Oregon Sunday 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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The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have they that do his commandments.—Psalms 111:10.

AMERICA'S SHIPS

AMERICAN shipbuilders today head the world in efficiency of shipbuilding, quality of ships built and facilities for the construction of new vessels.

But British shipbuilders have definitely exceeded American shipyards in the volume of construction. On September 30, 1919, according to Lloyd's Register, the amount of tonnage produced by American shipyards was 3,470,000 and by British shipyards 2,816,000, giving America a lead of 654,000 tons.

On March 31 this year the balance had shifted. The American production of shipping was 2,966,000 tons, that of the British 3,394,000, giving the latter a lead of 398,000 tons.

In the meantime, American shipyards are declining in their deliveries of government tonnage at a rate much more rapid than their increase in ship construction on private account.

Of the vessels under construction in October, 1919, 2,600,146 tons were for the government and 347,343 tons for private orders. In May of this year the private orders under construction had climbed to 1,466,324 tons and construction for the government had decreased to 1,140,683 tons, giving private tonnage a lead of 325,641 tons.

If the production of British shipyards were lessening, the decline in American shipyards would have no significance other than that the vessels sunk and destroyed during the war had been replaced and the needs of international commerce filled.

But the fact of the matter is that cargoes the world over are still awaiting bottoms. If the orders for needed ships could be booked American shipyards would be busy for a long time to come.

The shipbuilders' association of the Atlantic coast is inclined to charge the decline against high labor costs and an unfavorable exchange situation. Labor and exchange may be factors but there is another reason larger than either.

The United States has acquired a merchant marine greater than we have ever before possessed and one of the greatest in the world. But the United States has not as yet learned how to use its merchant marine. We have not learned how to apply to the operation of vessels built under high costs and running under a large overhead expense those devices of American invention which have made our industry, employing the highest paid workers in the world, also the highest in quality and the least in unit cost.

American workers will continue to be highly paid whether in shipyards, the industries that contribute to shipbuilding or upon the ships themselves.

When we learn how to end terminal delays, load vessels with maximum dispatch and discharge cargoes at a routine of top speed—when we learn how to use our merchant marine in an American way, the problem of ships will be solved.

One engineer has estimated that the waste at shipping terminals represents a dead loss to the American people of $30,000,000,000 a year. The waste must be transformed into productive efficiency. Then there will be continuing demand for all the ships that can be built with present facilities.

There is no incongruity about holding the Columbia basin irrigation congress in Seattle September 16 and 17. The success of this mammoth project will depend upon the exercise of all possible energy not only in the great interior region where the reclamation is proposed, but also on the part of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Spokane. The productivity of the Big Bend country under water will supply all Northwest cities with enough business to prevent jealousies. And if Portland will begin now to see to it that Columbia river boat lines are established there will be no question as to the location of the outlet for the products of the great region.

BANKS OF BUILDERS

A BANKING institution can assure the continuity of its patronage by no other means so well as to aid the development of the district in which it does business. Some bankers have regarded themselves as successful when many of the farms in their neighborhood were tied up with debt. Inevitably such banks shorten their own lives either through the revolt of their clients or the business depression of the district.

There is, however, an increasing number of banks that are looking for profits when their district makes good. The First National bank of Bend, for instance, gets out a little monthly publication. The miscellaneous items of a recent issue could only have been inspired by a helpful purpose.

The reader was asked to consider the silo-sunflower combination as a stock feeding device. The birth of a purebred calf and the sale of a purebred Duroc-Jersey hog were heralded. Booklets offered for free distribution dealt with cream test variations, Shorthorn cattle, farm records, alfalfa culture, veterinary service, the banker farmer and jack rabbit poison formulas.

Two farmers had taken up with the bank diseases of their hogs. The state veterinarian was called, the animals were vaccinated and the deaths stopped.

A dollar saved, it was urged, is as good as two dollars earned. On another page the explanation is of unusual interest.

To render a definite purpose in the upbuilding of Central Oregon; to carry on an educational campaign for a better understanding of the many kinds of service a bank can render, and the human, friendly side of a banking institution; to help promote the breeding of better livestock, the adoption of better farming methods, the maintaining of soil fertility, the construction of silos, the organization of boys' and girls' club work, the habits of thrift and economy, and the identity of the First National bank of Bend with Central Oregon industry and all that stands for a greater Bend and a greater Central Oregon.

Such a program is fully as certain to command success for the bank as for the district it serves. Moreover, it changes a bank from the category of institutions that exist on their communities to the more honorable and intelligent position of infusing the vital energy of new blood into business and agriculture.

The establishment of direct steamship service between Portland and Alaska is again being "discussed." After past experiences Portland will probably only believe in the possibilities of such a line when the possibilities are realized. And then this city will discover that with a line properly established, with good vessels and good service, there may be gold mines in ships as well as in Alaska.

THE INDIAN'S SON

THE tepee drops its smoke-stained walls. The poles of the wigwam stay green on their roots. The white man's house is the Indian's abode. The Indian's pony is the white man's car. The white man's cash is the Indian's wampum.

The war drum throbs. The braves dance. The white man's pavement is the Indian's turf. The painted body and the streaked face in sinuous weaving to and fro are only to divert a white man friend and never again to terrify a paleface enemy. The fierce war whoop only echoes back from the long, long, trail.

Yet the Indian mind and the Indian heart have little changed. In the valley of the Yakima not long ago, Indian George Jim was freed of the charge of murdering Medicine Man Shuite. It was freedom granted in response to a plea that would never have exonerated a white man.

Indian George Jim killed Medicine Man Shuite. When he had slain the medicine man, he called his friends and his relatives together. They made merry and they feasted. For was not the evil spell destroyed? Would not his son, the father himself begun again, cease to languish and wither now that the curse of the bad spirit had been lifted?

"Am I a white man in whose veins the blood has bleached that I should let him suck the life of my only son as he killed my sister?" Indian George Jim proudly asked when the white man's law sought to hold him. "As he caused my father, the chief—see, I wear his robes—to wither like the leaf in autumn and to shrivel, I killed. I took the power from Shuite, the medicine man, but, ali-iah! ali-iah! I waited too long."

Yes, Indian George Jim had waited too long. There was the bitterness in the cup. His son died. It was not the evil spell of Shuite. It was the curse of the white plague that had cut down the boy. George Jim's father and George Jim's sister and many other of the Yakimas had gone to the happy hunting grounds with wasted lungs gasping for breath.

Let the drums throb on. Let the romance and color of legend live on. Let the Indian deep in his heart of hearts believe as his fathers believed. But let the white man's medicine take the place of the medicine man's spell. Then the Indian will keep his son.

The Portland traffic department, automobile drivers and pedestrians are to be congratulated on the safety week just passed. In spite of hundreds of additional automobiles and a hundred thousand visitors, not one person was seriously injured in automobile accidents. The record is in keeping with other records of the week.

TO THE CITY THAT HATH

IF THE 1920 census enumerators will be a little more particular they will probably find that the 88.7 per cent increase in population credited to San Diego has occurred more in the past five years of the 10. Opening on the first day of January, 1915, San Diego held an exposition which, like the greater world's fair at San Francisco, commemorated the completion of the Panama canal.

What San Diego did then—a city of 43,578 people—seemed literally the effrontery of hospitality. San Diego invited the world to come within her portals. She had the rail service of but one great railroad system. She had a harbor that most people associated with the hide loading episode of "Two Years Before the Mast," rather than with any modern development. She had as a viewpoint the cactus grown promontory, Point Loma. But she had Southern California sunshine. She had a climate so equable that its temperature variant is only about 10 degrees in the course of the four seasons.

The world accepted the invitation. It was coming to the Panama-Pacific exposition, anyway. The exposition which in preparation had strained the faith, the resources and the loyalty of San Diegans, but had also demonstrated the powers of accomplishment of the city's men, was a success. It was a success in more ways than one. It attracted the favorable notice of powerful interests. The harbor and aviation possibilities of San Diego were recognized by the government.

In a brief five years San Diego has nearly doubled in size. The increase is composed of busy, productive people. Many millions of dollars of government and private funds are going into port development, aviation facilities and industries. As Portland did with the Lewis & Clark exposition in 1905, San Diego in 1915, with a memorable exposition, created a world advertisement and "sold" the climate, the bay, the city itself and the surrounding country for an inpouring of wealth almost beyond belief.

Truly it is paraphrased: That to the city that hath—energy, opportunities, courage, and sufficient spirit to advertise splendidly—shall be added unto—growth, power, recognition and wealth.

Pedestrians don't always go the way they are looking. And when they don't they are inviting automobile accidents, injuries and maybe worse.

IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE United States "misprized and threw away" opportunity to become part of the League of Nations and South America's republics were disappointed, if Rafael Escobar Lara, writing in Inter-America, correctly interprets their attitude. This writer says:

The covenant of the League of Nations which means the beginnings of a new in the life of humanity, and the crystallization of an ideal which hitherto many have considered irrealizable, is conceived in terms so ample and with loftiness of views so elevated that it might be considered, without falling into glaring exaggeration, as the most precious document that humanity has struck off, and one whose beneficent influence future generations will not cease to applaud.

The effect of the league covenant would have been, Lara thinks, to have universalized the Monroe doctrine. Under the Monroe doctrine territorial aggression by a European nation in South America would be regarded by the United States as an unfriendly act. The South American explains that in regard to the League of Nations. He says:

The part which the United States has played in respect to the American countries loses this regional character and becomes the collective patrimony of the rest of the nations.

In other words, all parties to the League of Nations would, as the United States has done in the past, preserve the countries of South America from European interference.

Portland has passed the biggest week in her history. Never before has she been called upon to house, feed and entertain so many visitors. And never did a city do a better job. The visitors all say so.

NEWS AND RELIGION

THE Northern Baptist convention has merged the chief of the denomination's periodicals into one called "The Baptist." The idea has expanded until now it is proposed also to publish a daily newspaper because—

It is believed that there is such a demand for a newspaper which will present all the essential news from day to day, free from slush and trash which many editors seem to think necessary, and which has for its great motive the promotion of Protestant Christianity, that the proposed paper will be a success from the start. The number of subscriptions received will show whether Christian people are really sincere in the protests they have made against existing newspapers and in their expressed desire for something which will promote and not conflict with their Christian ideals.

In the earlier days of the New York Sun, that publication at one time was leased and issued primarily for the promotion of religious ideals. No police court news, no crime reports, no social scandals were admitted to the purified pages. But it was only a very short time until the lessees surrendered it, as they said, "to mammon." Their enterprise was a financial failure. The Sun, during that period, lacked two vital essentials, subscriptions and advertising.

Afterwards, Charles A. Dana became the owner and editor of the Sun, and it may have been the experience referred to which caused him to say that he would exclude from the newspaper's columns the news of nothing that Providence permitted to happen.

Editors are about as responsible for news that offends religious ideals as an automobile driver is for the ruts in the road.

They are, most of them, as much opposed to crime, scandal and other expressions of sub-normal life as the autoist is to the bumps of the highway. The newspaper influence, generally speaking, is dedicated to the betterment of the social conditions that produce crime and perversion, in pursuance of an ideal that could with difficulty be differentiated from the highest Christian ideal.

But newspapers are mirrors of life. Most reformers would know little of what they seek to reform were it not for the fact that newspapers rip away veneer, camouflage and deceit and expose conditions as they are.

If those whose life is lived in isolation from the life of the many would strike through the newspapers as they exist to reach the masses who sadly need all the help they can get in their struggle upward, they would not alone learn of what success really consists. They would be as much benefited as their beneficiaries.

While Portland was honored with national conventions, Portland men were being honored by national conventions elsewhere. Fred E. Taylor was elected president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. Estes Snedecor was elected president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs.

ON THE DESCHUTES

YOUNG men shall see visions. In the plateau basin of the Deschutes nearly two decades ago young men, pioneers of dry land farming, caught the vision of the great interior country reclaimed from its perpetual drouth.

They lived in unpainted shacks with only "an inch board between them and the weather," but they saw in the mirage that the future spreads before hopeful eyes, white farm homes shaded with the green of trees, homes with curtains at the windows and flowers in window boxes.

In the frequent years that recorded the failure of winter snow as the source of summer moisture for the thirsty grain, they repelled dark discouragement with a never-withered optimism.

Their women and their children ate with them the plain fare of a crude frontier and their complaints also were overlaid with the heart warming cover of hope.

Some, indeed, grew weary of waiting for the uncertain yield from the small end of the horn of plenty and went away, but those to whom reference is made stayed by the stuff. Wrinkles furrowed their faces as their persistent plows furrowed the land. The gray that came into their hair was not all the gray of dust.

Think with what happiness deeper than words and deeper almost than the throb of brave hearts, the news of a few days ago came to the high land toilers that the project of those who live in shacks had won an almost certain credit of $5,000,000 and that the first payment, sufficient for preliminary work, had been made.

Realization promises to be as great as the vision. The reservoir is to be a lake, the ditch will be a man-made river running two score miles before its water spreads out redeemingly upon the hundred thousand acres of what is called the North Unit. Only two years or so will elapse until the works are complete. Then the yield of wheat is to be measured in millions of bushels instead of in thousands. Other projects of the Deschutes basin are to be fed from the same source, the unfailing waters of the Deschutes. Trains are to carry forty or fifty million dollars worth of agricultural products to Portland, the central market.

And the country will be green, dotted with painted homes, musical with the song of birds and the happiness of children.

Who will wonder that men through their centuries have learned to make green the symbol of hope attained and flowing water the symbol of life!

Portland will be spoken of on the musical shores of Hawaii, amid the wheat fields of Calgary and under the shade of the cypress in Louisiana as the premier convention city of 1920. Portland's guests will do the praising. Many of them will return to their homes only to arrange their plans so that they may come here again with their household goods. Such are the results, realized and in prospect, of the Shrine, T. P. A. and Kiwanis conventions. Yet some statistician insists that conventions are unprofitable.

"AMERICA FIRST" AND ARMENIA

Defiance of Republican Challenge, Exposing Inwardness of Opposition to the League of Nations.

By Herbert Powell Lee

"America first" may mean, "America first in world leadership toward higher civilization, first in war to safeguard human rights, first in constructive and enduring peace, first in the hearts of mankind as the hope of humanity." Or it may mean, "America first in selfishness and narrowness, first in greed and exploitation, first to desert the needy and oppressed, first to betray the truest welfare of the great family of nations." In other words, "America first" may mean "America, the George Washington of the nations," or it may mean, "America, the Benedict Arnold of the nations."

* * *

Can it be that such is the issue raised by the Republican national convention? Let the leaders be judged out of their own mouths.

Listen to President Wilson: "The treaty tears away the chains of oppression and gives small nationalities the right to live their own lives." "We wanted to see that helpless peoples were nowhere in the world put at the mercy of unscrupulous enemies and masters. There is one pitiful example which is in the hearts of all of us. I mean the example of Armenia. * * * Then men, women and children are thrown into a common grave so imperfectly covered up that here and there is a pitiful arm stretched out to heaven; and there is no pity in the world. When shall we wake to the moral responsibility of this great occasion? Not all the populations that are having something that is not a square deal live in Armenia. There are others." "It (the treaty) is the first great international agreement in the history of mankind where the principle adopted has been not the power of the strong but the right of the weak."

Here is a leader to whom human life and happiness are the chief concern of government, and to whom the power to save life means the responsibility for saving life.

* * *

Where do the Republican leaders stand on these propositions? In vain do we look to them for any indorsement or for any definite word of hope for oppressed humanity! On the contrary, we find their motto to be: "Government should be concerned solely with the protection of business and of property, leaving all acts of mercy to private initiative."

Listen to Senator Harding on the floor of the senate: "There has been too much idealism in discussing this war. We did not go to war for the sake of democracy, but merely because American lives and American commerce were being destroyed." In other words, no oppressed nation need expect help or sympathy from a Republican senate or a Republican president.

When President Wilson warned the senate that delay in ratifying the treaty and entering the league meant starvation and death to millions, Senator Harding replied with the following consolation: "As a matter of fact, actual peace prevails and commerce has resumed its wonted sway. * * * My creed is 'America first.'"

When President Wilson asked for a mandate for Armenia as the only way to save the wretched remnants of that noble race, he was met by a chorus of Republican protests.

When he asked for $100,000,000 to save from starvation people that could be saved in no other way, Senator Johnson said in opposition to the request: "Our first duty * * * should be devoted, not to increasing by $100,000,000 the burdens of our business, but to devoting every ounce and every dollar to relieving our own." (As though caring for the pitiful victims of the war would force us to neglect our own!) Senator Poindexter also opposed the measure and afterward attacked the administration on the ground that the money could better have been spent in public improvements in this country.

"Billions for business, but not one cent for mercy" seems to have been the motto of these men!

* * *

It is impossible to misunderstand the fruits of this Republican policy. They can be seen in the devastation, the famine, the disease and the unspeakable agony and horror that have made Armenia and other regions a hell on earth ever since the armistice; whereas, the Wilson policy would have saved millions of precious lives to happiness and prosperity and would have set them as a bulwark of civilization in the world's greatest citadel, nor need a single American have been conscripted for that purpose.

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.]

MR. PRATT TO MR. HAROLD

Portland, June 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—Mr. Harold has evidently tried to find God by scientific research, and failed; which is exactly what must happen to anyone who looks for him only in that field. To say law is God is the unthinkable proposition of law without a lawgiver. Law, surely, is the first manifestation of a God that we have, and in the nineteenth Psalm Mr. Harold will find the most sublime statement of that fact. If law is first cause, then "it" must be the author of man, and "it" must be greater than we. We consider our goodness and intelligence as our greatest attributes; therefore, law must have intelligence to an infinite degree, and goodness that is perfect—or holiness. There you have a conceivable God, but if it knows all, and is perfectly good, and is all powerful, what have you but a real person?—a God, not a god.

"I am," was what God explained himself to be in Scripture, and that means a being; and within our best self, at its best moments, when we forget the things of the sense world for a little, we catch a glimpse of the great truth that we are in spirit made in the image of that God, so that we can know him, and that he is not cold, driving law, but "our Father, who are in heaven."

It was Jesus, the one wholly unselfish, obedient son, who first taught us that. It was as necessary, in our now crippled and perverted moral state, for Jesus to come and show us God, and perfectly embody his nature, as that God should have omnipotent power. And so, coming back to the gospel of Jesus, the honest minded seeker finds God, but to the perverse, who only want to argue like the Pharisees and Sadducees, Christ says, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." C. L. Pratt.

SMALL PAY FOR A MICROBE

From the Columbus Dispatch

One of the tellers in a Columbus bank says he has a customer, a teacher, who is the wittiest thing yet.

"We make it a practice to give out new bills whenever we are able and to send the old ones back to the government," said the teller, "and once when this customer appeared I apologized that I was unable to give her new bills, and asked her if she had any fear of microbes."

"I don't really think there are any on this money," said the teacher; "no microbe would attempt to live on my salary."

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN

By Gerald Massey

JERUSALEM the Golden!
I weary for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance and in dream!
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of thy dear country
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden!
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing
Of thee, some secret knows;
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see;
But all these summer raptures
Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden!
When sunset's in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches
Through intermediate gloom
Are waving with our welcome
To thy eternal home!

Jerusalem the Golden!
I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing,
I stretch my hands and pray,
That mid thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest!

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

Considerable space in the June issue of the Northwest Hotel Journal, published at Minneapolis, is devoted to a eulogy on Eric V. Hauser, proprietor of the Multnomah hotel. A large picture of Hauser adorns the entire front page. A detailed account of Hauser's business life from the time he was a printer's devil in the composing room of a Minneapolis paper down to date is given. The editor takes the liberty of stating that Hauser is a Minneapolis product transplanted in Oregon. Hauser is given considerable credit for purchasing the hotel several years ago, against the advice of others, and for putting it on a business basis which has made it a paying institution.

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Brewer A. Billie, former halfback of the O. A. C. team, and his brother Harry, are in town for a few days from Astoria, and registered at the Multnomah.

* * *

Flotow Evans, a member of Mirza temple of Pittsburg, Kan., is still in Portland. When pressed as to why he is staying over, although all his brother nobles have long since departed, he finally admitted that he is to be married in Portland. She is not one of our fair maidens, but is Miss Mabel E. Evans of Osage City, Kan., who came here several weeks ago just for this particular occasion. They will be married at the home of Verne Wever, a cousin of Miss Adams, at 430 East Twenty-seventh street north. Evans is prominent in Pittsburg, where he is a retail dealer of Brunswick phonographs and victrolas.

* * *

C. W. Boyce of the forest service will leave today for Eugene to assume his duties as liaison officer of the Eugene base of the forest air patrol. Arrangements are being rapidly completed for the establishment of the forest air routes next week. Lumber was today hauled to Eastmoreland field for the erection of a station for W. L. Naylor, local liaison officer, and a radio station. Sergeant Rafferty of the signal corps of the army is today installing radio equipment at the Eastmoreland field.

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United States Marshal Alexander and his wife left for San Francisco Friday night to attend the Democratic national convention. They will spend one week in San Francisco and then will travel for three weeks in Southern California.

* * *

Charles Wright, former manager of the Benson and Oregon hotels, and Mrs. Wright arrived at the Hotel Multnomah Saturday to spend the week end in Portland. Wright is in the automobile business in Seattle.

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

["Why is Lincoln county?" is the question answered in this article by B. F. Jones, who is interviewed by Mr. Lockley. A county division story always has a lot of good stuff in it, and this one is worthy of its class.]

Do you remember how for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse went lame and the courier who was sent for reinforcements was late and the battle was lost? For want of 1000 feet of lumber to repair a bridge near Toledo, Benton county lost all her ocean frontage. Here is the how of it: B. F. Jones is mayor of Newport, president of the Newport Commercial club, secretary of the Newport port commission and member of the joint committee of the Toledo and Newport port commissions. For four years he was mayor of Independence. He was formerly mayor of Toledo. He served one term as register of the United States land office at Roseburg, and in the recent primary election all he lacked was votes to be the Republican candidate for secretary of state.

* * *

What has all this to do with the creation of Lincoln county? It has this to do with it: It goes to prove that wherever B. F. Jones is he is making himself felt in a public way. So when the bridge at Toledo became unsafe for travel and needed repairing he took it upon himself to serve the public interests by going to Corvallis and getting the county court to furnish 1000 feet of lumber to repair the bridge. I rode by auto over the Spruce Production planked road from Newport to Agate Beach and thence on up the beach to Otter Rock a few days ago with Ben Jones and later visited him at his ranch house overlooking North Beach, near the Devil's Punch Bowl, and he told me about the creation of Lincoln county.

* * *

"In the spring of 1892," said Mr. Jones, "I made the long trip from Toledo to Corvallis, our county seat, to ask the county court for 1000 feet of lumber to fix up the bridge near Toledo. The county court turned down our request, as they had a habit of doing whenever we wanted roads or bridges in our section. Judge Holgate said to me, in a bantering tone, 'Go home and cut some cherry poles and fix your bridge; that's good enough for you clamdiggers.' I said, 'All right, I'll go home, but you'll hear from me again. We clamdiggers will fix our bridges hereafter without your help.'

* * *

"I came back to Toledo and began studying ways and means of making my bluff good. I was captain on a government boat. We were towing barges of rocks from the quarry at Toledo to the jetty. There were about 300 men at work on the jetty improvements, mostly local men. Shortly after my return from Corvallis, Tom Jeffries, an attorney of Corvallis, came aboard my boat to ask for my vote. He was running for the legislature from Benton county. I said, 'Yes, I will vote for you on one condition, and that is that you will vote and work for the creation of a new county west of the summit of the Coast range. We people over here on the coast shouldn't have to go clear to Corvallis to transact county business. There are about 300 voters on the jetty work who feel as I do.' He stopped and said, 'Do those 300 voters have a lot of confidence in your advice?' I told him I could roll up a heavy vote for him west of the summit if he would work for this part of the county. He said, 'All right. I'm with you, first, last and all the time.' I blew the whistle for the mate to come and take the wheel. Then I went down into the cabin and drew up a memorandum, which I still have, and to which Tom attached his signature. He agreed to work and vote during the entire session of the legislature for the creation of a new county to include all the territory lying in what was then Benton county between the summit of the coast range and the Pacific ocean.

* * *

"We gave him almost a solid vote. Meanwhile I bought a second-hand typewriter from T. J. Buford, the Indian agent at Siletz agency, which at that time was the only typewriter in what is now Lincoln county. On this old typewriter I struck off petitions asking for the creation of a new county to be known as Bay county, and I sent them all over the county to secure signatures.

* * *

"C. B. Crosne of Toledo introduced senate bill 119, which provided that Benton county be divided. The old-timers of Corvallis had treated the whole thing as a joke. Judge McFadden said to me, 'Go ahead, Ben; cut yourself off, if you want to. We don't need that end of the county. All you have over there are criminals and paupers.'

"At that session there were several county division bills. I went to Bob Veatch of Cottage Grove, chairman of the committee handling the county divisions, and said, 'Bob, I'll help get what you folks are after if you will help us to get free from the 'mossbacks in the east end of Benton county.' He promised, for he and I both kept hounds and both loved to hunt. He introduced me to another senator who loved hounds; so, of course, I got his support. Well, the upshot of the matter was that when our bill came to a vote in the senate it passed.

* * *

"Corvallis woke up and saw it wasn't a joke; so they raised a fund to fight the bill. Mill Woodcock and Ben Job, the two bankers, most of the county officials and a lot of the prominent citizens hurried down to Salem to defeat the bill. The house committee reported favorably on it. Both sides worked hard, and we knew the vote would be close. Just before the vote was taken, Bill Hartley came to me and said, 'Well, we got you beat. Wilkins, who was going to vote your way, will vote against the bill. I rushed into the senate and called Bob Veatch out and explained the situation to him. He went into the house and sat down by Wilkins, and when the roll was called Wilkins voted yes, and we won by one vote.

* * *

"I had been called back to Toledo during the last week of the legislative session. I wanted to go back to Salem, for I knew the vote would be close and I felt I should be there; but, as was usually the case, I was broke. I had put up at a hotel in Salem costing me six bits a day for a room, and it had used all my available funds. I needed $20, and I needed it mighty bad. I went to the home of Captain Nate Stevens, a retired sea captain, in Toledo, at 5 o'clock in the morning and knocked on his door. He looked out, saw my lantern, recognized my voice and asked, 'Who's sick, Ben?' I said, 'I'll be a mighty sick man, Captain, if I can't get to Salem. I haven't a cent, and the train starts an hour from now. I want $20. He drew his head in and I waited. Pretty soon he came down and handed me a 20-dollar goldpiece, which took me to Salem and which saved the day for the bill.

* * *

"The bill was returned to the senate for concurrence on February 13, the day after Lincoln's birthday. Colonel Colwell of Lakeview said, 'We have Grant and Harney county. I move that the new county be called Lincoln county, in place of Bay county, and the change of name was made. After that we clamdiggers had Toledo made the county seat, and repaired our own bridges, without having to go to Corvallis to be turned down.

* * *

"Tom Jeffries kept his promise in spite of all sorts of pressure brought to bear on him to change his vote. The folks in Corvallis boycotted him. They starved him out. He couldn't get any law cases, so he went to Alaska, struck it rich there, and now lives in California."

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON NOTES

A subscription list has been opened at Roseburg to raise money to support a brass band.

The first band concert of the season at Salem will be held in the state house square June 28.

Miss Mae Stearns has been reelected for the tenth time clerk of the Cove public school district.

The city council of Klamath Falls has passed an ordinance providing for a minimum $50 a day license fee for tent and traveling shows.

Fire has destroyed 250,000 feet of logs owned by the Big Lakes Box company in Klamath county. The fire caught from burning slashings.

The Dallas Canning company is now engaged in canning and preserving strawberries. About 60 persons are employed by the new industry.

F. F. Cooper, for the past year county rural school supervisor of Lane county, has resigned to resume the principalship of the Pleasant Hill union school.

Riddell Bros. of Monmouth won the first and grand championship prizes with a 2-year-old buck at the National Angora goat show at St. Angelo, Texas.

Only a few companies are packing cold storage fish at Astoria. The great bulk of the catch is going to the canneries, bringing the canned pack up to that of last year.

Mail clerks operating between Baker and Pocatello have protested against a change of schedule which would cause them to change their residence from the former place to the latter.

An application has been filed with the state engineer by the C. & O. Lumber company of Brookings, Curry county, to use 2½ second feet of water from Joe Hall creek for manufacturing lumber and as a domestic supply for Brookings.

WASHINGTON

Efforts are being made at Walla Walla to interest a number of farmers in growing certified seed wheat.

The new hotel built by citizens of Olympia at a cost approximating $325,000 will be formally opened July 15.

Earnings for May by the Tacoma municipal street railway system amounted to $17,109. The number of passengers carried was 318,340.

The Davis coal mine in eastern Lewis county has been sold by Sheriff Berry under foreclosure proceedings to satisfy a judgment of $32,361.

Henry M. Kirkchess, a millwright employed by the Grays Harbor Commercial company, was instantly killed when a belt he was repairing slipped off the pulley.

Warned by the Yakima county game officials the Rattlesnake sawmill has ceased dumping sawdust in the Naches river and taken steps to install a sawdust burner.

Yakima Elks are planning to travel to Vancouver to the state convention in a special train of 10 cars. An attempt will be made to see that Yakima is thoroughly advertised.

Wenatchee will be the scene of two state conventions June 28 to July 1. One is the State Federation of Woman's clubs, the other the Inland Empire Missionary society. Extraordinary efforts are being made to accommodate 700 or 800 visitors.

IDAHO

A contract has been let for the construction of the bridge at Owsley's ferry. With approaches the cost is estimated at $115,000.

The cherry crop in the Moscow district, which had promised to be a good one, will be almost a total failure owing to late frosts.

The Idaho settlement board has been organized with the election of Miles Cannon, state commissioner of agriculture, as chairman.

Settlers of the Carey valley have begun to use water from the reservoir project. The first unit of the dam is nearing completion.

A highway around the south side of Alturas lake near the old site of Sawtooth City is being constructed by the U. S. forest service.

Protest on the part of citizens of Twin Falls, Buhl, Filer, Hollister and Shoshone against the proposed raising of rates for electricity for heating has been heard by the public utilities commission.

Business men of Jerome have petitioned the public utilities commission to compel the Oregon Short Line to move the depot of the Minidoka-Bliss branch nearer town or to build a new one at the end of the track.

Good Doggie

From Our Dumb Animals

I've never known a dog to wag
His tail in glee he didn't feel,
Nor quit his old-time friend to tag
At some more influential heel.
The yellowest cur I ever knew
Was, to the boy who loved him, true.

I've never known a dog to show
Halfway devotion to his friend,
To seek a kinder man to know,
Or richer, but unto the end
The humblest dog I ever knew
Was, to the man that loved him, true.

But I have known a dog to bear
Starvation pangs from day to day
With him who had been glad to share
His bread and meat along the way.
No dog, however mean or rude,
Is guilty of ingratitude.

The dog is listed with the dumb.
No voice has he to speak his creed.
His messages to humans come
By faithful conduct and by deed.
He shows, as seldom mortals do,
A high ideal of being true.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

With some of the late candidates for the presidency at Chicago callin' one another liars, fakers, thieves, bribery beneficiaries and so forth, the American people'll find out, mebby, what the highest bid was and who made it and who got it.

Oregon Pears Unequaled, and the Bigger They Are the Better They Are

The Oregon pear reveals the marvelous soil fertility and unequaled growing conditions of this state in a way, perhaps, that no other product does.

There are specimens of the Bartlett pear every year that no individual man would try to consume alone. He would divide it, a section for mother and a section for each of the children, with enough for all.

Elsewhere big pears would sacrifice flavor and lusciousness to size. But the soil, the sun, the rain, the genial climate and "that something" which makes every Oregon product distinctively Oregon attributes to the pear grown in this state delicacy merely enhanced by size.

Down in the Rogue River valley Comice and d'Anjou pears possess wonderful shipping qualities in addition to their flavor and quality. The largest of the Bartletts come from the Willamette valley, but they do not ship so well as the Bartletts from The Dalles and Hood River. In many sections Winter Nellis and Fall Butter pears, not to mention many minor varieties, are popular.

Oregon's pear production in 1918 amounted to 1,720,000 boxes, valued at $1,300,000, but in 1919 it increased to 2,100,000 boxes, worth $4,200,000.

Oregon pears dehydrate, dry and can beautifully. Pears baked and then canned are particularly delicious.