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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God's mercy is a holy mercy, which knows how to pardon sin, not to protect it; it is a sanctuary for the penitent, not for the presumptuous.—Bishop Reynolds.

THE NEXT WAR

"ANY IDEA that the United States army experts will advise the American delegation to the conference on limitation of armaments to propose the abolition of poison gases can be dismissed as out of the question." That is the text of a news dispatch from Washington, warning the American people that the deadly gases will be a weapon of the next war if a next war is to come.

One of the gases that will be used is the poisonous Lewisite, which is a decided improvement for killing purposes, on either the chlorine gas of the second Ypres or the later mustard gas. And from the effects of those gases thousands of allied soldiers are in their graves and thousands of half-lunged American boys are struggling along in this country today, fighting the fight against death from pneumonia and tuberculosis.

But chlorine gas could be seen. The gas mask was a defense against it. Mustard gas was deadly if it was inhaled and inflicted painful burns if it touched the skin. But it was visible.

The deadly Lewisite is invisible. It is heavier than air and will descend into trenches, dugouts and cellars. And if it merely touches the skin it insures almost certain death. And now there are hints that a gas even more destructive to life than the deadly Lewisite is in the course of preparation in this country.

Of the next war, the plans for wholesale killing, and the use of the aeroplane and gas, Captain Bradner, chief of research of the chemical warfare bureau, said before a congressional committee:

One plane carrying two tons of the liquid (a gas generating compound) could cover an area of 100 feet wide and seven miles long, and could deposit enough material to kill every man in that area by action on his skin. If Germany had had 4000 tons of this material and 300 or 400 planes equipped for its distribution, the entire first American army would have been annihilated in 10 or 12 hours.

Here is testimony that a fleet of planes with 4000 tons of gas could annihilate an entire army within a few hours. What, then, is the war of the future to be?

Major General Swinton of the British army says:

It has been rather our tendency up to the present to look upon warfare from the retail point of view—of killing men by fifties or hundreds or thousands. But when you speak of gas you must remember that you are discussing a weapon which must be considered from the wholesale point of view and if you use it—and I do not know of any reason why you should not—you may kill hundreds of thousands of men.

The British, the French, the Italians and the Japanese are not oblivious to the extraordinary killing power of gas. Lewisite is an American product. The more deadly gas reported to be in preparation is an American product. But, as Will Irwin points out in his "Next War," Lewisite was developed during the war, while the foreign countries were our allies, and there should be no belief in this country that European and Far Eastern governments are not in possession of the formula for gases at least as deadly as those of which this government is in possession.

Going farther into the methods of warfare of the future, the Britisher, General Swinton, says:

I imagine from the progress that has been made in the past that in the future we will not have recourse to gas alone, but will employ every force of nature that we can; and there is a tendency at present for progress in the development of the different forms of rays that can be turned to lethal purposes. We have X-rays, we have light rays, we have heat rays. We may not be so far from the development of some kinds of lethal ray which will shrivel up or paralyze or poison human beings. The final form of strife, as I regard it, is germ warfare. I think it will come to that; and so far as I can see there is no reason why it should not, if you mean to fight. Prepare now, we must envisage these new forms of warfare and as far as possible expend energy, time and money in encouraging our inventors and scientists to study the waging of war on a wholesale scale, instead of thinking so much about methods which will kill a few individuals only at a time.

Military experts agree that gas is to be a weapon of the next war. They tell us of its tremendous killing power. They tell of death rays that may be employed, and predict germ warfare.

They advise their countries to prepare for killing on a wholesale scale and to expect mad methods of warfare the possibilities of which were hitherto unknown.

It is a view of the next war. In that war, what are to be the chances for life? And what is the government of the United States going to do to prevent that war?

Benjamin Franklin said: "The second vice is lying, the first is borrowing." He was wiser than most moderns.

REFORMS AND PAROLES

THE parole system and the reform school have been criticised so much that it seems useless to add one word. The statement that reclamation is their aim, but failure too often their fruit, lets them stand under a pitiable but sufficient indictment. Abuse and protest are futile to present them in more deplorable aspect. They fail—and the youthful law-violator grows into the mature evil-doer, and the paroled concocter of misdemeanors develops into the cunning criminal. What other circumstances could contribute to a more miserable reckoning?

An erring girl was arrested. She had been in a reform school. "I learned more evil there than I knew when I went in," she said. A male criminal tells a similar story.

Within the week there has been one sorry example. A boy was sent to a reform school at the age of 9. At 16, after seven years, he escaped to California. A few months later he was arrested as a highwayman and sentenced to an indeterminate term of from six months to life. He was paroled, violated his parole, enlisted in the navy, deserted the navy, and now, at the age of 18, he is back on the way to the penitentiary to finish his old sentence. He has had a change of heart and wants to do his bit and reform, but he credits neither the reform school nor the penitentiary with inspiring the better impulse. He makes the flat statement that he learned the ways of the bandit at the reform school. Furthermore, many convicts will be quoted for the declaration that the penitentiary is the place for the less experienced criminal to get more experience.

Is the state maintaining a graduating scale for the criminally inclined? The fact may be pointed out that state institutions reclaim many, but the retort comes that those so reclaimed, as in the case of the boy mentioned, perhaps would be reclaimed at any rate, and sooner, in the course of natural events.

Let a hypothetical citation drive home the weakness of our state institutions. There are 100 boys in a reform school and 200 convicts in a penitentiary. Fifty of the boys are reformed and 50 are turned loose worse than when they went in. One hundred of the convicts are corrected and the other hundred emerge more debased than before. In such a sad balancing of accounts the taxpayers have spent money almost in vain. If the reform school does not reform the incorrigible boy and the penitentiary does not correct the inexorable criminal, these institutions are not doing their constituted duty. The mere fact that misled boys are reformed and misled men are corrected is small consolation compared with the tragic failure existing in the case of those who needed reformation and correction so much the more.

Your officer of the law has no faith in the efficacy of reform schools and penitentiaries. With the eye of the hawk he watches the boy or man who has served his term in one of these. He knows these institutions do not function properly and he prepares to deal with their former inmates as the most astute of criminals.

It is not possible that a sane boy is irrevocably bad or that a sane man is hopelessly criminal. There is a way to reform the boy and a way to correct the man, and the first step toward doing this is to find out why the reform schools do not reform and why the penitentiaries do not correct. These institutions are founded on the noble basis of an effort to save the boy and girl and the man from the beast that is in them. So why should they so often bring out and accentuate the worst instead of the best that is in these unfortunates? There ought to be a way of finding the answer to this question and, once the answer is found, our reform schools and penitentiaries can be made to function properly.

It is a national custom on September 1 to lay aside summer's straw hats and don the more sober headgear of autumn and winter. But in Pendleton the men put aside the straw hats in favor of the festive hats of the rodeo. High crowns, broad brims and colors ranging from buckskin to mouse brown appear surmounting conventional business suits, white collars and four-in-hands. It is Pendleton's way of advertising that the days of the Round-Up are at hand and the unanimity with which it is done is another evidence of the fervor with which all Pendleton is given up to Round-Up preparation.

YOU CAN DO IT

A GREAT French banker was asked the secret of French thrift, and he replied, "Compound interest."

Just as a constant waste even in little things may change one's life from success to failure, so the steady saving of money will eventually bring independence if not actual wealth.

There are very few people who cannot, without the slightest inconvenience, lay aside 10 cents a day. Ten cents a days so saved amounts in 10 years, at 4 per cent compound interest, to $446.36. Fifty cents a day for the same period yields $2227.73. A dollar a day for 10 years totals $4455.74.

Look back over your own life. Be honest with yourself. Could you not, with very little trouble, have saved 10 cents a day, or 50 cents or even $1?

It might have pinched you now and then. It might have meant the occasional surrender of a cigar, a little candy or other petty expenditures. But the saving would now mean a substantial sum, all your own, something to add immeasurably to your peace of mind, your independence, your self respect and self confidence.

Isn't it worth while? Trying to encourage youth and maturity to get the habit of saving, The Journal is conducting a thrift campaign. Cut the coupon out of the paper, take it to the designated place of deposit, follow the rules and you will be credited with $1 in starting a savings account.

Downtown Portland has a new statute of limitations—30 minutes, two hours or nothing.

YESTERDAY

WILLIAM GLADSTONE, an Englishman, said of the American Constitution:

It is the greatest piece of work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man.

William Pitt predicted:

It will be the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions.

After four weeks of the first Constitutional convention, when not a line, nor so much as a word, had been agreed upon, Benjamin Franklin told the delegates that God must guide their efforts.

"If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice," said Franklin, "is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?"

Even then, people were human and politicians many. George Washington answered those who said that the Constitution would not be adopted without deliberate appeal to public fancy. He asked solemnly:

If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God.

The Constitution came out of the throes of a nation's birth. But it had an even more momentous background.

To write the Constitution, the pen of liberty was dipped into ink compounded of the blood, the tears, the hope and the faith of humanity's upward striving centuries.

The inspired framers of the great document borrowed from the spirit of Magna Charta.

They were kindled by the flaming zeal from the bloody murk of the French revolution.

They breathed into the first written plan of government, the love of humanity and faith's guarantee of freedom, which were the essence of the message of Jesus Christ to men.

The highest reaches of human expression since time's beginning are in the immortal document.

The Constitution stands against time and assault. It remains unchanged, save as measures have been adopted to strengthen it. Daniel Webster exclaimed:

I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. The ends I aim at shall be my country, my God's and truth's.

It has accomplished its purpose. It has resulted in a more perfect union; it has established justice; it has insured domestic tranquility, though not without the extremest test; it has provided for the common defense; it has promoted the general welfare; it has secured the blessings of liberty to Americans and their posterity.

It has, in the thrilling words of Lincoln, prevented government of the people, for the people and by the people from perishing from the earth.

The Constitution includes, beyond the articles of its original adoption, the bill of rights, the abolishment of slavery, the prohibition of liquor and the recognition of woman's right to suffrage.

It contains not only the guarantee of liberty but the assurance of justice. It supports inviolate the ballot box. Through it, not around or over it, or by breaking it down, the people of the nation and the peoples of the world may realize their highest aspirations for true freedom.

Yesterday was Constitution day. America, proud of a glorious past, but looking toward the future sang with Longfellow:

Sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O union strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

A TITANIC PROJECT

HERBERT HOOVER says that wheat will be carried from the Middle West to Europe for 10 cents a bushel less than at the present time, when ocean traffic is extended into the Great Lakes through the St. Lawrence.

Eighty per cent of the world's merchant fleet can come up the lakes when the St. Lawrence route is open, say proponents of the project.

Three fourths of the vessels which pass through either the Panama or the Suez canals will, it is said, find the lake channels adequate.

Charles P. Craig, vice president of the Great Lakes - St. Lawrence Tidewater association, told the Portland Realty board last week that the estimated cost of preparing the way for ocean going vessels through the Great Lakes to the ports of Lake Superior is estimated at $252,000,000. Related costs will bring the amount to $270,000,000.

But, he said, the savings in freight charges on Middle West - European commerce and the stimulus to trade will more than justify the outlay.

He added that Eastern capital has offered to make the entire improvement and maintain the channel free of tolls, provided it is allowed to develop and market the incidental electric power. What an object lesson this offer of capital is as to the value of electric power! What a bearing it has on the future Columbia river!

ARE FARMERS FAIRLY FINANCED?—No. 30

By John Joseph, Weiser, Idaho

[The article below comes from the farm. Mr. Joseph, who wrote it, resides on his farm four miles from Weiser.]

MR. PIERCE, in a recent article on the subject of "Farm Finance" jams all the red meat of the question into a single sentence. Here it is: "The farmers of America * * * as a mass have made no money except the rise in the price of their real estate."

The delusion that farming is a highly profitable business has always been a fixed conviction among city dwellers. It is really a sort of a hobby horse which they ride blindly, and no sort of an argument makes any impression on them. As a matter of fact farming, on the whole, has never paid actual money-out expenses, without counting interest on investment. Let me quote from an article by Alonzo Taylor in the Saturday Evening Post of August 14, 1920:

"Land values in the United States were practically doubled from 1900 to 1910; and in this increase of value lay practically all the remuneration of agriculture for that period. If the land in 1910 had possessed only the sales value of the land in 1900, the operations of agriculture would have been made at a loss."

In order to get at concrete facts let us examine page 265, Abstract of the Thirteenth Census (1910). Farm land values (exclusive of buildings) is here given as $13,417,000,000, for 1900. Ten years later it was $28,475,000,000, an increase of $15,058,000,000, or 118 per cent. The increase in acreage was only 4.2 per cent. I haven't the figures for 1920, but it is safe to say that land values doubled again in the ten years ending with 1920. Thus the total increase for 20 years would amount to the incomprehendible sum of $45,000,000,000. It thus becomes clear that the farmers might have lost, in the mass, $10,000,000,000 in their farming operations and still be $35,000,000,000 ahead of the game. And that, in a general way, is precisely what happened. Therein, Mr. Editor, lies the whole secret of the farmer's prosperity in the past 20 years, and, incidentally, the prosperity of everybody else. Bulk the farmers all together and take this $45,000,000,000 away from them, and how much would be left? Would the farm property of the country sell today for $45,000,000,000 over and above the farmer's debts? I doubt it.

Here it is in a nutshell: Legitimate farming has never paid back actual running expenses; but the farmer's loss in his farming operations has been made up, and many billions beside, by the increase in value of his land. A year or so ago this increase was suddenly arrested and land values began to slump. Credit had frozen solid, crops would not even pay the cost of raising, bankers were calling their loans; and the farmer quit buying simply because he had no money to buy with. Right there the whole industrial and mercantile structure went to wreck simply because, in the larger sense, everything depends on the farmer. When 40,000,000 of people are suddenly compelled to cut expenses to the raw red quick, you hear something resembling a "dull thud," as the story writers say.

Loaning money to the farmer is only a makeshift. What he needs is a square deal, not a sop in the form of credit, and there will be no real relief for the rest of you until he gets it. There will be no more increase in land values for the industrial world to prosper upon, and farming must be put upon a basis of legitimate profits. Raising raw material for food and clothing must be made to pay its own way or the whole agricultural world will be a wreck within three years. You city people heard that thud. You've had a taste of what it means, and—paste this in your hat—unless something is done about it immediately, our country is only at the beginning of its troubles. The world can't live by the swapping game—somebody must produce the things to be swapped.

A PARABLE FOR ALL

And One Whose Form and Content Are Utterly Simple and Whose Application Is Perfectly Obvious, Just as Human Need Is Always Evident and Human Duty Always Plain, Needing Only to be Done—The Church as an Aid to Doing.

From the Chicago Post.

At the moving time last May, in the yard of a newly acquired house, the exploring owner found what appeared to be a length of stout but rusty wire. It lay mired in the soil and almost hidden by a tangle of neglected vegetation. With the thought in his mind that he would clear this spot and make a garden bed, he stooped and lifted the wire, only to discover that it was rooted in the ground. It was a living thing, but perilously near to death from the menace of tramping feet above it and the suffocating cover of the indifferent weeds.

Stretched to its full length it measured three feet or more, bare and smooth from root to tip. It was an unpromising and unsightly thing, but it aroused its discoverer's curiosity—nay, more, his sympathy.

"This," thought he, "is a vine. It was meant to climb upward and sunward, not to lie prostrate in the mud. I will give it a chance and see what it will do."

So he fastened a string to the roof of the back porch and brought it down within reach of the naked stem, fastening it firmly to the ground. Then he twisted the stem around it, so that it was able to stand up above the mud and the weeds in the air and the light. A neighbor came by while so engaged and indulged in friendly raillery over his efforts. But the man smiled to himself.

In the morning when he came out and looked at the rescued stem he fancied he could see in its relation to the string with which he had twined it a suggestion of response. The next day he was sure of it. In the night a miracle had happened. From that bare length of wirelike fiber there had grown at distant intervals little tendrils which clung to the supporting string, and the end of the stem was freshly green and budding.

From that time on he could almost see the vine growing as he watched it. Certainly he could mark its growth in inches for each 24 hours. Up and up it climbed, above the porch to the second story window, and above it toward the roof. New strings had to be stretched for it. It shot out branches in all directions. It became covered with a beautiful foliage.

The man was greatly pleased. He called to his neighbor one day and showed it to him.

"All it wanted was a chance," said the man; "something it could lay hold of so that it might climb."

The parable needs no interpreting, but there are two applications thereof which may be suggested.

That mired and weed-smothered vine is not unlike the spiritual life of some people. They themselves are barely conscious it exists. But all it needs is a chance and something it can lay hold upon so it may climb. Let it out and up and it will respond to God, as the vine responded to the air and light, in an expression of its stifled power and beauty. It is here that many people make a serious mistake when they scorn the ministrations of the church. The church for multitudes has proved to be the string, the trellis upon which they climbed into the life and liberty of the spirit.

But there is another application. Go into any congested section, where there is poverty and squalor and swarming life; look at the little, pale-faced, ill-nourished, ragged and dirty urchins, unlovely, unpromising, and then think of our parable. Not one of these youngsters but has latent beauty, potential usefulness. All they need is a chance, and something they can lay hold of while they climb out and up.

What greater satisfaction could a man know than to have a part in stretching the strings or making the trellises upon which these lives may climb? What greater joy than in watching them respond? You can see the tendrils reach out and grip the new support; you can see the buds develop and unfold into foliage. There are men who have done this thing and who are watching this process today. If you are not one of them, you have a new experience coming to you. Ask them about it.

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.]

AN ERA OF JUSTICE

Have Mercy and Walk Humbly with Our God in All Ways.

Cherryville, Or., Sept. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—Shake, Mr. Bonebrake! You certainly utter the sentiments of every just and humane person in the land when you urge more consideration for the poor and struggling man now in the most deplorable condition ever known. With a hard winter ahead of us how are the poor and unfortunate going to survive? It is written in the scriptures that what God requires at our hands "is to deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with our God." Instead of emphasizing this plain and explicit command, how much injustice there is and how little mercy there is shown in too many instances. What makes the memory of Christ and Lincoln adored was their God-like attributes of mercy, and instead we hear long preachments on the virgin birth, immersion and blood atonement by the highest intellects the orthodox church had produced in 50 years. Prof. Henry Drummond writes in his essays "that this position is not impregnable." Billy Sunday however, casts all our great intellects like Longfellow, Emerson, Whistler, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Franklin and William Penn into hell because they were not orthodox. I am not misquoting him, from the fact that I took notes on him for five weeks for a newspaper. No truthful, well-informed person, however, takes him seriously. So let us have an era of justice and humanity and "deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with our God."

J. P. Averill.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN

Wallula, Wash., Sept. 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—There are over 30 cars full of wheat on the Juniper siding, just over the Washington line into Oregon, and have been there for several days. Does this mean that the owners of this wheat are trying to evade the tax collectors, or is it to keep from choking the elevators or to make it seem that there is a scarcity so as to keep the price where it is? I cannot see why the grain is not unloaded in the elevators and shipped to places where it is needed. Lots of things people are doing nowadays seem strange to a lot of us common people.

Mrs. Pearl Clark.

A POOR RECOMMENDATION

From the Milwaukie Sentinel.

One thing that worries us about the idea of revising and amending the peace treaty is the hearty approval it is receiving from Count Bernstorff.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Following the advice our friends give us is our chief vice.

* * *

Perhaps, in spite of our hopes, Hiram Johnson is merely hibernating.

* * *

Women jurors in Ohio have been tried and approved because they tried and convicted.

* * *

"I've been misquoted," is the favorite flapdoodle of sapheads who thunder before they think.

* * *

How do you make a democracy out of King Cotton, Merchant Prince, Timber Baron and the like?

* * *

Poison gas, as used in warfare, is one of the elements that did much to curdle the milk of human kindness.

* * *

The University of Wisconsin president who says "Bill" Bryan is crazy thinks he has discovered something.

* * *

In the absence of information to the contrary we are privileged to believe that the kaiser still is sawing wood.

* * *

The old theory that what goes up must come down seems to be in for argument in view of the continued soaring of food costs.

* * *

A Washington court has held wine making to be a violation of law. And of chemical principles, too, in most cases.

* * *

Among the things that do not keep us awake at night are the voluble utterances of Mr. Take Jonescu, if you can find out who he is.

SIDELIGHTS

The country will get back to the pre-war level—when it gets back its pre-war level heads.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

* * *

Marconi is sure that he has received wireless signals from Mars. The dear old planet showing flashes of intelligence, as it were.—La Grande Observer.

* * *

Although England and Ireland do not seem to be getting anywhere with their correspondence, it's better to be wasting ink than blood.—Athena Press.

* * *

Senator Calder of New York wants a tax on intoxicants. If he proposes to include bootleg and home-made hootch no other taxes will be needed.—Eugene Register.

* * *

One of the best views in Central Oregon is on the Bend road just south of Redmond. There is a silo in sight on each side of the road.—Prineville Central Oregonian.

* * *

Many a man will get out and crank his head off on a flivver but when his wife asks him to wheel the baby buggy around the block he yells likeil.—Roseburg News-Review.

* * *

A Wisconsin banker is charged with sending a threatening letter. The outcome of it will be watched with interest by those who are in the habit of receiving the stereotyped notice.—Medford Charion.

* * *

If you want to get the most out of your life, make it a practice to see nothing but the good. Evil exists only as you recognize it, or in other words, what you don't know don't hurt you, and so far as you are concerned does not exist.—Blue Mountain Eagle.

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

Miss Henrietta McKaughan who, with a young lady companion, spent the summer in the mountains traveling from place to place as fancy dictated, has returned to civilization with an unusual experience. With a small burro to carry the camp outfit they started in the high hills at Port Orford in Curry county and worked their way around to Ashland over the peaks of the Siskiyou mountains. At Ashland they went to the top of the Cascade mountains over the Dead Indian road and followed along the crest of the range past Crater lake and Diamond lake and Crescent lake. Considerable time was spent in the region around Mount Jefferson, which is described by Miss McKaughan as the most scenic country in the Oregon mountains, with its meadows and flowers, its crevasses and canyons and its blue and violet lakes. The burro, which was left at Eagle creek park on the Columbia river highway, is now for sale.

* * *

Kamela, on the summit of the Blue mountains between La Grande and Pendleton, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Collins, who are visiting in Portland.

* * *

Bruce Gray, who has a ranch near Post in Crook county, and family, are spending a few days in Portland.

* * *

Will Wurzweiler, mayor and general Pooh Bah of Prineville, is transacting business in Portland.

* * *

John W. Butler and W. Butler of Skamania, Wash., are spending the week end in Portland.

* * *

George Hilton Jr. of Medford is registered at the Imperial, as is also A. J. Veltrun of Bend.

* * *

H. J. Eberly and wife of Salem are registered at the Oregon.

* * *

Mrs. B. O. Shuching of Salem is a guest of the Imperial.

Save for the Tillamook road Reliance would be almost inaccessible. It is a lumber town in the heart of the Coast range of mountains. One of its residents, John Anderson, who is visiting in Portland, says it is a great country for blackberries since timber has been cut.

* * *

Thomas J. Koras of Tiller, Douglas county, which hopes some day to be on a main route to Crater lake, is seeing the sights of Portland.

* * *

Among out of state arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. B. Heathcot of San Francisco and Miss G. Heathcot. While in Portland they are stopping at the Portland.

* * *

Transacting business in Portland are Lewis Detrick and H. T. Gable of Maupin, which had a disastrous conflagration a few days ago.

* * *

Ernest Stoddard of Baker is among the strangers within the gates of Portland.

* * *

Roberta Fisher, Frances Ford and Helen McIntyre of Weiser, Idaho, are visiting in Portland.

* * *

J. W. McCook is registered at the Portland from Kodiak, Alaska, where he is interested in oil development.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton of La Grande are registered at the Benson.

* * *

J. R. Brown of Merlin, Josephine county, is stopping at the Perkins.

* * *

L. P. Daggett of Roseburg is week ending in Portland.

* * *

O. Kirk and family of Klamath Falls are making a visit to Portland.

* * *

H. C. Seymour of Corvallis is transacting business in Portland.

* * *

O. Wesche of Astoria was among Saturday's arrivals.

OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

[The art of being happy is explained in the philosophy of Charlotte Tower, who tries to be of service to others.]

Her name is Charlotte Tower. She works at the Coffee Cup on Park street. I have never really been able to make up my mind whether I drop in for lunch there for the sake of the good eats or because she has such a genuine smile of welcome for me. We have nodded to each other and passed the time of day for several months but it was not till a day or so ago that we learned each other's names. I was late for lunch. She was taking the place of the regular cashier. When I had taken my lunch to one of the tables she came over and, sitting across the table from me, said: "Is your name Fred Lockley and are you the one who writes in The Journal?" I nodded and she said: "My name is Charlotte Tower. I have been reading your articles a long time and I want to ask you if you are not a student of applied psychology? "My son Lawrence is the highbrow of our family," I told her. "I am too busy studying the folks I meet to have time to study psychology. I have been studying you for several months and I have wondered how it was that even at the end of a hard day you always seem serene and untroubled. You have a smile for everyone. Do you go home at night and scowl just to rest your face?" She smiled and said, "No. I don't have to rest my face at night. I smile because I feel friendly toward people. I have noticed that smiling is contagious. If a person comes in who has a troubled or worried look his face lights up when I give him a smile and a friendly greeting.

"Before I came here I taught school. I have always been interested in psychology. I used to be buried so deep in gloom that it was hard work digging out. Some people are typhoid carriers, others are gloom carriers. I don't know which is the worst. The latter is more common. What is the basic creed of my philosophy? First, this is a pretty good old world after all. Second, no one can help you but yourself. Third, you get no real nor permanent pleasure or satisfaction from anything that is for your own pleasure only. You must share your pleasures to enjoy them. Fourth, the only money you really save is money you have spent in helping others. Fifth, the surest way to forget your own troubles is to think of others and try to be of service to them." She told me that the real success of the Coffee Cup was based on the principle of cooperation and being of service to others.

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As she talked of her philosophy of good cheer and helpfulness, I couldn't help thinking of that verse by Ripley D. Saunders that says:

"Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy is brave work and true.
Just being happy helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy and they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten,
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy with a heart full of song."

* * *

One night while I was overseas I was trying to escort John Kendrick Bangs to a newly established camp of doughboys. The French chauffeur did not know where it was, so we halted a French peasant to ask directions. I tried him in English which, failing to elicit anything of value, caused me to try my limited French on him. He looked troubled and puzzled. Mr. Bangs said: "Maybe he will like my brand of French better than your Choctaw," so he tried to make himself understood. The Frenchman merely shook his head apologetically. Mr. Bangs said: "You know, in many ways I like the French, but I must say I would like them better if they could understand their own language. However, let's be on our way; we are bound to stumble on it, or at least find someone in these innumerable little French villages who can speak the same kind of French I do." As a matter of fact, we ran slam bang into it at the next turn of the road. Bangs is an optimist if there ever was one. Here is proof of it in his bit of verse entitled, "Today":

Think not on yesterday, nor trouble borrow,
On what may be in store for you Tomorrow.
But let Today be your incessant care—
The past is past, Tomorrow's in the air.
Who gives Today the best that in him lies
Will find the road that leads to clearer skies.

* * *

I am a believer in the doctrine that when the outlook is not pleasant it pays to try the uplook. Most of us worry about things that are never going to happen. Thinking of your blessings will help you to forget your misfortunes or handicaps. Whenever I am inclined to look on the dark side of things I think of Robert Louis Stevenson, who in spite of pain and ill health could say:

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

* * *

You think your troubles are hard to bear. If with the crushing weight of sorrow on his shoulders Abraham Lincoln could smile through his tears, don't you think that after all you had better turn a smiling face to fate. Here is a bit of advice from Lincoln that is worth practicing. He said: "Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, exercise, go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift."

Uncle Jeff Snow Says

About the maddest man in the Corners is Bud Helkizer, who traded his flivver off in Oregon City last week, and when he got the new one home he found it was the same engine number as the flivver he traded off in Portland last year and give boot fer the one he traded off last week in Oregon City. Bud give nigh $100 boot altogether and got him a nice coat of paint worth $7.50. Down in the Ozarks after the war there was consid'able hoss and mule tradin' and Riprap Johnson traded a roan hoss fer a Confederate mule one month and the mule fer a bay hoss the next, givin' $5 in U. S. money to boot both times. It rained the first Sunday they went to church and that bay washed out to a roan while the sermon was bein' preached, and Riprap understood why that hoss had seemed to know the barn first thing, when he led him up to it.

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON

Contract has been let for an addition to the Eugene postoffice to cost $6700.

Residences to the value of $39,000 are now under course of construction at Roseburg.

The St. Helens city council at its last meeting adopted a resolution indorsing the 1925 exposition.

Donald Morrison of Shaniko, charged with starting a forest fire, pleaded guilty at Bend and was fined $25.

Enrolled on the opening day of school at Eugene were 2103 pupils, which is 151 more than ever before registered on the first day.

Victor Boone, resident of Toledo, is dead in a Corvallis hospital as the result of a fractured skull received when a derrick fell on him.

The hotel at Veneta, a small lumbering town on the Coos Bay branch of the Southern Pacific, was destroyed by fire Tuesday. The loss is $3000.

Ernest Smiley, 46, a well-to-do farmer living near Independence, was instantly killed Thursday by the bursting of an ensilage cutter on which he was working.

James A. Berry, a graduate of Michigan Agricultural college, has been appointed instructor in the Oregon Agricultural college department of bacteriology.

Dr. R. M. Brumfield is sleeping in solitary confinement behind doubly locked and chained doors as a result of the attempted jail break at Roseburg Monday night.

Although but $15,000 was available from the Methodist Centenary building fund for the Columbia river conference, one third of that amount was awarded to the Bend church.

Benjamin S. Butterfield, 90 years old, veteran of the Civil war, has just filed with the Marion county clerk his discharge from the service. He received his discharge in 1864 at Savannah, Ga.

The new annex to the Astoria high school, which is now being erected, will be dedicated on Armistice day to the memory of the Clatsop county young men who lost their lives in the World war.

The coroner's jury at Eugene at the inquest over the body of Earl Hebert, killed by Elmer Yeoman, who mistook him for a deer, rendered a verdict that both Hebert and Yeoman were careless, but beyond that placed no blame.

WASHINGTON

Bank deposits at Davenport have decreased $66,577 since the June 30 call.

More than $14,000 daily is coming into the town of Toppenish through shipment of wheat, hay and produce.

H. S. Brown, a fruitgrower at Clarkston, received $14.50 for the peaches grown on a three-year-old Elberta peach tree this season.

Approximately 500,000 bushels of wheat were sold in Walla Walla during the last week at prices ranging from 97 cents to $1.

Walla Walla county must raise $612,785 to cover expenses the coming year. The sum of $154,268 will be spent on roads and bridges.

Service over the Prospect Heights portion of the Walla Walla Valley railway line, abandoned more than a year ago, was resumed last week.

Residents of Dixie, a small town eight miles northeast of Walla Walla, reported eight distinct earthquake shocks there between 3 and 5 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Robbers backed an automobile truck up to the rear of the J. C. Penney company store at Ellensburg and carried off more than $1000 worth of merchandise.

Bank deposits at Yakima have decreased from nearly $14,000,000 two years ago to about half that amount, but show an increase of $352,094 since June.

Funds are being raised in Clarke county for the building of a new grange hall in the place of the Minnehaha grange building, which burned down a year ago.

Oil was struck last week in a well being drilled between Clarkston and Asotin, about six miles from Lewiston. This is the first oil ever struck in the Inland Empire.

The Columbia Shingle company's mill at Kalama is to be sold at sheriff's sale September 23. The mill cost more than $100,000 and there are claims against it aggregating $48,645.

Rev. C. B. Latimer of Raymond, Wash., has accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at White Bear lake, Minn., and he and his family will make the trip by automobile.

IDAHO

According to the last census, illiteracy in Idaho has decreased 7 per cent in 10 years.

New equipment and supplies costing $6500 have arrived for the Boise high school.

The best prune crop in the history of the state is now being harvested in Idaho, and the production will be at least 1500 cars.

Idaho apples have been disposed of this season at from $45 to $75 a ton in bulk. Growers claim that they can make a profit at $20 a ton.

Application has been filed with the Idaho public utilities commission by the Spokane & Eastern railway to put into effect a rate on the shipment of apples in bulk.

Completion and acceptance by the state and federal government and counties of federal aid road projects in Washington and Payette counties were announced Saturday. A total of $403,000 was expended.

What I Like Best In The Journal

MRS. J. D. GIHORN, 898 Amherst street—The Journal is the best daily I have ever read, especially the editorial page; "Ma and Pa" are fine—so true to life.

W. F. WILSON, 258 East Seventy-ninth street north—The editorials.

A. S. BRIGGS, 1025 East Thirtieth street north—The Journal is reliable and fair towards capital and labor.

H. M. OSTIN, 139 East Morgan street—I have a high esteem for the sound position The Journal takes on all financial, commercial and industrial questions. It is becoming one of the foremost papers on the coast.

F. C. STRIEGH, 620 Liberty street—I like The Journal for its editorials, fairness and honesty. I am very much impressed with the advertisements, particularly with the absence of fake advertisements.

GEORGE RANDELL, 1444 Mallory street—General and telegraphic news. The Journal seems to have a fuller and more complete report of the happenings of the day than other papers.

MRS. J. A. DRAPER, Ontario—The editorials and the news in general.

Some of The Journal's readers like the comics, some the editorials, some the market reports and some the sporting page. What do you like best? Include name and address with your answer.