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 weekday and Sunday morning at The Journal building, Broadway at Yamhill street, Portland, Oregon.

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

TELEPHONE—Main 7161. All departments reached by this number.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE—Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 900 Mallers building, Chicago.

PACIFIC COAST REPRESENTATIVE—M. C. Morgenson Co., Inc., Examiner building, San Francisco; Title Insurance building, Los Angeles; Securities building, Seattle.

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

BY MAIL, 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	$2.00
Six months	3.25	Six months	1.00
Three months	1.70	Three months	.50
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 Publishing Company, Portland, Oregon.

The commonplaces of one age or nation make the poetry of another.—Thoreau.

A NEW HOPE

A NEW ray of hope has burst forth for a greater reduction of the tremendous burden of world armaments and an elimination of the constant threat of war. This time it comes from the League of Nations.

The league proposes that 15 other nations, not signatories to the naval treaty entered into at Washington, be included in the agreements reached there, thereby extending the scope of the Washington decisions, and proposes that still greater reductions in sea forces be undertaken.

It further proposes that land armaments, one of the matters the Washington parley failed to act upon, also be reduced by agreement among nations and that aerial units be limited. Furthermore, it proposes that nations be bound to protect against invasion only those countries that are in the same hemisphere.

The proposals are obviously another invitation to the United States to join in measures looking toward disarmament and world peace. They are obviously attempts to bring about the end of the crushing armament burdens and to block the approach of another war.

The arms conference was not a failure. Although its accomplishments fell short of what was expected, it laid the basis of a plan on which the present administration would enter into agreements for smaller armaments and less of war. Now it is proposed to make the agreements reached at Washington not only of world scope, but a forerunner of other agreements to go farther in the line of armament reduction.

And the costs of naval armament are not the only war burdens under which the people of the earth are struggling. Armies cost money. Airplanes cost money. Both are war weapons, and wars can be fought with them just as they can be fought on the sea.

Obviously, the proposal of the league that nations be called upon to protect the territorial integrity of only those nations within their own hemisphere is a concession to the irreconcilable element in the United States. It means that this country would be expected to defend only the boundaries of American republics, a responsibility already undertaken under the Monroe doctrine.

The league proposals open the way for the merging of the Pacific alliance with the League of Nations. They lead to strengthened agreements among all nations instead of a few. They are another plea from Europe for this country to enter into a program for less of costly armaments and an abandonment of war.

Can this nation again refuse peace? Can we again assume the responsibility for a world struggling to pay for war weapons and the rush of another conflict?

Or are we now to take our place in the world as a nation desiring peace and willing to assume a limited responsibility in maintaining it?

What about the drivers' licenses of the numerous drunken drivers whose capers Sunday were related in yesterday's Journal? One Portland judge lamented that the fine and imprisonment allowed under the law were not heavy enough to fit the offense. Then take away the driver's license. Indeed, why not take away the driver's license of every person caught driving while drunk, whether in an accident or not? That is one protection of the sober public and sober drivers for which the driver's license law was passed.

CHAMBERLAIN'S ADDRESS

IT IS the same George E. Chamberlain as shipping board member that he was as United States senator, as governor of Oregon and in all other public capacities.

It all stood out in the vigor and versatility of his address before the members' forum at the Portland Chamber of Commerce yesterday.

He is on the job. There are no idle moments. He is grappling with the questions that come up and giving them earnest and honest consideration.

He senses the importance of an American merchant marine and gives reasons for it. He knows those reasons, because, on the shipping board as in other public positions in which he has served, he goes to the bottom of things.

A career of integrity and efficiency is a good career and a full career.

* * * *

Those who heard Mr. Chamberlain yesterday can perfectly realize that the great effort to establish an American merchant marine is attended with trials and vicissitudes from every angle, in which members of the board must do hand-to-hand fighting all the time and everywhere. The complexity of the home problems is tremendously complicated by the fact that foreign nations are using every endeavor to obstruct the rise of the United States to a position of strong power upon the sea.

There can be no question about this oppgsition. In 100 years, American interests have paid over 140 billion dollars to ships for carrying goods to and from the United States. Most of it has gone to foreign shipowners. They do not want America to rise in ship power to divide that business. It is to their interest to fight an American merchant marine.

This sum of more than 140 billion dollars is almost half the national wealth of America. It is an incomprehensible sum. It came out of the pockets of the American people to pay for ocean transportation and went into the pockets of foreign shipowners, foreign seamen, foreign shipbuilders and foreign enterprise and endeavor of every kind.

What if a true share of all this colossal sum had been paid to American ship lines and by them had been disbursed to workers and owners of American industry and American commerce? It is to prevent a situation so favorable to America from coming to pass that the present great effort to keep American ships in operation is fought by foreign interests, west and east.

* * * *

The shipping board has a tremendous problem. It needs the help and confidence of the American people. It has never had a fair chance.

It had a new trail to blaze, new ground to break, new fields of endeavor to pioneer. It had to do a large part of its great work of construction in war time when the world was on edge and all viewpoints changed. Its personnel was constantly changed by successive acts of congress. Its chances and opportunities have been so hampered and hedged about that it has almost become the burial place of good men's reputations. It is now blamed because many government ships are idle in spite of the fact that hundreds of ships in every country are riding at anchor with nothing to do.

If the present board is given the confidence and support that its great endeavors deserve, it will probably find a final solution and keep the American flag proudly flying at the masthead of American merchant ships on all the oceans. It is already on the road to reduction of the annual deficit.

The board should be given time to work out its plans and be given the confidence that men faithfully working with the biggest single business in the world are entitled to.

TWO ADMIRALS

ACROSS the table from each other at the members' forum of the Portland Chamber of Commerce yesterday sat two men whose lives have run strangely close together. As they touched palms across the table in a greeting after several months of separation, each called the other by his given name. One was born at Macon, Ga., and the other at Burlington, Vt. Their ships first touched as boys, when they met as cadets at Annapolis Naval academy.

That was 50 years ago. Both graduated, and in subsequent sea service were frequently shipmates together. They advanced in rank together, and together wound up their careers in the navy as admirals.

One was Admiral Benson and the other Admiral Mayo. Mayo was the man who required an apology and a salute of 21 guns to the American flag of the Mexican commander for arresting members of the crew of the American dispatch boat Dolphin at Tampico in 1914.

Together, they occupied highly responsible positions in the navy during the World war. Mayo was commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet, the command including all vessels in American and European waters. Benson was chief of naval operations with headquarters at Washington.

Mayo represented the United States at a naval conference of allied nations at London in September, 1917. In 1918, he made an inspection trip to all United States naval activities in Great Britain, France and Italy.

Benson was a member of a commission named by President Wilson to confer with the allied powers in Europe in 1917. He was a member of a special mission abroad in October, 1918, was naval representative of the United States in drawing up naval terms of armistice with Germany and the Central powers, and was naval adviser to the American commission to negotiate peace. He continued as chief of naval operations until September 25, 1919, when he was retired by operation of law after 47 years of naval service.

Admiral Mayo is now residing in Portland, and Admiral Benson was former chairman and is now a member of the United States shipping board.

As men, the names of the two boys from widely separated parts of the country are household words in millions of American homes.

STILL MANUFACTURED

IT WAS July Fourth and all the children of the neighborhood were making noise to celebrate the occasion. Some used firecrackers. Others had other devices. Some just yelled. One boy had a toy pistol.

Little Tony Diruzias and his sister Maria didn't have anything with which to join in the din. Tony was 5, Maria 7.

They rummaged about the house to no avail. At last, Tony felt around in a bureau drawer. His eyes brightened. Out came a .38 caliber revolver, with one unexploded shell. It looked like the one another boy had.

Tony and Maria exulted as they discovered something with which to make noise. Tony pointed the gun at Maria and pulled the trigger. The hammer clicked on an empty barrel.

"You can't make noise," little Maria exclaimed. "Yes I can," came the answer from the brother. And the hammer came down again. But this time, it made noise.

Maria fell to the floor with a bullet through the abdomen. Tony fell in a faint. The mother entered to find both children apparently dead.

Finally Tony came to and told what had happened. But his little sister failed to revive. She died two hours later on the operating table.

It is just another story of the pistol, a suffering family and a death. And the pistol manufacturers go on manufacturing.

In the numerous automobile accidents in Portland last Sunday, some of the drivers seemed to be using gasoline, but many of them booze. Will somebody rise up and explain why an intoxicated man or woman should be at the wheel of a motor car on any public highway? Will it also be explained why any driver caught drunk should not, in addition to the limit of the law in fine and jail sentence, have his driver's license confiscated?

NOT "POISON"

SENATOR McCUMBER'S defeat was not due, as he says, to mere "poison" circulated in his home state against him. It was due to just one thing—the senator's strong affiliation with the Old Guard.

Mr. McCumber, in some ways, was far more progressive than the standpatters with whom he was associated. On some questions he stood with the progressives in the senate. But unfortunately for his political career, Mr. McCumber was too closely identified with the News, the Moseses, the Frelinghuysens, the Brandegees and the Lodges. He was a member of the group of political thought that has recently taken over the reins of government in this country, and that group has failed signally to give the people of the United States the government that they expected and wanted.

The dissatisfaction has not been proved alone in North Dakota; it has been proved in Indiana, in Pennsylvania, and in Iowa as well, in fact everywhere elections have been held save in the confirmed reactionary state of Maine.

Political "poison" was only a detail in North Dakota. A new movement was started there, a radical movement, not because of "poison," but as a protest against previous conditions. Mr. McCumber was one of those that were in the bandwagon while those conditions existed. And Mr. McCumber paid the penalty for his standpat positions and associations in the recent election in his home state. The people want a different brand of government.

HIGH TIME

From the Detroit News

A landlord is reported to the police as missing. If he doesn't show up the day the rent is due the police will investigate.

NORTHWEST'S OPPORTUNITY SUPREME

Plea for a Federal Investigation of the Umatilla Rapids Project, Supported by a Showing of Its Immense Potentialities, Absolutely and Comparatively, with a Visioning of What the Development Means to Two Great States, and to Portland as a Matter of Course.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian

News reports from Washington show that Secretary Fall is favorable to a federal investigation of the Columbia basin project in Washington. That is well, for there should be such an investigation. By the same token, there should be an official federal investigation of the Umatilla rapids project. It is presumed such an investigation may be had without legislation, but if it be necessary for congress to act, then it would be extremely appropriate for the Oregon and Washington delegations to get busy in behalf of our great Columbia river project. If the Columbia basin project is worthy of attention by the federal government the Umatilla rapids project is distinctly worthy of consideration. Here are a few facts that show why.

* * *

The Umatilla rapids project would reclaim lands in both Oregon and Washington; the Columbia basin project is entirely a Washington affair.

The Columbia basin project would require something like $250,000,000 for its construction; the Umatilla rapids project can be built for $25,000,000, or one tenth the cost of the Washington project.

The per acre cost under the Columbia basin project is $145.

The cost of irrigation under the Umatilla rapids project ranges from $67.09 per acre up to $80.58 per acre, with one tract of 14,600 acres on which the estimated per acre cost is $109.75. In other words, the main part of the land under the Umatilla rapids project may be reclaimed for less than half the per acre cost of reclamation under the Columbia basin project. A total of 335,400 acres may be reclaimed by the Umatilla rapids project through pumping.

* * *

But that is not all of the story. The Umatilla rapids project involves a very worth while improvement in navigation on the Columbia and the generation of 125,000 continuous horsepower in addition to the secondary power needed for irrigation purposes. The primary power would be available for electrifying the O-W. R. & N. system and the North Bank road and for much more. The power would all be within the transmission radius of our principal Northwest cities, large and small, therefore would be of extreme importance in developing the country, industrially and socially.

The proposed scheme for using this primary power is reasonable and fair. It is proposed to distribute this power through the existing power companies, they selling it at prices fixed by official regulatory bodies. In this way the power companies would secure power they need and it would be had at a generating cost lower than could be secured by private capital. Instead of being in any way antagonistic to power companies, the construction of the Umatilla rapids project would be a godsend to such companies. The power companies use 7 per cent money, while the government can secure money at half that rate of interest. A private power project is subject to taxation, while a government-owned power plant would not be taxed.

Some critics of the Umatilla rapids project raise the point that under a pumping project the annual maintenance cost of irrigation would be high. But that is a difficulty easily solved. The irrigationists would make use of the power plant during a few months of the year only, while those using the primary power would make continuous use of the plant. Therefore it would be logical and possible to assess most of the overhead cost of the project against the primary power. This could be done, and we would still have a continuous power supply developed at a cost lower than any present power in the Northwest. By this course the irrigationists could be required to meet only the usual maintenance cost and the whole Northwest region would be the gainer by development of the project.

* * *

We have no quarrel with the Columbia basin project, for all wish success to that project, but the plain facts are that those who know the country and know practical irrigation conditions realize that as between the two projects the arguments are 10 to one in favor of the Umatilla rapids project. The cost of $145 per acre contemplated under the Columbia basin project is very high and $250,000,000 a very large sum for the federal government to expend in any single state. The Umatilla rapids project offers a scheme of benefit to two states, and the cost as compared to the Columbia basin project would be negligible.

The country has heard much about the Columbia basin project, and but little of the Umatilla rapids project. The explanation is that the Columbia basin project enthusiasts have had a total of $167,000 for exploitation purposes and an additional $25,000 with which the Goethals report was secured. On the Umatilla rapids project the total promotion expense thus far has been $1400. There has been no money with which to secure highly paid promotion experts or famous generals. But the Umatilla rapids project is rich in merit and a candid investigation will so disclose.

* * *

The Portland Chamber of Commerce officials realize the situation fully, and they are now working wholeheartedly with our project association to see that the Umatilla rapids project—the Cinderella of Western projects—shall have a place in the sun. It is right that Portland should be busy, for the Umatilla rapids project will be the opening step in utilization of the Columbia river and Portland's destiny is linked with the development of our great river. Not until the Columbia is harnessed can Portland become the great city it should be. When our power resources are developed the relation of which Portland is the metropolis will become one of the great manufacturing districts of the world, and the possibilities all around are so great as to stagger the imagination.

Let the Northwest senators and representatives give a little thought to the subject and they will discover that in supporting the Umatilla rapids project they will serve both Oregon and Washington, and will be back of an enerprise that is practical at this time, yet is so wonderful in scope that it would be a crime against nature and against humanity not to give it first class consideration.

FORD IN THE COAL MINES

From the San Francisco Call

Though the coal miners went on strike in other places they didn't quit work in the Banner Fork mines of Kentucky, owned by Henry Ford. Ford has made a considerable number of serious mistakes, dangerous ones even, but never in the treatment of the men who work for him. The New Republic explains in a paragraph:

"The local union was anxious when it heard Henry Ford had bought the mines. What would he do? Down came a new manager and asked if there were any complaints. Yes, there was no place to meet, except in the company-owned schoolhouse. Well, meet in the schoolhouse. Then other Kentucky mine owners began to cut wages. Would Ford do it? Ford himself came down to Banner Fork, crawled through the mine, made a speech to the men, and told them the wages needed "readjustment"—not downward, however. Coal digging was harder and more dangerous than assembling Fords at Detroit. The result, writes President Keller of United Mine Workers' district 19, is: 'Banner Fork mine pays $3 more on the day than any other mine in this district, and Ford sells his coal for 50 cents less on the ton.'"

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.)

THE DEATH SONG OF A FELON

A Picture of What Occurs in Prison When a Doomed Man Is Hanged.

Portland, July 8.—To the Editor of The Journal—It is a wordless song, yet it permeates the atmosphere of a prison and penetrates to the hearts of men and women. The music of the death song swells like the booming of the universe and beats against the eardrums with the noise of breakers. I, who have passed through the little steel door that shuts out the sunlight from men's lives, know the death song as if it were a hymn. My heart chants it as I sit alone in my cell.

When the band does not play in the yard at San Quentin prison, the death song of the felon begins. And it hums through the consciousness of all those incarcerated in the tomb until on Friday a soul shrieks heavenward in explation of a crime. I have the feeling of being hurled through space from a great height. Unreality suffuses my being and deadens my mind. I walk endlessly through the courtyard. How many paces from the headstone to the foot of the grave, and how many paces from the foot to the headstone? The days pass. Hours are spun out endlessly, fruitlessly spent, wasted. Days are scons. Other women arrive and our sorrows are intensified by their sufferings. They are sunk deep in apathetic misery, these new arrivals. We read, write or crochet. What lines of suffering are interwoven into the filet crochet! Each pattern is sanctified by woman's tears. Each design is a protest, a crying out of humans in a cage. A "lifer," alone in her room after lockup, sings sad little folksongs in Spanish. Soft and low she croons them—songs that comfort her and seem to deaden for an instant the insistent boom of the death song beating on our minds. Wretchedness, perversion, hopelessness!

It is Thursday. We listen for the band. A woman sobs. If it does not play, a man will hang on the morrow. We sit silent in the assembly room. Crochet needles are still. The Spanish girl ceases to croon. Eyes are downcast. The women are sad, resentful, moody. A hundred yards away through brick and concrete walls is condemned row. In a steel-doored cell sits someone who may have to die. Yet he might be in the same room with us. We are the death watch as we listen for the blare of a slide trombone. This is the message that the silence brings to us—Death in the morning by Force! It is a sinister thing that bars music from human lives.

He is one of us, this condemned man—a number, a cipher.

The matron comes in. All eyes are turned toward her. She shakes her head and lowers her eyes. The band will not play. A murderess goes mad. The booming of the death song fills the room. The soul of the condemned man is reaching out to us. He also has been listening for the band to play.

In my cell, locked in, I cannot sleep. The death song is running through my mind in a monotone. There are no high notes in this song. It is all monotone. Like the singing of a great electric dynamo that seems to unravel the mysteries of the universe and translate them into light, so is this death song of the condemned man. It is inevitable, penetrating, all-pervading. Wide-eyed, I stare out into the courtyard. I am praying—listening to a death song and praying. Through the roaring silence it was as if I could sense the man's agony, could hear his last heartbeats. Shadows seem everywhere. The gray wings of death envelop me. I am smothering, but still that song flows on.

The dawn breaks. We come out of our cells. Still the shadows crowd in on us—fold us in, fold by fold. Breakfast is a sad affair, like rites for the dead. In a few hours the death song will cease with the shrieking of the condemned soul.

Seven, eight, nine o'clock! At 10 the man hangs. The prison is devoid of hope. The hour of execution is at hand. The booming of the felon's death song is deafening. Suddenly it ceases. Silence.

A sinister sound penetrates into the cloister. What is that rattling as of the bones of the dead? A forger curses and spits on the floor. A negress crumples up on a couch, whimpering.

Do not cry, my friend. That is only the dead wagon rattling through the prison yard. The body is being taken to the little cemetery on the hillside—this cemetery forsaken, forgotten.

The chaplain comes into our quarters. He is pale, distraught. Christ's words, "Forgive them." No—a life for a life. "Hung by the neck until dead." What had the chaplain seen that photographed a lambent horror on his retina? Had the noose slipped? Was the man, still living, jerked, strangled, dragged to the platform, again to be shot through the little hole into oblivion? Thirteen steps up to the gallows-platform had walked this man, his hand clutching at the coat of the condemned man, chanting words of sympathy and prayer. With palpitating heart and downcast eyes he had stood there, speaking pious things while the turnkey adjusted the black cap. Nor did he raise his eyes when the executioner pushed the prisoner onto the treacherous trapdoor and slipped the noose over his head with the knot on the left side.

When the chaplain looked up there was no one on the platform but the officials. Down 13 steps from the gallows platform he had walked alone. The law had not been cheated. The law had been satisfied.

Who remembers who this man killed? Who remembers why this man is killed by the state? Only those bound by blood ties.

Atonement! Expiation! Yes, for each and every one when a hanging takes place.

Humans? No, no—dehumanized, degraded, brutalized through man's inhumanity to man.

Mothers of men on this side! Suffer until you are dulled, brutalized through pain—keen, stabbing pain. Turn the knife in our wounds day in and day out, year in and year out. Suffer, shut in, locked in. Suffer you for me, and I for you, in this House of the Living Dead.

Dr. Marie D. Equi.

RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD

From the Muskegon (Mich.) Chronicle

New they brew young acorns. Great oaks from little acorns grow.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Portland's baseball team seems to be again getting anxious to play on the old cellar door.

* * *

A man doesn't have to be unusually thin to permit his acquaintances to see the meanness sticking out.

* * *

We'd feel better about it, anyway, if we'd had airplane forest patrol to protect our timber this summer.

* * *

The difference between necessity and desire is what keeps most young fellows pushing away at the grindstone.

* * *

Strange that some of our own churches hadn't thought of letting the pretty girls in the congregation pass the collection plates.

* * *

There are jobs enough in Oregon for all our people. The trouble seems to be that they don't all provide swivel chairs and shiny desks.

* * *

Studies in color composition show us that when a man is yellow, an ordinary attack of blues will make him turn green—with envy.

* * *

Expecting Wills to whip Dempsey in that talked of pugilistic encounter appears about as hopeful as expecting the Beavers to jump to the leadership of the league.

SIDELIGHTS

The flappers of Burns may not be familiar with historical dates, but they are certainly accurate in remembering their dates with the boys.—Harney County News.

* * *

A few cows, a band of chickens, several hogs and intelligent selection and production of crops will make this the most desirable section of the Northwest.—Malheur Enterprise.

* * *

About this time of year the city folks come out to the country to try farming; fully fitted out with pleasure cars, hammocks and reclining porch chairs.—Banks Herald.

* * *

Perhaps the reason so many fishermen "go wrong" in describing their catches is because they permit the fish they catch to weigh themselves on their own scales.—Jacksonville Post.

* * *

That immortal remark of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina anent the "long time between drinks" seems to have become nearly obsolete these days.—Condon Globe-Times.

* * *

We understand there'll now be a United States of China patterned after the United States of America. Before the Chinese take our congress as a model, we hasten to warn them that it isn't a model congress.—Weston Leader.

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Random Observations About Town

Charles Whitesides, who tells people where to go and when, down at the Imperial, has about made up his mind that he had better forsake the positive truth for the superlative, for fear his tourist clients may pass the word around that he is knocking the scenic attractions of this Northwest country. He has discovered, he says, that scenery seekers come back and reproach him, not for having urged them to go the Columbia highway and places like that, but for having failed to start them when they didn't jump at the suggestion of the trip with avidity. Not long ago, Whitesides relates, a blase and weary journeyman came to his desk to discover the best way to see the fabled roses of Portland. He didn't want to see the highway, he explained, because he was fed up on scenery like that, from the Alps to the Cape of Good Hope. Whitesides explained that this was different, and a voluble New Yorker who had just made the trip seconded the motion. The globetrotter went, reluctantly, it seemed, and when he came back he marched right up to Whitesides.

"Why the devil," he demanded testily, "didn't you tell me the truth about that highway trip?"

"Why," Whitesides said defensively, "I did."

"No you didn't," the tourist contradicted, "not half of it. When you've got a show place like that, if the truth won't get the dumbbells who come to town headed out to it, lie to 'em. They'll thank you for it when they come back."

* * *

Arthur M. Applegate, manager of the Harrington Milling company of Harrington, Wash., is in Portland on business in connection with his mill and is visiting relatives and old-time friends here. Time was, before he got to be a flour mill magnate, that he used to be generally known as Mac, or Mike, whichever you chose to call him, and was one of the hard-hitting amateur boxers and all-round athletes of Salem, swapping amateur and genial wallops with John Farrar, now postmaster; Harry Albert, now one of the federal reserve system's examiners, and other of the well known young old-timers of the Capital City. While he still retains his aymmetrical and sinuous form, he has cloaked it about with the dignity of the prosperous business man, and uses his mitts to sign checks with rather than k. o.'s.

* * *

Julius P. Wolf of Ashland is in the city on a business visit, staying at the Benson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Shons of Washingtonville, N. Y., are at the Multnomah while visiting Portland and the varied points of interest nearby. Mr. Shons is an apple buyer and is making an investigation into the promise of the coming apple crop of Oregon and Washington, not only on his own account but for other New York apple buyers as well.

* * *

A. A. Smith of Baker, formerly a member of the house from that country, where he, though a Democrat, was one of the leading figures of the sessions through which he served, is transacting legal business in Portland for a short time. He is registered at the Benson.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Sweek and Harry Duncan, all of Heppner, are at the Multnomah while en route home from a motor trip to Victoria, Vancouver and other Canadian and Washington points of interest.

* * *

J. D. Cheatham, superintendent of the Western Union at Nashville, Tenn., is a Portland guest, staying at the Multnomah. He came to the Northwest to view its scenic wonders and is departing full of enthusiastic praise for what he has seen.

* * *

George Kohlhagen, one of the prominent business men of Roseburg and stockmen of the Southern Oregon country, is registered at the Oregon for a few days while transacting business in the city.

* * *

T. M. Riggin, now of Seattle but formerly a business man of Portland, is at the Perkins for a short visit in the city, transacting business and renewing old friendships.

* * *

R. D. Pinneo, manager of the Port of Astoria, is at the Multnomah, in Portland to attend the hearings being conducted by the shipping board committee at the old postoffice.

* * *

W. H. Thompson of Nehalem, a well known timberman of that section of the state, is registered at the Perkins while in the city on a business visit.

* * *

J. Fred Larsen, former well known resident of Portland but now located at Astoria, is at the Multnomah for a short business visit in the city.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Earl T. Hones of Wasco are visiting in the city for a short time, making their headquarters at the Multnomah.

OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE JOURNAL MAN

By Fred Lockley

It is in the main a story of filial devotion that Mr. Lockley tells today. Incidental to the chief theme are reminiscences related by two pioneers of Harrisburg.

Not all the heroes are awarded distinguished conduct medals. Many a man, many a woman, unknown and unmarked by associates, has done braver things than charge an enemy's machine gun nest. I met such a one at Harrisburg a day or so ago. This is Miss Emma Love. Notice that prefix? It is "Miss," not "Mrs." She is bright, witty and attractive. A longtime friend of hers said, "Emma Love certainly had a way with her. She was pretty as a picture. Many is the swain who came courting 50 years ago. Why didn't she marry? Because she felt it her duty to take care of her mother. She knew she could not divide her allegiance between her mother and a home of her own. She sacrificed her own future to care for her mother. Whether a mother has a right to make her child give up a home and children is another matter. You will never hear Emma Love utter a word of complaint or repining."

* * *

I decided to pay Emma Love a visit. "Come right in," she said, when I had told her who I was. "They say that all things come to those who wait. I have been hoping to see you for many a year. Where and when was I born? My! but you ask leading questions. I was born January 11, 1856, on the donation land claim taken up by my father, John D. Love, a mile east of here. To qualify as an Oregon pioneer you must have come to Oregon prior to December 31, 1858, so you see I can qualify. I have spent my life here or hereabout.

* * *

"My father was born at Jackson, Tennessee, in 1824. My mother, whose maiden name was Mary Jane McCully, was also born in 1824. Ohio was her native state. They met and were married in 1852, and the following spring they started for Oregon by ox team. Their first child, Mary Louisa, married Edward Maxson. I was the next child. John D. came next, born on December 4, 1857. Alice J. arrived December 23, 1859, and if she had delayed her coming by three days she would not have qualified as an Oregon pioneer. Douglas was born February 10, 1861, and Carrie Gertrude, the last of the children, July 26, 1864.

* * *

"When my father took up his donation claim a mile east of this place in the fall of 1853, there was only one other here. It was not called Harrisburg then. It was Thurston, and had been named for S. R. Thurston, Oregon's delegate in congress. They found there was another settlement here in the valley called Thurston, so they decided to name it after Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

* * *

"When I was a girl I went to school where the Methoist church now stands. My uncles, Asa and David McCully, with Wesley W. Briggs and John Waters, built a grist mill here. The boats wouldn't deliver their freight here, so my uncles got peeved and organized the People's Transportation company. They ran the other boats clear off the run. They employed my father. For years he served either as purser or as captain on the Echo, the Reliance or the Alice. The Alice was named for Alice McCully, my Uncle Asa's eldest daughter. Her name is Alice Crane now, and she lives in Portland. The McCullys—my mother and my uncles Ham, Asa and David—were Scotch-Irish. They didn't let anyone run over them. Uncle Asa was a strong Republican. When the Civil war broke out he put up a flag over his home. A neighbor whose sympathies were with the South tore the flag down during the night and then bragged about it. Uncle Asa hunted him up and made him buy a new flag and climb up and put the flag on the flagpole. He knew if he didn't the South would be short one sympathizer, for Uncle Asa was in deadly earnest.

* * *

"My grandmother, Mary Capp McCully, was born at Eastport, Maine. She was Scotch. My grandfather, John McCully, was born in New Brunswick. His parents were born in Ireland. David and Asa McCully moved to Salem in 1852 to manage the People's Transportation company, for they soon built or bought a big fleet of river boats.

* * *

"My mother asked me to promise her I would stay with her as long as she lived. She also asked me to promise her that I would not get married until after her death. I made and kept both of these promises. She lived until 1903. I was nearly 50 years old when she died.

"Yes, when I was a girl I met the man I loved, but I had given my word, and I couldn't break it."

* * *

Francis Marion Hyde, pioneer of Harrisburg, is speaking:

"That's right," he says, "I am the oldest settler in Harrisburg. I came here in 1851, and that's over 70 years ago. My mother, Eliza Tyler, married my father, Perry Hyde, at Ash Grove, Mo., in 1849. I was born April 16, 1850. They started across the plains for Oregon when I was a year old. My father took up his claim adjoining Asa McCully's, and Harrisburg is built partly on Asa's claim and partly on my father's 317-acre claim.

"Yes, I am all alone. I lost both of my wives and all my children. When my father died he was running six farms. Some time before he died he turned his ranches and all his stock over to me. He never had a sick day until he was 86 years old. Then he had a stroke of paralysis that killed him. There were three boys and three girls in our family. The rest went to school, but I stayed on the farm and helped with the work, so I didn't get much education. Father and I used to drive cattle to a ranch he had in the Applegate country in Jackson county. We sold beef to the miners. I have two sisters living here in Harrisburg and a brother in Canyon City, and one in California.

"No, I don't work any more. I stick around the pool hall to swap yarns and discuss the news. I sold my property and the interest keeps me."

The Oregon Country

Northwest Happenings in Brief Form for the Busy Reader.

OREGON

Five cars of cattle went from Prineville to North Portland over the City of Prineville and the Oregon Trunk railways last week.

In spite of the long dry spell, now in its seventh week, with but one slight rain, Clatsop county will produce a normal crop this year.

Walt Demaris of Prineville lost four head of his best horses recently when his hired man fed them oats that had been poisoned for sage rats.

The new Beaver feed mill at Eugene is now running two shifts of eight hours each and producing 25,000 pounds of prepared stock feed daily.

Beating the train time by an hour and a half, A. K. Parker recently drove from Portland to Enterprise, Wallowa county, a distance of 360 miles, in 17½ hours.

Boys playing with matches at Bend caused a fire at the home of L. W. Leverett that destroyed a woodshed and a fine automobile Leverett had recently purchased.

The Oregon & Western Colonization company is opening up a tract of 11,000 acres in one body in Harney county, near Burns. It is cut-over land and plenty of water is available.

The first Eastern bullfrog ever discovered in the Willamette river was found Thursday by F. W. Beard, a workman in the Crown-Willamette Paper mill. The frog measured 14 by 6 inches.

Much interest has been shown in the tuberculin test of cattle in the Silverton district and 164 farmers have signed, representing 1053 cattle. The test will be under the direction of a federal inspector.

The test of the hole of the Lower Columbia Oil & Gas company's well having failed to show sands of productive nature, decision has been reached by the directors and superintendent to put the drill back and go down to lower levels.

WASHINGTON

Only 40 per cent of those liable in Walla Walla county have paid their poll tax this year.

With harvest just at hand, farmers of the Walla Walla valley are facing a labor shortage that is the most serious in years.

Delwyn Stiles, 32, son of Dr. and Mrs. Martin Stiles of Walla Walla, was drowned July 4 while bathing in the Columbia river near Wallula.

Because of long illness, Edwin J. McCracken, 72 years old, took a large dose of strychnine at his home near Olympia, Thursday, and died almost instantly.

Loran R. Gilmore, former employe of the Spokesman-Review, was drowned Thursday while bathing in Newman lake, near Spokane. The body sank in 30 feet of water.

When the front wheel of his bicycle caught in a switch at a railroad crossing in Pasco, Angelo James was run down and killed by an automobile driven by Andy Tustin.

Commissioners of Cowlitz county are considering the sale of the county farm, two miles west of Kelso. The place includes 109 acres and is well improved with buildings.

Rev. Charles H. Davis, 75, died at Ellensburg last Friday, the third victim of a crossing accident in which Mrs. A. C. Davis and Mrs. Curtis Gage of Yakima were instantly killed.

The most serious fire of the season has been burning for several days in Rattlesnake canyon, six miles west of Husum. The flames have swept through more than 100 acres of virgin timber.

Loggers throughout Western Washington are generally responding to Governor Hart's appeal for suspension of logging operations until the present serious danger from forest fires has passed.

Despondent over the recent death of her husband, Mrs. R. F. Dodds, mother of Fabian R. Dodds, prominent Spokane attorney, attempted suicide by asphyxiation at her home in that city last Thursday.

IDAHO

Effective July 1, the price of milk in Idaho Falls was reduced from 12 cents to 10 cents a quart.

The Collister rural school district voted Friday, 61 to 10, to become a part of the Boise independent school district.

Fire of an unknown origin Monday night destroyed the pump house and machinery of the Talache mine near Sandpoint.

George Bennett of Boise was instantly killed July 4 when his automobile left the road near Grimes Pass on the Payette river and fell down a steep embankment.

With the canceling of the regular Mexican consulate and the transfer of the consul to Kansas City, Mexican government plans to open an honorary consulate in Boise.

Committed to the state industrial school at St. Anthony for incorrigibility, Ina May Callender, 17 years of age, attempted suicide at Caldwell by drinking aqua ammonia.

The state of Idaho has received a check for $3000 from the federal government, being 5 per cent of the proceeds of the sale of public lands from July 1, 1920, to June 30, 1921.

Twenty Years Ago

From The Journal of July 11, 1902.

Johnstown, Pa.—At dawn today the bodies of 40 victims of the Cambria mine explosion were brought up. The rescue party counted 40 more, but could not reach them on account of the deadly gas. It is safe to say the loss of life will pass 150 and may reach 200.

* * *

Governor-elect George E. Chamberlain has declared against the City park as a place for the exposition.

* * *

Seven citizens from Oregon City, two from Sellwood and two from Milwaukie have been in conference the greater part of the day with representatives of the P. C. & O. company considering some plan by which the strike can be settled.

* * *

A petition is being prepared by a number of women of the east side and will be in circulation in a few days, asking the city council to take steps in the matter of cleaning the sidewalks on Burnside street between Second and Third streets of loafers.

* * *

This morning the National Association of Food and Dairy Commissioners left on the steamer Potter for Astoria, where they will be entertained by the Citizens' club.

* * *

A number of boys have been arrested for violating the ordinance regulating suits to be worn by swimmers in the river. The ordinance provides for a bathing suit which will cover the body from the shoulders to the knees.

* * *

The trustees of Portland academy have purchased from the W. S. Ladd estate the Multnomah clubhouse, situated at Tenth and Yamhill streets. It will be moved to Harrison and Thirteenth streets and converted into a gymnasium for the use of the school.

* * *

A movement is on foot among the farmers in the vicinity of Independence to establish a cooperative trading company.

* * *

The young people of Woodstock are becoming quite interested in amateur theatricals and it is expected that a new play will be staged every alternate Thursday during the summer.

* * *

A little over $65,000 has been paid into the Lewis and Clark fair fund, and about $22,000 remains to be paid.