Plans are being made to exterminate coyotes between the John Day and Deschutes rivers by forming a trapping district.

While waiting three cars of gasoline, three automobile trucks are keeping Baker supplied from Weiser and Caldwell, Idaho.

The public service commission has ordered a slight increase in the rates of the Amity Light & Power company for electric current.

No more marketing contracts for the 1920 crop of cherries and berries will be received by the Oregon Growers' Cooperative association.

Highway construction in Douglas county is being held up by the gasoline shortage. One hundred motor trucks will be compelled to stop operations.

One public house and several private rooms at Klamath Falls have been placed under quarantine by the federal health service on account of venereal disease.

Attorneys are en route from Washington to terminate for the government the sale of the spruce mill at Toledo, the Blodgett tract of timber and 26 miles of railroad.

The Malheur Land and Livestock company has purchased 60 sections in Harney county from the Western Colonization company. The consideration is said to have been $150,000.

Building of the new prune processing plant at Dallas is about half completed. Sites for other plants have been obtained at Forest Grove, Myrtle Creek, Riddle and Grants Pass.

The Astoria Chamber of Commerce will call a mass meeting soon to sanction the purchase of several tracts included in the site of the proposed naval base which will cost approximately $96,000.

WASHINGTON

Hoquiam needs only 115 names in the census to make a population of 10,000.

Fifty carloads of wood blocks are being manufactured at Spokane for shipment to Manila.

A resolution denouncing the "parasite press" of the state has been passed by the state grange.

Two inmates from the state industrial school who escaped from the institution have been caught at Centralia.

Nine student nurses have been graduated from the nurses' training school of St. Elizabeth hospital at Yakima.

J. H. Barton, a rancher of Ferds prairie, is the third candidate entered for commissioner from Lewis county.

Gasoline supplies approximating 10 per cent more than last year are assured to Spokane by the Standard Oil company.

A change in train schedules on the Northern Pacific will give residents of Yakima valley a special train to Puget Sound.

Bank deposits in 296 state banks and seven trust companies in Washington have increased $3,914,917 since February 28.

Announcement is made that the retail price of sugar at Spokane will be advanced to 30 cents per pound within a few days.

During the month of May 46 fatal accidents were reported to the industrial accident commission, an increase of 15 over April.

Superintendent Cook of the Chehalis schools states that only three of the present high school faculty have signed contracts for next season.

T. Newbry, a farmer and cattleman, has sold his 320 acre farm 3 miles south of Chewalah for $45,000 to L. L. Davis of Independence, Iowa.

An automobile caravan will make the journey to the top of Mount Spokane on the morning of July 4 and officially open the new county road to the peak.

Nathan Hallock, a Northern Pacific switchman, has brought suit in the superior court at Yakima against the United States director general of railroads for $15,[illegible] damages for injuries received.

Work on the $140,000 addition to St. Josephs hospital at Lewiston is under way.

Registration lists have been opened at Boise for the special bond election to be held June 15.

The Camp Creek grade on the road between Hailey and Camas prairie is being repaired by the county.

E. M. Hoover, commissioner of streets and public improvement, has tendered his resignation to the Boise city council.

The salaries of firemen at Twin Falls have been raised $15 by the city council. Under the new schedule the chief receives $155, engineers $135 and hosemen $125.

Plans and estimates for the new state buildings on the Sunnyside tuberculosis sanitarium site near Sandpoint are being discussed by the state tuberculosis commission.

Experiments to determine definitely the value of irrigation as a supplement to rainfall in the cut-over regions of Northern Idaho have been begun on the University of Idaho's substation farm at Sandpoint.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Mrs. Niedfeider, who has riz up a fam'ly most righteous and square, 'lows her and the old man and all the boys and the son-in-laws and others 'll vote Non-Partisan clean down the line 'less'n these here old party candidates does somethin' right pronto and immejit to bust the sugar trust. Hannibal Hamblin, who's workin' in the Corners department emporium, explained to her that she got as much sugar now for a dozen aigs as ever, but the way she lit into that graduate of a bizness college six weeks turned loose, would of faded out ever freckle on his face if he hadn't of bent it.

Northwest Swimmers Keep Comfy in Northwest Wool Bathing Suits

You may not know it, but Portland has helped make swimming the favorite outdoor sport of the summer season in 12 Western states.

There was, as you may remember, a theory that the invigorating coolness of our nights kept the temperature of the water just a shade too low for comfort, unless the swimmer sought out a still and shallow pool exposed to all the rays of the sun.

But Portland industry came to the rescue. The wool which is grown in fineness and abundance upon the backs of Oregon sheep was taken down to a yarn mill (launched through local enterprise) at Sellwood and spun out into the softest of yarns. Then it was taken to a new, daylight factory and spun into the niftiest bathing suits one could imagine. No one owning bathing suits so well calculated to adorn and protect man or maid could be induced to stay out of the water. For the coolness that follows the swim there is always a Portland-made wool sweater.

One factory that thus supports the wool growing and spinning industry of Oregon has 175 workers, a payroll of $100,000 and an output valued at $500,000. Not only do Portland bathing suits advertise local industry in 12 states, but the money paid for them comes right home to Portland.