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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Man can only learn to rise from the consideration of that which he cannot surmount.—Richter.

AFTER

PORTLAND could not have done better.

To be host to 100,000 visitors is a colossal undertaking. To personally see that no guest is neglected and that every facility is afforded to make his visit pleasant is a tremendous task.

But all this was done. No Portlander was a slacker. The infectious spirit of good will which the visitors brought with them became epidemic and was given back in kind by Portland people.

Each day literal thousands of private automobiles carried visitors out on the highway, on sightseeing trips about the city and on short incursions into the Willamette valley. It was fine loyalty and a most perfect hospitality.

Not only did Portlanders contribute the use of their cars. People from Eugene and Salem and other up-state towns were here with their machines, assisting in the transportation phase of the great function.

And there were those who threw open their homes to the visitors, and the business places that gave up part or even all their floor space for headquarters for the visiting delegations. And there was the hearty cooperation of all branches of workers, the silent but active army whose work was doubled or trebled or quadrupled in carrying the great burden which the visiting host naturally threw upon those who do the city's work.

And there were the people who fed the vast throng—the owners of hotels and restaurants and the toiling masses of girls and women and men who prepared the edibles and placed them before the hungry thousands. There were those who feared that Portland would not be able to adequately meet this phase of the convention, but it was met and met promptly, quietly and mo. effectively.

And there were the railroads and the traction and the telephone systems and the other big institutions that threw all their reserves into added and convenient facilities for serving the needs and requirements of the invading multitude. Each of these institutions in the extra facilities provided contributed to the success of the great adventure.

Nor could the big crowds have been managed more perfectly and quietly than was done by the Portland police. The traffic arrangements that were a source of worry before the visitors arrived, turned out to be complete, sagacious and effective.

And the individual citizens were a wonderful factor. How many of them served on committees, how many of them for weeks and months beforehand planned and scheduled and programmed the arrangements, how they surveyed the field in advance and so disposed that the rendezvous and goings and comings of the visitors would keep them widely scattered and avoid congestion, and how, when the day arrived all was in readiness and every man at his post—these are a story of the convention that will never be told because it is too voluminous.

And the sum total of it all is that our guests have come and gone. There is not a Portlander that did not hear from one or more of them expressions of praise and delight that were constantly on their lips. Many a Shriner declared that he had visited a dozen or a score of conventions and that Portland is the city to which must be given credit for the most delightful, the most satisfying convention place of them all.

The fruit of the convention is one of the best investments this city ever made. The spirit, the city and the program are an indelible record in the minds of a large body of men and women in every state in the Union. It is a result that could not have been bought with dollars and cents. It is an experience, an idea, an adventure that our late guests will tell and retell until it will be ten thousand times a well told tale. And it is an end attained honorably by Portlanders because, like Winkelreid's men,

Each felt as if indeed 'twere he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

The news is so new that it is scarcely believable, but it is intimated, suggested and partly promised that recent cuts in the wholesale price of sugar will be effective for the benefit of the individual consumer in time to permit people to can fruit who had resigned themselves to empty jars.

THE FLORAL PARADE

IT WAS not the beautiful floats, the flower-bedecked cars and the other wonderful features that were the big thing in yesterday's floral parade.

They were all that could be desired in art and beauty. They were a picture that delighted the artistic sense. The Canadian mounted police and the American Legion stirred the patriotism of the onlookers into storms of applause.

Portland has never produced a better floral parade. Doubtless there will be one more splendid next year, and others more splendid in the years after. Time works out things in larger and larger mold, and resources accumulate to add to their splendor.

But the big thing in it all was the idea. Back of that parade was the universal pride in the home city. The labor of love that was given in creating the spectacle; the individual expenditures and efforts to make the pageant worthy of Portland; the community endeavor for emphasizing the ideal in home life; the general thought that one and all must help in producing a festival feature that will be admired through its appeal to the sense of beauty—these are the things that were really the big idea of the day. For the anticipations, the eager effort to create the picture, these lift citizenry into walks and customs and purposes that refine and uplift.

The floral pageant was a wonderful spectacle, wonderful in its beauty, and wonderful in the great idea that is behind and around it.

The road to Crater Lake is open. The route is clear to one of the world's wonders. The snow that did not melt from the more than mile-high verge of Mount Mazama's inundated crater has been cleared away. Now may the gasoline drouth be ended. When Crater Lake is to be seen the touring world wants to see it.

COGS OF HOSPITALITY

THIS is a toast and a tribute to the lesser ones without whom the Shrine convention, the Rose Festival, and Portland's gala week would have been stripped of their exuberant success.

Paraders in their silken trappings and stimulated with the dervish music of many bands took fewer steps than those who cheerfully, from early morning until darkness, ministered to the incessant hunger of thronging visitors.

Mother, father and the children, who thought it somewhat of an ordeal to sit on a curbstone box or a grandstand seat one dragging hour after another awaiting the sensory surprises of electric pageantry, gave less time than the conductors and motormen who had to forego the parade and stay by their cars, then keep tired, sardine-packed, home-going crowds smiling and safe in spite of the delays and the congestion.

When from downtown streets the crowd was gone, the music was still and the lights were dim, a small army, busy as brownies, attacked the drabbed litter of papers, boxes, peanut shells and fruit rinds left by heedless merrymakers, and before morning dawned their brooms and water carts had renovated the thoroughfares and made them attractive again.

They wore no uniforms, no trappings, no regalia, did the treadmill toilers in the machinery of the city's hospitality. Often their badges were not decorations, merely numbers.

But in thousands of instances they were giving an over-plus of service to help uphold Portland's ideal of hospitality, for which they were not paid but for which they can be thanked.

Paradoxically, the more "How Dry I Am" is liquidated the more plaintively it is sung.

SCHOOL BUILDING

A FEW days ago the people of Portland voted an extra tax of $950,000 with which to build permanent schools. The levy will become effective in February of next year and the money will be available at the time school opens in September following.

By that time the growth of Portland, judging by past averages, will call for an additional sum of $1,000,000 or more merely to house with any degree of efficiency the increased number of children who will then be seeking public school training in this city.

But Portland, it seems, has been mitigating the need of schools by the purchase of flimsy and impermanent portables. At the present moment schools containing 166 rooms, with attendant facilities, are required. The school district needs a loaf and, with a special levy, we have endeavored to satisfy it with a crust.

The conclusion is unescapable. If Portland needs 60 permanent schoolrooms a year, 60 permanent schoolrooms should be provided. The school building program should cover necessities. The school board should formulate such a program so shorn of fluff and guff, extravagance, nonessentials and suggestion of graft that it will command confidence and be authorized.

Two excellent business men whose standing and proven capacity inspire faith in them have been added to the school board in the persons of F. L. Shull and William F. Woodward. Perhaps they will be able, adding their talents to those of other board members, to do these two things:

Solve the school building problem so that permanent school construction will in the future keep pace with the need.

Adopt such type of school building as will furnish facilities of maximum quality at the most reasonable cost.

SHIELD THEM

MILTON SCHWARTZ has twice been pronounced an insane degenerate. The courts of New York have twice heard stories of Schwartz' attacks on young girls. He was branded as a dangerous degenerate after an examination at Bellevue hospital, New York. Twice has he been remanded to the custody of his family, rather than sent to the asylum, the last time on the statement that he was moving to Oregon.

Schwartz, after being given over to the custody of his family, sneaked out and repeated his attacks on young girls. He has proven that at the first opportunity he will follow his degenerate tendencies, and that he is a menace to child life of any community. He has shown that he cannot be permitted to be at large. Yet, the New York judge allowed him freedom on the statement that he was coming to Oregon.

There are children in Oregon, too. They are entitled to protection from degenerates and all other classes of criminals. If he was a menace in New York why not in Oregon? This state cannot afford to become the dumping ground for undesirables of other states and Oregon children the plaything of foreign degenerates.

It is false justice when undesirables, degenerates and criminals are permitted to be at large on showing that they will leave a city or state. A court is not functioning when it cleans its own house by sweeping the dirt onto a neighbor's front porch. Every city and every state should care for its own criminals and insane. It is a local problem, and not one to be shirked by passing the criminal to another commonwealth. Another deed must be committed in the state to which the criminal goes before he is brought to justice there, and if every state passed its undesirables on to the next commonwealth, the United States would soon become a circuit for the traveling army of undesirables.

In the case of Schwartz, Oregon officials should, if possible, act to prevent his entrance here. Can a way not be found to forestall it? Oregon children should be shielded from the menace.

No one complained because a little rain fell on the floral parade. Portlanders and their guests realized it was merely heaven's offering to keep the flowers fresh.

THE CHILDREN'S SHOW

CHILDREN—observed the woman from Nashville who paused at the boys' and girls' rose show in South Parkway—children who grow roses learn to love home. In a sentence this visitor defined the reason The Journal arranged to hold the children's show under its auspices.

Every child who brought as an exhibit what he or she considered a perfect bloom, learned a lesson in selection of the beautiful and in choosing the good from the inferior.

Every child who won a prize realized the rewards that attend exceptional effort. Every child who now returns to the culture of next year's rose bushes will be the winner of health, wisdom and philosophy, which are prizes more to be valued than medals or money.

THE PERMANENT PORT

ONE of the large concerns engaged in importing Oriental oils failed at Seattle a short time ago.

The failure was not caused by a lack of local demand for the products of soya bean and peanut oil. The evidence showed that it was another case of a company over-reaching itself and of extending its credits over-far.

Seattle has prepared to become America's leading port for the importation of Oriental oils, despite the warning of Frank Waterhouse, the largest marine figure of the Puget Sound metropolis, that as soon as the Panama canal was reopened and the all-water route to the Atlantic coast was shaded, perhaps, not more than 1 cent a ton under the water and rail route, Seattle would lose the bulk of oil shipments as well as rubber.

Trade follows established lines, but no lines were established by the war conditions that put Seattle at the top of the list in the exports and imports of the Pacific coast. Trade lines are being established now. Pacific ports will figure in the transfer of Pacific-transcontinental freight only so long as the rail movement by reason of favorable rates or dispatch renders it more advantageous thus to handle commodities. Commerce knows no sentiment. Permanent ocean business will be based upon the exportation of staple products of areas tributary to the ports of the Pacific, the importation of goods primarily important to the industry which we are building adjacent to our ports and the merchandising which deals in ocean borne cargoes.

Portland is engaged in port building along these lines. That is one reason why our port building is slower, but, perhaps, more permanent than that of our competitors. A quarter of a million square miles of hinterland will take care of the future of the ports of the Columbia until the day comes when our industrial growth will provide for corresponding expansion of our distributive territory.

A HATE THAT IS SELF-DEFEATING

Party Organs Warn G. O. P. Leaders Their Anti-Wilson Campaign May Touch Off a Pro-Wilson Reaction.

From the Chicago Post (Republican).

The Des Moines Register-Leader had an editorial the other day warning the Republicans that they were on the verge of going too far in their campaign against President Wilson. This sturdy midwestern newspaper said that it detected among the farming folk something that looked like a reaction of sympathy toward the sick and broken president.

Senator Lodge's hymn of hate against Wilson brought forth a surprisingly general disapprobation. Even George Harvey admitted that it was only a job that "had to be" done. And now we find in various magazines and lecture rooms something of the same spirit of sympathy that has been unexpressed for many long months.

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In an address before the City club, Professor William E. Dodd of the University of Chicago made an historical prophecy that Wilson's name would shine above his present senatorial enemies. Professor Dodd, of course, is a Democrat and a friend of Mr. Wilson; but he is also a clear-headed historian. One section of his address ran as follows:

"It may take a long time, too long to save those ideals for which men fought and died in 1918. But one day the truth will be known. Let men remember the similar role that was played with Lincoln during his last year in office. Then Sumner and Stevens and Henry Winter Davis behaved in a similar way. They did a terribly wicked thing to their countrymen. They besmirched American history as it had never before been besmirched. Reconstruction in the broken south was cruel beyond anything modern history has known. Lincoln endeavored till his last breath to avert the policy of vengeance. The men I have named moved every instrument in their power to destroy him. He died, and they destroyed his successor; they undid the kindly work of the greatest man of his time. The first Chicago celebration of the Fourth of July after Lincoln's death was made the occasion of a demonstration against Lincoln's work, and most of the great of that day lent themselves to the effort. Davis, the worst enemy of the departed president in the country, spoke here an hour and a half, with loud cheers and hurrahs, against the kindly policy of a great spirit! Is not history a strange mirror to human motives and human shortsightedness?

"The men of that generation who undid Lincoln's work and rejoiced in depriving the country of peace for more than a decade have come into their reward. It is the reward of those who do wickedness. There is not an historian in the country who lends approval to their conduct. No man who cares for fame would wish to have their place in history. Who boasts today of his descent from Charles Sumner or Thaddeus Stevens or Henry Winter Davis? Nobody, I believe.

"Nor do I doubt that those who have these two years past deceived and even defrauded the people, who have confused the public upon great world issues and made Americans believe that they fought only for their own little interest involved in the great war, who have broken a president and rejoiced daily in the act, will meet with a kindlier fate."

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Of Mr. Wilson as a victim of the world war, Mark Sullivan speaks in the current Collier's Weekly with this deep sympathy:

"There may yet be persons throughout the country who think that Wilson is still a third-term possibility. Here in Washington we know it is not so. In his present situation and his recent history there is all the dignity of a Greek tragedy.

"In the judgment of the writer, Mr. Wilson's present illness had its beginnings a considerable time before he became publicly and conspicuously a stricken man. His illness began fully a year before that September day when he was stricken in Wichita. It began while the war was yet on. Mr. Wilson is as much a victim of the war as any lad who lies in Picardy. President Wilson conquered Germany as surely as did Marshal Foch. Wilson fought with thought and words, as Foch did with men and guns. From the time we entered the contest Mr. Wilson was the official spokesman of the allies. His utterances are certainly the loftiest statesmanship of the war and can stand beside the statesmanship of any period in history. It was the end of that prolonged strain that was the beginning of his illness. Mr. Wilson became a changed man just as the war was coming to an end in October, 1918.

"The end of that strain had the effect that the end of strain often has—an effect of nervous let-down. Then suddenly there came upon him the necessity of conducting that correspondence with Germany that led up to the armistice. He had to pull himself together and whip his energies up for a final pull. Making the final terms for the laying down of arms was a most important and most delicate business. That, too, he did well, but with fading strength. Then he was thrown into what was, for him, the baffling maelstrom of the peace conference. Throughout the peace conference he was a man of steadily failing vitality. After that came the strain of campaigning here at home for the League of Nations. That ended in his dramatic breakdown.

"From that breakdown he has never really recovered."

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These straws may well indicate that the reaction of sympathy toward the personal tragedy of Woodrow Wilson may be just under the surface in America. This is a land peculiarly liable to such swift changes in public feeling. The Republicans would best outline their campaign so as not to rouse the sleeping force of a quick turn that would be of incalculable benefit to the enemy.

Beavers

From the Bend Bulletin

None of the many waterfowl that were scattered over our river last fall and through the winter have stayed to spend the summer here. Someone who knows the habits of these wild creatures may be able to tell why. Possibly they are never found so far south in the warmer months. The instinct to nest up next the Arctic circle has probably taken them away. But they will be back in the fall and we shall look for their coming as the children look for the first spring flowers.

There are wild creatures in the river, though, for us to take an interest in. And they give a certain romantic touch and inspire thoughts of the long ago in our modern and industrial life. They are beavers—one of our state's symbols, and quite properly so, since they were so largely responsible for the early exploration of the Oregon country.

It was fur traders who explored the West. Peter Skene Ogden, in the employ of the Hudson's Bay company, was one of the first white men to come up the Deschutes river. Wyeth, the Cambridge student, who traveled this country 100 years ago, sought for the wealth of furs. Our river may be said to have been named because of the beaver, for it was the French trappers of the Hudson's Bay company who sought beaver fur up here who gave the name—"Riviere Des Chutes." Fremont Anglicized it and called the stream "Fall river," but, happily, the first name is the one that has been finally adopted.

Apparently—and fortunately—our beavers are not being molested, for they seem to be increasing in number. Almost any evening, in the right spot, one or more can be seen. We trust their number will continue to increase for, just as the pine tree stands for Bend, the beaver stands for the West and for Oregon, and for our river.

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.]

FOR M'ADOO

Portland, June 24.—To the Editor of The Journal—Your editorial of June 22, entitled "McAdoo," rings true. McAdoo is the type of man for president, and his refusal to become a candidate raises him in the esteem of the people. There has been a demand, and that demand has been accelerated since the Chicago convention, for a "business man for president." It is up to the Democrats at San Francisco to put such a man before the people. McAdoo has been proved. His business capacity has been tested. He is known "by his works." The name of McAdoo has become a household word in America by virtue of his successes—successes in big things. He is a proved leader, who needs no dictation from anyone in the handling of big things. He is an emergency man, and we have an emergency now, the greatest in the history of the country.

McAdoo should be drafted by the San Francisco convention for president.

B. F. Wilson.

STATEMENT BY MR. ZEHNTBAUER

Portland, June 19.—To the Editor of The Journal—On account of the criticism of the exhibit of the Jantzen Knitting Mills in the Traveling Men's Protective association parade, I would like to present the point of view of the Jantzen Knitting Mills and give our reasons for making the exhibit. In the first place we were invited by the parade committee to exhibit and we believe everyone knew just what this exhibit was to be, as we gave a similar exhibit last year in the Rose Carnival parade. We know that our exhibit was criticized by some last year but most every new thing is criticized by someone. We estimated that we pleased at least 99 per cent of the people last year and we believe fully as large a percentage approved of our exhibit this year. I don't see how there could be over a dozen people, in all Portland who could not enjoy watching pretty girls swim and dive at Windemuth, The Oaks, Multnomah club or any other good swimming resort, and with no thought other than that of enjoying the graceful movements of beautiful human bodies. I cannot imagine how any clean-minded person can see anything vulgar about the wearing of these swimming suits. With this conception of the proposition we went ahead and produced at quite an expense the best exhibit that we knew how to produce.

We regret very much the disapproval of our exhibit by some of the women of the city and we regret that they did not come to us direct with their objection so that we might have planned our exhibit to meet with their approval. If we have done anything improper from a moral standpoint it has been entirely unintentional, as the Jantzen organization would rather discontinue business than to profit by any undertaking that might corrupt the public morals. I would be very glad to meet personally any one or group of these conscientious objectors that I might get a clear understanding of their point of view. It is our sincere desire to be at peace with everyone, especially with all the organizations of the city. For this reason we believe that it will not be hard to agree, if it were possible for us to have a conference with those who object to our exhibit.

J. A. Zehntbauer,
President Jantzen Knitting Mills.

FAVORS WET AND NO LEAGUE

Aurora, June 21.—To the Editor of The Journal—If the Democrats give Edwards of New Jersey the nomination for president and adopt a platform for wine and beer the Johnson men will vote Democratic. There is the only chance for the Democratic party to win. No McAdoo, nor Palmer, nor Glass, Wilson or Bryan, and the League of Nations is to be left out. This country has got to stay independent and not mix up with those other nations. They will be putting one over on us if we don't stay out. This nation ought to wake up. The Johnson men don't intend to support a corporation man if they can help it.

A Republican.

GOVERNOR HART

Talent, June 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—I wish to know the full name, age and native state of Governor Hart of Washington. How much family has he?

S. E. Bender.

[Louis F. Hart became governor of Washington upon the death of Ernest Lister, June 14, 1919. He was born at High Point, Moniteau county, Missouri, January 4, 1862; admitted to the bar in Missouri, February 25, 1885; married Miss Ella James of the well known James family of Kentucky, February 9, 1891; six children—two daughters and two sons still living; went to Washington and settled in Snohomish, March 17, 1889; lived at Seattle and Kent later and settled at Tacoma, which is now his home, in 1900; has been a lawyer by profession and a high official in lodge work.]

JUST LIKE MUSHROOMS

From the Louisville Courier-Journal

"Colonel, you are considered a connoisseur of good liquor."

"So some say."

"How does one become a connoisseur?"

"It is very simple. If the liquor doesn't kill you it's good."

Olden Oregon

Douglas County Includes Many of Oregon's Most Historic Sites.

Douglas county, named in honor of Stephen A. Douglas, was created January 7, 1852, out of that part of Umpqua county, one of the original "districts," lying west of the Coast range. In 1864 the remainder of Umpqua was joined to Douglas, and Umpqua passed out of existence. The first county seat was Winchester, so called after Colonel Winchester of the Umpqua company. Roseburg, named after its founder, Aaron Rose, was made the county seat in 1853. The oldest settlement in the county was at Scottsburg, situated at the head of tidewater. It was founded by Levi Scott in 1850 and for a time was the commercial center of Southern Oregon. In the great flood of 1861-62 the lower part of the town was washed away. Another old town is Gardiner, named after Captain Gardiner of the Bostonian, wrecked at the mouth of the Umpqua river in 1850.

Curious Bits of Information For the Curious

Gleaned From Curious Places

The practice of filing the teeth is quite common among the tribes of Sumatra. The operation, which is an extremely painful one, is begun at an early age and continues until maturity, when both sets of teeth have been completely filed down to the jawbone. The custom originated as a form of personal adornment, but the reasons do not seem to have been inherited with the practice itself. Although their usual food of rice, syrup and finely chopped meat and fish is soft and easily digested, their inability to chew is a serious physical disadvantage.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

'Ray for the Rose queen.

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Well, the rain laid the dust, anyway.

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It will soon be all over but the shouting.

• • •

A woman's idea of a hideous gown is one that is out of style.

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Portland has certainly done a wonderful job of entertaining.

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Well, the visitors will have plenty to talk about when they get back home.

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What's going to become of all the incandescent globes after the show's all over?

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It is tiresome waiting for parades, but those staged in Portland during the last week have been well worth waiting for.

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Another man has succumbed as a result of drinking a home concoction. Wood alcohol and bay rum have lost none of their deadly "kick."

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It is the claim of an English scientist that he can make rubber a substitute for costly materials and thus reduce high prices. At least, he might be able to stretch things out a bit, which would amount to just about the same thing.

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Next week Portland is willing to retire in favor of San Francisco as the new center of the nation. With Los Angeles staging a "shock" now and again, we should be able to keep the Pacific coast on the first page for some time to come.

SIDELIGHTS

Several parties are planning to leave Pendleton in July for visits to their old homes in Europe, the East Oregonian reports.

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"What is so rare as a day in June?" the poet asks. And the joyrider, the Astoria Budget says, answers, "Whiskey and gasoline."

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Following the recent rainy spell, the unusually warm weather should mean one of the best growing seasons in the history of Central Oregon, farmers declare, according to the Bend Bulletin.

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The city natatorium at Pendleton has reported net receipts of $57 for the first week of operation this summer. Good sized crowds were in the water Saturday and Sunday and with warmer weather a bumper season is expected.

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"Our mayor," says the Drewsey Pioneer Sun, "has completed his house on his homestead south of town in full sight of Main street, where he can keep an eye on the traffic cop and has rigged up a signal station, etc. He has also moved his well drill there and will puncture old mother earth for water, oil, coal and all the good things there may be."

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The Observer wants La Grande to put the unity in community. It says: "La Grande people can take a fine thought from one who suggested a few days ago that every social function held in towns outside of La Grande be attended by La Grande people. While this city is the largest in the valley, there are other very important localities, all of which combine to make La Grande a mighty good town."

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

G. Walter Moore is one of the musicians of Aladdin who's a musician all the time. When he's at home he's in the piano business, and does a lot of playing besides. The band, 60 strong, comes from Columbus, Ohio, and—just to show how good it is—won a beautiful silk flag presented by Nile at Seattle after competing with 20 other Shrine bands which stopped off there for the day. Each band played two pieces in one of Seattle's parks, and at the close Aladdin was awarded the prize. The band intends to carry the flag on every occasion. Mayor J. J. Thomas of Columbus, accompanied by Mrs. Thomas and small son, is also attending the convention.

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C. R. Geiger is one of the husky clarinet players with the Rajah band of Reading, Pa., and when he's not a-Shrining he's an electrical engineer. Geiger was loud in his praise of the hospitality shown the temple along the way to Portland, and the way in which Portland has treated her guests.

"Our patrol and band traveled more miles on the way to this convention than any other temple here," said Dr. C. W. Johnson, past potentate of Morocco. "We're from Jacksonville, Fla., 4500 miles away, and beat the boys from Portland, Maine, by just 286 miles."

• • •

Still another noble fez wearer sings the praises of our highway—J. Hancox of the Rajah drum corps. While we've heard a great many times from our visitors that it excels anything of its kind here in the states, Hancox is the first to place it above anything in the other continents. And both he and George W. Rothenberger are mighty enthusiastic over our roses. "I planted 50 bushes in my yard last year," said Mr. Hancox, "and 35 of them were killed by the severe winter. And then they're so inferior to these you raise in Oregon that you Portlanders would hardly notice them." Rothenberger, who is an ardent fisherman, wanted to tell a good long fish story, but somehow couldn't get started.

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J. B. Taylor, also of Morocco, was the originator and manipulator of the keg containing the Florida moonshine, which was hauled about the streets with a rubber tube attached, from which the fortunate, both men and women, might sip. "It was made of Florida corn and was the real thing," said the "chief brewer." "We made such a hit that some of our envious brothers accused us of trying to capture the convention. When we stopped in front of some of the hotels we actually had to have a traffic cop to keep the crowd waiting their turn." Others responsible for the success of the thirst-quenching campaign were W. Gillwreath and Bob Gillespie.

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Syria temple of Pittsburg, Pa., claims the distinction of being the third largest temple in the United States, having 11,000 members. Because they could not obtain Pullman reservations, however, both patrol and band had to be left at home, and only 100 nobles made up the party which arrived in Portland. James W. Barber of Pittsburg is recorder of the temple, and John B. Barbour, president of the Pittsburg Stock Exchange, and Samuel D. Hubley of the subscription department of the Bradstreet company, are other prominent members.

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Dr. Roy W. Hendershott and wife of Bend and H. H. Turner and wife of Walla Walla, attending the Shrine convention, are stopping at the home of W. M. Hendershott, 396 Larrabee street, during Shrine week.

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

[The life story of a pioneer who was present when Oregon's foundations were as yet mostly to be laid is told today by Mr. Lockley. The sketch includes many scenes typical of the very simple, albeit strenuous, life of the earliest immigrants.]

Thomas H. Horning and I were sitting in the Otter Rock postoffice, at which Mr. Horning is postmaster. Before us spread the blue Pacific. When we had threshed out the subjects of politics and good roads, of fishing and hunting, and numerous other subjects, I said, "Now tell me about yourself." "Nothing doing," said Mr. Horning. "A burned child dreads the fire. I told a reporter about myself once and I never saw such a pack of lies as he fixed up from what I said." "All right," I responded. "We will pass you up. When did your father come to Oregon?" "My father, Frederic Horning, was a pioneer, all right," answered Mr. Horning. "He came to Corvallis in 1849. He came from Alsace Lorraine with his folks when he was 10 years old.

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"My father started the first store in what is now Kansas City. That was in the early '40's. He built the store of hickory and black walnut logs. At that time they called the place Westport. It was an outfitting point for immigrants going to Oregon. He put in a stock of goods, and ran a bakery in connection with his store. In the spring of 1849 he, with his bride, started for California. He married Mary Johnson. For many years her oldest brother was president of the University of Oregon at Eugene.

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"There were 11 of us children. The first was born on the plains while they were coming West. She lives at Corvallis, as Mrs. Emma Groves. On the way to California they were met by a party of men who told them the feed on the road to California was all eaten up, that the Indians were bad, and that so much gold was being found in California it would soon lose its value as a precious metal. They advised them to go to Oregon in place of California. All but two of the wagon trains decided to change their plans and go to Oregon. George Spencer, who was driving my father's ox team, and a man named Newcome insisted on going on to California. Father gave Spencer a milk cow to use for a packhorse, and with their grub and outfit tied on the cow's back these two started off afoot for the California mines. They got there and Spencer struck it rich and made a pile of money. He came to Oregon later. You probably have heard of his daughter, Nettie Spencer. She lived near Brownsville and was very talented.

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"Father came to the Willamette valley and took up a donation land claim of 640 acres a mile west of Corvallis, though, of course, at that time there was no town there. Mr. Avery had taken up as his claim the land on which Corvallis is located. Mr. Johnson, my mother's father, advised my father to take half of his claim, as he said 320 acres was all either of them could farm and they could use my father's 640-acre place as back range for their stock, as Oregon wouldn't be settled up during their lifetime. He didn't look forward to a time when Western Oregon would be thickly settled and when the geographies would no longer mark the country lying between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains 'Great American Desert.'

"Father spent most of his life as a trader. He used to buy cattle and drive them to the mines at Jacksonville and later to Boise Basin, Florence, Orofino and other mining districts in the Inland Empire.

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"I was born in 1855. Mr. first teacher was Hattie Wood. She was one of the best teachers that ever taught in Oregon. They don't have as good teachers any more. She was fine at mental arithmetic and spelling. She taught us to think. They have dropped that branch from the schools now. All the references a teacher needs nowadays is her telephone number. She married Dr. J. B. Lee. My next teacher was Irene Smith. She adopted a boy and sent him to school and college. His name was Calbreath. He is a fine doctor. When he came back from college he persuaded her to marry him. I remember she had him come to school the morning after their marriage. She introduced him to us as her husband and said she would soon quit teaching. We didn't like it much, for we were very fond of her. My next teacher at Corvallis was Mrs. Finley. Her husband, the Rev. Finley, was a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He was president of the college of that church in Corvallis, which is now the Oregon Agricultural college.

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"I was a student at that college four years. Professor B. L. Arnold of Virginia was president. Professor B. J. Hawthorn, also of Virginia, was professor of languages and Professor Emory taught mathematics. Later they took E. B. McElroy to teach the preparatory grades. He was later state superintendent of public instruction. I drove cattle for my father to Eastern Oregon. When I was 23 I married Mary Jones, whose brother, B. F. Jones, was a candidate in the recent primaries for secretary of state. I did the first work on the administration building of the Oregon Agricultural college. That was in 1887. I took the contract to make the excavation for the foundation. Later I went to work on the construction and did the finishing work on the building. Louis Wilson, father of Ed Wilson, the attorney of Corvallis, made the brick for the building.

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"We have had five children—four boys and a girl. All of them have been students at the Oregon Agricultural college. All are married but Ben, the youngest. He served during the war in Siberia. We came to Otter Rock first in 1888. We didn't build here, though, till 1908. When the spruce production camps were running full blast here we had over 800 patrons getting mail at this postoffice. Now we have only three families, my own and two others, but we get mail seven days a week, which is as good service as you have in Portland."

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings In Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON NOTES

Three men have been arrested for fishing in the north fork of the Molalla river, a closed stream.

The annual school election at Salem resulted in the election of Paul B. Wallace and W. C. Winslow as directors.

A birthday party given by Lucile Torbet of Albany was unique in that every child attending had the whooping cough.

Hood River's concrete comes in the business center have been decorated red, yellow and green colors in honor of the Shriners.

The new concrete bridge at The Dalles, across Sixth street, is nearing completion and will be open for travel about August 1.

Carlton grange has decided to establish a gasoline station for the members, who are going on a card system in order to relieve the shortage.

The ballot title for a measure initiated by W. J. Bennett of Portland to curtail the authority of the public service commission has been prepared.

The proposal to cooperate with the federal government in improving the Klamath project irrigation system has been ratified by the voters of that district.

The predatory animal office of the biological survey is making an effort to organize the farmers of Coos county for the purpose of exterminating moles and other rodents.

At a school election at Albany to choose two directors, J. H. Robnett and Virgil L. Calavan were elected. The vote was tight, Calavan receiving but 80 votes and Robnett 77.

Preliminary papers have been executed for the conveyance of the Medford-Jacksonville railway to Los Angeles fruit growers who will use the output of its sawmills and box factories.

Governor Olcott has recommended Colonel Creed C. Hammond, Major Eugene Moshberger and Major Henry O. Miller to Secretary of War Baker as members in military committees authorized under a new federal law.

WASHINGTON

Hay growers in the Yakima valley are contracting the first cutting of alfalfa at $25 a ton.

State troops from Oregon will arrive at Camp Lewis July 6 for 15 days of drill and maneuvers.

Drugless physicians of Grays Harbor have decided on a site for a sanitarium on which a $100,000 building will be erected.

W. H. Talley, county agent of Walla Walla, is arranging to order distillate by the carload for the farmers to overcome the gasoline shortage.

In the southern part of Adams county, where crops have been practically a failure the past few years, prospects are good for a big crop this year.

According to word received at Aberdeen, Grays Harbor naval reservists may be taken on cruises this summer on the big battleships on the coast.

The right of the public service commission to exercise jurisdiction over ferry service and rates is denied by the decision of the state supreme court.

The Yakima Valley Protective league is being organized with a view of settling industrial disputes and to see that employes have accident and sick benefits.

Robert Bridges of Seattle has been indorsed as a candidate for governor by the Pierce county Triple Alliance and Non-partisan league in separate conventions.

The twenty-fifth annual campmeeting of the Church of God for Eastern Washington, Idaho and Eastern Oregon will be held at upper Union flat, 10 miles south of Colfax, June 25 to July 4.

IDAHO

A call has been issued for the State Non-partisan convention, which is to be held at Boise July 17.

Plans are under way to reopen an abandoned opal mine near Moscow. The mine was discovered 30 years ago.

Loyalty meetings are being planned for Idaho in July and August, under the auspices of the United Americans.

Complete paraphernalia for making whiskey has been discovered on a ranch in Cassia county, two miles south of Blaine.

Wheat in Franklin county is threatened by brown mite infestations. It is on dry farms, where irrigation is impossible.

The Bonneville Democratic club has indorsed E. M. Holden of Idaho Falls for the Democratic nomination for justice of the supreme court.

Uniform affidavits for both Idaho, Utah and other sections in the west under quarantine for the alfalfa weevil have been drawn up by the state bureau of plant industry.

C. F. Elford of Boise has been appointed special deputy commissioner of reclamation in charge of the handling and distribution of the stored waters of the Blackfoot river.

Bids on 22 miles of the Idaho-Utah highway, in Franklin county, called for a greater amount than was available and the project will be revised to come within the appropriation of $160,000.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

With the labor folks hollerin' fer somebody to git after the food and clothin' trusts you'd think they'd include the land grabbers' trust, which is the biggest trust in the world, but lots of labor folks don't know they eat, sleep, work and breathe on land and that there's more land held idle in the United States 'n would support the whole world in plenty. Some of 'em do know it, and unless more folks finds out who's the real African in this high cost of livin' woodpile there won't be no white civilization left the first thing we now—say in a century or two.

Can Any Fruit Be Finer Than the Prune of Oregon? The Answer, "No!"

The largest prune orchard in the world is near Eugene, Or. The best prunes of the world are grown in the Willamette valley and in Clarke county, Washington, bordering the Columbia river. The livest organization of business men in Vancouver, the county seat of Clarke county, adopted the name "Prunarians" as a means of advertising and testifying to the superlative qualities of the prunes from that district.

Some people seeking wealth have drilled oil wells or sought the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Oregon prune growers command a more certain prosperity. Net incomes of $10,000, $20,000 or $25,000 a year from prune orchards are not uncommon. One of the attractive features about prune growing is the amount of time the business allows for winter travel.

Portland's visitors will be interested to know that there are in Oregon more than 1000 prune orchards and the total value placed upon prune lands in the state is $24,000,000. The production record of 1918 was 40,000,000 pounds, valued at $4,100,000; in 1919, 45,000,000