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.]

Published every week day and Sunday morning, at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill street, Portland, Oregon.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

TELEPHONES—Main 7173, Automatic 560-51. All departments reached by these numbers.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 900 Mallers Building, Chicago.

THE OREGON JOURNAL reserves the right to reject advertising copy which it deems objectionable. It also will not print any copy that in any way simulates reading matter or that cannot readily be recognized as advertising.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier, city and country.

DAILY AND SUNDAY			
One week	$ .15	One month	$ .65
DAILY		SUNDAY	
One week	$ .10	One week	$ .05
One Month	.45		

BY MAIL, ALL RATES PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

DAILY AND SUNDAY			
One year	$8.00	Three months	$2.25
Six months	4.25	One month	.75
DAILY (Without Sunday)		SUNDAY (Only)	
One year	$6.00	One year	$3.00
Six months	3.25	Six months	1.75
Three months	1.75	Three months	1.00
One month	.60		
WEEKLY (Every Wednesday)		WEEKLY AND SUNDAY	
One year	$1.00	One year	$3.50
Six months	.50		

These rates apply only in the West. Rates to Eastern points furnished on application. Make remittances by Money Order, Express Order or Draft. If your postoffice is not a Money Order Office, 1 or 2-cent stamps will be accepted. Make all remittances payable to The Journal, Portland, Oregon.

What a cage is to the wild beast, law is to the selfish man. Restraint is for the savage, the rapacious, the violent; not for the just, the gentle, the benevolent. All necessity for external force implies a morbid state.—Herbert Spencer.

THE WILSON DYNASTY

IT IS highly probable that the savage assaults on President Wilson will react to confound the partisans who make them.

The country has already shown its resentment at Lodge's hymn of hate. That tirade has been widely criticized by Republican papers.

Woodrow Wilson bore up under the weight of the war. The Omnipotent alone knows the inner thoughts of the president in those trying months. On him was to be thrown the blame for failure, and Woodrow Wilson knew it.

Nearly five million American boys were under arms. What if subordinates made fatal mistakes? What if the commander in the field turned out to be incompetent? What if American forces became victims to bad generalship or incompetent strategy?

In a thousand ways there was chance that on the head of the president would fall the wrath of the nation because of the lapses or blunders of men whom he was compelled to trust. There was never a moment in the 19 months of stress when there was not chance that he would be crucified by public sentiment at home. Never was so much public money cast into the balance. No three nations combined ever made such herculean preparations to fight. Never were such stakes gambled for with the sword, and it was Woodrow Wilson who had to stand sponsor for the outcome of the play.

What hours of anxiety, what days of terrible suspense, what nights of horrible imagination must have been there under the roof of the American White House.

Woodrow Wilson fought in the war as truly as did the men who lie on Flanders field. Next to American arms, the most disconcerting thing that the central powers encountered in the war was the Wilson statement of the issues of the conflict. That document more than any other influence, undermined German militarism. The Wilson plea for self determination and for liberty and protection for weak nations broke the morale of the Austrian armies. The Wilson policy and the Wilson cooperation with the friends of liberty in that country, caused the collapse of Bulgaria, and the collapse of Bulgaria was the beginning of the end. As we know now, it destroyed the German hope of securing oil from the Near East.

The records of these things are in the archives of the nations. When, in other times, the historians turn to the written word, there they will find and tell the mighty epic as it is. They will deny to Woodrow Wilson nothing to which his service entitles him. Then the lustrous work that he performed in behalf of liberty and civilization will have its full reward.

Tired, spent and ill, Woodrow Wilson came back from Paris. He held in his hand an instrument that was the creation of the best minds of the world. It was an agreement that was accepted and approved by every considerable nation in the gigantic struggle. Most of all, terrible as were its terms, it bore the signature of Germany, pledged and bound to strip that nation of all power to renew the struggle for autocracy.

In the name of American fairness, why should Woodrow Wilson have been scourged and strafed and hounded with invective? In the name of Christian civilization, what excuse or reason from any of these acts for him to be pilloried by partisans in hymns of hate, stigmatizing him and his efforts in public life as "the Wilson dynasty?"

The future will make reply. And it may not be a distant future. Public opinion in America, as otherwhere, is subject to sudden shifts and kaleidoscopic changes.

Some day the American people will suddenly remember that while striving with all his strength to render service, he was stricken with illness. They will remember that while his illness entitled him to national respect, partisans brutally attacked and maligned him. It will come back to them that while he was temporarily incapacitated to fight back, his opponents ungallantly drove their weapons into his unresisting armor. Even a pugilist never strikes an adversary when he is down, but it was not so when the president of the United States lay wounded.

The Lodge hymn of hate was the climax. That terrible song of malignity is even less cruel than the brutal candor with which Sumner and Stevens and Davis assailed Lincoln for his forbearance to the confederacy. A just country, in its own time, will give to Wilson, as it gave to Lincoln, full acknowledgment for his service.

And like Lincoln's detractors, there will, in that good time, be none to do Wilson's persecutors homage.

History is just, if contemporaneous times are not.

From the writing man's point of view it was a very good thing that the Shrine convention, Rose Festival, and Rose Show lasted no longer than a week. His adjectives were shredded, macerated and wrecked. Why didn't the Shriners found a word hospital?

A PUBLIC OBLIGATION

A PORTLAND girl, witnessing a parade from the curb Thursday, felt a heavy hand on her arm. She turned to face a strange man. She jerked loose, and, according to the story she told the police, was thereafter the victim of a drug needle. Fainting and exhausted she reached a policeman, and the man said to have accosted her was arrested.

The trial was set for the following day. But the young lady would not complain against the man. He went free.

Whether or not a drug needle was used, if the man was guilty of accosting the young woman she should have appeared against him. It was her duty, not only to herself but to the other girls of Portland. They, too, may be subjected to the unwelcome attentions of the same man, if as charged, he accosted this girl.

Such matters are not merely personal matters, but they are public affairs, and it is the duty of every good citizen to aid the police in ridding the city of law violators and undesirables.

The police cannot arrest promiscuously and sign complaints against people unless there is evidence of guilt. Flat failure to prove any case whatever might result in numerous suits for damages. In this case, the only witness was the girl herself, and it was on her complaint that the arrest was made. Yet she refused to appear against the man, and if forced to by subpena, might maintain silence. As a result the man goes free.

Failure to complain against the undesirables can only be construed as a lack of realization of a public duty.

The gasoline shortage has had its expected but certainly unintended effect of centering upon Oregon and Washington skillful campaigns for the sale of oil stocks. Oil well promotion is speculation pure and simple. Some of the baldest and crudest, as well as the most plausible and specious frauds have been perpetrated upon the gullible and credulous through the medium of oil stocks. There are always "easy marks." There are always those who will readily lose two dollars for the speculative chance of making one. People who consider buying oil stock should at least learn what the corporation commissioner thinks of the concern offering it.

VANCOUVER A PORT

PORTLAND has given port measures majorities so sweeping as five to one. But Vancouver's port measure received from the citizens of Portland's neighbor on the north shore of the Columbia a majority of more than 20 to 1. In brief, the vote was 2359 in favor of the $130,000 Vancouver dock bond issue and only 110 against.

But Vancouver's was not only a vote for a public dock. It was a vote to utilize 1200 feet of publicly owned waterfront, for which the railroads, but not the people of Vancouver, have found profitable but little compensated use in the past. It was a vote to utilize $200,000 of dock construction left by the Standifer wooden shipyard. It was the serving of notice on the United States government that Vancouver is determined to become a port. That notice was sent by telegraph to Washington, D. C., immediately after the election to reinforce Vancouver's petition for a deep water channel to connect with Portland's ship channel. With port improvements Vancouver will be proportionately as much entitled to the use of the ship channel made by the government as is Portland.

Perhaps most significant of all is the evidence afforded by the vote on Vancouver's ocean terminal measure that Vancouver has awakened to her opportunity to be a port.

Vancouver can be a port and an industrial and distributive center with a population of 100,000 by the time of the next census if Vancouver wills it so.

The boiler on the river steamer State of Washington exploded, blowing the captain and the crew in every direction. One of them was killed. Was it the fault of the boiler inspection service? If so, some one deserves punishment.

NOT DRIVERS ALONE

THE effect of the licensing drivers law which becomes operative on July 1 will be partially nullified in reducing automobile casualties unless pedestrians do their share toward making Portland streets safe. Rigid regulation of drivers cannot alone save lives. The pedestrian must also play his part.

A few days ago a man walked across a busy intersection. Just after he left the curbing he turned to look over his shoulder. He traveled several feet while he gazed backward. In the meantime he had walked into traffic, and just as he turned about, an automobile whisked by in front. Two more steps and he would have been on the running board, despite a detour by the driver to avoid striking him. He flung snarp remarks at the pilot.

The automobile operator was in no way at fault. He was not running at high speed and he turned to avoid the accident. Pedestrians are not given continuous and complete right of way by traffic rules as some seem to believe. Like automobiles, they have a time to cross intersections, but they can't cross at any time peering backward without inviting an injury.

It is a singular fact that eight of every 10 persons injured or killed in smashups in Portland within the last eight months have been pedestrians. Indeed, the fault was the automobile driver's in some cases, but not always. And it was always the pedestrian that sustained the injury or met death. If he is hit, whosoever may be at fault, it is the pedestrian that is hurt.

And the collisions are frequently, very frequently, his fault.

A Kansan carrying a suitcase was hit in the back of the head. He dropped the suitcase and ran. Later it was discovered that he had been attacked by a screech owl. He said he thought the blow was from the blackjack of a footpad.

MARCH OF THE FLOWERS

THERE were roses, peonies, iris and larkspur from the gardens. There were daisies, spirea, Oregon grape, wild roses, ferns, moss and trailing maple from the fields and forests. There were laughing girls, brave little lads and wonderful babies. There were gallant men all in line of march with uniforms of white and blue and brown and red. There were beautiful horses and graceful cars. There were cowboys and Indians, the stage coach of long ago and the limousine chariot of today. There were ribbons and gowns and garlanded hats. There were thrilling martial airs from bands and cheering songs from choruses.

All of these things were fashioned together most charmingly and wonderfully for the parade that made Portland a floral fairyland Thursday afternoon.

But these things were not all. Ideas marched on the blossom carpeted streets. Art lifted her proud head above the floats. Infinite patience held together the warp and the woof of the magic patterns into which roses were woven. Resourcefulness pointed to devices cunningly fashioned for the greater expression of beauty. And Beauty herself was found in every graceful line and flashed in every smile. Invention and experience contributed to the gripping, mind-enthralling power of Thursday afternoon's pageantry.

People, too, people from everywhere made the climax contribution—appreciation. It was by much the most beautiful, the most elaborate and the most praiseworthy floral parade Portland has seen. And this means it was the best seen anywhere, for Portland is the queen city of flowers.

ROSEBURG'S ACQUISITION

ROSEBURG has a new possession. The metropolis of the Umpqua has a climate that varies but few degrees through the four seasons. The wind rarely exceeds a velocity of four miles an hour. The rainfall is just the amount necessary to keep the country beautifully green yet allow plenty of time for verdancy to smile at the sun. Strawberries fresh from the garden in December are not unusual. The roses bloom so early and again so late that they are a good deal like the man who, rising, met himself going to bed. The apples are the chief adornment of any fruit stand. The turkeys of the Umpqua are a boast upon any Thanksgiving table. The cattle, sheep and swine are wondrous beasts. Every natural condition prepared the country to be the ideal habitat of splendid men and women.

Now Roseburg has added a new and vigorously organized Chamber of Commerce. It is an act of community intelligence, or, better, common sense. By means of it, Roseburg should be able thus to capitalize in the terms of the Umpqua valley's intensive development the soil and the climate, the sunshine and the rain, the fruits and flowers and domestic creatures, the forests and the beauty of that Eden-like region.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE

It Compels the Opposition to Emerge With Something More Appealing Than Hatred and Straddle.

From the New York Evening Post

Mr. Wilson's statement to the public through the medium of the able Mr. Seibold of the World is * * * * a highly useful utterance. * * * * By his emphasis on the Democratic need of a firm and clear stand in behalf of the treaty and the league, he compels the Republican party and its candidate to emerge from their present ambiguous and timid position. The keynote struck by Mr. Wilson will undoubtedly be sustained by the San Francisco convention and by the Democratic campaigners. It is inevitable that the Republican candidate will be under a sustained fire upon the question of the league. And a clear answer will have to be given. Mr. Harding will have to find himself. The blank check which the Republican convention drew up for whatever candidate it might select must be filled out. And the sooner Mr. Harding and his party find themselves the better for them and the better for the country. They cannot straddle to victory. They must fight.

There is a second warning in Mr. Wilson's challenge. He accuses the Republicans of seeking to camouflage the real issues of the campaign by making himself, Wilson, the chief issue. Now, the Republicans may or may not have set out to practice camouflage; but it is certain that they are working the anti-Wilson issue too hard. There was altogether too much sneering and railing at Chicago against the Wilson "dynasty" and the Wilson "despotism." It is at best a negative issue. It is not an issue that can go very well with a people constitutionally resentful of mere "knocking." It carries a very real danger of creating reaction in the president's favor. After all, we are not groaning under a Wilson autocracy. After all, the Wilson "despotism" did carry us through a great war to victory. After all, there is still a widespread sympathy for the man who gave his health and came very near to giving his life in the service of country and a great ideal.

The Democratic party could wish nothing better than to see the Republicans very firm and clear in their hatred of Wilson and not at all firm and clear on the issues that really matter.

Our Wounded President

From the Pendleton East Oregonian

An assistant secretary of the treasury was responsible yesterday for the statement that President Wilson's health is such as to preclude the idea of a third term. That statement may or may not be correct. Coming from such a source, it sounds authentic.

Be that as it may, the world knows that the president has suffered grievously. After nine months of illness, he still walks slowly and with a cane. He is alert mentally and his moral courage has never faltered. But as Mr. Seibold said, he has "paid in the flesh."

The president is a war victim just as much as though he had been wounded in battle. As president and commander in chief of our army and navy, he was the man to whom the nation looked for guidance. He gave it, and no man ever brought an executive mind into better play than he did. He moved with speed, with skill and courage. He told the Atlantic fleet to stop the U-boats if it took half the American navy to do so. Though reluctant to enter war, there was nothing halting about his actions when once this nation entered the struggle. Germany can testify to that.

But the president's job was not over when the armistice was signed. His hardest work was yet to come. He faced it at Paris and faced it successfully. He fulfilled America's chief war aim by bringing the big nations of the world together under the League of Nations covenant to prevent warfare in the future.

Then he returned home, but not to rest. He found his influence undermined by partisan enemies. He found his motives misrepresented and the league covenant libelled. The major part of the American press, always at heart against him for political reasons, had turned its guns upon him. He was abused and vilified as no man since Lincoln had been abused. Making a speaking trip to explain the league and its objects, he went through a physical strain that was enough to wreck a football star. His friends wondered how he could stand it and they were not surprised at his breakdown.

But illness has never exempted the president from attack. While he was lowest his critics railed the loudest. He knows how the wounded in France felt when the Germans bombed their hospitals.

A remarkable thing has been the total lack of generosity shown the president by his political enemies. Soldiers who fought or who did not fight have been cordially acclaimed. For the commander in chief there has been no respite from abuse. The Chicago convention uttered not one word of credit for the bona fide and historical achievements of the president during the war. He was praised for nothing, blamed for everything. Lodge's keynote speech was one continuous song of hate and it was ill based on the fact that the president was striving to fulfill our war promises and striving to accomplish what he believes and what the civilized world believes is a great step for humanity. The whole thing is enough to make one gasp and wonder that a nation that fought so bravely and for such high principles should permit such tactics.

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.]

CONVERTED BY LODGE & CO.

Portland, June 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have been a Wilson man and have considered him a man that has devoted several years of his life in fighting to make this a peaceable and better world. We know that he did keep us out of a bloody war with Mexico, and we know that he did all a man could do to keep us out of the great war. But things got so hot, and he foresaw that unless we acted at once we should have to fight Germany alone. Then he went at it, regardless of cost, to push things and end the war as quickly as money, men and materials could do it. If certain men took advantage of our haste, to profiteer, Wilson had other things to attend to and had to wait until the close of the war to look those men up. Now, if Wilson is the pirate, the Nero, the rascal, traitor, etc., that Borah, Lodge, Johnson, et al., make him out, then why not hang him? They are either liars, or Wilson is a terrible man.

I think the above company have made thousands of Democrats out of Republicans, and I am one of them. I consider the late convention a disgrace to the Republican party, and Bing Lardner should have been nominated. I, at least, would have voted for him before I would for Johnson, Borah, Lodge, and several others. They have as good as elected a Democrat. Republican.

REJECTS MR. CLARKSON'S THEORY

Portland, June 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—I am indeed thankful for the light Mr. Clarkson has shed upon the subject of preference of employment shown the foreigner by employers. I see the secret of success now. Hereafter when I approach the employer I shall have my stature declined, my eyes cast downward, with ignorance and submission stamped across my face, and thereby deserve the pity and stir the compassion of the employer. Now since he has informed me of the shortcomings of Americans, I would advise him that if he has any children he is doing them an injustice to let them grow up here in the free air of America if he expects them to make a living by the sweat of their brow. He had better send them to Russia, where they will acquire some of the humble characteristics that he speaks of which give the foreigner advantage over the American. But I would not advise him to send them just now. Wait till czarism is reestablished, then they will soon degenerate into just what he is looking for. Through the light of his constructive criticism I see hopes for us yet. When we have been reduced to serfdom we can appear on the fields of competition in some other progressive country. Luther Minton.

THE LESSON OF THE SHRINERS

Portland, June 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—What lesson did the visit of the Shriners leave? That all depends on your education, your business or your viewpoint of life, for everything is colored by our interest in life. The one outstanding manifestation, to me, was the lesson of democracy.

Suppose the symbols that were borne in our streets, the uniforms that represented the realities of dead empires, had suddenly become living realities, bristling with steel and hurling deadly gas and shells, bent on the destruction of all the people and the structures of the city—what would have been our attitude? The late war is an answer to that question. Could anybody believe that within the twinkle of an eye all this loveliness could be turned into a raging torrent of hate and destruction? And yet such is the case.

On the streets of Portland in the past two weeks we have witnessed for a brief time the spirit of the brotherhood of man—real democracy in action; the Golden Rule a living, pulsing thing. The symbol of the high potentate, a thing of amusement, and the merest beggar in spirit elevated to the dignity of a monarch.

This is democracy. Why can it not obtain always? Surely the heart of man instinctively longs for the true and beautiful. It would rather make a playhouse than a battlefield of the stage of life.

But it is said, "We must have battle, or such scenes would pall." Must we always be animals? May we not evolve to that point at which the soul can be satisfied with changing scenes of beauty and grace, rather than of conquest and power?

That such a state is possible is the lesson I get from the Shriners' visit. These meetings are but a glimpse of the ideality of the eternal aspirations of the human heart—a longing for love and peace. When it reaches deep enough to lay such a foundation for the organic structure of human society that want and the fear of want shall be a joke, along with the symbols of departed monarchism, then our dream will become a reality. And single tax alone can do it. J. R. Herrmann.

DISCERNING THINGS SPIRITUAL

Aumsville, June 21.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read the letters in The Journal by J. Harold and I would ask him a few questions and also give him a little information in regard to the "supernatural God."

A person who has no personal experience in a matter is in no way competent to teach; therefore, Mr. Harold, being a natural man, not a spiritual man, and a believer in a natural God, instead of in a supernatural God, cannot understand spiritual things, for we read in I Corinthians 2-14, that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolish to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." This being the case, how could we expect a correct Christian (Christlike) opinion of such an one?

Was Wilhelm, or is anyone else who takes millions of lives, or even one life, a child of the supernatural God and a follower of the Christ, the son of the supernatural god? I answer no. All such belong to one of three classes—hypocrites, unbelievers or followers of the natural God. The supernatural God teaches through His Son: "Ye have heard that it hath been said (see Leviticus, 24-20) an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." (Matthew 5:38-39.) In regard to Cain slaying Abel, David causing Uriah to be murdered, etc., these cases have been well explained by "Israelite" in The Journal of June 16.

Mr. Harold is like many others, who, though they may be learned in human knowledge, lack in spiritual wisdom, or wisdom of supernatural things; for anyone who has read the Bible as much as he apparently has, and yet cannot realize that this earth is but a place of preparation for the future life of the believer in the supernatural God, is to be pitied.

Paul says: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part but then shall I known even as I am known." Truly this is but a place of preparation for the future life, and a place to learn to be like Him, for we shall see him as He is."

The works of the flesh are found in Galatians 5-19: "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like." Then in the twenty-second verse we find the fruits of the spirit: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." Teacher.

SEAPLANE DELIVERY A SCOOP

From the Woodburn Independent

The Oregon Journal is a leader in journalistic enterprise, having established a seaplane delivery to Astoria and Seaside, the initial trip having been made in two and a half hours. It is a great step forward in newspaper feats and history, and The Journal is to be congratulated upon being the first paper in the world to adopt and put in practice this regular delivery method. It is what may a termed a scoop of the first water.

Olden Oregon

Grant County, Formed in 1864, Has an Interesting History.

Grant county, named in honor of President Grant, was organized out of Wasco and Umatilla counties, October 14, 1864, during the mining excitement on the headwaters of the John Day river. Its boundaries were definitely drawn in 1870, but in 1872 a slice was cut off and added to Baker county. Canyon City, the county seat, was founded in 1862 and incorporated in 1864. At one time during the height of the mining industry the town had a population of 2500. This was in 1865. In 1870 fire swept the place and destroyed property to the value of $250,000, which has never been replaced.

Gilliam county was named after Colonel Gilliam, who was in command of the Oregon volunteers in the Cayuse war of the '50s. The county was established in 1885, being formed out of Wasco and Umatilla counties.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Next week: Back to the regular "grind."

* * *

Babe Ruth has a "wallop" that belies his name.

* * *

Sunday will indeed be a day of much needed rest.

* * *

The weather man seems to have stubbed his toe.

* * *

Many of his friends seem to think that McAdoo will do, but they don't seem to know just what he will do.

* * *

Naturally, whenever a "beer plank" is mentioned as a possibility, there are plenty to "hop" onto it.

* * *

Next year at Atlantic City, can't you imagine the Shriners saying, "Now, last year, when we were in Portland," etc., etc.

* * *

Thursday was a holiday in Mexico and all natives were supposed to take a bath. That doubtless made it a "Jonah day" for many of them.

* * *

The federal court has granted Admiral Rodman authority to seize oil, forcibly if necessary, for the Pacific fleet. He may need it for troubled waters.

* * *

Wouldn't it be fine if we could just have had those band concerts stretched out through the entire summer, instead of having them bunched into three days? But good things, like hard luck, usually come in bunches.

SIDELIGHTS

Salem's postal business in May, as measured by stamp sales, was a record breaker.

* * *

A bronze tablet in memory of Ashland men who fell in the war with Germany will be dedicated at Ashland on the Fourth of July.

* * *

"Shriners are finding Oregon the real and not the imaginary Mecca," is the Albany Democrat's very neat and very complete way of putting it.

* * *

Music lovers of Salem are to be entertained every Tuesday and Friday evening for the rest of the summer season with band concerts at Willson park. The band this year is bigger and better than ever, the Statesman says.

* * *

"Portland is not only an ideal city for national conventions on account of hotel accommodations and climate, but," surmises the Woodburn Independent, "because orders have doubtless been issued not to examine suitcases to see if the delegates brought the proper change of underclothing."

* * *

"What with the earthquake shocks at Los Angeles and the torrid weather at Sacramento, Fresno, Stockton and elsewhere in that state this week, the much boosted state of California as a residence section," remarks the Medford Mail Tribune, "received somewhat of a setback, and even visiting Californians here look with envy on the Rogue River valley with its delightful climate and absence of quakes and storms."

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

Noble Fred Heldmeyer, member of Saginaw's Elf Khurafeh temple, who lives at Lansing, Mich., spent Shrine week in Portland at the home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Oppenlander. Heldmeyer declares that Portland outdid herself in entertaining the imperial council delegates. He was especially interested in the Columbia river highway and large sawmills.

* * *

Tulsa, Okla., claims as two of her sons W. E. and S. E. Andeel. Their fezzes read "Akdar" and in their home city they are in the dry goods business. Both were impressed with the beauty and hospitality of Portland.

* * *

"The baby temple" is Tehama, of Hastings, Neb., which was installed in September, 1918. It's the baby, as far as age goes, but now has a thriving membership of 1000. C. E. Schafer, one of the members, is connected with the water and light office of the city of Hastings. Mayor L. B. Stiner is the illustrious potentate of the temple.

* * *

J. Milton Wade of Dallas, Texas, is a member of Helia temple of Dallas. He said: "I'm not giving you a lot of our famous 'Texas air' when I say that Portland's Shrine convention will go down in the annals of Shrinedom as one of the most successful conventions of them all." Wade, who is a commercial man, expects to return to the coast in a few months.

* * *

The distinction of being the first to donate $5000 to the Cripples' home, to be established and maintained by Shriners, is held by Henry Lansburgh, illustrious potentate of Almas, Washington, D. C. Mr. Lansburgh also subscribed an annual fund of $1000 for life, which is to be known as the "W. Freeland and Mabel Kendrick endowment fund." Lansburgh's slogan is "Call me Henry," and as his car bore that banner in the parades, he was busy acknowledging the "Hello, there, Henry," which greeted him along the entire line of march. He is part owner of one of the oldest department stores at the capital and well known in Shrinedom. Thursday night he was host at a dinner at the Multnomah hotel, when he entertained 120 Shriners and friends.

* * *

Did you know that Ashland is the smallest city in the United States that has a Shrine temple? Its name is Hillah, and it claims a membership of nearly 300, many of whom are from all parts of Southern Oregon. Among those who drove here for the convention from that city were Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Neil, and they brought as their guests Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Neil of Eugene and Mrs. L. M. Goodwin.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Martin of Burlington, Vt., are Portland visitors for the week. They came with the El Korah temple special, which is from Boise, although Mr. Martin is a member of Cairo temple, Rutland, Vt. They have been visiting in the Idaho town for some time. Martin, who is a retired wholesale grocer, with Mrs. Martin, plans to spend the summer in the West.

* * *

J. P. Wahlstadt is one of the members of Tebala patrol, which comes from Rockford, Ill., who left Friday night for his home, along with the entire patrol of 28 and the band of 21 pieces.

* * *

"Do you think it will be possible to secure accommodations for our entire delegation from Creswell?" wrote Chester Noland to the Shrine committee in charge of accommodations. "We think it can be arranged," they replied, because, you see, Noland is the whole delegation — the sole Shriner of the town. He also lays claim to being the postmaster of Creswell, and is a member of Hillah temple of Ashland. Creswell is a small town near Eugene that is popular as a terminus for college students' hikes.

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

[In his goings to and fro upon the earth Mr. Lockley is always finding something new—or old, as the case may be. This is one of the times when the new thing is old—an old clock, to be exact. This old clock once belonged to a world famous teller of stories, who passed it to relatives through whose hands it has at last come to Oregon, to stay.]

A day or so ago at Newport I ran across a little chap 10 years old or thereabouts. His eyes were as blue as the sky. His hair was the color of flax. He was sturdy and tanned by the sun and the sea breeze. He told me his name was Nicolai Andersen and that he was in the seventh grade. "Are you good at arithmetic?" I asked. "Sure. Ask me an example and I'll show you," he said. "If one boy can jump three feet high, how high can two boys jump?" I asked. "Oh, that's too easy; that's a regular kid question. If one boy can jump three feet high, then two boys can jump two times three feet, or six feet high," he answered. Pointing to a low fence, I said: "That fence is about three feet high. Can you jump over it?" "Sure, I can. I'll show you," he answered. "Wait a minute," I said. "See that gate across the street? That's about 6 feet high. If you can jump 3 feet high, you say, the two of us can jump 6 feet high; so we will both jump over that 6-foot gate." He looked at it critically and said, "Maybe you can jump it, but I'll have to climb over or use a vaulting pole." "But I thought you said if one boy can jump 3 feet high two boys can jump 6 feet high," I said. His face wore a perplexed expression as he said, "Well I can prove it by my arithmetic, but it don't work when you come to try it. According to the arithmetic, if one boy can jump 3 feet high, then four boys can jump 12 feet high. That's an awful high jump. I don't believe they could jump that high, even with a pole. I thought that old arithmetic knew what it was talking about, but it was lying about that, all right."

* * *

We went to his house, which stands on a bluff overlooking the sea. He took from its hiding place in a half cocoanut shell the house key and took me in to show me an old clock they have. "When Hans Christian Andersen died he gave this clock to my great-grandfather, and it has come on down to Dad," he said. "See; it has only one hand. It tells the hour and you have to guess how many minutes it is. When that clock was born they weren't in such a hurry as we are; so knowing the hour was near enough. See; it has a long string and a heavy copper weight on it. Then it has a long pendulum. Reach up and take the side of the clock off and you will see it has only three wheels, made of brass, to run it."

* * *

Later I ran across Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Andersen, who have charge of the "Old Playground" at Newport. "Yes," said Mr. Andersen, "that old clock used to belong to Hans Christian Andersen. He gave it to my grandfather, John Andersen, who was his nephew. My grandfather gave it to my father, Nicolai Andersen, who gave it to me, and I will give it to my boy, Nicolai. When my grandfather had it he kept it hanging on the wall by the window in his home in Denmark. They had a high fireplace, for cooking. In place of being level with the floor it was raised up three feet so grandmother wouldn't have to stoop while doing her cooking. One day during a heavy storm lightning struck their house. The bolt came down the fireplace and went out of the open window, but on its way it hit my grandfather, dazing him, and it knocked the porcelain face off the clock. Grandfather was handy with tools, so he fixed up that iron clock face with the brass ornaments and the old-fashioned figures.

* * *

"Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odense, on the Isle of Funen, off the Danish coast. He was born at the time Napoleon was all powerful in Europe. My father still lives in Denmark. He keeps tab on all our relatives there. He knew Hans Christian Andersen very well indeed."

* * *

As Mr. Andersen told me about his great-uncle, Hans Christian Andersen, my mind flew back to my childhood days, when I used to be absorbed with the story of the "Silver Shilling," and used to grieve over the hard life of the "Ugly Duckling," which was abused and mistreated by all the inmates of the poultry yard for looking different from its brothers and sisters, and how at last it turned out to be a swan.

Do you remember with what delight you read "The Snow Queen, "The Hardy Tin Soldier," "The Storks," and Andersen's other fairy tales? It seems strange that this gifted author, who knew the hearts of children and who wrote of them and for them understandingly, regarded his fairy tales of minor worth and was anxious to succeed as a playwright. When he was 14 he saw a company of traveling players in his native city and he was fired with an ambition to be an actor. The following year he went to Copenhagen to become an actor, but he was thought to be too ungainly, too homely; his nose was too big; he was too lank. So he was rejected. Do you see where he got the material for his story, "The Ugly Duckling"? He tried singing, but his voice failed. Friends secured from the king an appointment for him at public expense at a college, where he secured an excellent education. When his father, who was a shoemaker, died, he was adopted by the widow of the poet Bunkeflod. After completing his college course he made a tour afoot through Germany, and later traveled in the same way through Switzerland. He also traveled through Spain, picking up material wherever he went, for his novels and for his fairy stories. He wrote his first child stories in 1835, when he was 30 years old. He kept his childlike nature and viewpoint all his life. In 1845 he was granted a royal annuity, for in Europe literature is esteemed. His complete works in 50 volumes have been published in Germany, and some of his work has been published in many languages. He was awarded the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog order by the king of Denmark. He was shown great honor in 1869 at his literary jubilee. He died in 1875, loved and respected by all, and for ages to come children will enjoy his fairy tales.

Curious Bits of Information For the Curious

Gleaned From Curious Places

Tammany was the name of an Indian sachem in the days of William Penn. He was great chief of the Delaware Indians, and sold land to Penn. In the aboriginal tongue his name means "the affable," and tradition credits him with being a lover of peace; further than this the legends and adventures attached to his name are the inventions of members of different American societies which held May day festivities in Maryland and Pennsylvania before and after the Revolution, and adopting the sachem as their patron saint, commonly described themselves as "Sons of Saint Tammany."

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON NOTES

By a vote of 1162 to 732 Eugene voters have recalled School Director E. R. Bryson.

W. H. Strayer and W. S. Levens have been reelected directors of Baker school district No. 5.

By a vote of 102 to 9 C. E. Mason has been elected director of the Beaverton school district.

Chief of Police Christensen of Eugene has filed a suit charging L. R. Edmunson, an attorney, with criminal libel.

While the Mosier cherry crop will be only half as large as last year, it is stated that the fruit will be of excellent quality.

W. G. Beattie, superintendent of schools at Cottage Grove, has resigned to accept a position on the faculty of the State Normal school.

Professor George F. Sykes of the department of zoology, Oregon Agricultural college, has been elected secretary of the Pacific Fisheries society.

Lane county post of the American legion will make an effort at the state convention of the legion at Astoria to elect Eugene as the meeting place for next year.

Arthur E. Holgate of Corvallis, who was wounded in battle near Cantigny, also at Soissons and the Argonne, has been cited for gallantry by his division commander.

The Hood River Anti-Asiatic association has approved the action of Governor Stephens of California in asking the state department to cooperate in the exclusion of Japanese.

Frank L. Calkins, assessor of Douglas county, says that one third of the special school taxes voted in the various districts of the county are illegal because the proper notice was not given.

WASHINGTON

Ten new agents are to be added to the force of federal prohibition agents in this state.

At Pomeroy prospects are good for a heavy crop of wheat. As compared with last year only about 80 per cent acreage was sown.

Tom Williams, a Centralia boy who was wounded overseas at Soissons, has been cited by his division commander for bravery.

Three hundred farmers from the Inland Empire attended the opening session of the convention of farm organizations at Spokane.

The Seattle city council has refused to amend city fire ordinances in order to permit the exhibition of moving pictures in the public schools.

George Sellers, who shot and killed Romelo Cicerrelli while the latter was endeavoring to enter Seller's home, has been exonerated by a coroner's jury.

Helgar Torsensen, the 60-year-old sailor who left Bremerton in a small boat for California, has been sighted off Cape Blanco, making good headway.

C. W. Duffin of the Aberdeen postoffice force, and an ex-service man, has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for county clerk.

The six weeks course of the Centralia summer normal school opened with an enrollment of 20 students, bringing the total attendance at the summer session to over 100 students.

With no prospect for the relief of the car shortage situation, many of the lumber mills of the Northwest are being forced to close, say officers of the West Coast Lumbermen association.

Both Governor Hart and Clark V. Savidge have accepted invitations to speak at the annual Pioneer day celebration to be held at Rochester August 12 by the Southwestern Washington pioneers.

Samuel F. Snell, who has been employed in the Tacoma postoffice for 30 years, will be retired on a pension of $60 per month. This is $10 a month more than his salary was when he began.

IDAHO

A sale of 2160 acres of state land at Arco brought $33,760, or an average of $15.63 per acre.

At a special election at Bonners Ferry a bond issue was voted to build a new high school building.

Offerings on cherries at Lewiston have risen 1 cent. Shippers are concerned over a possible box shortage.

Rupert cheese was awarded first honors with a score of 94 at the contest conducted by the University of Idaho.

With the exception of assistant principal for high school work, the faculty of the Juliaetta schools for the coming year is complete.

Farmers from the Fraser country and Gilbert-Russell section, at a meeting at Grofino, decided to establish a competitive telephone system.

Grasshoppers are becoming a serious menace to crops in the Muldoon and Fish creek districts, hatching in patches of four or five acres. The commissioners will be asked for a $1000 appropriation to exterminate them.

Official grades for Idaho on farm products have been prepared by the bureau of markets. Official U. S. wheat grades have been adopted. Radical changes have been made in apples and grades for cherries and peaches have been added.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

I see a jedge in New York has turned a degenerate cuss loose to come to Oregon and prey on little gals whenever he takes a notion. Mebby that jedge has a idee that Oregon folks is easy marks fer rich and devilish inclined idj