Oregon Daily Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

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In this world of change, nought which comes stays and nought which goes is lost. —Mme. Swetchine.

OUR VISITORS

PORTLAND was, but isn't. Once it was a quiet town of undemonstrative inhabitants. It watched the seasons come and go, swore at the profiteer, shook its fists at the high cost of living, went dry, attended church, and turned up its nose at the shimmy dance.

But Portland has been high lifed. It has been jazzed. The former city of docility and quiet ways has gone on a tear.

Even the old inhabitant has caught the frolic fever and is as wild as a small boy at his first circus. He is out in a new straw hat and full of smiles at the passing show.

If he doesn't dance the tango before midnight it will be a miracle.

It all began when the Shriners struck town yesterday morning. The spectacular uniforms, the myriad bands, the glee clubs, the quartettes, the thousands of smiling faces, the inexhaustible good humor and abounding spirit of good cheer have transformed a perfectly sober and sedate city into a fairyland of gladness and gayety. It is as if the whole United States were here for a good time with all thoughts and concerns of ordinary life thrown to the winds.

And why not? We are here for a brief time and then we go. We strive and strain and struggle just as if all our goods and possessions were to go with us into six feet of earth, to be our credential in getting over the divide. A few years, just a few years, of the fight, and then it is all over. They make a mound over us and put flowers on it, and that is finis. Even his works and the man who worked are quickly forgotten.

The whole earth might be full of joy. There is a shrine of brotherhood that we might all worship at and be spared the conflicts, the passion, the struggles, the pains and the heart burnings. If we would mix more of this spirit of fun and good will so evident in Portland today, human life would be sweeter, the world be lovelier and mortals fare better.

There is more Christianity in a smile than in a scowl. There is more of heaven in a laugh than in a sneer. Civilization would rise as high and the business of the world get as far, if more of innocent fun and respectable frolic were mixed with them.

Our visitors bring a wonderful message. They have jazzed Portland and made our people drunk but it is on the wine of youth and good feeling. If the man who wrote of "Portland the spinster" could see the town today, he would write of her as "Portland on a tear."

But it's all right. The geniality of the week is an oasis out in the burning sands. It is a rest place in the great game of life. It is a spot of beauty and bloom and light heartedness that some time may spread until it pervades and fraternalizes the world.

May the purpose of the Shriners never flag and their numbers never diminish.

Having ridden to Portland in an airplane with a misfiring engine, having alighted precariously, not to say precipitously, and having emerged from the machine while it was in vertical position, Mayor Caldwell nonchalantly brushed the dust from his garments and gave an interview on the pleasure of the journey. Anyone who comes from Seattle understands why a mere bump from sky to earth is less than disconcerting, especially to one who has just emerged from a tiff with ex-Mayor Ole Hanson and with a 10-cent street car fare ordinance tucked under his belt.

TO A VISITING SHRINER

A SHRINER stood under a shade tree on a point of vantage yesterday and paid Portland a very high compliment.

That it is a beautiful city and a hospitable city were among the kind things that he said. And to these generous remarks, made after but half a dozen hours within Portland's gates, it may be added for the information of our guests, that Portland is a well governed city.

There are no scandals in this town about corrupt government. There were, once. In those distant days there was skulduggery and there was clandestine work at the Portland city hall.

We had the aldermanic system then, and it was full of defects. Responsibility could not be fixed, and when responsibility cannot be fixed for public acts, good or bad, bad men function and good men get little credit for the good things they do.

Portland changed its system to commission form with a mayor and four commissioners and required the game to be played with all the cards on the table. Since that change was made years ago, Portland has been without scandal in public affairs. It is now a city of clean, wholesome government and moving forward constantly toward higher ideals in public life.

And to these things, there may be added that among other advantages, Portland is pre-eminently a city of homes. Its percentage of families living in their own homes is one of the largest in America. In consequence, Portland has few economic convulsions or social explosions or other eruptions to get her on the first pages of the newspapers.

These things are said with becoming modesty and addressed particularly to that amiable Shriner whose generous remarks are read with pleasure by all Portlanders.

Shriners may drink Portland water with fullest confidence. It is brewed in the glaciers of Mount Hood, which is seen in the distance. It is pure as a crystal spring and its life giving and refreshing properties are the best that nature can provide. Portland offers it to you with a triple plated guarantee.

KEEP THE PLEDGE

AN INDUSTRY employing 1350 workers is a prize for any community. Its payroll, purchases and output would amount to many millions of dollars annually. If Portland knew that so large an industry was obtainable every reasonable inducement would be offered.

Heads of North Portland industries a few days ago told the Port of Portland commission that with improvement of the North Portland harbor and deep water shipping they could add 1350 workers to 2900 already employed.

The answer of the commission was that a "survey" would be made, but no money was available for the deepening. The record discloses that a similar promise was made to the Chamber of Commerce more than six months ago. But money was not then appropriated even for a survey, not to speak of the simple dredging and wing dam construction which the least of authorities knows is the complete prerequisite to the improvement.

The record also shows that three years ago the port commission promised to maintain a 25-foot channel in the North Portland harbor, but the promise so far as it is concerned has not as yet secured a depth greater than that of words on paper.

If the port commission turns a questionably attentive ear to the appeal of established industries that need and have been promised deep water facilities, what can the port commission expect from the public in return from its own appeal for a bond issue that may aggregate more than $16,000,000 and a tax levy in excess of $1,000,000 a year to make and maintain the Swan island project for which the future in the main has use?

For you a rose in Portland grows. Before the Shrine convention was tied to Portland, before plans for the great gathering here had been made the happy jingling line was written. But it was never so true as now. In the hotels and at the depots a Portland rose of beauty rare awaits the lapel of every visitor and there are fair hands eager to pin it into place. If Portland could offer a finer toast to the sentiment of hospitality Portland would—but Portland can't.

THE PORTLAND ROSE

THE Portland rose, of which a million, more or less, are on display at the Rose show in South Parkway, always wins a second glance and deserves a meditative thought.

It is much more than a flower. In its background are all the poetry and music which its beauty has inspired. Into it have been poured unstintedly from generation to generation, ever since the rose was, the care, the wisdom and the affection which now are given back in the delicacy of its petals, the grace of its form and stem, the charm of its coloring, the glossy green of its serrated leaves and the exquisite perfume of its breath.

The Portland rose is more than other roses because it benefits from all the experience the world has had in rose culture and added thereto are such unusual advantages of climate and soil, of sunshine and rain that the rose which blooms "with its face to the weather" in Portland is of finer texture than the conservatory products of less favored districts.

Portland's visitors should know that the Portland rose had laid upon it last December a hand of ice in the form of an unusual blizzard which threatened the very life of solicitously nurtured bushes. But from the roots have come new stems and the flowers that steal the brightness of the sunshine and look within their hearts the diamonds of the rain are blooming again in multitude.

In Portland, we hold that the love of the rose and culture of it are a virtue that softens life, and are an appeal to the better qualities of the race. In the care of the vines and in anticipation of the flower that is to develop from that work of affection, there is call to the gentler and nobler thoughts and purposes. And when the bloom is on and contemplation of the beautiful in nature is at the family fireside, men's thoughts must be far away from the cash register, the drive and stress of business and the stern lines of commercial industrial and financial life.

There could be no fitter time for a convention of Shriners with their spirit of good fellowship than in rosetime in Portland.

Portland's police officers made a fine appearance incident to their annual inspection on Saturday. In their case the appearance is only the sign of exemplary fidelity to duty and efficiency in performing it.

WHY CRIME?

THIS is murder month in Chicago. In New York they have their murder mysteries, their robberies, and their prison sentences. All over the United States the papers tell of slain and slayers, robbed and robbers, lynched and lynchers, multiplying trials, long prison terms, and the electric chair. Several members of single gangs have been sent to penitentiaries recently.

Those who live in the city usually commit the murders. City dwellers are the ones murdered. The robbers and gangs come from the populous centers. Gangs are not organized in the country. They are a product of the crowded city. They are an outgrowth of strife and struggle that is not often present in the green fields and open air.

While the murders and robberies are transpiring and the gangs are in their evolution, prices of fruits are promising a rich harvest for the growers in Western states. Raspberries are being sold under contract for 17 and 18 cents per pound, as against 11 cents, the opening price last year. Strawberries are bringing 18 and 20 cents and cherries nine. Loganberries, yielding much heavier to the vine than raspberries, are fully contracted at 12 to 15 cents. Whole crops are purchased at liberal figures. Small fruitgrowers are anticipating profits of $300 to $500 per acre.

Why all this murder, robbery, gangs and crime with such golden opportunities calling from the golden West?

While congested traffic on Hawthorne bridge was awaiting the signal to move, fire, started by a smoker's carelessness, burst through the planking of the span. There might have been panic and destruction and death for one self-indulgent smoker to blame himself for. Why not be careful and considerate?

ON THE HIGHWAY

THE county commission's regulation forbidding parking along the Columbia river highway unless all four wheels of a machine are off the pavement is a necessary regulation.

It is a rule that should be followed during the convention period with especial care. It adds to the pleasure of traversing the highway but it adds more to public safety. It is one of several wise requirements which if observed will leave no saddening note in what will otherwise be an altogether delightful memory of a wonderful scenic experience in the mind of every visitor.

No one should need a caution against speeding on the highway. The penalties for speed law infractions are heavy but the loss in the impression of the beauty that is spread in the gorge of the Columbia is greater. No driver should put himself in a position where he must be reminded not to jockey for position and not to pass other cars at dangerous places. A few days ago when a young woman endeavored to pass another machine on a turn of the highway, the vehicle left the roadway and crashed over the bank. She and all with her were wounded and disfigured.

There is an exaltation of spirit to be gained from the tour of the Columbia river highway which renders the journey one of life's conspicuous experiences. There is a depression about the spectacle of twisted metal and broken bodies which leaves scars upon memory. Let's have the exaltation without the depression—merely by being careful and considerate.

The campaign for the metric system of weights and measures has hit a snag. The American Institute of Weights and Measures speaks of the "endless disorder and confusion and the enormous cost which such a radical change would entail." We fancy the "confusion" arises when one tries to remember how many inches there are in a meter.

OREGON'S TWO SUPER-LURES

Scenic Wonders of Columbia Highway and Crater Lake Bestow Upon Oregon the Distinction of the Incomparable

By Alice Carey Joseph

Once again it is the summer time; once more the hour when the gypsy spirit that loves to go a-roving and a-seeing and which lurks in the bosom of the most sedate, wriggles, willy-nilly, to the surface and demands vagabondage. Nowhere is more appropriate and pleasing setting with which to humor the call than in our own lovely state of Oregon. We are beginning to be right proud of the fact, too, and are challenging the world to come and see.

Cancellation marks on all the envelopes of Portland-posted letters alternately bear the inscription, "See Crater Lake National Park, Oregon," and "See Columbia River Highway, Oregon National Forest."

This bit of easy reading, flaunted over the entire world, is due to the efforts of the Women's Advertising club of Portland, assisted by the Chamber of Commerce. Its accomplishment has meant a surprising outlay of energy on the part of the members to whom fell the actual fulfillment of the undertaking.

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The reward of it all is that Crater lake and the Columbia river highway can never be a disappointment even to the most critical.

The highway, on account of its nearness to Portland, will always be included in the itinerary of visitors to Oregon. But Crater lake, Oregon's incomparable, dreaming in its recess in the fastnesses of the Cascades and unsurpassed in beauty and absorbing mystery, might be easily overlooked were it not persistently advertised.

Crater lake lies near the center of the mountainous terrain comprising Crater Lake National park, in Southwestern Oregon, and is no doubt its most charming treasure. It is of the clearest, purest water, sounded to 2000 feet and credited with being the deepest body of fresh water in the world.

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It is one of the greatest of scenic wonders. It is unique. There is no other charted lake like it. It is the child of a volcano of mammoth dimensions. The actual birth of the lake, the overwhelming travail of the great Mount Mazama that was its mother, are not writ in the records of the white man, nor do the darkly veiled Indian legends shed illumination. For Crater lake was discovered by mere accident in 1853, when J. W. Hillman, leading an exploration to relocate a lost mine, found himself unexpectedly upon the crater's brink, gazing down hundreds of feet into the most unbelievably blue water.

The environing wall, between 20 and 25 miles in circumference, seamed and gashed, but giving no outlet for the imprisoned lake, descends abruptly a distance varying from 600 to 2000 feet to the water's edge. Brilliant colors, due to volcanic action, relieve the drab of the cliffs and crumbled rock. Lordly trees and lesser growths in every shade of green cling tenaciously to the steep declivity, all of which is faithfully mirrored in detail in the blue of the waters below.

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It is this ever-changing mystic blue of the water that gives Crater lake its most compelling witchery. It is its characteristic more than any other that completely possesses you from the moment your automobile curves innocently around the Lodge and you are without warning altogether too close to the edge of the stupendous basin. The enigmatic, depthless blue, that is sometimes opalescent, fickle with the hour and atmospheric conditions, lies 1000 feet below. Never will that first breathless glimpse be forgotten. You feel as if you, and you alone, were being beckoned, allured, enthralled, by something that could never be explained. It is a magnificent feeling, even though a helpless one.

An enchanting trail a mile long and mildly graded leads zigzag among the pines and firs from the Lodge down to the shore line at Eagle cove.

* * *

The Phantom Ship and Wizard Island are two interesting monuments that rise picturesquely from the surface of the lake.

The ship, with its peculiar lava formation of metallic yellows and browns, broken into spires and domes, lies toward the southern shore.

Wizard Island, separated from the western shore by a narrow channel, is a cinder. It has a visible height of 800 feet, with a crater of its own 100 feet deep and 500 feet across. Its western slope is characterized by an uneven lava deposit, in one of the hollows of which lies a shadowy, miniature lake known as the Witch's Cauldron. A trail leads up from the lower edge of the island and down into the bottom of its crater.

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The wall that incloses Crater lake is seen to best advantage by circling the lake in a launch or rowboat obtainable at Eagle cove. Only in this way can be appreciated the beautiful distortions of nature at war in this region. Here she is superb in wrenched and twisted overhanging escarpments that vie with the butterflies in bizarre coloring; in flinty reaches broken into narrow blades and cupolas that pierce the sky; in forbidding caverns that yawn with black, contorted mouths and painted lips; in terrifying gorges that flaunt from their impenetrable night dazzling flags of age-old snows.

Marvelous sunrises and gorgeous sunsets are seen from Crater Lake Lodge, rivaled only by the sublimity and glory of a child's vision of fairyland.

Automobile roads and trails for man and beast, focusing at the Lodge, lend themselves to daily excursions to the summits of neighboring peaks and other points of peculiar and startling interest. Always the way lies in a wonderland of forest enchantment, beside riotous streams and stony gorges.

The lake was stocked with trout many years ago. Boats are available for trolling, but fishing from the shore is glorious sport.

The Rome Lodge Mourned

From the Detroit News (June 10)

Senator Lodge, not so long ago glorifier of the Rome of Nero Ahenobarbus, in his keynote speech before the Republican national convention said it was the duty of the Republican party to see to it that a government friendly to the United States was set up in Mexico or else that the United States should intervene. In a senate speech last December, Senator Lodge gave utterance to the same sentiments, and bewailed the fact that the United States did not emulate the Rome of the days of St. Paul, when a Roman citizen was above the laws of any other country in which he happened to be sojourning.

The Rome of St. Paul was also the Rome of Nero, during a great many years, and the characteristics of the Rome of Nero were the characteristics of the Rome of other emperors during the active career of St. Paul. Among these characteristics was the selection of rulers of the state by intrigue and dark closet conferences, regardless of the will of the populace. Huge sums of money were used to gain the allegiance to candidates of the bosses of those days, the commanders of the praetorian guards and other legions.

The Republican convention, in making its platform and naming its candidate for president, will determine just how different the United States is today from the Rome that Lodge mourned in the senate.

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

Troutlake, Wash, June 17—To the Editor of The Journal—I regret that Mr Anderson, in his letter of June 1, did not propose some remedy for the conditions we both agree exist. The Nonpartisan league has a definite policy that leaguers believe has proved a success in different parts of the world. State ownership cannot make necessaries any more expensive than private ownership has, and is no more radical than municipal ownership. Both are opposed by the same influences. Reds do not control our city government, and will not in our states. The league must rise or fall upon its own merits. If it has no merit it can be best exposed by allowing freest discussion in our halls and press. Governments have not made a success of trying to crush ideas. If taxes are high in North Dakota, that is her business, and loss. The newborn sympathy that is extended to distant farmers might well be used close to home. As for free love, who in the past has licensed houses of prostitution? Was it the farmer? And as to radical Socialists, words, words—they prove nothing. These questions are unimportant. North Dakota's mistakes need not be ours, and her state officers will not be ours.

The producers of the country should have 300 representatives in congress; then it might be possible to buy woolen clothes made of wool; more shoes made of leather; the resources of the nation's wealth without paying about 20 times cost of production, thus enabling the trusts to pay excessive salaries to executive officers, and dividends on watered stock.

We should have: An immigration law without a loophole to let in undesirables to be used as a leverage against labor; laws compelling aliens to qualify before becoming citizens; an attorney general who would look for profiteers where they were most likely to be found; perhaps judges who would let the people make the laws; a press which thought the people would appreciate the truth; an inheritance tax that would discourage creating large fortunes; public officers whose aim would be to protect all the people; fewer mobs led by self-styled 100 per cent Americans; a state tax system which does not encourage every man to lie; a federal tax system really placing the burden upon those best able to bear it; a tariff system for the people, not to get votes and pay campaign obligations; enough American sporting spirit to play the political game fairly; a voting system giving the people a chance to express their views directly upon all important matters.

All these things are possible when the American producers use their intelligence and organize the same as other interests have done. C. M. Cutting.

PRESIDENTIAL PLEDGES

Hillsboro, June 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—Since the Republican convention met in Chicago we have heard a great deal of criticism of the Oregon primary law. There is nothing much the matter with the primary law. The men we elect to represent us are the ones who should be criticized. Wallace McCamant knew all the time that he would never support the people's choice, unless the people's choice happened to be his; yet he caused to be printed in the election pamphlet, "I have avoided committing myself to any candidate for president in order that I might be in a better position to support the candidate who wins out in the Oregon primary." He should have said, "So I will be better able to fool the voters of Oregon." Charles W. Carey, Dow V. Walker, William T. Brooke and D. J. Cooper are just as much to be criticized as Wallace McCamant. They pledged themselves to the Oregon voters, to vote and work for the election of the people's choice. Did they do it? This is what they did: At a time when Johnson's chances were as good or better than they had ever been they deserted him. Had the voters of Oregon known that these men would not carry out their pledges to the people not one of them could have been elected. The voters of Oregon should see to it that these men are never in a position to betray their trust again. If they could not be trusted in so important a matter as the nomination of a president, they certainly can't be trusted in matters of smaller moment. When the voters were electing these men to represent them at Chicago they were also determining their choice for president. None of these candidates knew who would be the choice of the voters, but for the purpose of assuring their own election they promised to vote for that person for the nomination, not for one ballot, or four, but so long as there was a reasonable chance of his nomination. If they did not know what a reasonable chance was, they might have asked one of the other five delegates, who not only knew what a reasonable chance was, but knew what a sacred pledge to the people was.

D. B. Cooley.

Curious Bits of Information For the Curious

Gleaned From Curious Places

Chelsea, in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street and North river, New York city, was the home of Clement C. Moore, who wrote the childhood classic, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." One of the admirable old houses of Chelsea is that where dwelt Edwin Forrest, the actor. It is at 436 West Twenty-second street, a substantial looking square fronted house, with a door of a great single panel. On the spot where the New York city hall stands George Washington paraded his little army on a July day in 1776, and with grave solemnity a document was read to them that had just been received from Philadelphia, and which was forever to be known as the Declaration of Independence.

Olden Oregon

History of Columbia County and the Founding of Its Towns.

Columbia county was carved out of Washington county in 1854. The county seat, St. Helens, was founded in 1848 by H. M. Knighton under the name of Plymouth Rock, but on being surveyed for a townsite the name was changed to St. Helens. Columbia City was founded in 1867 by Jacob and Joseph Caples as a rival of St. Helens. Rainier was laid off as a town by Charles E. Fox about 1862. Previous to 1865, when a steamboat line to Monticello on the Cowlitz was established, Rainier was the way station between Olympia and Portland.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Smile.

* * *

Is everybody happy?

* * *

Good old weather man.

* * *

There isn't any latch-string.

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Portland may be a little shy on deserts, but the sidewalks get hot enough for most of us.

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Another nice thing about Portland is that the visitor doesn't have to go very far in order to find a green and shady oasis.

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Noticed a dispatch on the front page of the newspaper the other day, about orders for priority of coal shipment, and it just naturally made us shiver to think how soon we'll be scuffling again with the furnace.

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Homing pigeons have been released for a flight from Salem to Oakland, Cal., and whatever else may happen we won't have to feel concerned about their ability to make a safe landing anywhere en route in the event that they should develop engine trouble.

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A man was ejected from a hotel in Chicago because he was overheard to whisper "sweetheart" to his own wife. But Chicago isn't the only city in which such things are not being done as a rule. Had the man been addressing some other man's wife under similiar circumstances, the chances are that the circumstance would have attracted no undue notice.

SIDELIGHTS

Baker real estate men, the Democrat says, see a prospect ahead of a greater scarcity of houses than ever and a greater demand the coming fall.

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In the first 16 days of June, 31 marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk of Linn county. The June record, established in 1914, is 42 licenses.

Many Medford school pupils, boys and girls, the Mail Tribune says, are now employed in the orchards, "enjoying the healthful work while most of them earn 35 cents an hour for a 10 hour workday."

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"The Standard Potato club held its first meeting Monday," writes the Parkdale correspondent of the Hood River News. "The body, while small, has lots of vim. A fitting slogan is 'Watch the Murphies Grow.'"

* * *

The leading feature of the public market at Medford last Thursday, the Mail Tribune said, was the abundance of fine home-grown strawberries and the fact that sweet cherries were on sale for the first time this season.

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"A big Marmon with an Iowa license tag stopped at J. W. Berkey's garage for gas yesterday," says the Woodburn Independent. "In it were a man and wife and three children, also a full camping outfit. On the top was tied a mattress and also a tub. The running boards had been sided up and were full of things, even an oil stove."

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

One of the mysteries of the Mystic Shrine is how so many hard worked newspaper men find the time and the price to participate in its delightful frolics. The Journal office Monday was proud to welcome a score or more of the fraternity of news writers; for, although they are not bound together by rule and rhythm, they are a band of friends wherever they meet. Among the many who visited the office and to which they are most sincerely welcomed at all times during the Shrine convention or at any other time it pleases them to accept friendly hospitality, was W. C. Jarnagin, managing editor of the Des Moines Daily Capital of Des Moines, Iowa, who drifted in all togged out like an Arab. W. W. Truax, city editor of the Dallas, Texas, Journal, was a visitor. Truax is taking in the Shrine convention while en route to San Francisco to report the Democratic national convention for his paper.

* * *

When a party of 18 fez wearers of Ainad temple, East St. Louis, Ill., turned turtle in a ditch while sight-seeing in Glacier park, the only injuries consisted of slight cuts due to the breaking of bottles. So declared Ralph Cook, drum major, and C. H. Steif, band major, splendid in all their parade trappings. "Yes, and the sheriff at Whitefish, Mont., searched our train for spirits, but didn't find anything," said Cook. "Because we can hide things so well," whispered Steif. In real life Steif is a stockbroker of St. Louis and chief big man of the National stockyards there.

* * *

"A bath—an honest-to-goodness bath, the first we had had since Sunday—we got at Banff, Alberta, on Thursday, in a great, big, ice-cold pool at one of the hotels," said W. C. Lavat of Kansas City, Mo., whose fez reads "Ararat Patrol." Nothing could have made a bigger hit with every one of the 278 Shriners on the big special which arrived in Portland this morning, he declared while he went in search of a Portland pool.

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"The first words spoken when we got off the train here were words of praise for Portland," said C. M. Bard of the Oklahoma Tribune, a visiting member of Akdar temple, Tulsa, Okla. "Men in our party who have been to every imperial council since 1915 say they never saw anything like it." Akdar is here with two special trainloads, 350 in all. They left a week ago Saturday and have traveled through the middle states and Canada. They believe their temple to be one of the richest in the nation. "We had over $200,000,000 worth of men in our train," Bard said. "We come from the oil capital of the world." Major William Lilly, known as "Pawnee Bill" in the wild west show, is with the party. Akdar temple brought a band of 47 pieces and a patrol of 24 men.

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Islam and Aloha temples have headquarters at the Multnomah and they vied with each other this morning in furnishing entertainment in the hotel lobby. Hawaiian songs mingled with San Francisco band music to the delight of the crowds packed on the first floor and looking down from the mezzanine.

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Edward B. Marsh, representing the U. S. Compression Inner Tube company, is combining business with pleasure by working in the interest of his firm and taking in the Shrine convention and Rose Show. Marsh works out of Tulsa, Okla., and has some mighty interesting stories to tell about the big oil finds of that vicinity.

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W. C. Keith of Beaumont, Texas, and member of El Mina temple at Galveston, is the Portland guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Johnson.

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Mr. and Mrs. George W. King and daughter Gladys of Saginaw, Mich., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Brownlee, 418 North Eighth street, during the convention session. The visitors took advantage of accommodations aboard the special train of El Khurafeh temple of Saginaw to make the trip to Portland. Mrs. King and Mrs. Brownlee are twin sisters.

* * *

"I have visited many American cities and attended conventions, and nowhere have I found such genuine courtesy and good will toward Canada and Canadians as that accorded by the people of Portland," said B. George Hansuld, J. P., of Vancouver, B. C., who attended the Kiwanis convention. "Canadians have most kindly feelings toward real Americans."

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

[A plea for the just appraisal of Oregon's coast on the score of sheer nature-beauty alone is offered by Mr. Lockley today. He itemizes the charms of a section he is now visiting, and indicates still other resources from which the seeker of recreation may enrich himself.]

From the window by which I am sitting I can see, standing on Yaquina Head, a projecting point of land six miles to the southward, Foulweather lighthouse. Just offshore and to the right the waves are breaking on Otter Rock. As the milkwhite water runs back to the sea it looks like lace on black velvet. On the left the shoreline looks like the crescent of a day-old moon. The bright sunshine of mid-afternoon of a mid-June day makes the foam-kissed shore look like a narrow band of gold. The evergreen clad hills slope steeply to the water's edge. A hundred yards to northward the waves are crashing into the Devil's Punch Bowl with the subdued boom of distant artillery. The nearby ferns and the red-topped clover are swaying gracefully before the sea breeze. The firs and spruce, with the dark green of the older growth tipped with the delicate green of the new growth needles, are nodding to each other and adding the sound of their rustling to the sound of the white-crested waves that are breaking gently on the nearby shore.

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I am in the cheerful front room of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Horning's home on the edge of the bluff. I can hear the mellow, bell-like baying of one of Ben Jones' hounds in the nearby timber. It has treed a bear cub and is signaling for its master to come to its aid. It is a smart dog, all right. It loves to hunt. Recently it has driven two deer out of the hills and brought them out at this clearing. Not knowing the calendar, it can not understand that it is not open season, and it wonders why there is no crack of a rifle to stop the flight of the deer it brings out. Its short hair is the color of copper with the sun on it. Its ears are long and its eyes are soft brown and as appealing as those of a deer or a seal. It has been nosing me to go along, but despairing of getting me to go, has finally struck out for itself.

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This forenoon Mr. Horning, Mrs. Martha Spoffard, librarian of the Oregon university, and I went down on the north beach with our fishing poles. The tide was low. There is no need to go to Catalina island to see the marine gardens. We crossed a meadow of moss and seaweed. Scores of little, water filled hollows, ranging in size from a yard across to several times that size, had been left by the outgoing tide. Spiny sea urchins were there, purple as a parade of Elks. Sea anemones, green as the sea with their living petals, were pening and closing. Barnacles and starfish, deep red, yellow and purple, clung to the rocky sides of the pools. We crossed huge beds of mussels, which ranged in size from one's little finger to the length of one's hand, and as thick as one's wrist. Huge masses of rock of igneous origin lay piled at the foot of the cliffs. Looking seaward we could see hundreds of sea birds coming and going to and from Gull Rock, the bird refuge.

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To the westward, far as the eye could see, lay liquid leagues of beauty, the green-blue water, with its multitudinous laughter, dimpling, gleaming and glistening in the sun. From the water-worn cliffs, a tiny stream fell like a filmy veil of lace into the sea, while huge masses of vines hung over the edge of the cliffs, living waterfalls of green, suspended in midair. The tang of the sea and the balsamic, woodsy odor of spruce and fir mingled to make the air seem like a tonic.

If more people knew of the beauty of the Oregon coast there would be a score of visitors where there is one now.

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Last night a jolly crowd of girls stayed over night here. They were clad in khaki coats and trousers, with heavy hiking shoes and leggings. They had packs on their backs and in the morning they hiked down the coast to Newport. In the party were Irene Ringheim of Hollywood, Cal.; Ocie Brown of Clay City, Ind.; Helen Phillips, Mona Green and Marion Richmond of Portland; Etta Pearl White, Mrs. L. M. McCaffrey and Comfort F. Hurd of Salem and Margaret Power of San de Fuca, Wash. Four of the party will hike on down the Oregon coast to California.

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Mr. and Mrs. Horning know about the high cost of living by reputation only, for they are welinigh independent of the middleman. The sea brings them all the driftwood they can use, so the fuel bill is eliminated. Thirty minutes' work—or, rather, pleasure—on the rocks below, will furnish their table with kelp, rock bass and sole. A few minutes' work with a jimmy on the rocks at low tide, and a sack of large fat mussels can be secured. In their garden they have peas, lettuce, potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. Wild blackberries and wild strawberries are abundant, to say nothing of unlimited quantities of huckleberries. A yearling bear cub or a deer during open season makes a welcome addition to the bill of fare. They have plenty of milk, for they keep two Jersey cows. As they have lots of chickens, eggs appear very frequently on the bill of fare. Occasionally the sea brings treasure trove. It used to bring sea otter, but they are rare now. The last one killed at Otter Rock—which in the old days was their rookery—was killed some years ago by Captain Lutschen. It was a large, silver-tipped otter. As white otters are rare and valuable, he sold its pelt for $2650. The ordinary sea otter skin brings from $1200 to $1500, depending on its size and condition.

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Mr. Horning showed me a bit of quartz that he had picked up on the beach near his home. It was heavily veined with gold, there being about $2 worth in the piece. After a heavy northwest storm he picks up bits of gold-bearing quartz on the beach. He thinks it comes from the quartz ledge just off shore. For half a mile or more the beach sand is covered with black sand in which gold, platinum and iridium ore are found. The gold is so fine that it is difficult to save. An Arizona mining company has just bonded Ben Jones' beach mines and is planning to gather the black sand and ship it to a smelter for treatment.

When the Roosevelt highway is completed Otter Rock will come into its own as a popular and charming summer resort.

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON NOTES

Miss Lulu M. Smith has resigned as head librarian of the public library of Baker.

Plans have been abandoned for Eugene's annual Rose show, which was to have been held last week.

Linn county farm bureau members will go to Portland June 28 to study livestock and wool marketing.

A sale of 17 thoroughbred Jerseys at Coquille brought the total sum of $11,415. Nearly half were calves and all were bought in the Willamette valley.

Roses grown on the state house grounds at Salem have been sent to Portland for exhibition during the annual Rose show.

The Hood river experiment station reports that weather conditions of the last two weeks have stopped the activity of the codlin moth.

Beginning Sunday last, Airlie, Polk county, will have but one train a day, which makes a round trip from Dallas in the morning.

By the purchase of six championship Jersey cows in California, Dr. J. F. Watt has taken the lead as Hood River county's chief Jersey breeder.

The Lane County Purebred Livestock association has inaugurated a campaign to encourage nothing but purebred sires among farmers and stockraisers.

Certificates of nomination by the Republican and Democratic primaries have been forwarded to the successful candidates by the secretary of state.

The garage building which was constructed by the Albany high school manual training class for the women's park board will be sold to the highest bidder.

Hopes of immediate relief of the gasoline shortage at Bend are aroused by the formation of the Bend Automobile association for the purpose of taking cooperative action.

L. E. McDaniels, county agent of Harney county, has purchased 18 head of purebred Shorthorn and Hereford heifers which are to be distributed among calf club members of the county.

The Linn county water truck was pressed into service assisting in the distribution of a 12,500 gallon tank of gasoline received at Albany. Every dealer was supplied and it is stated there will be no further shortage.

WASHINGTON

The business men of Pasco have been appealed to by farmers for help in gathering the harvest.

Mayor Caldwell of Seattle has signed the ordinance increasing street car rates to 10 cents cash from 5 cents.

The claim of Roland H. Denny to 200 acres along the shore of Lake Keechelus has been set aside by the general land office.

Owing to the gasoline shortage the price of Canadian whiskey at Seattle has jumped to $25 a quart and scarce at that.

Organized labor of Yakima is planning to erect its own temple by pledging every union man to give a day's wages to the fund.

Clarkston cherry growers to the number of 27 have offered to pool 13 cars of black cherries to the highest bidder. An offer of 12 cents has already been made.

A total precipitation of 1.35 inches has been recorded at Washington State college for the first 15 days of June as against an average for the last 27 years of 1.5 inches.

The annual reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic has closed at Yakima with the election of officers and the selection of Olympia as the meeting place for next year.

In the opinion of Mayor Caldwell of Seattle a 10 cent cash fare and a 6¼ token fare authorized by the city council is not enough to raise sufficient revenue for the municipal system.

A White Wyandotte hen at the Puyallup experiment station has established a record of one egg per day for 78 consecutive days. On the seventy-eighth day it was a double egg of unusual size.

IDAHO

The board of land commissioners has approved the sale of 9000 acres of white pine timber in Bonner county to the Diamond Match company for $750,000.

Edward Noble, a machinist of the Oregon Short Line, has brought suit against the city of Pocatello to recover $3100 damages sustained by falling into an open trench.

Summer normal schools have the largest registration in the history of the state. At Albion 331 students are enrolled, at Lewiston 335, at Moscow 286 and at Boise 145.

The Pocatello Chamber of Commerce has indorsed the movement of the Idaho Reclamation association to raise the necessary funds to carry on the fight for reclamation.

The Idaho Power company, dissatisfied with an increase of 10 per cent, has petitioned the public utilities commission for a rehearing and an increase of 60 per cent in its irrigation rates.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

When George L. Baker come back home from Injunaplus last year and told us he'd captured them Shriners fer 1920 we didn't all of us figger on what all he'd got hold of. We was like the feller down in Texas that had lie found on his place. He said he allus was sore on the prices John D. charged him fer coal lie and axle grease, and he hoped there'd be enough left fer his share to furnish him with both fer life, and it sorter broke in on him jist a leetle at a time that he was a millionaire. So we allus did sorter hanker fer a big crowd of fine lively jazzers to wake up the town, and now we've shore got 'em, by the thousands and thousands, and they broke in on us sorter gradual and kep' a comin' like a rich man's relatives to his funeral.

Oregon Strawberries World Beaters, Take Them for All Qual